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MAGAZINE.

VOL. CXXXIII.

JANUARY—JUNE 1883.



WILLIAM BLACKWOOD & SONS, EDINBURGH ;

AND

37 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON.

1883.

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AT PATENT OFFICE, NEW YORK

1891

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BLACKWOOD'S
EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. DCCCVII.

JANUARY 1883.

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ON SOME OF SHAKESPEARE'S FEMALE CHARACTERS :

BY ONE WHO HAS PERSONATED THEM.

VI.—IMOGEN, PRINCESS OF BRITAIN.

"Alas, poor princess,
Thou divine Imogen!"

"So every spirit, as it is most pure,
And hath in it the more of heavenly light,
So it the fairer body doth procure
To habit in :
For of the soule the bodie forme doth take,
For soule is forme, and doth the bodie make."
—SPENSER.

MY DEAR ANNA SWANWICK,—
You wonder, I daresay, at my long delay in yielding to your urgent request that I should write of Imogen,—your chief favourite, as you tell me, among all Shakespeare's women. You would not wonder, could I make you feel how, by long brooding over her character, and by living through all her emotions and trials on the stage till she seemed to become "my very life of life," I find it next to impossible to put her so far away from me that I can look at her as a being to be scanned, and measured, and written about.

All words—such, at least, as are at my command—seem inadequate to express what I felt about her from my earliest years, not to speak of all that the experiences of my woman's heart and of human life have taught me since of the matchless truth and beauty with which Shakespeare has invested her. In drawing her he has made his masterpiece; and of all heroines of poetry or romance, who can be named beside her?

It has been my happy lot to impersonate not a few ideal women—among them two of your own Greek favourites, Antigone and

Iphigenia in Aulis :* but Imogen has always occupied the largest place in my heart ; and while she taxed my powers on the stage to the uttermost, she has always repaid me for the effort tenfold by the delight of being the means of placing a being in every way so noble before the eyes and hearts of my audiences, and of making them feel, perhaps, and think of her, and of him to whose genius we owe her, with something of my own reverence and love. Ah, how much finer a medium than all the pen can do for bringing home to the hearts of people what was in Shakespeare's mind, when he drew his men and women, is the "well-trod stage," with that living commentary which actor or actress capable in their art can give ! How much has he left to be filled up by accent, by play of feature, by bearing, by action, by subtle shades of expression, inspired by the heart and striking home to the heart,—by all those little movements and inflections of tone which come intuitively to the sympathetic artist, and which play so large a part in producing the impression left upon us by a living interpretation of the master-poet ! To one accustomed like myself to such resources as these for bringing out the results of my studies of Shakespeare's women, it seems hopeless to endeavour to convey the same impressions by mere words. The more a character has wound itself round the heart, the more is this felt. Can you wonder, then, that I approach my "woman of women" with fear and trembling ?

Do you remember what that bright, charming, frank old lady,—no, I will not call her "old," for there is nothing old about her ; I know many far older in spirit who count not half or a quarter her years,—Mrs D—— S—— said to me lately when you were standing by ? She had been scolding me in her playful way for not having given her more of my "letters" to read, and, after calling me idle, unkind, &c., asked me who was to be the subject of my next. I said, I thought Imogen, but that I knew I should find it most difficult to express what I felt about her. "Ah, my dear !" she exclaimed, throwing up her hands in her usual characteristic manner when she feels strongly, "you will never write of Imogen as you acted her !" I told her that her words filled me with despair. "Never mind," was her rejoinder ; "go on and try. My memory will fill up the gaps." I have one of the kind letters by me, which you wrote after seeing me act Imogen at Drury Lane in 1866. So *your* memory too will have to come to my aid, by filling up the gaps. It is very pleasant to think that our friend's feeling may be shared by many of that unknown public who were always so ready to put themselves in sympathy with me ; but that does not make the fulfilment of my promise to you the less formidable.

Imogen had been one of the great favourites of my girlhood. At school we used to read the scenes at the cave with Belarius, Arviragus, and Guiderius ; and never can I forget our getting

* What delight I had in acting these plays in Dublin, and what intelligent and sympathetic audiences ! The "Antigone" gave me the greater pleasure, both for itself, and because of Mendelssohn's music. The chorus was admirable, and all the scenic adjuncts correct and complete. Although the whole performance occupied little more than an hour, great audiences filled the house night after night. It is strange how deeply these Greek plays moved the Irish heart—much more deeply than either the Scotch or the English.

them up to act as a surprise for our governess on her birthday. We always prepared some "surprise" on this occasion, or what she kindly took as one. The brothers were arrayed in all the fur trimmings, boas, cuffs, muffs, &c., we could muster,—one of the muffs doing duty as the cap for Belarius. Then the practisings for something suggestive of the Æolian harp that has to play a *Miserere* for Imogen's supposed death! Our only available means of simulating Belarius's "ingenious instrument" was a guitar; but the girl who played it had to be apart from the scene, and, as she never would take the right cue, she was always breaking in at the wrong place. I was the Imogen; and, curiously enough, it was as Imogen my dear governess first saw me on the stage. I wondered whether she remembered the incidents of our school-girl performance as I did. She might very well forget, but not I; for what escapes our memory of things done or thought in childhood? Such little matters appear eventful, and loom so very large to young eyes and imaginations!

I cannot quite remember who acted with me first in "*Cymbeline*," but I can never forget Mr Macready's finding fault with my page's dress, which I had ordered to be made with a tunic that descended to the ankles. On going to the theatre at the last rehearsal, he told me, with many apologies and much concern, that he had given directions to have my dress altered. He had taken the liberty of doing this, he said, without consulting me, because, although he could understand the reasons which had weighed with me in ordering the dress to be made as I had done, he was sure I would forgive him when he explained to me that such a dress would not tell the story, and

that one-half the audience—all, in fact, who did not know the play—would not discover that it was a disguise, but would suppose Imogen to be still in woman's attire. Remonstrance was too late, and, with many tears, I had to yield, and to add my own terror to that of Imogen when first entering the cave. I managed, however, to devise a kind of compromise, by swathing myself in the "franklin housewife's riding-cloak," which I kept about me as I went into the cave; and this I caused to be wrapped round me afterwards when the brothers carry in Imogen—the poor "dead bird, which they have made so much on."

I remember well the Pisanio was my good friend Mr Elton, the best Pisanio of my time. No one whom I have since met has so truly thrown into the part the deep devotion, the respectful manly tenderness and delicacy of feeling, which it requires. He drew out all the nicer points of the character with the same fine and firm hand which we used to admire upon the French stage in M. Regnier, that most finished of artists, in characters of this kind. As I write, by some strange association of ideas—I suppose we must have been rehearsing "*Cymbeline*" at the time—a little circumstance illustrative of the character of this good Mr Elton comes into my mind. Pardon me if I leave Imogen for the moment, to speak of other matters. This helpful friend did not always cheer and praise, but very kindly told me of my mistakes. We were to appear in "*The Lady of Lyons*," which was then in its first run, and had been commanded by the Queen for a State performance. I had never acted before her Majesty and Prince Albert; and to me, young as I was, this was a great event. Immediately I thought

there ought to be something special about my dress for the occasion. Now, either from a doubt as to the play's success, or for some good financial reason, no expense had been incurred in bringing it out. Mr Macready asked me if I had any dresses which could be adapted for Pauline Deschappelles. He could not, he said, afford to give me new ones, and he would be glad if I could manage without them. Of course I said I would willingly do my best. Upon consulting with excellent Mr Dominic Colnaghi, the printseller in Pall Mall, who always gave me access to all his books of costume, I found, as I had already heard, that the dress of the young girl of the period was simple in material and form—fine muslin, with lace *fichus*, ruffles, broad sashes, and the hair worn in long loose curls down the back, my own coming in naturally for this fashion. As it was in my case, so I suppose it was with the others—the costumes, however, being all true to the period. The scenery was of course good and sufficient, for in this department Mr Macready never failed. And thus, with little cost, this play, which was to prove so wondrously successful, came forth to the world unassisted by any extraneous adjuncts, depending solely upon its own merits and the actors' interpretation of it. It must have been written with rare knowledge of what the stage requires, for not one word was cut out nor one scene rearranged or altered after the first representation. The author was no doubt lucky in his interpreters. Mr Macready, though in appearance far too old for Claude Melnotte, yet had a slight, elastic figure, and so much buoyancy of manner, that the impression of age quickly wore off. The secret of his success was, that he lifted the character, and gave it

the dignity and strength which it required to make Claude respected under circumstances so equivocal. This was especially conspicuous in a critical point early in the play (Act ii.), where Claude passes himself off as a prince. Mr Macready's manner became his dress. The slight confusion, when addressed by Colonel Damas in Italian, was so instantly turned to his own advantage by the playful way in which he laid the blame on the general's bad Italian, while his whole bearing was so dignified and courteous, that it did not seem strange he should charm the girlish fancy of one accustomed to be courted, yet whose heart was hitherto untouched. He made the hero, indeed, one of nature's exceptional gentlemen, and in this way prepossessed his audience, despite the unworthy device to which Claude lends himself in the first frenzy of wounded vanity. Truth to say, unless dealt with poetically and romantically, both Claude and Pauline drop down into very commonplace people—indeed I have been surprised to see how commonplace. Again, Mrs Clifford as Madame Deschappelles, by a stately aristocratic bearing, carried off the heartless foolishness of her sayings. The Damas of Mr Bartley was a fine vigorous impersonation of the blunt, impetuous, genial soldier. Mr Elton acted, as he always did, most carefully and well, and gave importance and style to the disagreeable character of M. Beauseant.

But to return to the evening of the Royal command. What I was going to say was this. I had nothing especially new and fresh to wear; so in honour of the occasion I had ordered from Foster's some lovely pink roses with silver leaves, to trim my dress in the second act. I had hitherto worn only real roses—friends, known and unknown,

always supplying me with them. One dear friend never failed to furnish Pauline with the bouquet for her hand. Oh, how very often, as she might tell you, did she see me in that play! * I thought my new flowers, when arranged about my dress, looked lovely—quite fairy-like. When accosted with the usual “Good evenings” while waiting at the side scenes for the opening of the second act, I saw Mr Elton looking at me with a sort of amused wonder. I said at once, “Do you not think my fresh flowers pretty?” “Oh,” he said, “*are* they fresh? They must have come a long way. Where do they grow? I never saw any of the kind before. They must have come out of Aladdin’s garden. Silver leaves! How remarkable! They may be more rare, but I much prefer the home-grown ones you have in your hand.” Ridicule of my fine decoration! Alas! alas! I felt at once that it was deserved. It was too late to repair my error. I must act the scene with them—before the Queen, too!—and all my pleasure was gone. I hid them as well as I could with my fan and handkerchief, and hoped no one would notice them. Need I say how they were torn off when I reached my dressing-room, never to see the light again? I never felt so ashamed and vexed with myself. †

It was well I had a handkerchief on this occasion to help to screen my poor silver leaves; but as a general rule, I kept it, when playing Pauline, in my pocket—and for this reason: In the scene in the third act—where Pauline learns the infamous stratagem of which she is the victim—on the night it was first acted I tore my handkerchief right across without knowing that I had done so; and in the passion and emotion of the scene it became a streamer, and waved about as I moved and walked. Surely any one might have seen that this was an accident, the involuntary act of the maddened girl; but in a criticism on the play—I suppose the day after, but as I was never allowed to have my mind disturbed by theatrical criticisms, I cannot feel sure—I was accused of having arranged this as a trick to produce an effect. So innocent was I of a device which would have been utterly at variance with the spirit in which I looked at my art, that when my dear home master and friend asked me if I *had* torn a handkerchief in the scene, I laughed and said, “Yes; my dresser at the end of the play had shown me one in ribbons.” “I would not,” was his remark, “have you use one again in the scene, if you can do without it;” and

* In my mind was always the idea that Pauline loved flowers passionately. It was in the garden, among his flowers, that Claude first loved her. I never was without them in the play; even in the sad last act, I had violets on my simple muslin dress. You remember how Madame Deschappelles reproaches Pauline for not being *en grande tenue* on that “joyful occasion.”

† Like many pleasures long looked forward to, the whole of this evening was a disappointment to me. The side scenes were crowded with visitors, Mr Macready having invited many friends. They were terribly in the way of the exits and entrances. Worse than all, those who knew you insisted on saluting you; those who did not, made you run the gauntlet of a host of curious eyes,—and this in a place where, most properly, no stranger had hitherto been allowed to intrude. Then, too, though of course I never looked at the Queen and the Prince, still their presence was felt by me more than I could have anticipated. It overawed me somehow—stood between me and Pauline; and instead of doing my best, I could not in my usual way lose myself in my character, and, on the whole, never acted worse or more artificially—too like my poor flowers!

I did not usually do so. It was some time afterwards before I learned his reason, and I then continued to keep my handkerchief out of my reach, lest the same accident should happen again ; for, as I always allowed the full feeling of the scene to take possession of me, I could not answer but that it might. There would have been nothing wrong in acting upon what strong natural emotion had suggested in the heat of actual performance ; but all true artists will, I believe, avoid the use of any action, however striking, which may become by repetition a mere mechanical artifice.

It was different with another suggestion which was made to me as to the way I acted in the same scene. As I recalled, in bitter scorn, to Claude his glowing description of his palace by the Lake of Como, I broke into a paroxysm of hysterical laughter, which came upon me, I suppose, as the natural relief from the intensity of the mingled feelings of anger, scorn, wounded pride, and outraged love, by which I found myself carried away. The effect upon the audience was electrical, because the impulse was genuine. But well do I remember Mr Macready's remonstrance with me for yielding to it. It was too daring, he said ; to have failed in it might have ruined the scene (which was true). No one, moreover, should ever, he said, hazard an unrehearsed effect. I could only answer that I could not help it ; that this seemed the only way for my feelings to find vent ; and if the impulse seized me again, again, I feared, I must act the scene the same way. And often as I have played Pauline, never did the scene fail to bring back the same burst of hysterical emotion ; nor, so far as I know, did any of my critics regard my yielding to it as

out of place, or otherwise than true to nature. Some years afterwards I was comforted by reading a reply of the great French actor Baron, when found fault with for raising his hands above his head in some impassioned scene, on the ground that such a gesture was contrary to the rules of art. "Tell me not of art," he said. "If nature makes you raise your hands, be it ever so high, be sure nature is right, and the business of art is to obey her." When playing with Mr Macready the following year at the Haymarket, I noticed a chair placed every evening at the wing as I went on the stage for this scene. On inquiry, I found it was for Mrs Glover, the great actress of comedy, who afterwards told me that she came every night to see me in this scene, she was so much struck by the boldness of my treatment of it. She said it was bold beyond anything she had ever known ; and yet it was always so fresh and new, that each time it moved her as if she had not seen it before. Nature spoke through me to her—no praise to me.

The success of "The Lady of Lyons" had during the rehearsals been considered very doubtful. Its defects in a literary point of view seemed obvious to those who were capable of judging, and its merits as a piece of skilful dramatic construction could not then be fully seen. The master and friend of my youth, of whom I spoke in my letter on Juliet, thought my part of Pauline very difficult and somewhat disagreeable. I remember well his saying to me, "You have hitherto, in your Shakespearian studies, had to lift yourself up to the level of your heroines ; now you must, by tone and manner and dignity of expression, lift this one up to yourself." During the rehearsals no one knew who was the

author. The play had not a name given to it until very near the time it was brought out. There was great speculation at the rehearsals as to what it was to be called. "Love and Duty," "Love and Pride," were suggested, but discarded as too like the titles of a novel. "The Gardener's Son," said one. No, that suggested nothing. "The Merchant of Lyons," said another. No, surely not; was there not a "Merchant of Venice"? Upon which Mr Bartley, who was the stage manager, and also the first and the best Colonel Damas, turned to me, and taking off his hat, and bowing in the soldier-like manner of the colonel in the play, said, "I think 'my young cousin' should give the play a name. Shall it not be called 'The Lady of Lyons'?" Whether this name had been decided on before, I cannot tell; but shortly after the play was announced by that title.

During the run of this play—it was in winter—I suffered terribly from a constant cough. It would sometimes seize me in the most trying passages. On one of these occasions I found Lord Lytton waiting for me as I left the scene, showing the greatest concern, and begging me to take care of my health. Shortly after, he sent some lozenges to my dressing-room, with renewed injunctions to give up acting for a time. As this involved the withdrawal of the play at the height of its success, I felt how generous he was. Indeed I always found Lord Lytton most kind and considerate, and with a very tender heart for suffering. Not long afterwards, my physicians sent me away from my loved work for many weary months: but rest was quite necessary; had they not insisted upon it, no more work or play would there have been for me in this world.

But, oh how I have wandered from *Imogen*! It is, I suppose, like *Portia*,—

"To peize the time—
To eke it and to draw it out in length,"—

to stay myself from grappling with a task which I yearn yet dread to approach.

It is impossible, I find, to write of *Imogen*, without treating in some degree of all the principal characters of the play. She acts upon and influences them all. We must make ourselves familiar with them, in order fully to know her. This opens up a wide field; for the action of the play covers an unusual space, and is carried on by many important agents. It sets the unities, especially the unity of space, entirely at defiance. We are now in Britain, then in Rome—anon once more in Britain, then back in Rome. The scene changes, and we are again at *Cymbeline's* Court; then in a mountainous region of South Wales; and so backwards and forwards to the end of the play. "*Cymbeline*," would be the despair of those getters-up of plays whose scenery is so elaborate that they can give but one scene to every act. But, oh how refreshing to have your thoughts centred upon such human beings as Shakespeare drew, with all their joys, their woes, their affections, sufferings, passions, developing before you each phase of their characters, instead of the immovable upholstery and painted simulations of reality in which the modern fashion takes delight! The eye is pleased, but what becomes of the heart and the imagination? People tell us that Shakespeare would, if he could, have availed himself of all the material resources of the costumier, scene-painter, and stage-manager, of which use is now so freely made. I venture to think not. He knew too well that if the

eye be distracted by excess either of numbers or of movement, or by a multiplicity of beautiful or picturesque objects, the actor must work at a disadvantage. He can neither gain nor keep that grasp of the minds and sympathies of the audience which is essential for bringing home to them the purpose of the poet.

I have heard the plot of "Cymbeline" severely censured. The play certainly wants the concentration which is essential for stage representation, and which Shakespeare himself would probably have given to it had it been written after he had gained that exquisite cunning in constructive skill which is apparent in "Macbeth," "Romeo and Juliet," "Much Ado about Nothing," and some of his other plays. But the plot itself is clear enough, and sufficiently full of sustained interest to engage the attention of the audience and keep it in suspense to the close. The play, in fact, is of only too luxuriant growth, such as a little judicious lopping removes without prejudice to it as an acting drama. Its occasional diffuseness is plainly caused by an extreme anxiety to leave nothing obscure either in the action or the characters. But the genius of the great dramatist is apparent in the skill with which the story of Imogen's trials is interwoven with traditional tales of the ancient Britons and their relations to Rome, which give to it the vivid interest of a grand historical background. The incident on which the play hinges—the wager between Iachimo and Posthumus—seems to have been taken from Boccaccio's story, simply because it was familiar to the theatre-going public, and because Shakespeare saw in it a great opportunity for introducing characters and incidents well fitted to develop, in a manner "unattempted

yet in prose or rhyme," the character of a noble, cultivated, loving woman and wife at her best. The play might indeed be fitly called "Imogen, Princess of Britain," for it is upon her, her trials and her triumph, that it turns.

Observe how carefully Shakespeare fixes our attention upon her at the very outset of the play, by the conversation of the two courtiers. "You do not meet a man but frowns," says one; for the king is angry, and from him all the Court takes its tone. To the question, "But what's the matter?" he replies—

"His daughter, and the heir of his kingdom, whom
He purposed to his wife's sole son (a widow,
That late he married), hath referred herself
Unto a poor but worthy gentleman. She's wedded;
Her husband banished; she imprisoned: all
Is outward sorrow; though I think the king
Be touched at very heart.
2d Gent. None but the king?
1st Gent. He that hath lost her, too: so is the queen,
That most desired the match: but not a courtier,
Although they wear their faces to the bent
Of the king's looks, but hath a heart that is not
Glad at the thing they scowl at.
2d Gent. And why so?
1st Gent. He that hath missed the princess is a thing
Too bad for bad report; and he that hath her
(I mean, that married her,—alack, good man!
And therefore banished) is a creature such
As, to seek through the regions of the earth
For one his like, there would be something failing
In him that should compare. I do not think
So fair an outward, and such stuff within,
Endows a man but he."

The speaker has much more to say in praise of Posthumus Leonatus; but the climax of his panegyric is,

that the best proof of the worth of Posthumus lies in the fact that such a woman as Imogen has chosen him for her husband :—

“ His mistress,—
For whom he now is banished,—her own
price
Proclaims how she esteemed him and his
virtue ;
By her election may be truly read
What kind of man he is.”

Thus, then, we see that Imogen is fitly mated. There has been that “marriage of true minds” on which Shakespeare lays so much stress in one of his finest sonnets. Both are noble creatures, rich in the endowments of body as well as mind, and drawn towards each other as

“ Like to like, but like in difference,
Distinct in individualities,
But like each other even as those who
love.”

What Shakespeare intends us to see in Imogen is made plain by the impression she is described as producing on all who come into contact with her,—strangers as well as those who have seen her grow up at her father’s Court. She is of royal nature as well as of royal blood,—too noble to know that she is noble. A grand and patient faithfulness is at the root of her character. Yet she can be angry, vehement, passionate, upon occasion. With a being of so fine and sensitive an organisation, how could it be otherwise? Her soul’s strength and nobleness, speaking through her form and movements, impress all alike with an irresistible charm. Her fine taste, her delicate ways, her accomplishments, her sweet singing, are brought before us by countless subtle touches. To her belongs especially the quality of grace,

—that quality which, in Goethe’s words, “macht unwiderstehlich,”* and which, as Racine says, is even “superior to beauty, or rather is beauty sweetly animated.” Iachimo, fastidious and cloyed in sensuality as he is, no sooner sees her than he is struck with admiring awe :—

“ All of her that is out of door, most
rich !
If she be furnished with a mind so rare,
She is alone the Arabian bird.”

And even Cloten, whose dull brain cannot resist the impression of her queenly grace and beauty, grows eloquent when he speaks of her :—

“ She’s fair and royal,
And hath all courtly parts more exquisite
Than lady, ladies, women ; from every
one
The best she hath, and she, of all com-
pounded,
Outsells them all.”

Like many of Shakespeare’s heroines, Imogen has early lost her mother ; but she has been most lovingly and royally nurtured by her father, to whom, no doubt, she was doubly endeared after the loss of his two sons. What she was to him, we see when his hour of trouble comes, and he is left without her. “Imogen, the great part of my comfort, gone !” (Act iv. sc. 3.) Her fine intellect and strong affection would then have been the stay to him it had often been in the days before he allowed his love for her to be overclouded by the fascinations of his beautiful crafty second queen. But not even she could keep him from being “touched at very heart,” despite his anger at his child for wedding Posthumus.

With what skill the characters of that queen and of Cymbeline

* “ Die Schönheit bleibt sich selber selig,
Die Anmuth macht unwiderstehlich.”

Beauty self-pleased, self-wrapped, will sit,
But grace draws all men after it.

—*Faust*, Part II.

himself are put before us! He is full of good impulses, but weak, wayward, passionate, and, as such natures commonly are when thwarted, cruel, and carried away, like Lear, by "impatient womanish violence." Having no insight into character, he has been led by designing flatterers, who played upon his weakness, to suspect "the perfect honour" of his tried friend and officer Belarius, and to banish him from the Court. The loss of his two sons, stolen from him by Belarius in revenge for this wrong, has imbittered his life. It probably cost him that of their mother, whose death left the Princess Imogen, her youngest-born, as his only solace. Out of the nobler impulse of his nature came the care and training which he gave to Posthumus, the orphaned son of his great general, Sicilius Leonatus. And yet—after treating him as if he were one of the sons whom he had lost, breeding him along with Imogen as her "playfellow," and knowing, as he could not fail to know, the deep affection that must spring from such an intimacy—on finding out the marriage, he sends him from the Court with violence and in disgrace, heedless of the misery which, by so doing, he inflicts on his own child. Left to himself, things might have taken a very different course. But he is blinded for the time by the spell which his newly wedded, beautiful, soft-voiced, dissembling queen has cast upon him. At her instigation he resents the marriage with a bitterness the more intense because it is in some measure artificial, and gives vent to his anger against Posthumus in an undignified manner, and in unkingly phrases:—

"Thou basest thing, avoid! Hence from my sight!

Away!

Thou'rt poison to my blood!"

In the same passionate manner he

heaps maledictions on his daughter.
"Oh, thou vile one!"

"Nay, let her languish

A drop of blood a day, and, being aged,
Die of this folly!"

Choleric and irrational as old Capulet himself, he is equally regardless of everybody's feelings but his own. Just the man, therefore, to become the ductile tool of a cold, beautiful, unscrupulous, ambitious woman like his queen. She, again, has but one soft place in her heart, and that is for her handsome peacock-witted son Cloten—a man so vapid and brainless that he cannot "take two from twenty and leave eighteen." For him this fawning, dissembling, crafty woman—this secret poisoner, in intention, if not in act—is prepared to dare everything. If she cannot get Imogen for her son, and so prepare his way to the throne, she is quite ready to "catch the nearest way" by compassing Imogen's death. Cymbeline, infatuated by an old man's love for a handsome woman, is a child in her hands. Imogen's keen intelligence sees through her pretended sympathy, dismissing it with the words—

"Oh dissembling courtesy! How fine
this tyrant
Can tickle where she wounds!"—

knowing well that she will have less cause to dread "the hourly shot of angry eyes" than the silent machinations of this "most delicate fiend."

The whole tragedy of her position is summed up by Imogen herself early in the play, in the words (Act i. sc. 6)—

"A father cruel, and a step-dame false;
A foolish suitor to a wedded lady,
That hath her husband banished:—oh,
that husband!
My supreme crown of grief! and those
repeated
Vexations of it!"

Note, too, how it seems to the shrewd Second Lord in attendance upon Cloten (Act ii. sc. 1):—

“Alas, poor princess,
Thou divine Imogen, what thou endur’st!
Betwixt a father by thy step-dame govern-
ed;

A mother hourly coining plots; a wooer
More hateful than the foul expulsion is
Of thy dear husband. From that horrid
act

Of the divorce he’d make, the heavens
hold firm

The walls of thy dear honour; keep un-
shaked

That temple, thy fair mind!”

And all this, while she was still “comforted to live,” because in her husband she had the one priceless “jewel in the world, that she might see again.” Rudely stripped of that comfort, as she soon is, what state so desolate, what trial more cruel than hers! But I must not anticipate.

When we first see Imogen, it is at the moment of her parting with Posthumus. Their marriage-hours must have been of the shortest. Even had they tried to conceal their union, which most probably they had not, the watchful queen, with her spies everywhere, would have speedily discovered it. It is she indeed who has brought about that union; for her encouragement of the suit of her son—“that harsh, shallow nothing”—has made a marriage with Posthumus the only effectual barrier to it, and enabled him to prevail on Imogen to “set up her disobedience ’gainst the king her father.” One wrong leads to another. The marriage, when discovered, is followed by the instant and contemptuous banishment of Posthumus; and it is in the sharp anguish of his separation from Imogen that we first see them—anguish made more poignant by the pretended sympathy of the queen, to whom they owe their

misery. Posthumus entreats his wife—

“O lady, weep no more; lest I give cause
To be suspected of more tenderness
Than doth become a man! I will remain
The loyal’st husband that did e’er plight
troth.”

They exchange those parting gifts, one of which is to work so fatally against their happiness; she giving him what, we may be assured, was her most treasured possession, the diamond that had been her mother’s—with the words,—oh, how full of tenderness!—

“Take it, heart;
But keep it till you woo another wife,
When Imogen is dead!”—

while he fixes a bracelet on her arm, saying—

“For my sake, wear this;
It is a manacle of love: I’ll place it
Upon this fairest prisoner.

Imo. Oh, the gods!
When shall we see again?”

All further speech between them is stopped by the entrance of Cymbeline, who thrusts Posthumus from the Court with words so coarsely insulting that, as he goes, Imogen exclaims—

“There cannot be a pinch in death
More sharp than this is.”

And now her father turns his reproaches upon her; and in her replies we see the loving, dutiful daughter, the still more loving and devoted wife:—

“I beseech you, sir,
Harm not yourself with your vexation; I
Am senseless of your wrath; a touch more
rare
Subdues all pangs, all fears.

Cym. Thou mightst have had the sole
son of my queen!

Imo. Oh, blest, that I might not! . . .

Cym. Thou took’st a beggar; wouldst
have made my throne

A seat for baseness!

Imo. No; I rather added
A lustre to it.

Cym. Oh, thou vile one !
Imo. Sir,
 It is your fault that I have loved Posthumus :

You bred him as my playfellow ; and he is
 A man worth any woman ; overbuys me
 Almost the sum he pays.

Cym. What ! art thou mad ?

Imo. Almost, sir : heaven restore me !
 Would I were

A neat-herd's daughter, and my Leonatus
 Our neighbour shepherd's son ! "

A cry, we may well believe, that
 has often risen in palaces from
 hearts weary of the irksome re-
 straints, or awed by the great
 responsibilities, of princely life.

Her father leaves her, with the
 order to his queen, " Away with
 her, and pen her up ! " and Pisanio
 returns with the tidings that Cloten
 had drawn his sword upon his mas-
 ter Posthumus. Imogen's contempt
 for Cloten breaks out despite his
 mother's presence :—

" Your son's my father's friend ; he takes
 his part.

To draw upon an exile ! Oh, brave sir !
 I would they were in Afric both together ;
 Myself by with a needle, that I might
 prick
 The goer-back. "

Posthumus, assured that in Pisanio
 Imogen would have at least one
 loyal friend who might be counted
 to stand firmly by her, has sent him
 back, refusing to allow him to be
 absent from her even for so brief a
 time as was necessary to reach the
 haven. But now Imogen desires
 him to return to " see her lord
 aboard. " Why she did so, we see
 in their dialogue when he re-
 turns :—

" *Imo.* What was the last
 That he spake to thee ?

Pis. It was, ' His queen ! his queen ! '

Imo. Then waved his handkerchief ?

Pis. And kissed it, madam.

Imo. Senseless linen ! Happier therein
 than I !

And that was all ?

Pis. No, madam ; for so long
 As he could make me with this eye or ear
 Distinguish him from other, he did keep
 The deck, with glove or hat or handker-
 chief

Still waving, as the fits and stirs of his
 mind

Could best express how slow his soul
 sailed on,

How swift his ship.

Imo. Thou shouldst have made him
 As little as a crow, or less, ere left
 To after-eye him.

Pis. Madam, so I did.

Imo. I would have broke mine eye-
 strings, cracked them, but

To look upon him ; till the diminution
 Of space had pointed him sharp as my
 needle ;

Nay, followed him, till he had melted
 from

The smallness of a gnat to air ; and then
 Have turned mine eye and wept. But,
 good Pisanio,

When shall we hear from him ?

Pis. Be assured, madam,
 With his next vantage.

Imo. I did not take my leave of him,
 but had

Most pretty things to say : ere I could
 tell him

How I would think on him, at certain
 hours,

Such thoughts and such ; or I could make
 him swear

The shes of Italy should not betray
 Mine interest and his honour ; or have
 charged him

At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at
 midnight,

To encounter me with orisons, for then
 I am in heaven for him ; or ere I could

Give him that parting kiss, which I had
 set

Betwixt two charming words, comes in
 my father,

And, like the tyrannous breathing of the
 north,

Shakes all our buds from growing. "

Imogen can pour out her heart
 in these exquisite bursts of tender-
 ness before Pisanio without reserve,
 because she is assured of his sym-
 pathy, and of his devotion to her
 lord as well as to herself. I have
 always thought that Pisanio had
 been a follower of Posthumus's
 father, Sicilius Leonatus, and had
 therefore been assigned to his son
 as a special servant when Cymbe-
 line first took the orphaned boy
 under his care, and made him the
 playfellow of Imogen. He had seen
 Posthumus grow up with all the
 winning graces of a fine person,

and a simple, truthful, manly nature, so void of guile himself as to be unsuspecting of it in others; while Imogen had developed into the beautiful, accomplished, high-souled woman, for whom mere "princely suitors"—of whom, we are told, she had many—had no attraction, companioned as she had been from childhood to womanhood by one whose high qualities of head and heart she knew so well. Pisanio had seen them grow dearer and dearer to each other, and never doubted that Cymbeline looked with favour on their growing affection until the evil hour when he remarried, and was persuaded by his queen to favour Cloten's suit. The character of that coarse, arrogant, cowardly braggadocio must have made his pretensions to the hand of Imogen odious to the whole Court that loved and honoured her, but especially to Pisanio; and we may be sure he was taken into counsel, when a marriage was resolved upon, as the only way to make the union with Cloten impossible. Thus he has drawn upon himself the suspicion and hatred of the queen and her handsome, well-proportioned, brainless son. I say well-proportioned; for how otherwise could Imogen have afterwards mistaken his headless body, as she does (Act iv. sc. 2), for that of Posthumus?

These opening scenes, in which Imogen appears, are a proof among many others, how much Shakespeare expected from the personators of his heroines. In them the actress must contrive to produce the impression of a character of which all that is afterwards seen of Imogen is the natural development. In look, in bearing, in tone and accent, we must see the princess, strong in the possession of fine and cultivated intelligence, and equal, through all her womanly tenderness, and by

very reason of that tenderness, to any strain which may be put upon her fortitude and endurance,—one who, while she draws on all insensibly to admire her by her mere presence, at the same time inspires them with a reverent respectfulness. Ah! how little those who, in mere ignorance, speak slightly of the actor's art, can know of the mental and moral training which is needed to take home into the being, and then to express in action, however faintly, what must have been in the poet's mind, as his vision of Imogen found expression in the language he has put into her mouth!

And now we must leave Imogen, and follow Posthumus to Rome, where he is expected at a banquet at his friend Philario's house. Before he enters (Act i. sc. 5) we see that, except by his host, his presence is not desired. His reputation as no ordinary man has run before him; and the French and Roman guests already carp at and depreciate him. When he enters, his self-possession and dignified courtesy show in marked contrast to the disposition seen in the others to irritate and offend him. Iachimo has an old grudge against him. He had seen him in Britain before, and the antagonism between his own corrupt and selfish nature and the noble qualities of Posthumus had bred mutual dislike. The Italian's flippancy and loose style of expression are rebuked by the calm reticence of the Briton. This reserve is made greater by the deep sorrow that is tugging at his heart. By what now seems to him his selfishness in pressing Imogen to a private marriage, he has brought not only disgrace and contumely upon himself, but suffering and sorrow on her whom his love would have yearned to shelter from any touch of pain.

Remorse, love, and pride are thus at war within him. Angry with himself, he is impatient of annoyance or opposition. In this mood, on reaching his friend's house, he encounters in Iachimo a man who would have been distasteful to him under any circumstances. Nothing could be more unlucky. In his then state of mind he is fit company for no man, least of all for this mocking, supercilious Italian, with his ostentatious disbelief in woman's worth, and his arrogant, sarcastic nature, indolent yet cunning, and only moved to action by the desire to gratify his vanity or his senses. Iachimo's very manner, with its assured complacency, irritates and frets the heart-stricken Briton. Had he not been at war with himself, I believe he would not have allowed any conversation, in which his mistress's name should be brought forward, to take place in his presence. But, smarting as he is under Cymbeline's insulting language, and with the echo of it still ringing in his ears, he is unable to command his usual forbearance. He is moved in time to give taunt for taunt, boast for boast; and when this insolent unmannerly stranger dares to bring the constancy and honour of his mistress into question, he is provoked into accepting the challenge which Iachimo proposes as a test of her virtue, without thinking for the moment of the insult implied by the mere introduction of such a man to the presence of his wife.

We now go back to Imogen. Weeks have obviously gone by; but we hear that "she weeps still." The persecution of a "father cruel, and a step-dame false," and the importunities of "a foolish suitor," serve but to make her cling closer to the thought of her dear lord and husband.

"Oh, that husband,
My supreme crown of grief!
Had I been thief-stolen,
As my two brothers, happy! but most
miserable
Is the desire that's glorious."

She is in this mood when Pisanio introduces "a noble gentleman from Rome," who brings letters from her lord. The mere mention of them sends all the colour from her face. Iachimo noticing this, reassures her:—

"Change you, madam?
The worthy Leonatus is in safety,
And greets your highness dearly."

Now returns the delicate colour to her cheek, the warmth to her heart, and she can say with all her accustomed grace, "Thanks, good sir. You are kindly welcome." This is her first letter from her wedded lord; and while she is drinking in its words of love, Iachimo is watching her with all his eyes. The happiness in hers, lately so full of tears, adds to her fascination, and her whole demeanour expresses, silently but eloquently, the purity and beauty of her soul. Iachimo, unbeliever as he is in woman's worth, is too shrewd not to see that the charm of her face and person—"all of her that is out of door, most rich!"—would not be so exquisite but for the dignity and elevation of her mind. His wager, he feels instinctively, is as good as lost; but the stake is too serious not to be played for, at all risks.

"Boldness, audacity," must "arm him from head to foot," aided by all the craft and subtlety of a spirit long versed in guile. No matter at what sacrifice of truth, or at what cost of misery to his victims, the wager must be won. He already feels it will not be gained by triumph over Imogen's virtue; but means must be found to wreak his hate upon the haughty, self-reliant

Briton, and to bring down his pride, by convincing him of her disloyalty.

He begins his advances in the way common to common minds, by daring to praise and seeming to be lost in admiration of Imogen's beauty. But here he is entirely thwarted, for she fails to see his meaning, and asks, in all simplicity, "What, dear sir, thus wraps you? Are you well?" Having the sense at once to see that he is upon a wrong tack, he starts upon another, in hope of better success. In reply to her anxious inquiry after the health of her lord, he assures her that he is not only well, but

"Exceeding pleasant; none a stranger there

So merry and so gamesome: he is called
The Briton reveller."

A report so little in consonance with all she has known of Posthumus arrests Imogen's attention for the moment. Iachimo, thinking he has gained a point, and that he may pique her pride, proceeds to illustrate the small respect in which her husband holds her sex, by telling her of a "Frenchman, his companion," over whose sighs for "a Gallian girl at home" Posthumus makes merry:—

"The jolly Briton

(Your lord, I mean) laughs from's free lungs, cries 'Oh!

Can my sides hold, to think that man, who knows

By history, report, or his own proof,
What woman is,—yea, what she cannot choose,

But must be,—will his free hours languish for

Assured bondage?"

Imogen, amazed, can only say, "Will my lord say so?" But this levity of her lord must be pushed home to herself. Accordingly, Iachimo goes on to express wonder and pity:—

"*Imo.* What do you pity, sir?

Iach. Two creatures, heartily.

Imo.

Am I one, sir?
You look on me: what wreck discern you
in me

Deserves your pity?"

He still speaks so enigmatically, that she conjures him to say plainly what he means:—

"You do seem to know
Something of me, or what concerns me.

Pray you
(Since doubting things go ill, often hurts
more

Than to be sure they do), . . . discover to me

What both you spur and stop."

Upon this, he speaks so plainly, and with such indignation, of her lord's disloyalty, that for a moment a cloud rests upon her mind. With a sad dignity she says—

"*Imo.* My lord, I fear,
Has forgot Britain!

Iach. And himself. Not I,
Inclined to this intelligence, pronounce
The beggary of his change; but 'tis your
graces

That from my mutest conscience to my
tongue

Charms this report out."

He is now striking into a vein which reveals a something in the speaker from which, as a pure woman, she instinctively recoils, and she exclaims, "Let me hear no more!" Iachimo, mistaking for wounded pride the shock to her love, and to all the cherished convictions of the worth of Posthumus on which it rests, urges her to be revenged upon him. How beautiful is her reply! For a wrong like this there is no remedy, no revenge. It is too monstrous even for belief:—

"Revenged!

How should I be revenged? If this be
true—

(As I have such a heart, that both mine
ears

Must not in haste abuse)—if it be true,
How shall I be revenged?"

Imogen, who has throughout felt an instinctive dislike to the free-spoken Roman,—this bringer of

ill tidings,—when he now dares to tender love and devotion to herself, reads him on the instant through and through. She calls at once for Pisanio to eject him from her presence, but the wily Italian has taken care not to have her loyal retainer within hearing. Quite early in the scene he has sent him out of the way by the words—

“Beseech you, sir, desire
My man’s abode where I did leave him :
he
Is strange and peevish.”

Pisanio does not, therefore, answer to his mistress’s call, and Iachimo continues his advances. Her instinct, then, was right. The cloud vanishes that has rested for a moment upon her mind ; and instead of the doubting, perplexed woman, wounded in her most sacred belief, we see the indignant princess sweeping from her presence in measureless scorn the man whose every word she feels to be an insult :—

“Away ! I do condemn mine ears that
have
So long attended thee. If thou wert
honourable,
Thou wouldst have told this tale for
virtue, not
For such an end thou seek’st ; as base as
strange.
Thou wrong’st a gentleman, who is as far
From thy report as thou from honour ;
and
Solicit’st here a lady, that disdains
Thee and the devil alike.—What, ho !
Pisanio !”

At this point the address of the wily, subtle Italian comes to his rescue. The vulnerable point in Imogen, he sees, is her devotion to her lord, and Iachimo immediately breaks out into his praises, and excuses all which he has before said by the plea that his object was to prove if Imogen was indeed worthy of “the worthiest sir that ever country called his :”—

“Give me your pardon.
I have spoken this, to know if your
affiance
Were deeply rooted ; and shall make your
lord
That which he is new o’er. And he is
one,
The truest mannered ; such a holy witch,
That he enchants societies unto him :
Half all men’s hearts are his.”

Forgetting her own wrong in the delight of hearing this tribute paid to the worth of that dear lord whose name has of late been only coupled in her hearing with insulting and contumelious epithets, Imogen murmurs half aloud, “You make amends.” Iachimo, seeing his advantage, pursues it :—

“He sits ’mongst men like a descended
god :
He hath a kind of honour sets him off,
More than a mortal seeming. . . .
. . . . The love I bear him
Made me to fan you thus ; but the gods
made you,
Unlike all others, chaffless. Pray, your
pardon !”

This praise of Posthumus, now so rare at Cymbeline’s Court, together with Iachimo’s vehement protestations of regard for him, completely deceives Imogen, and she replies, “All’s well, sir. Take my power in the Court for yours.” His “humble thanks” are tendered, and his audience ended. As he retires, however, he turns back, and in the most seemingly simple manner asks for the aid she has proffered, to help him in the safe keeping of the costly plate and jewels which he had purchased in France, as a present to the Emperor from “some dozen Romans of us and your lord, the best feather of our flock.” It is enough for her that Posthumus has an interest in their “safe stowage :”—

“Since
My lord hath interest in them, I will
keep them,
In my bed-chamber.”

How Iachimo's heart must have bounded at these words! Things fashion themselves for him to a wish, and make easy the way, which even now seemed beset with insurmountable difficulties. The generous forgiveness of the princess, and her pleasure in showing courtesy to him who had professed so much regard for her lord, thus become the ministers to his vile purpose and her own after-misery.

We next see *Imogen* in her bed, reading. How rich were the appointments of her chamber, we gather afterwards from *Iachimo's* description (Act ii. sc. 4). It was hung

“With tapestry of silk and silver; the
story,
Proud *Cleopatra* when she met her
Roman. . . .
. A piece of work
So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive
In workmanship and value. . . .
. The chimney-piece
Chaste *Dian* bathing: never saw I figures
So likely to report themselves. . . .
The roof o' the chamber
With golden cherubims is fretted.”

And from such luxury, such surroundings, which have been with her all her life, the presence of this ignoble, crafty, selfish villain, lying on the watch there in his trunk, was shortly to cast her forth into an unknown world, in misery, in pain and weariness of body, with only the ground for her bed!

Imogen has been reading for three hours—a weary time for the hidden “*Italian fiend*”! On hearing it is midnight, she dismisses her woman *Helen*, telling her to “fold down the leaf where she had left.” This, we hear from *Iachimo* afterwards, was the Tale of *Tereus*, “where *Philomel* gave up,”—that is, we may suppose, at the point where *Philomela* and her sister *Procne* were (in answer to their prayer to escape *Tereus*, their infuriated pursuer) transformed, the

one into a nightingale, the other into a swallow. She adds—

“Take not away the taper, leave it
burning;
And if thou canst awake by four o' the
clock,
I prithee, call me. Sleep hath seized me
wholly.”

She kisses fondly the bracelet on her arm, her *Leonatus's* parting gift, and with a brief prayer to the gods for protection “from fairies and the tempters of the night,” drops into that deep sleep which enables *Iachimo* to accomplish his purpose unheard, unseen. Libertine and sceptic as he is, he is awed by the exquisite beauty and chastity of the sleeper:—

“*Cytherea*,
How bravely thou becom'st thy bed!
Fresh lily!
And whiter than the sheets! That I
might touch!
But kiss; one kiss! Rubies unpara-
goned,
How dearly they do't. 'Tis her breath-
ing that
Perfumes the chamber thus. The flame
o' the taper
Bows toward her; and would under-peep
her lids,
To see the enclosed lights, now canopied
Under these windows, white and azure,
laced
With blue of heaven's own tint.”

What a picture is here! Drawn by a master-hand; for *Iachimo* has all the subtle perception of the refined sensualist. “That I might touch!” But even he, struck into reverence, dare not. “A thousand liveried angels wait on her,” so that his approach is barred. With all despatch he notes the features and furniture of the room. “Sleep, the ape of death, lies dull upon her,” and this emboldens him to steal the bracelet from her arm. While he is triumphing in the thought how this may be used to work “the madding of her lord,” his eye is caught by a mark he has espied upon her bosom, which

"rivets, screws itself to his memory," as a conclusive voucher with Posthumus that he has "ta'en the treasure of her honour:"—

"On her left breast
A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson
drops
I' the bottom of a cowslip."

What need of further token! Those of which he is now possessed, he is satisfied, will be ample to carry conviction to a man of pure heart like Posthumus, who could not conceive of baseness so vile as that by which Iachimo has come to know of that sweet secret mark. Now, therefore, he may return to the chest, and shut the lid, invoking, as he does so, "the dragons of the night" to fly swiftly, that "dawning may bare the raven's eye." His men doubtless have their orders to carry away the supposed treasure-chest by daybreak. Well may he dread the time till then:—

"I lodge in fear;
Though this a heavenly angel, hell is
here."

And this same hell he is to carry about with him, as we shall see, for ever after; a hell of remorse which robs him of his valour and his peace.

In the morning we find musicians, hired by Cloten, singing under Imogen's chamber-window that brightest, daintiest of serenades, "Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings!" as if Shakespeare could not choose but pour his own heart out in homage to the "divine Imogen" he had created. Forced to appear in answer to Cloten's importunities, she tells him frankly, "You lay out too much pains for purchasing but trouble." The silly underbred fellow will not take her denial, and by his rudeness forces her for a moment to meet him with his own weapons. But it is only for a moment; and then she offers

him this pretty and most characteristic apology, even while she makes clearer than ever the hopelessness of his suit:—

"I am much sorry, sir,
You put me to forget a lady's manners,
By being so verbal: and learn now, for
all,
That I, which know my heart, do here
pronounce,
By the very truth of it, I care not for
you;
And am so near the lack of charity
(To accuse myself) I hate you; which I
had rather
You felt, than make't my boast."

Exasperated by this avowal, Cloten replies by attacking "that base wretch" Posthumus:—

"One bred of alms, and fostered with
cold dishes,
With scraps o' the Court;"—

and asserts that her contract with him is no contract at all, and that she, being curbed in her actions by "the consequence o' the crown," must not soil

"The precious note of it with a base
slave,
A hilding for a livery, a squire's cloth,
A pantler, not so eminent."

On this Imogen's patience leaves her, and she turns upon him with the same eloquence of scorn with which we have before seen her silence Iachimo, but with even greater contempt:—

"Profane fellow!
Wert thou the son of Jupiter, and no
more
But what thou art besides, thou wert too
base
To be his groom. . . .
Clo. The south-fog rot him!
Imo. He never can meet more mis-
chance, than come
To be but named of thee! His meanest
garment,
That ever hath but clipped his body, is
dearer
In my respect than all the hairs above
thee,
Were they all made such men."

Even as she speaks, she misses

from her arm the bracelet which had never quitted it since Posthumus placed it there, and summons Pisanio, whom she bids tell her woman to search for it. Vexation upon vexation :—

“I am sprighted with a fool ;
Frighted, and angered worse.”

As is so common when we first miss anything, she thinks she saw it lately :—

“I do think
I saw't this morning ; confident I am
Last night 'twas on mine arm ; I kissed
it,”—

adding, with a sweet womanish touch—

“I hope it be not gone to tell my lord
That I kiss aught but he.”

“*Aught*,” you see, not “*any one*.” Alas ! it *has* gone to him, and on a deadlier errand. “Frighted” as Imogen now is, she is in no humour to be longer “sprighted by a fool.” Cloten’s threat of appealing to her father is treated with contempt, and she leaves him “to the worst of discontent,” and to fierce threats of vengeance, in the midst of which her preference of her husband’s “meanest garment” is always uppermost in his foolish brain.

In the next scene we are again in Philario’s house in Rome, to which Iachimo has returned with all possible speed. I need not dwell upon the skill with which Iachimo develops his proofs against the virtue of Imogen, bringing them forward one by one, as if they were drawn from him reluctantly, and mingled with such suggestions as, in the mouth of a known voluptuary like himself, could not fail to lend confirmation to his story. Posthumus is no easy dupe. His faith in Imogen is too deeply rooted. He fights against conviction to the last, and

only yields when Iachimo crowns his story by speaking of the mole under Imogen’s breast, “right proud of that most delicate lodging.” Nor is he alone in his conviction ; for his friend Philario, who knows Iachimo well enough to be sure that he would be in no way scrupulous about truth in a matter of this kind, is himself compelled to come to the same conclusion, and to avow it by saying to Iachimo, “You have won.” It is impossible, indeed, not to admire the exquisite art with which this super-subtle Italian arrays what he afterwards (Act v. sc. 5) calls “simular proof enough to make the noble Leonatus mad,” and, in doing so, fulfils the dramatist’s purpose of keeping alive our respect for the wretched husband, whose whole life is laid waste by the ruin of his belief in one who had been the incarnation for him of all that was beautiful, and pure, and holy upon earth. Were it otherwise, we could not forgive the cruel device by which he, who had been her “true knight,” all “of her honour confident,” sought to avenge his imagined wrong, by commanding Pisanio to lure her from the Court, on the pretext of bringing her to her husband, and then to take away her life.

What a contrast to the scene in which Posthumus gives vent to his anguish and despair (Act ii. sc. 5) is that in which we next see Imogen (Act iii. sc. 2) ! It is the one occasion in the whole play in which she can smile and is happy. That her natural temperament is cheerful, we see by the readiness with which she seizes this first opportunity to rejoice—a letter from her lord, and when least expected :—

“*Pis.* Madam, here is a letter from my lord.
Imo. Who ? thy lord ? that is my lord,
Leonatus !”

How Pisanio must have shuddered inwardly as he gave it to her, knowing for what it was devised, and seeing the ecstasy with which it is welcomed! How pretty is the way in which she, as it were, talks to the letter before she opens it:—

“Oh, learned indeed were that astronomer
That knew the stars as I his characters;
He'd lay the future open.”

Then the little prayer, like some devout Greek, to the “good gods” to

“Let what is here contained relish of
love,
Of my lord's health, of his content,—
yet not,
That we two are asunder,—let that grieve
him.”

In her overflowing happiness, as she breaks the wax of the seals, she blesses the very bees “that make these locks of counsel.” And then her transport when she finds from the letter that Posthumus is again in Britain, and that he invites her to meet him! “Take notice that I am in Cambria, at Milford-Haven. What your own love will out of this advise you, follow.” Strange that, being convinced as he is of her disloyalty, Posthumus should be so assured that she would at once fly to meet him! She had, he believed, given his bracelet to another, “and said she prized it once.” Why, then, should she encounter fatigue, and even the peril of escape from the Court, and come to him? I can only suppose that, being utterly distracted for the time, he had lost the power of reasoning; and, mixing up the memory of her former love with the story of her late disloyalty, he had trusted to the old love to work upon her heart. As to what it does advise, there is no question. Her first words are, “O, for a horse with wings!”

Then she plies Pisanio rapidly with questions as to how far it is to Milford-Haven. She, who has never been outside the precincts of a Court except on rare occasions, and then with all its stately retinue, cannot plod along like ordinary mortals, who would take a week to do it, but she must “glide thither in a day.” Finding that Pisanio does not second her so eagerly as she wishes, she, as it were, reminds him of his affection for his master:—

“Then, true Pisanio,
Who long'st, like me, to see thy lord;
who long'st,—
Oh, let me bate,—but not like me:—yet
long'st,
But in a fainter kind:—oh, not like me;
For mine's beyond beyond.”

How charming is all this! How touching, too, when we know what has passed, and what is to come! There is a warmth and tenderness in the whole of this scene which are all but unequalled. The joy in Imogen's heart overflows upon her tongue. She cannot cease her questions. Everything, every place, is “blessed” which brings her nearer to her lord.

“How far is it
To this same blessed Milford? And, by
the way,
Tell me how Wales was made so happy, as
To inherit such a haven?”—

a haven which to her seems Elysium, for Posthumus is there. Like a happy child, she goes running all round the subject; and then comes the thought, “How shall we steal from hence?”—how excuse their absence when they return, which she apparently thinks will be soon?

“But first, how get hence?
Why should excuse be born or e'er begot?
We'll talk of that hereafter.”

Her heart and thoughts are so full, that she does not notice Pisanio's

hesitation when she bids him forthwith provide a riding-suit for her, "no costlier than would fit a franklin's housewife." And when he still prays her to consider, all further question is stopped by her kindly but decisive answer—

"I see before me, man: nor here, nor here,
Nor what ensues, but have a fog in them,
That I cannot look through."

Oh, how I enjoyed acting this scene! All had been sad before. What a burst of happiness, what play of loving fancy, had scope here! It was like a bit of *Rosalind* in the forest. The sense of liberty, of breathing in the free air, and for a while escaping from the trammels of the Court, and her persecutors there, gave light to the eyes and buoyancy to the step. *Imogen* is already in imagination at that height of happiness, at that "beyond beyond," which brings her into the presence of her banished lord. She can only "see before her;" she can look neither right nor left, nor to aught that may come after. These things have "a fog in them she cannot look through." "Away!" she says, "I prithee;" and stops *Pisanio's* further remonstrance with

"Do as I bid thee! there's no more to say;
Accessible is none but *Milford* way."

We can imagine with what delighted haste *Imogen* dons the riding-suit of the franklin's housewife! *Pisanio* is barely allowed time to procure horses. Her women hurry on the preparations—for, as we have heard, they are "all sworn and honourable;" and thus rejoicingly she starts on her sad, ill-omened journey. *Pisanio* has little to say during the last scene; but what may not the actor express by tone, and look, and manner? We know his grief for

her, his bitter disappointment in her husband:—

"O master! what a strange infection
Is fallen into thy ear! What false Italian
(As poisonous-tongued as handed) hath
prevailed
On thy too ready hearing? Disloyal?
No;
She's punished for her truth. . . . O
my master,
Thy mind to her is now as low as were
Thy fortunes!"

These thoughts are in his mind, and give the tone to his whole bearing. Had *Imogen* been less wrapped up in her own happiness, she must have noticed and questioned him about his strange unwillingness to obey his master's orders—wondered, too, at his showing no gladness at the thought of seeing him whom she believed that he, "next to herself," most longed to see again. But her eyes are full of that mist which obscures everything from view but the one bright spot—that blessed *Milford* where her heart is.

And now we have to think of *Imogen* as having escaped from her courtly prison-house. By her side rides "the true *Pisanio*," her one friend, and he is conveying her to her husband. What happy anticipations fill her heart! Now she will be able to tell him all the "most pretty things" she had to say, when they were cut short by the entrance of her father, who,

"Like the tyrannous breathing of the
north,
Shook all their buds from blowing."

Absorbed in her own sweet dreams, she does not notice the continued silence of her companion, until, having reached some deep mountain solitude, he tells her the place of meeting is near at hand, and they dismount. It is at this moment that they come before us. *Imogen*, very weary with the unusual fatigue, looks anxiously round for the approach of *Posthumus*. For the

first time she observes the strangeness of *Pisanio's* manner. "What is in thy mind?" she exclaims in alarm,

"That makes thee stare thus? Wherefore breaks that sigh
From the inward of thee? One, but painted thus,
Would be interpreted a thing perplexed
Beyond self-explication. . . . What's the matter?"

Pisanio, who can find no words to explain his mission, the purport of which can neither be slurred over nor lightened by any ray of comfort, simply offers her *Posthumus's* letter to himself. "Why," she exclaims, "tender'st thou that paper to me?" She sees the superscription is in her husband's hand. How the stories of Italian poisoning must have penetrated the English mind in Shakespeare's time! At once the thought of danger from this cause occurs to her:—

"That drug-damned Italy hath out-crafted him,
And he's at some hard point. Speak, man; thy tongue
May take off some extremity, which to read
Would be even mortal to me."

At last he does speak, but so mysteriously that she has to turn to the letter itself without any abatement of her terror.

My pen stops here. I know not how to write. Such a charge as that letter contains, to meet the eyes of such a creature! She has begun to read, full of apprehension for her husband's safety, and from his hand she now receives her death-blow. As the last word drops from her lips, her head bows in silence over the writing, and her body sinks as if some mighty rock had crushed her with its weight. These few words have sufficed to blight, to blacken, and to wither her whole life. The wonder is, that she ever rises. I used to feel tied to the

earth. "What need," says *Pisanio*, "to draw my sword? The paper hath cut her throat already. . . . What cheer, madam?" What indeed! In a dull kind of way, she, after a while, repeats the words in the letter: "False to his bed! What is it to be false?" Then, remembering how so many weary nights have been passed, she asks—

"To lie in watch there, and to think on him?
To weep 'twixt clock and clock? If sleep charge nature,
To break it with a fearful dream of him,
And cry myself awake? That's false to his bed,
Is it?"

Her honour wedded to his honour, both must be wrecked together! That he should entertain one instant's suspicion of her takes the life out of her heart. No sin could be more utterly abhorrent to her nature than that of which she is accused; and this no one should know so well as her accuser, the companion of her life, the husband from whom no secret, not one of her most sacred feelings, has been withheld. It is because she feels this, that she can find no other solution to the mystery than that the "shes of Italy" have "betrayed her interest and his honour." Then flashes upon her like a flood of light *Iachimo's* account of how the "jolly Briton" passed his time,—of his opinion of woman, "of what she cannot choose but must be," and of his contempt for any man who will his "free hours languish for assured bondage,"—and, worse still, how he could "slaver with lips as common as the stairs that mount the Capitol; join gripes with hands made hard with hourly falsehood;" be "partnered with tomboys," &c. All this comes back sharply on the memory of this poor bewildered creature, who holds no other clue to the motive, can imagine no reason why the hand she

Since I received command to do this
business,

I have not slept one wink.

Imo. Do't, and to bed then.

Pis. I'll wake mine eyeballs blind first.

Imo. Wherefore, then,

Didst undertake it?

. Why hast thou gone

so far,

To be unbent, when thou hast ta'en thy
stand,

The elected deer before thee?

Pis. But to win time
To lose so bad employment."

Praying her patience, Pisanio then tries to make her think, as he himself has believed from the first, that it cannot be "but that his master is abused."

"Some villain, ay, and singular in his art,
I have done you both this cursèd injury."

Imogen, who can divine no motive but the one, will not entertain this idea. But Pisanio persists in his belief; and tells her he will send notice to Posthumus of her death, along with some bloody sign of it, obviously with the conviction that this will lead to some explanation of the delusion under which his master is labouring. Will she meanwhile go back to the Court? Swift is her answer. "No Court, no father!" What! face again "the father cruel, and the step-dame false," and the persistent wooing of the "profane fellow" her son? Pisanio has anticipated this answer; and finding his mistress ready even to seek a refuge abroad if necessary—"Hath Britain all the sun that shines?"—he suggests that a way may be found by which she may haply come near

"The residence of Posthumus; so nigh,
at least,

That though his actions were not visible,
yet

Report should render him hourly to your
ear,

As truly as he moves."

The right chord has been touched

by the sympathetic hand of this most loyal of retainers. Posthumus may be seen, some clue at least be found to what is now all mystery and anguish. "Oh for such means!" Imogen exclaims,—

"Though peril to my modesty, not death
ou't,
I would adventure."

As a woman, Pisanio knows it would be impossible for her to make her way alone to the camp of the Roman general, Caius Lucius, where tidings of Posthumus were most likely to reach her. Accordingly, he tells her she must don a page's dress, "forget to be a woman," be "ready in gibes, quick-answered, saucy, and quarrellous as the weasel." How little of all this Imogen is in her male attire we shall presently see; but the object before her makes all hesitation vanish:—

"I see into thy end, and am almost
A man already,"

she says, and hails with readiness Pisanio's announcement, that he has by anticipation provided for her "doublet, hat, hose, all that answer to them," with which she may present herself before the noble Lucius:—

"Desire his service, tell him
Wherein you're happy (which you'll make
him know,
If that his head have ear in music),"

and where she is sure to be well received, "for he is honourable, and, doubling that, most holy." He must himself return to the Court, to avoid being suspected of having assisted in her escape, and at parting gives her a box of medicine, in the belief that, in case of illness, it "will drive away distemper." It had been given him by the queen, and he believes it to be what she professed it to be; for, treacherous as he knows her,

he has no suspicion that she would turn poisoner. It is only the physician Cornelius who suspects the Queen's purpose, and therefore gives her drugs which he leads her to believe will kill, but which, though suspending animation for a time, will, like Juliet's potion, allow the patient to "awake as from a pleasant sleep." So for the moment they separate, that she may don her man's apparel. But they obviously meet again, when Pisanio conducts her to some mountain-top, from which he points out Milford to her, which then seemed "within a ken" (Act iii. sc. 6), but which she was to find, as inexperienced mountain-travellers always do find, was much farther off than it looked. He would not leave his "gracious mistress" until he had seen that her equipment was complete, and could start her fairly on her way.

What a picture *Imogen* presents as we see her next (Act iii. sc. 6)—alone, among the wild hills, in a strange dress, in a strange world—wandering along unknown paths, still far away from Milford-Haven! Oh that name, Milford-Haven! I never hear it spoken, see it written, without thinking of *Imogen*. Weary and footsore, she wanders on, with the dull ache at her heart—far worse to bear than hunger,—yearning, yet dreading, to get to Milford, that "blessed Milford," as once she thought it. When I read of the great harbour and docks which are now there, I cannot help wishing that one little corner could be found to christen as "*Imogen's Haven*." Never did heroine or woman better deserve to have her name thus consecrated and remembered. For two nights she has made the ground her bed. What food she had has long been exhausted; and there is, oh, so little spur of hope or promise in her

heart to urge her onwards! She complains but little. The tender nursling of the Court learns, by the roughest lessons, what goes on in that outer world of which she has seen nothing. "I see," she says, "a man's life is a tedious one." Still, with the patient nobility of her nature, her "resolution helps her." She has set herself a task, and she will carry it through. In her heart, despite what she has said to Pisanio, there is still a corner in which he "that was the riches of it" continues to hold a place—for her love is of the kind that alters not "where it alteration finds;" and she had learned thoroughly love's first and greatest lesson—fidelity.

It was this scene, and those at the cave which immediately follow, that, as I have said, laid the strongest hold on my young imagination. It seemed so strange, and yet so fitting, that, in her greatest grief and loneliness, *Imogen* should be led by an unseen hand to her natural protectors, and that they, by an irrepressible instinct, should, at the first sight, be moved to love, admire, and cherish her. Before she reaches the cave, which is to prove a brief but happy haven of refuge for her, we have learned who its inhabitants are. We have been told how the old courtier and soldier *Belarius*, in revenge for having been wronged, insulted, and banished by *Cymbeline*, had, with the help of their nurse *Euriphile*, stolen his two young sons, and brought them up in a mountain-fastness as his own; how he had taught them all the arts he himself knew, and into what princely fellows they had grown, with but one desire ungratified, which was to see the world which they knew only by report, and to take some part in its stirring life. How delightful a relief

to the overwhelming pathos of the previous scene is the accident which brings these two noble spirits into contact with a being like Imogen, in whom all that makes a woman most winning to unspoiled manly natures is unconsciously felt through the boyish disguise! And she—how well prepared she is to take comfort in the gentle, loving thoughtfulness shown to her by these “kind creatures!”

Think of her, the daintily nurtured woman, as she comes to their cave, spent with fatigue, and made desperate by hunger! On her way she has met two beggars, whom she may have helped with money, but who could not help her with food. They have told her she “could not miss her way;” yet she has missed it. How touching the vein of thought this incident opens in her mind!—

“Will poor folks lie,
That have afflictions on them? . . . Yes;
no wonder,
When rich ones scarce tell true.”

Then, more in pity than reproach, she adds, “My dear lord, thou art one o’ the false ones!” We see that he *is* her “dear lord” still. But the thought of him brings back her heart-sickness, and takes away her hunger,—although, just before, she was at the “point to sink for food.” Then she perceives the entrance to the cave of Belarius, and the path to it.

“’Tis some savage hold:
’Twere best not call; I dare not call.”

In my first rehearsals of this scene, I instinctively adopted a way of entering the cave which I was told was unusual. My dear friend and master approved of my conception. Mr Elton, my Pisanio, liked it much; and Mr Macready, after expressing many apprehensions, thought I might try it.

You have seen, and therefore I need not dwell on it more than to remind you that Imogen’s natural terror was certain to make her exaggerate tenfold the possible dangers which that cave might cover, from wild animals, or, still worse, from savage men. Remember her Court training, and her entire unfitness for, and ignorance of, anything unlike the life she had been reared in,—for, as she says herself—

“Plenty and peace breed cowards; hard-
ness ever
Of hardiness is mother.”

But for sheer famine,—which, “ere it clean o’erthrow nature, makes it valiant,”—she would rather have gone away, given up the thought of help, and laid her down to die, “as to a bed, that longing she’d been sick for.” The “Ho! who’s here?” was given, as you may remember, with a voice as faint and full of terror as could be,—followed by an instant shrinking behind the nearest bush, tree, or rock. Then another and a little bolder venture: “If anything that’s civil, speak!” Another recoil. Another pause: “If savage, take or lend! Ho!” Gaining a little courage, because of the entire silence: “No answer? then I’ll enter!”—peering right and left, still expecting something to pounce out upon her, and keeping ready, in the last resort, to fly. Then the sword, which had been an encumbrance before, and something to be afraid of, comes into her mind. If the dreaded enemy be as cowardly as herself, it will keep him at bay:—

“Best draw my sword; and if mine
enemy
But fear the sword like me, he’ll scarcely
look on’t.”

And so, with great dread, but still greater hunger, and holding the

sword straight before her, she creeps slowly into the cave.

What a vision is that which, as she sits in the semi-darkness of their rude home, Imogen presents to Belarius and his two foster-sons as they return from the chase! Looking in, he warns them back:—

“Stay; come not in!

But that it eats our victuals, I should think

It were a fairy.

Gui. What’s the matter, sir?

Bel. By Jupiter, an angel! or, if not, An earthly paragon! Behold divineness No elder than a boy!”

Startled by their voices, Imogen comes forward, still trembling with fear, to explain why she had entered unbidden into their cave:—

“Good masters, harm me not: Before I entered here, I called; and thought

To have begg’d or bought what I have took. Good troth, I have stolen nought; nor would not, though I had found Gold strewed o’ the floor.”

How that sweet pleading figure, that voice so wistful, so irresistible in its tender beseeching pathos, finds an instant passage to their hearts! When she offers money for what she has eaten, the suggestion is received with a burst of surprise by the young mountaineers, which she mistakes for anger!—

“I see you’re angry:

Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should

Have died had I not made it.”

The young fellows, abashed that their words have caused fresh alarm when they meant but kindness, leave Belarius to inquire her name, and whither she is going. She gives herself an apt one—Fidele—and explains that she is on her way to Milford to join a kinsman who has embarked there for Italy. Belarius tries to reassure

her by words of cordial kindness, and bids the boys, who are hanging shyly back, to give her welcome. They do so, each in a way that marks the difference of their characters. Guiderius, the elder, and more likely to be sensitive to the womanly element that gives this seeming boy so much of her charm, says, “Were you a woman, youth, I would woo hard but be your groom.” Arviragus accosts her with words that must have gratified her more:—

“I’ll make’t my comfort, He is a man; I’ll love him as my brother: And such a welcome as I’d give to him, After long absence, such is yours. Most welcome! Be sprightly, for you fall ’mongst friends!”

“’Mongst friends!” murmurs Imogen to herself, adding, as if to give voice to the prophetic instinct which draws her towards them:—

“If brothers?—Would it had been so, that they Had been my father’s sons! then had my prize Been less; and so more equal ballasting To thee, Posthumus.”

Posthumus, ever Posthumus, coming upwards in her mind! As a fresh spasm of pain passes over her face at the thought of him, Belarius says to the boys, “He wrings at some distress;” and they, true knightly spirits as they are, are all eagerness to avert it:—

“*Gui.* Would I could free’t!

Arv. Or I; whate’er it be, What pain it cost, what danger! Gods!”

While the common blood of near relationship is warming the hearts of these noble boys, Imogen recognises the true ring of fine breeding in them. Of Belarius she takes little note. Her thoughts centre upon them. No prince or paladin, she sees, with that fine penetrating appreciation of character which

Shakespeare marks as one of her qualities, "could outpeer these twain:"—

"Pardon me, gods!

I'd change my sex to be companion with them,

Since Leonatus false."

She still keeps aloof with natural timidity, but at length yields to their repeated prayers that she will "draw near," and share their supper with them in the "rude place they live in."

We can imagine the scene in the cave that evening. When they have supped, they would "mannerly demand" the story of the boy, which, we hear afterwards, was told in a very guarded way:—

"*Gwi.* He said he was gentle, yet unfortunate;

Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest.

Arr. Thus did he answer me; yet said, hereafter

I might know more."

What that "more" was, how little could they guess! By this time they would have found their softest skins to make a couch for one so delicate, which she, with all a woman's feeling, would wrap well round her limbs. Then, forgetting fatigue, she would sing or recite to them some tale, of which we know she had many well stored in her memory. How the charm her presence had wrought would deepen upon them as the night wore away, and how the dreams that filled their sleep would carry on the sweet dream of the waking hours which they had passed by her side!

How long Imogen remains their guest we are not told—some days it must have been, else all the things they speak of could not have happened. For the first time, their cave is felt to be a home. On their return from their day's sport, a fresh smell of newly

strewn rushes, we may think, pervades it. Where the light best finds its way into the cavern are seen such dainty wild-flowers as she has found in her solitary rambles. Fresh water from the brook is there. The vegetables are washed, and cut into quaint shapes to garnish the dishes; a savoury odour of herbs comes from the stewing broth, and a smile, sweet beyond all other sweetness in their eyes, salutes them as they hurry in, each vying with the other who first shall catch it. When the meal is ready, they wait upon *Fidele*, trying with the daintiest morsels to tempt her small appetite; and, when it is over, they lay themselves at her feet, while she sings to them, or tells them tales of "high emprise and chivalry," as becomes a king's daughter. Even the old *Belarius* feels the subtle charm, and wonders, yet not grudgingly, to see how this stranger takes a place in the hearts of his two boys even before himself:—

"I'm not their father; yet who this should be

Doth miracle itself, loved before me."

Meanwhile, great events have taken place at *Cymbeline's* Court. He has refused to acknowledge the claim for tribute presented from the Roman Emperor by his envoy *Caius Lucius*, who, after announcing that it will be claimed at the point of the sword, craves and receives a safe-conduct for himself overland to *Milford-Haven*. *Cymbeline* has prepared for the eventuality of war, and his preparations are so far advanced that he looks forward with confidence to the issue. The kingly qualities of the man are well shown, and contrast with his weakness in his domestic relations. And now he misses his daughter, whom he has not had time to think of for some days:—

“ My gentle queen,
Where is our daughter? She hath not
appeared
Before the Roman, nor to us hath ten-
dered
The duty of the day.”

An attendant is despatched to
summon her to the presence; while
the queen, continuing to play the
part of a seeming tender mother
to her, who, as we know, “ was a
scorpion to her sight ” — to her
whose life she had intended to
have “ ta'en off by poison,” — ex-
plains, that since the exile of Pos-
thumus, Imogen has kept in close
retirement, the cure whereof

“ 'Tis Time must do. Beseech your
majesty,
Forbear sharp speeches to her. She's a
lady
So tender of rebukes, that words are
strokes,
And strokes death to her.”

When the attendant returns
after finding the princess's cham-
bers locked and tenantless, the king
is seriously alarmed. His con-
science smites him when he thinks
to what his unkindness may have
led :—

“ Her doors locked ?
Not seen of late? Grant, heaven, that
which I fear
Prove false ! ”

And he rushes away, followed by
Cloten, to find his worst fears con-
firmed. Pisanio gone, and Imogen!
In this the queen sees a step gained
in her plot to raise her son to
the throne. Pisanio's absence, she
hopes, may be caused by his having
swallowed the drug—a poisoned
one, as she believes—which she
had given him. As for Imogen,
she is gone

“ To death or to dishonour; and my end
Can make good use of either: she being
down,
I have the placing of the British crown.”

The king, Cloten tells her on his

return, is so wild with rage, that
“ none dare come about him.” The
fitter, then, to fall an easy prey
to her cajoling! Accordingly she
hurries away to reinforce her sway
over him, “ by watching, weeping,
tendance,” and affectation of sym-
pathy, and so to move him by her
craft “ to work her son into the
adoption of the crown.”

Meantime this son is working
for himself a very different ending
to his ignoble life. Seeing Pisanio,
who has just returned, he accosts
him with his usual braggart air :—

“ Where is thy lady?
Close villain!
I'll have this secret from thy heart, or rip
Thy heart to find it!”

Pisanio, not knowing how else to
account for Imogen's absence, and
to mislead Cloten, gives him the
letter from Posthumus, appointing
the meeting at Milford-Haven,—
one of those “ scriptures of the
loyal Leonatus,” which he had
picked up when she tore them from
her breast.

“ Or this,” he says to himself,
“ or perish ! ”

“ She's far enough; and what he learns
by this
May prove his travel, not her danger. . . .
I'll write to my lord she's dead. O Imo-
gen,
Safe mayst thou wander, safe return
again ! ”

Cloten, who meantime has been
reading and re-reading the letter—
for we have been told how dull his
wits are—sees in it an opening for
the revenge on Posthumus and
Imogen on which he has set his
heart. He will get from Pisanio a
suit of his master's clothes; and
Pisanio, who has no reason to with-
hold them from the silly fellow,
agrees to let him have the same
suit that Posthumus wore when he
took leave of Imogen. Thus, in
the very garment which she had
lately told him “ she held in more

respect than his noble and natural person," will he pursue the princess to Milford-Haven, kill Posthumus before her eyes, and "knock her back to the Court—foot her home again. She hath despised me rejoicingly, and I'll be merry in my revenge."

When we next see Cloten, he has reached the spot to which Pisanio, believing Imogen to be by this time in the service of the Roman general, felt he might safely direct him as the meeting-place of the lovers. It is near Belarius's cave. Cloten is more than ever enamoured of his personal appearance in the garments of Posthumus. "The lines of my body," he says, "are as well drawn as his; no less young, more strong"—sentences skilfully introduced by the poet to account for his body being presently mistaken by Imogen, when she sees it lying headless, for that of Posthumus. Drawing his sword, he goes off in search of those who, he fancies, vapouring fool as he is, will be his easy victims. Straightway from the cave comes forth the group that inhabit it. Imogen, with all their care, is still sick. Belarius would have her remain in the cave until they return from hunting. "Brother," says Arviragus, "stay here: are we not brothers?" At their first meeting he had said he would love her as a brother, and every hour since had deepened the feeling on his part. Imogen can but answer ambiguously:—

"So man and man should be;
But clay and clay differs in dignity,
Whose dust is both alike. I am very
sick."

Upon this Guiderius, who, though of a more robust, is yet evidently of a more sensitive nature, and who from the first had wished Fidele were a woman, offers to remain behind to tend him. But now Imogen makes light of her ailment,

being in truth only too glad to remain alone with her heart-sickness, which she can then give way to. Gentle and kind as her companions are, she is upon the stretch when they are by, dreading to be further questioned as to her story, and by reason of her natural disposition to lose herself in others, desiring also to do her utmost to contribute to their comfort and enjoyment. She cannot deny that she is ill—

"But your being by me
Cannot amend me: society is no comfort
To one not sociable."

Then she adds playfully, to set them at ease in leaving her—

"I'm not very sick,
Since I can reason of it. Pray you, trust
me here;
I'll rob none but myself."

Again do both the boys proffer in warmest terms the assurance of their love, avowing it to be deeper than that for their supposed father—the only love they have ever known; but as she still deprecates their absenting themselves from the chase, they yield to her wish. Their tenderness and perfect courtesy have gone to her very heart; and as she moves lingeringly back towards the cave, she says:—

"These are kind creatures. Gods, what
lies I have heard!
Our courtiers say all's savage but at Court.
Experience, oh, thou disprovest report!
I am sick still—heart-sick. Pisanio,
I'll now taste of thy drug."

Her companions watch her as she retires. There is something so touching, so especially and mysteriously sad, about her look and movements to-day, that they will not go without a fresh assurance to her that they will soon be back—

"Arv. We'll not be long away.
Bel. Pray, be not sick,
For you must be our housewife."

"Well or ill, I am bound to you!" are Imogen's words, as she disappears into the cave, with a wistful smile that insensibly awakens fresh perplexity in their hearts, as we see by what follows:—

Bel. This youth, how'er distressed he appears, hath had Good ancestors.

Arv. How angel-like he sings!

Gui. But his neat cookery! He cut our roots in characters,

And sauced our broths, as Juno had been sick,

And he her dieter.

Arv. Nobly he yokes

A smiling with a sigh.

Gui. I do note

That grief and patience, rooted in him both,

Mingle their spurs together."

What a picture do these sentences bring before us of a true lady and princess,—not sitting apart, brooding over her own great grief, that her dear lord should be "one o' the false ones," but bestirring herself to make their cavern-home as attractive and pleasant to them as only a refined woman's touch and feeling could!

They are interrupted by the entrance of Cloten, who, not seeing them at first, exclaims, "I cannot find these runagates!" Belarius, who has seen Cloten at the Court many years before, recognises him as the queen's son, and, thinking that the phrase applies to himself and his companions, suspects that some ambush has been set for them. He and Arviragus are hurried off by Guiderius, to "search what companies are near," while he remains to confront this stranger. Cloten, catching sight of them as they retire, tries to stop them by recourse to his usual strain of bullying arrogance:—

"What are you, That fly me thus? Some villain mountaineers? I have heard of such. What slave art thou?"

Of all tones, this is the least likely

to move the manly spirit of Guiderius. To Cloten's demand that he should yield to him, he replies scornfully—

"To who? To thee? What art thou?

Have not I

An arm as big as thine? a heart as big?

Thy words, I grant, are bigger; for I wear not

My dagger in my mouth. Say what thou art,

That I should yield to thee.

Clo.

Thou villain base,

Know'st me not by my clothes!"

This only provokes in Guiderius utter contempt for his assailant. "Thou art some fool; I am loath to beat thee." As little is he awed by Cloten's further announcement of his name, and of the fact that he is son to the queen. Fool to the last, Cloten now attacks Guiderius, with perfect confidence that he must make short work, first of him, and then of his companions; and they go out fighting, with the result, as we presently hear, that Guiderius disarms him, cuts off his head with his own sword and casts it into the river, that it may thence "to the sea, and tell the fishes he's the queen's son Cloten." It seems too good a death for such a creature to die by the hands of this right royal youth. Yet, remembering his persecution of Imogen, and the brutality of his intentions towards her, it is most fit that her brother should be her avenger, and so commence the work of retribution,—the next stage of which is the death of Cloten's mother, who dies in mad despair for his death, having first made confession of her deadly designs, and thereby solved many mysteries which it would otherwise have been difficult to clear up (Act v. sc. 5).

When Belarius hears of Cloten's death he is naturally apprehensive that the search which will be made for him may lead to the discovery of their mountain retreat. "We'll

hunt no more to-day," he says, "nor seek for danger where there's no profit;" and he sends Arviragus to the cave, telling him, "You and Fidele play the cooks." "Poor sick Fidele!" Arviragus exclaims.

"I'd willingly to him: to gain his colour,
I'd let a parish of such Cloten's blood,
And praise myself for charity."

What a change Imogen has wrought upon his young pupils! What charming features in their character have been developed by her influence! This we see from what Belarius says of them, while he stays without, waiting for the return of Guiderius:—

"O thou goddess!
Thou divine Nature, how thyself thou
blazon'st
In these two princely boys! They are as
gentle
As zephyrs blowing below the violet,
Not wagging his sweet head; and yet as
rough,
Their royal blood enchafed, as the rud'st
wind,
That by the top doth take the mountain
pine,
And make him stoop to the vale."

Guiderius returns to tell that he has sent Cloten's "clotpoll down the stream, in embassy to his mother." Suddenly they hear the "ingenious instrument" which Belarius had made, and which "solemn thing" had not been set in motion since the death of Euriphile, the supposed mother of the boys. Why should this be? What does Arviragus mean? The answer is given by his issuing from the cave, "bearing Imogen as dead in his arms." I know not with what emotions this passage is received in the theatre, for I have never seen the play acted; but, often as I have read it, I can never read it afresh without a rush of tears into my eyes:—

"*Arr.* The bird is dead,
That we have made so much on. I had
rather

Have skipped from sixteen years of age
to sixty,
To have turned my leaping-time into a
crutch,
Than have seen this.

Gui. O sweetest, fairest lily!
My brother wears thee not one half so
well

As when thou grew'st thyself.

Bel. Thou blessed
thing!

Jove knows what man thou mightst have
made; but I,

Thou diedst, a most rare boy, of melan-
choly!

How found you him?

Arr. Stark, as you see:
Thus smiling, as some fly had tickled

slumber,
Not as death's dart, being laughed at;

his right cheek
Reposing on a cushion.

Gui. Where?

Arr. O' the floor:
His arms thus leagued. I thought he

slept, and put
My clouted brogues from off my feet,

whose rudeness
Answered my steps too loud.

Gui. Why, he but sleeps:
If he be gone, he'll make his grave a bed;

With female fairies will his tomb be
haunted,

And worms will not come to thee.

Arr. With fairest flowers,
While summer lasts, and I live here,

Fidele,
I'll sweeten thy sad grave. Thou shalt
not lack

The flower that's like thy face, pale prim-
rose; nor

The azured harebell, like thy veins; no,
nor

The leaf of eglantine, whom not to
slander,

Out-sweeten'd not thy breath; . . .

Yea, and furred moss besides, when flowers
are none,

To winter-ground thy corse.

Gui. Prithee, have done;
And do not play in wench-like words
with that

Which is so serious. Let us bury him,
And not protract with admiration what

Is now due debt.—To the grave!

Arr. Say, where shall's lay him?
Gui. By good Euriphile, our mother.

Arr. Be't so:
And let us, Polydore, . . . sing him
to the ground,

As once our mother."

Then says the deep-hearted Gui-
derius, "I cannot sing; I'll weep,

and word it with thee." Belarius,

who has stood silently by, now says :—

“ Great griefs, I see, medicine the less;
for Cloten

Is quite forgot. He was a queen’s son,
boys;

And though he came our enemy, remember

He was paid for that. . . . Our foe
was princely;

And though you took his life, as being
our foe,

Yet bury him as a prince.

Gui. Pray you, fetch him hither.
Thersites’ body is as good as Ajax’,
When neither are alive.

Arv. If you’ll go fetch him,
We’ll say our song the while. Brother,
begin.”

And then they repeat that sweetest dirge that ever was devised by aching heart for those who, having done their worldly task, have gone to a better than mortal home—

“ Fear no more the heat o’ the sun,” &c.

When Belarius returns with the body of Cloten, they lay it by Imogen’s side. Belarius will not leave the poor “dead bird,” even for a little, without a further tribute :—

“ Here’s a few flowers; but, about midnight, more!

The herbs that have on them cold dew o’ the night

Are strewings fitt’st for graves.—Upon their faces :—

You were as flowers, now withered: even so

These herblets shall, which we upon you strow.

Come on, away; apart, upon our knees.”

So do they retire to pray and meditate, purposing to return at a later hour to lay the bodies in the grave. Well do I remember my delight, in my early readings of the play, that only flowers were put upon Imogen’s face, and that she awakened so soon after! Perhaps their cool fresh fragrance helped to recover her from the swoon. Had she lain till midnight,

no doubt the burial rites would have been completed, and the earth—oh, horrible!—would thus have covered up and smothered her. When, late in the evening,—for the presence of the Roman general and his men, who come presently to the spot, must have made them avoid it for a time,—her companions return with the night-flowers, to complete the last sad rite of burial, what must have been their surprise to find that their office had been anticipated—no trace, at least, left of the bodies which they had so lately left!

Scarcely have they gone apart to pray, before Imogen awakes, and finds by her side what she thinks the dead body of her husband. Though the semblance of life has been suspended by Pisanio’s drug, her sleep has not been dreamless. She awakens asking her way to Milford-Haven from some one, who she fancies tells her it is still six miles distant. The dream is still with her :—

“ I thank you. By yon bush? Pray how far thither?

’Ods pittikins! can it be six miles yet!—I have gone all night. ’Faith, I’ll lie down and sleep.”

Then, becoming conscious of something by her side :—

“ But soft! no bedfellow!—O gods and goddesses!”

She is now fully awake, feels the flowers about her, and sees the blood-stained body by her side :—

“ These flowers are like the pleasures of the world;

This bloody man, the care on’t. I hope I dream;

For so, I thought I was a cave-keeper,
And cook to honest creatures; but ’tis not so.”

Surprise combines with fear to overwhelm her :—

“ Good faith,
I tremble still with fear. But if there be

Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity
As a wren's eye, feared gods, a part of it!"

She looks about her; the cave, the
rocks, the woodland that she knew,
are there :—

"The dream's here still: even when I
wake, it is
Without me, as within me,—not imag-
ined, felt."

And yet how comes it that she
should be lying beside a headless
man? On looking closer she re-
cognises the garments of Posthu-
mus—the figure too—'tis very
Posthumus!

"I know the shape of his leg; this is his
hand;
His foot Mercurial; his Martial thigh;
The brawns of Hercules: but his Jovial
face—
Murder in heaven!—How!—'Tis gone!"

At once her thoughts fix on Pisi-
anio as having betrayed them both
with his forged letters. It is he,
"conspired with that irregularous
devil Cloten," that has cut off her
lord. All former distrust of that
"dear lord" vanishes on the in-
stant, and he is restored to the
place in her heart and imagination
which he had held before. They
have both been the victims of the
blackest treachery, and Pisanio,
"damned Pisanio," hath—

"From this most bravest vessel in the
world
Struck the main-top!"

Think of the anguish of her cry :—

"O Posthumus! Alas,
Where is thy head? where's that? Ah
me! where's that?
Pisanio might have killed thee at the
heart,
And left this head on. How should this
be? Pisanio—
'Tis he, and Cloten. Malice and lucre in
them
Have laid this woe here. Oh, 'tis preg-
nant, pregnant!
The drug he gave me, which he said was
precious
And cordial to me, have I not found it
Murderous to the senses? That confirms
it home!"

"All curses madd'd Hecuba gave the
Greeks,
And mine to boot, be darted on thee!"

And with one long agonised wail,
"Oh, my lord, my lord!" she falls
senseless upon the body.

There she is presently found by
Caius Lucius and his followers, as
they pass on their way to Milford-
Haven to meet the legions from
Gallia, and a select corps from
Italy "under the conduct of the
bold Iachimo," who have arrived
there for the purpose of enforcing
the tribute from Cymbeline. On
perceiving the body of Cloten,
Lucius exclaims :—

"Soft, ho! What trunk is here
Without his top? The ruin speaks that
sometime
It was a worthy building. How! A
page!
Or dead, or sleeping on him? But dead
rather;
For nature doth abhor to make his bed
With the defunct, or sleep upon the
dead.—
Let's see the boy's face."

They raise him from the body, and
Lucius asks in language full of
sympathy, "What is thy interest
in this sad wreck? How came it?
Who is it? Who art thou?"
What a world of pathos is in her
answer!—

"I am nothing; or, if not,
Nothing to be were better."

Truly may she say so! All inter-
est in life is over. She is full, too,
of self-reproach, to add to the bit-
terness of her loss. How could she
slander, even in thought, the man
who was, in her esteem, "worth
any woman," so much worthier
than herself that he had "over-
bought her almost the sum he
paid"? Her words now shall at
least make some atonement :—

"This was my master,
A very valiant Briton, and a good,
That here by mountaineers lies slain.
Alas!
There are no more such masters. I may
wander

From east to occident, cry out for service,
Try many, all good, serve truly, never
Find such another master.

Luc. 'Lack, good youth,
Thou mov'st no less with thy complain-
ing, than

Thy master in bleeding. Say his name,
good friend.

Imo. Richard du Champ. [*Aside.*] If
I do lie, and do

No harm by it, though the gods hear,
I hope

They'll pardon it!—Say you, sir?

Luc. Thy name?

Imo. Fidele, sir.

Luc. Thou dost approve thyself the
very same:

Thy name well fits thy faith, thy faith
thy name.

Wilt take thy chance with me? I will
not say

Thou shalt be so well mastered, but, be
sure,

No less beloved."

Here we see how the very tone and look of Imogen, apart from the boy's desolate state, impress Caius Lucius, as they have done all those who have ever been near her, with their resistless charm. He continues:—

"The Roman emperor's letters,
Sent by a consul to me, could not sooner
Than thine own worth prefer thee. Go
with me."

The boy says he will follow, but first must see all honour paid to his master's grave. It shall be as deep, to hide him from the flies, as these "poor pickaxes" (his hands) can dig. And when it has been strewn with wild wood-leaves and weeds, and he has "on it said a century of prayers" as best he can through choking tears and sighs, he will then take leave of the master of whom the world holds "from east to occident" no other such, and will follow Lucius—"So please you entertain me." He promises no new service to this new master. He looks forward to nothing. The strength of his heart, his hopes, his usefulness, will all be buried in the grave thus left behind. Not to go with this kind man who offers help

would have seemed ungracious; and to keep up her disguise for a while will leave Imogen more free to nurse her grief. Alas! alas! all the strangers to her are kind and pitiful; but the one is gone, done horribly to death, who could alone have brought comfort to her heart! If anything could have drawn her towards this gentle, manly Roman, it would have been the way he assures the boy that he shall be taken into his service, and treated by him as a father rather than a master. "My friends," he adds,

"The boy hath taught us manly duties:
let us

Find out the prettiest daisied plot we can,
And make him with our pikes and par-
tisans

A grave. . . . Boy, he is preferred
By thee to us; and he shall be interred
As soldiers can. Be cheerful; wipe thine
eyes.
Some falls are means the happier to arise."

And so we lose sight of Imogen for a time. That she should be "cheerful," we know to be impossible:—

"All was ended now—the hope, the fear,
and the sorrow;
All the aching of heart, the restless un-
satisfied longing;
All the dull deep pain, and constant an-
guish of patience."

But from what we have seen of her before, we know that she will fight bravely with her own heart, and will not let others be made unhappy by her grief. Forget she cannot, but she will repay the kindness shown her by throwing herself zealously into the duties of her position. Lucius will keep the boy near him, employing him in light tasks about his tent. He will note with what noble gentleness and patience these duties are performed. For amid the noisy stir of the camp, as in the silent solitude of the cave, Imogen, with the self-abnegation and devotion to others which distinguish her, bears her heavy burden silently and alone.

Never master, as Lucius afterwards tells us, had

"A page so kind, so duteous, diligent,
So tender over his occasions, true,
So feat, so nurse-like."

We must leave Imogen for a while, for the events are now hurrying on which are to bring her sorrows to a happy close. At the opening of the fifth act we find Posthumus, on the eve of battle, in the ground betwixt the Roman and the British camps, having been brought over, as he tells us, "among the Italian gentry, to fight against his lady's kingdom." From the hour the "bloody cloth" reached him, which Pisanio has sent as the evidence of Imogen's death, he has been upon the rack. What was he, that, even were she the guilty thing he thought her, he should have sent her from the world with her sin unshriven?—

"Gods! if you
Should have ta'en vengeance on my
faults, I never
Had lived to put on this: so had you
saved
The noble Imogen to repent, and struck
Me, wretch more worth your vengeance."

Never, never can he have been without misgiving that all Iachimo had said of her was untrue. Since her supposed death, "the idea of her life" must have "sweetly crept into his study of imagination," and pictured her there as the sweet, pure, noble creature who had fostered all that was best and highest in himself. Again have come back to him, in all their vivid freshness, her beauty, her "gracious parts," her bright mind, the grace and colour of all things that she did.

"'Tis enough
That, Britain, I have killed thy mistress.
Peace!
I'll give no wound to thee. . . . I'll
disrobe me
O these Italian words, and suit myself
As does a Briton peasant: so I'll fight
Against the part I come with; so I'll die

For thee, O Imogen, even for whom my
life
Is, every breath, a death."

And to what purpose he does fight we soon see. The gods *have* "put the strength of the Leonati" in him for which he prays, and so made him a main instrument in bringing about the restoration of his Imogen to his arms, and in avenging the wrong wrought upon them both by Iachimo. In the next scene, he encounters Iachimo, and after disarming him, he leaves him unscathed, probably from a noble impulse not to take the life of a man towards whom he felt a profound personal repugnance. Iachimo, who has not recognised Posthumus in his peasant's garb, thinks that his guilt has robbed him of his manhood, and that the air of the country, whose princess he has belied, "revengingly enfeebles" his mere. How else should one of its mere "carles" have subdued him?

The battle continues, success wavering from side to side. At first the Romans have the best of it, and Cymbeline is taken. Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus arrive, and rally the flying Britons. The stir of war, we have been shown in a previous scene, has roused the princely ardour of the youths, and at all risks they have resolved to strike a stroke in the tented field for their country's sake. How they fight, supported by Belarius, Posthumus, who had come to their aid, afterwards tells us in one of those passages written at a white-heat, in which Shakespeare's patriotic spirit revels. "Athwart the lane," he says, "an ancient soldier," "with two striplings,"

"Made good the passage; cried to those
that fled,
'Our Britain's harts die flying, not our
men:
To darkness fleet, souls that fly back-
wards! Stand.'

These three,
 Three thousand confident, in act as
 many—
 . . . —with this word, 'Stand, stand,'
 Accommodated by the place, more charm-
 ing
 With their own nobleness (which could
 have turned
 A distaff to a lance), gilded pale looks,
 Part shame, part spirit renewed; that
 some, turned coward
 But by example (oh, a sin in war,
 Damned in the first beginners!) 'gan to
 look
 The way that they did, and to grin like
 lions
 Upon the pikes o' the hunters," &c.

The tide of battle is turned, Post-
 humus himself performing pro-
 digies of valour in the rescue of
 Cymbeline, while he seeks vainly
 for the death he cannot find:—

"I, in mine own woe charmed,
 Could not find death where I did hear
 him groan,
 Nor feel him where he struck. . . .
 Well, I will find him."

He will resume the Roman dress,
 and so be taken prisoner:—

"For me, my ransom's death;
 On either side I come to spend my breath,
 Which neither here I'll keep nor bear
 again,
 But end it by some means for Imogen."

His wish is gratified. Some British
 soldiers bring him a willing captive
 to the presence of the king. A
 crowd of prisoners is already there,
 among them Iachimo, Lucius, and
 with them Imogen, who has obvi-
 ously followed Lucius, despite his
 entreaties to the contrary, through
 all the chances of the battle, hop-
 ing, like Posthumus, to meet in
 death a release from her now hope-
 less sorrow. Here the fine char-
 acter of Lucius is again shown.
 He asks no mercy for himself.
 "Sufficeth a Roman with a Ro-
 man's heart can suffer." His only
 care is for the boy who has served
 him so well:—

"This one thing only
 I will entreat; my boy, a Briton born,
 Let him be ransomed. . . .

He hath done no Briton harm,
 Though he have served a Roman. Save
 him, sir,
 And spare no blood beside."

Cymbeline is immediately struck
 by the boy's resemblance to some
 erewhile familiar face. At once
 his heart warms towards him.
 "Boy, thou hast looked thyself
 into my grace, and art mine own."
 Not only does he give him life; he
 bids him, as a further assurance of
 his favour, ask "what boon thou
 wilt,"—

"Yea, though thou do demand a pris-
 oner,
 The noblest ta'en."

Both Cymbeline and Lucius natu-
 rally think that he will demand
 the life of his master. But "alack,"
 as Imogen says, "there's other
 work in hand." She has in the
 meantime espied Iachimo among
 the Roman prisoners, and noticed
 upon his finger what was once her
 best treasure, "the diamond that
 was her mother's," and which she
 had given to Posthumus at part-
 ing. She remembers now that it
 was not on the hand which she
 had lately thought her husband's.
 How had Iachimo come by it?
 Honourably or dishonourably? This
 must before all things be explained.
 Cymbeline, the more he notes the
 boy, is the more drawn to him.
 He marks his perplexed looks, his
 fixed gaze upon Iachimo. "Speak!"
 he says, "Wilt have him live? Is
 he thy kin? Thy friend?" Imogen
 asks permission to tell him in pri-
 vate the reason of her conduct, and
 they step aside that she may do
 so. How intently she has been
 absorbed in watching Iachimo is
 further shown by the circumstance
 that, though near her late com-
 panions of the cave, she has not
 observed them. They have been
 struck with amazement to see alive
 the Fidele whom they had left for
 dead. Belarius will not believe it
 is he:—

"Peace, peace! See further; he eyes us not; forbear.
Creatures may be alike: were't he, I'm sure
He would have spoke to us."

Pisanio has no such doubts. "It is my mistress!" he murmurs in delight to himself.

"Since she is living, let the time run on To good or bad."

And now Imogen comes forward with Cymbeline, who bids her stand by his side and make her demand aloud, commanding Iachimo at the same time to answer him frankly on pain of torture. My boon, says Imogen, is, "that this gentleman may render of whom he had this ring?" Amazed at a question so strange, Posthumus mutters to himself, "What's that to him?" Remorse has so far turned to penitence in Iachimo, that he is "glad to be constrained to utter" what "torments him to conceal:"—

"By villainy
I got this ring; 'twas Leonatus' jewel,
Whom thou didst banish; and (which
more may grieve thee,
As it doth me) a nobler sir ne'er lived
'Twixt sky and ground."

By villainy? Yet how? As yet Imogen is without a clue. But Iachimo's next words, in answer to Cymbeline's demand for further explanation, must have sent all the blood back to her heart:—

"That paragon, thy daughter,
For whom my heart drops blood, and my
false spirits
Quail to remember— Give me leave, I
faint!"

How dear a place that daughter really held in Cymbeline's heart, we see from his exclamation:—

"My daughter! What of her? Renew thy strength:
I had rather thou shouldst live while nature will,
Than die ere I hear more. Strive, man, and speak!"

On this, Iachimo proceeds to re-

count the incidents of the wager, and of his visit to the Court of Britain, together with the details noted down in Imogen's chamber, that composed "the simular proof" which made "the noble Leonatus mad."

Imagine Imogen's state of mind during the recital! Oh the shame, the agony with which she hears that her "dear lord" has indeed had cause to think her false! All is now clear as day. The mystery is solved; but too late, too late! She remembers the supposed treasure in the chest, although Iachimo does not speak of it. Then the lost bracelet! How dull has she been not to think before of how it might have been stolen from her! Worst misery of all, Posthumus has died in the belief of her guilt. No wonder he wished for her death! What bitter hopeless shame possesses her, even as though all were true that he had been told! Only in the great revealing of all mysteries hereafter will Posthumus learn the truth. But till then she has to bear the burden of knowing with what thoughts of her he passed out of life.

Ah, dear friend, as I write, the agony of all these thoughts seems again to fill my mind, as it ever used to do when acting this scene upon the stage. I wonder if I ever looked what I felt! It is in such passages as these that Shakespeare surpasses all dramatic writers. He has faith in his interpreters, and does not encumber them with words. No words could express what then is passing in Imogen's soul. At such moments, Emerson has truly said, we only "live from a great depth of being."

I cannot conceive what Imogen would have done had Posthumus been indeed dead. But I could conceive the strange bewildered rapture with which she sees him spring forward to interrupt Iachi-

mo's further speech. He is not dead. He has heard her vindication; and she, too, lives to hear his remorse, his self-reproaches, his bitter taunts upon his own credulity! From his own lips her vindication comes:—

“The temple
Of virtue was she; yea, and she herself.
Spit, and throw stones, cast mire upon
me, set
The dogs o' the street to bay me! Every
villain
Be called Posthumus Leonatus. . . . O
Imogen!
My queen, my life, my wife! O Imogen!
Imogen, Imogen!”

Unable to bear his anguish longer, and forgetting her page's disguise, she springs forward to throw herself into his arms, with the words, “Peace, my lord; hear, hear!” But he will neither look nor hear, and casts the “scornful page”—who, he thinks, is trifling with his grief—with violence away from him. Pisanio, who, next to Posthumus and Imogen, has been the most interested and wondering hearer of Iachimo's story, says, as he stoops to raise Imogen from the ground:—

“Oh gentlemen, help!
Mine and your mistress! Oh, my lord
Posthumus,
You ne'er killed Imogen till now. Help!
help!—
Mine honoured lady!”

When she returns to consciousness, Posthumus has scarce recovered from the bewilderment of his surprise, to find Imogen still alive of whose death he had thought himself guilty. But with what pangs and yearnings of the heart must he have heard her sweet reproach!—

“Why did you throw your wedded lady from you?
Think that you are upon a rock, and now
Throw me again. [Embracing.
Post. Hang there, like fruit, my soul,
Till the tree die.”

Imogen has meanwhile learned

how innocent Pisanio was of all evil intention in regard to the drug which the queen had hoped would prove fatal to her, and how that intention had been frustrated by Cornelius giving to the queen, instead of a poison,

“Certain stuff, which, being ta'en, would
cease
The present power of life, but in short
time
All offices of nature should again
Do their due functions.”

The loyal servant, we may be sure, was more than required for the suspicion that had for a time rested on him, by the kind glances with which Imogen would greet him. But a last sweet moment is yet to come for her, when she hears the story of Belarius, and learns that those from whom she had received such timely help and kindness are indeed, what she had then wished them to be, her brothers. When Cymbeline says to her, “Oh, Imogen, you have lost by this a kingdom,” how true to all her generous impulses is her rejoinder! A kingdom! What is so poor a thing as a kingdom in her account? “No, my lord; I have got *two worlds* by it!” And then, as when the heart is very full of happiness, we are afraid of giving way to emotion, or of trusting ourselves to speak of the joy we feel, she seeks relief in reminding them, half jestingly, as she places herself between them, of the past:—

“Oh, my gentle brothers,
Have we thus met? Oh, never say here-
after
But I am truest speaker. You called me
brother,
When I was but your sister; I you
brothers,
When ye were so indeed.
Cym. Did you e'er meet?
Are. Ay, my good lord.
Gul. And at first meeting loved;
Continued so, until we thought she died.
Cor. By the queen's dram she swallowed.
Cym. Oh, rare instinct!
When shall I hear all through?”

When now Cymbeline hails Belarius as his brother, Imogen will not be behind in thankful recognition. She says—

“You are my father too, and did relieve me,
To see this gracious season.”

Nor is Lucius forgotten; for when Cymbeline, in his exuberant happiness, bids his prisoners be joyful too, “for they shall taste our comfort,” Imogen, as she still hangs upon the breast of Posthumus, turns to the noble Roman with the words, “My good master, I will yet do you service.” They are the last she speaks; and here I might well leave her, with the picture of her in our minds which Shakespeare has drawn for us in the words of her delighted father:—

“See,
Posthumus anchors upon Imogen;
And she, like harmless lightning, throws
her eye
On him, her brothers, me, her master,
bitting
Each object with a joy.”

Here, too, I believe, most people will prefer to leave her, as Shakespeare leaves her and all around her, both good and bad, happy: “Pardon’s the word for all!” But you know how, in my letter on Portia, I said that I never left my characters when the scene closed in upon them, but always dreamed them over in my mind until the end. So it was with Imogen. Her sufferings are over. The “father cruel,” made so by the “step-dame false,” has returned to his old love and pride in her,—the love made doubly tender by remembrance of all that he has caused her to suffer. The husband—ah, what can measure his penitence, his self-abasement! That *he* had dared to doubt her purity, her honour,—he who had known her inmost thoughts almost from childhood!

But Imogen—can she think of

him as before? Yes! She is truly named the “divine Imogen;” at least, she has so much of the divine “quality of mercy” in her, that she can blot from her memory all his doubts, all his want of faith, as if they had never been. Her love is infinite—“beyond beyond.” Hers is not a nature to do things by halves. She has forgotten as well as forgiven. But can Posthumus forgive himself? No! I believe, never. The more angel she proves herself in her loving self-forgetfulness, the blacker his temporary delusion will look in his own eyes. Imogen may surmise at times the thorn which pricks his conscience so sharply. Then she will quietly double the tender ways in which she delights to show her love and pride in him. But no spoken words will tell of this heart-secret between them.

In her brothers Imogen has none but sweet and happy memories. These “two worlds” are an immense and unlooked-for gain to her life; they fill it with new thoughts, new sympathies. She has their future to look forward to, their present to help. One can see how their unsophisticated natures will go forth to her; how the tender memory of the “rare boy” Fidele will give an added charm to the grace and attractiveness of the sweet sister-tie; how, in their quiet hours alone, they will repeat the incidents of the cave-life. Imogen will never tell them the whole of her sorrow there. She fears they would not forgive Posthumus. We can suppose, too, how, in this so new life to them, the young princes would be for ever seeking this sweet counsellor to guide them in the usages and customs of the Court life, all so strange to them. Men will ask from women what they would be shy of asking from one another. Think of the pleasant

banterings there would be between them! How amused *Imogen* would be at their mistakes! How often, laughingly, she would have to put them right; and how all these things would draw them nearer to each other!

Then, too, the old soldier *Belarius*,—the tried retainer and friend *Pisanio*! What a group of loving hearts about the happy princess! *Caius Lucius* also, in *Rome*, carrying in his memory tender thoughts of his once “kind, duteous” page *Fidele*, together with the admiring respect he feels for the noble *Imogen*, princess of *Britain*. And *Iachimo*! The time is to come when his repentance will flow from a still deeper source. When at the Court of *Britain*, he could not fail to hear of all the misery which he had wrought upon the noble lovers. With his own ears he heard the despair of *Posthumus* on learning the truth—his agony, his self-accusations, at the thought that he had taken away the life of the maligned princess. But even bitterer pangs of remorse than he then felt will assail *Iachimo* and never leave him,—for we find he is capable of feeling them,—when he learns that before very long the young noble life is quenched through what he brought upon it. For quenched, I believe, it is.

Happiness hides for a time injuries which are past healing. The blow which was inflicted by the first sentence in that cruel letter went to the heart with too fatal force. Then followed, on this crushing blow, the wandering, hopeless days and nights, without shelter, without food even up to the point of famine. Was this delicately nurtured creature one to go through her terrible ordeal unscathed? We see that when food and shelter

came, they came too late. The heart-sickness is upon her: “I am sick still—heart-sick.” Upon this follows the fearful sight of, as she supposes, her husband’s headless body. Well may she say that she is “nothing; or if not, nothing to be were better.” When happiness, even such as she had never known before, comes to her, it comes, like the food and shelter, too late.

Tremblingly, gradually, and oh, how reluctantly! the hearts to whom that life is so precious will see the sweet smile which greets them grow fainter, will hear the loved voice grow feebler! The wise physician *Cornelius* will tax his utmost skill, but he will find the hurt is too deep for mortal leechcraft. The “piece of tender air” very gently, but very surely, will fade out like an exhalation of the dawn. Her loved ones will watch it with straining eyes, until it

“Melts from
The smallness of a gnat to air; and then
Will turn their eyes and weep.”

And when, as the years go by, their grief grows calm, that lovely soul will be to them

“Like a star
Beaconing from the abodes where the Im-
mortals are;”

inspiring to worthy lives, and sustaining them with the hope that where she is, they may, in God’s good time, become fit to be. Something of this the “divine *Imogen*” is to us also. Is it not so?

This was my vision of *Imogen* when I acted her; this is my vision of her still.—Ever, my dear friend, affectionately yours,

HELENA FAUCIT MARTIN.

BRYNTYSILIO, LLANGOLLEN,
NORTH WALES, Oct. 1882.

A SINGULAR CASE.—CONCLUSION.

CHAPTER V.

WHEN Bill awoke, the morning sun was climbing high, and the two strangers were gone. Startled and chagrined, he sprang to his feet with exclamations so vigorous that they speedily awoke his drowsy comrades.

"What's the matter?" asked Putterton, sleepily.

"Matter!—matter!—matter!" shouted Bill, in a rage; "we've bean duped and drugged, thet's wat's the matter. Damn my eyes, wat a fool I wur not to see through the game! Bill Chloride drugged an' played by a pair o' duffers like them! It's too damn bad!"

By this time Putterton and Winmore were both on their feet rubbing their sleepy eyes, and great was their consternation at finding the sun up and the strangers gone. The first care was to examine everything to see what had been carried off, but they could discover nothing missing. All was apparently just as they had left it the evening before.

"At any rate," said Bill, "it wur fortunate I hed the description an' map under my head. But they could ha' looked at it after all, fur I'll bet we slep like iron dogs wen thet liker took effect. They don't often git ahead o' me, boys, but they did this time sure. Thet Irish chap played his part wal—let's see wich way they went." He struck the tracks of their horses in the road and followed them some distance across the brook in the direction of Bigtree Camp, then he came back.

"Did they go toward Bigtree?" asked Winmore.

"Yes," he replied; "an' how air

the animals?" he asked at the same time of Putterton, who had been out to look for them.

"They are grazing quietly in the hollow beyond that little knoll."

"Strange as the devil," said Bill. "Wat kin them fellers be up to, anyway? I can't see it at all."

"Don't know," said Putterton, "but it looks as if they were studying us and our movements for some purpose of their own."

"Wal," Bill remarked decidedly, "we can't find out nothin' by standin' yer gabblin' 'bout it. Le's sling up some hash an' be off. We'll cover our tracks, so't if they try to foller us they can't do it."

Breakfast over, they packed and started. Taking to the smooth-bottomed brook, where it crossed the road, they followed up its shallow bed for half a mile or more; then they left it, and struck in the direction of the trail to the Bighorn Pass. This trail was not a travelled one, and was consequently very faint; but Bill knew the way well without it, and they went on quite rapidly, ever and anon crossing the brook, which had covered up their tracks below. At one o'clock they were high above the valley by the head-waters of the little stream, where, amidst the dense pines, cedars, and cottonwoods in a deep ragged ravine, they stopped for a mid-day camp. They ate a cold lunch, while the animals filled themselves with the fresh grass. The journey up the steeps was then resumed. Bill and Putterton continued to discuss the strangers and their actions, but Winmore was lost in his sur-

roundings, and found fresh marvels at every step. He was journeying through what was to him a veritable wonderland. The rocks, the trees, the mountains, filled him with admiration and delight. When at length they were climbing up in the pass toward the summit, and the mighty snow-clad rocks on each side shot far up into the heavens, and they could see back over Rubyville away to the snowy ranges of the north, he was amazed.

"Ah, young feller," said Bill, who noticed his wondering looks, "jest wait till yer eyes light on t'other side, an' they'll pop out, I'll bet."

"Didn't you say we would camp to-night at a great height?"

"Yes; we'll jest git over the summit and down on t'other side, whur we kin camp on a leetle terrace below timber-line. We can't make the next water to-day nohow, an' we might es wal camp airly. Besides, the animals is tired with the climb."

They pushed on to the summit, and Winmore's eyes did "pop out" when he obtained his first view of the *terra incognita* beyond. The high cliffs on the right or the north side of the pass shut off the view in that direction, and a steep slope on the left cut it off to the south-east, but to the whole west and south-west all was clear, and he was fairly stunned by the bewildering magnificence of the panorama. Below him—apparently miles below him—stretched away into the distance, lost in the afternoon haze, a vast sea of broken country, that appeared to his unaccustomed vision totally impenetrable—a wild ragged labyrinth of confused cliffs, peaks, valleys, cañons, mountain-ranges—all silent, all solemn as the tomb. It seemed to him as if he were on the threshold of an enchanted world, that

lay in its death-like tranquillity waiting for some living human being to step within its boundary and break away the spell. At length they reached the spot on the mountain-side where Bill had said they would camp. It was a level place, of an acre or two in extent, and forth from the background trickled a small spring of clear cold water that was caught in a rocky basin and held prisoner, to find its way downward through some unseen and unknown crevice.

The packs were thrown off, and when the animals had satisfied their thirst, they fell to cropping the long and abundant "bunch-grass." It was still early, and no efforts were made to adjust the camp; but all three went out upon a rocky promontory and gazed off into the wonderful maze beneath.

"How's that, young man?" exclaimed Bill, triumphantly.

"It is glorious beyond description," replied Winmore.

"You're right," said Putterton; "no one could appreciate this view from a description. I mean, no verbal or pictorial account could render it as it is—as it impresses one on the spot. But that is the case with all grand views, I suppose."

"See," said Winmore, "as the shadows deepen they give an additional weirdness to the scene, making it seem rougher and more impenetrable if that is possible. And those pretty mourning doves, as you call them, fluttering back and forth, uttering their melancholy call, how they appear to be actually mourning. The whole air seems to be laden with mystery and sadness."

"I'm mighty fond o' this yer section, boys," observed Bill, "an' specially o' them leetle doves. Wen I hear 'em mournin' an' wistlin' about, an' the sun is

rollin' down inter the west as it is now, it teches my 'ole heart some-
wers, an' it don't 'pear quite so
dry as usual. There's lots o' the
purty things down to the Glen."

"Oh, by the way," said Putter-
ton, the sound of the word recall-
ing the place, "where is the Glen?"

Bill stretched out his long thin
arm and pointed toward a very
dark part of the landscape.

"Ye see whur thet black ridge
comes down an' seems to end in
thet black cañon."

"Yes."

"Thet black cañon, I believe,
air Horseshoe Gap. Ye can't see
the Glen from yer, o' course."

"That's a good way from here.
I thought you rode up from the
Glen in less than a day," said
Putterton.

"Wal, so I did. The Glen air
'bout thirty mile from yer; but I
started airly, an' it ain't nothin'
fur ole Doc to carry me sixty mile
in a day. He's a tough cuss, an'
hard to beat."

"Well, for one, I don't wonder
that no one found the Glen. What
seems strange to me is, that this
Burnfield found it. I don't see
how it is possible to get about
at all in such an upset country,"
asserted Winmore.

"Oh, it's easy 'nough wen yer
used to it. But the Glen's no
easy place to find; an' ef I hedn't
stumbled on it, it'd bean a long
time 'fore it wur found. Those
fellers, ye see, can't foller us ef we
kin onc't lose 'em down thur; an'
I reckon they won't come this way
fur several days yet, if at all.
Wen we've bin over yer a-prospectin',
wich hes not been often, we've
allus kep to the north'ard, 'cause
the region to the south didn't

look invitin'; an' from the char-
acter o' the croppin's, we thought
thur wur no chance fur min'ral in
thet direction. Ye see, we was
mistaken; fur right thur in the
Glen's a totally different stuff, all
by itself. But come, le's fix camp
now, an' git supper: it'll be dark
'fore long, it's cloudin' up so. But
you set thur, Winmore, an' take it
all in; me an' Put'll fix things."

Winmore declined, however, to
let any one do his share; but
while he was assisting at the pre-
parations, he turned his eyes fre-
quently towards the west, where
showers were falling, and great
masses of clouds were creeping
about, stretching long dark bars
miles across the horizon. The sun,
dipping behind these, was lost to
view for a time; and when it ap-
peared again through a rift, it was
like a mass of molten iron burning
its way downward, its bulky shape
twisted and distorted as it melted
and dropped through one cloud-
mass after another, setting the
edges all aflame. As it almost
reached the horizon, it burst forth
full and bright, flooding the land-
scape with a dazzling glow for a
few minutes, and then plunged out
of sight.

"Beautiful!" exclaimed Win-
more, who had stopped to watch
it. "I don't know anything that
is more radiant and beautiful than
a gorgeous sunset like that."

"You'll see lots of them here;
for this is the very home of the
grand in Nature," said Putter-
ton.

"I'm glad of it," Winmore re-
turned; "for there's nothing that
thrills me with more pleasure than
just such sunsets as that—so golden
and glorious!"

CHAPTER VI.

The morning was chilly and grey. Heavy clouds were flying low and lingering about the mountains, and occasionally there was a little dash of rain. The landscape, though not so weird as in the sunset light, looked even more wild and forbidding. Nature appeared to be frowning upon the enterprise of Bill and his companions. Had they been superstitious, they might have thought so, or that the gods who ruled this silent realm were marshalling the forces of Nature against them. But they were all too practical to entertain such ideas, and pushed their way on into the wilderness with all possible speed. Bill led the way as usual, and tried to follow the course he had pursued in coming away from Horseshoe Gap; but he found it difficult, as the Gap was often lost sight of for hours at a time in some of the cañons and valleys which they were obliged to traverse, and he had to direct his course by the sun, of which he had only now and again a fleeting view. His great experience in mountaineering, however, enabled him to follow the general direction by a kind of instinct. All day long it was up hill and cliff, and down again,—now over a cedar-covered plateau, and anon deep in the recesses of a sombre cañon; but the footing for the animals was generally firm, and the caravan was able to move along at a fair rate of speed. Night, therefore, found them within ten or twelve miles of the Gap, which was in plain view from the camp, beside an exceedingly diminutive spring—the only water they had seen since early morning. The next day, as they drew near the Gap, the character of the geology began to change quite sud-

denly. There was more limestone, and hard peculiar limestone it was too. Winmore, who was something of a mineralogist, began to take more notice of the rock-structure, and to keep a look-out for “indications,” as they had yesterday kept a look-out for springs. Bill declared he believed the region would prove very rich, judging from appearances—that it might prove even better than the Smoky Hill district itself.

“I didn’t stop to look fur leads wen I come out o’ yer, but I’ve seed several places this mornin’ thet I feel certing would pan out well. Ef Burnfield’s mine ain’t much good,” he said, “I think we kin strike suthin’ anyways.”

By noon they were at the mouth of the Gap, but they did not stop for a rest, as they proposed reaching the cabin first and terminating their journey. The narrow cañon looked decidedly forbidding as they rode into it. The walls were of black gneiss, and after the brilliantly coloured sandstones they had been passing through, this gneiss looked particularly sombre. There were signs of water in many places; and they even saw several very good springs from the trail. Presently they came to a narrow rift in the left-hand wall, which Bill informed them was the gateway to Glen Ellen. It was a natural gateway, indeed, and as Bill had remarked, was at one point very narrow,—so narrow, that the pack-mules could barely squeeze through. The bottom was the dry bed of a stream, and was covered with boulders of various sizes, making progress very tedious, and compelling even the mules to exercise unusual caution in choosing their footings. Sud-

denly, however, the walls broke away to the right and left, and merged into the higher portions of the surrounding mountains, and Ellen Glen in all its spring array of glory lay before them.

As Winmore caught sight of it he gave a wild shout, and threw his hat high in air, waking the echoes and startling the mules.

"By the holy smokes!" he shouted enthusiastically, not stopping to explain what the "holy smokes" might be, "that's just the sweetest spot on earth!"

"It's 'bout the purtiest valley I ever see," said Bill; "an' I've seed a good many," he added.

"I hear the sound of running water," said Putterton, who had been silently drinking in the view.

"You're right," said Bill; "it's the creek yonder as it plunges down to the pool."

"But how in the world does it get out of the pool?" inquired Winmore.

"It probly has an underground outlet—a common thing yer. Ye see it don't run through the nar-rers 'cept wen it's high water. Ef ye keer to ride out to the right a hundred yards or so, ye'll see the pond thur," said Bill.

Winmore rode out to the right. It was only a few minutes before he came to the brook tearing its furious course down over the mossy rocks to a large pool or lakelet, which looked black and deep, and which extended to the base of the cliffs through which they had just come. He was delighted with the sight, for it suggested trout; and a suggestion of trout to a fellow like Winmore, who had been subsisting on bacon and bread for three or four days, was exhilarating, to say the least. His eyes twinkled with delight as he gazed down into a clear pool amidst the rocks, and saw several noble speci-

mens resting motionless midway between top and bottom. He hastened to rejoin his comrades, who by this time had almost arrived at the cabin. When he overtook them, they had halted before the somewhat dilapidated structure.

"Bill thinks we can fix up this old place in an hour or two, so that it will be almost as comfortable as ever, and it will be a convenient shelter from the storm."

"Yes," added Bill; "the storm air goin' to break on us 'fore long—to-night or to-morrer, I should say; an' ef we kin make the ole shanty tight, we kin keep dry, an' let her storm."

The clouds, which had been irregular and scattered, were now covering the sky almost in one mass, which appeared to grow darker and darker ever minute. The air was colder, and a high wind was blowing, on which there sailed about, uttering their shrill cry, several lonely-looking gulls. In spite of the beauty of the valley, there was a deep solemnity about the scene, shadowed as it was by the approaching storm, and accented by the shrieks of the gulls, that caused the new-comers to feel uncomfortable. Perhaps the kind and quantity of electricity in the atmosphere just before a violent storm has a strong effect on human nerves, exhilarating some persons and depressing others, and filling still others with an unaccountable feeling of dread, contrary to their better judgment. However that may be, Winmore especially felt a peculiar sensation, which was entirely new to him. He had never before in his life been out of sight of a house for so long a time; and it was a relief to him when his companions asserted their intention of instantly renovating the old cabin. The packs

were quickly thrown off, and the animals went to rolling and kicking in a most energetic manner, so much pleased were they to be once again free. A close inspection of the house proved that it was not so much dilapidated as it at first appeared to be; and before supper-time it had been thoroughly cleaned, the holes in the roof patched up, and the door and window-shutters readjusted. Indeed, it was in such complete order, that the new occupants might easily have deluded themselves with the idea that, like Aladdin's palace, it had burst forth at their wish. Wood was brought from a pile close by which Burnfield had left; and it was soon cheerfully crackling in the huge fireplace, sending a warm glow of light into every corner. In that dry climate it had lost little of its substance by decay.

"I think we'll catch it to-night," observed Bill, as he stood in the doorway looking at the clouds while his bread was baking in the Dutch oven. "Yes, I think we'll catch it to-night," and he swept the sky once more with his keen eyes.

It was indeed fortunate for them that their first care had been to fit up the cabin and make it habitable; for as darkness set in, the rain began to fall, first in a steady drizzle, and then in flying torrents. They watched the roof. A few drops came through, but the cabin remained dry and comfortable, for the first time probably in many long years.

"One thing," said Bill, "this yer storm will do fur us, an' thet is, wash away our tracks—an' them duffers then can't foller us to save their necks."

"That's so," said Putterton; "there's no danger of their intruding on us now. But I feel like an interloper myself. Here

we are enjoying this snug cabin, with Burnfield's tables, chairs, fireplace, and even his dishes,—and God only knows where the poor devil himself is. I feel as if he or his ghost might step in at any moment and demand by what right we have taken possession."

"Yes; it's too bad the original possessor isn't here," said Winmore. "And yet if he were, we might not be."

Bill was sitting on a chair, tipped back in the corner nearest the chimney, sending great clouds of smoke from his pipe, and gazing rather contentedly into the fire. He looked up and said—

"Wal, fur my part, I feel very much to home yer—feel as much to home as ef I belonged yer. I s'pose it's 'cause I've bean yer afore," and he went on smoking and studying the fire.

The creek, which ran close by in its rocky bed, swollen by the torrents from the sky, now added the loud roaring of its troubled waters to the general howl of the storm.

"It must have been a lonely place here after all, for old Burnfield, on a night like this," said Winmore.

"Wal, I dunno 'bout that," said Bill; "some fellers likes that sort o' thing. I know I do. I like to be off in the mountings alone wen it's stormin', specially wen the thunder's crackin' an' boomin' 'mongst the peaks. Yes, a tearin', howlin' storm's a wonderful fine thing."

"Very true. There's a certain element of grandeur about it; but it's such a terrific and uncomfortable grandeur, such an incomprehensible grandeur, that it is apt to overawe the ordinary spectator," said Winmore.

"Yes; but it lifts a feller clean away from this yer footstool o'

ourn, and gives him some idee o' the forces 'at sling 'emselves about in space. I believe thet's wat ye call the outside parts we don't know nothin' about," exclaimed Bill, with enthusiasm.

"That's the medium in which matters exists," Winmore replied to the latter part of Bill's observation.

"Mighty quar," said Bill, "thet space goes on for ever an' ever, an' no beginnin' an' no end. Thet's too much fur me, thet idee is."

"Too much for any one, Bill," remarked Putterton. "We can't even think of the beginning of matter, and that, you know, is said to be finite."

He had scarcely finished speaking when there resounded close to the cabin a wild and unearthly scream, as if the ghost of Burnfield was about to burst in upon them and annihilate them.

"Great heavens!" exclaimed Winmore, starting instinctively towards his rifle.

"It's nothin' but the screech o' a mounting lion," said Bill. "Dunno wat he's doin' round yer at this time in the wet—probly on the scent o' our cookin'. Fire yer gun if ye want to—it'll skeer the damned cuss—but fire high, so's not to hit the horses."

Winmore opened the door and fired a shot into the wild blackness of the night. The report was scarcely audible, even in the comparative quiet of the cabin.

"Won't he trouble the animals?" asked Putterton.

"Not likely to," said Bill.

"And won't they leave us in this storm?" inquired Winmore.

"No. Old Doc'll stay by us watever happens, an' the mules won't leave him. But it's time to go to bed," and Bill began to divest himself of his superfluous clothing. The others followed

his example, and the storm was quickly forgotten in pleasant dreams.

For two days the tempest continued in full violence, and they were unable to leave the cabin for the purpose of exploration. On the third day, however, the sun was seen several times, and on the fourth the sky was cloudless and brilliant.

"Now," said Bill, "we will investigate a little, and see wat we have yer."

They started out accordingly to see what could be found. Not far away was the smaller log-structure which Bill had spoken of in his narrative as the forge and tool-shop. It would no doubt still be serviceable, as few things had been much damaged. They did not linger over it, but attempted, with the aid of the papers, to find the trails. This was a matter of more difficulty than they had anticipated, for the map and descriptions were none too clear, and the trails were very obscure. When they finally discovered them, and followed them a short distance, it was plain their juncture with the valley had been intentionally disguised. The principal trail, indeed, had no special starting-point in the glen, but was reached by various routes over an expanse of broken and flinty basalt. It developed, however, into an exceedingly plain and well-constructed path that had not been built without an immense amount of labour. How Burnfield could have done it alone was incomprehensible to them.

"This man Burnfield had a genius for work," said Winmore, as they were returning over the trail.

"That's so," said Putterton; "and a genius for doing things right too."

“He wur an exact feller—he wur,—an’ thet’s wat I like about him,” said Bill; “he wur no slouch.”

CHAPTER VII.

After lunch they took the main trail, and followed it towards the mine. Winding around the crags and cliffs, it led them by an easy route several hundred feet above the cabin, and then descended into a small and peculiar basin, the existence of which would scarcely be suspected even from the trail a few hundred yards away. The path entered it through a steep and narrow gulch, which was the outlet; and in its bottom a tiny brooklet, that found its source in the secluded vale, murmured its way downward, to plunge a short distance below over a high precipice. It was almost a miniature Glen Ellen, except that not a single tree or shrub interrupted the luxuriant meadow that swung from cliff to cliff. Its greatest length was no more than three hundred yards, and the investigators were able to view the whole expanse of the dale at a glance. They saw nothing but a pretty nook enclosed by insurmountable cliffs, and looked about hardly knowing which way to turn, thinking, for a moment, the trail must have been led in here to throw unwelcome and inquisitive persons off the track. For they had concluded, from the fact that not a single fragment of ore was found at the cabin, and that the trail in its beginning was so carefully hidden, that Burnfield had not been without his fears of possible visitors, and was anxious, should they discover him, to prevent them from finding out the true cause of his isolated life. But it was only for

a moment that Bill was baffled, for his keen eyes quickly saw signs of a “dump”* on one side of the vale—the same side as themselves, but higher up. It was not much that he saw, but it was enough to give him a clue, and he hastened to follow it up. They hurried past a projecting point of cliff, and saw beyond a semicircular alcove. In this alcove at the foot of the wall, and some twenty-five or thirty feet above them, was an excavation.

“Hurrah! hurrah!” shouted Winmore; “there it is!”

“Very likely,” said Bill, who had by this time reached the foot of the dump, and was examining it; “yes—very likely.”

The cliff here rose perpendicularly, but at its base was some twenty-five or thirty feet of talus, and it was just where this talus began that the excavation was made. There was a path up the talus still to be distinguished, and the three elated men were not long in clambering up to the top of the dump. Then they stood before William Burnfield’s mine. It was an exciting moment. Here was the principal object of their search. A mine. But what kind of a mine? A true fissure-vein in its prime; a worked-out claim; or a feeble scattering of “indications,” on which, perhaps, the man Burnfield’s hopes had been wrecked? There are mines and mines. Was this one with rich ore enough in sight to make it valuable—priceless? They all three fervently hoped it was, as they lit their candles and pre-

* A “dump” is the mass of refuse matter which accumulates at the mouth of a mine.

pared to enter. A few minutes more and their hopes might be realised or dashed to the four winds. They proceeded with a bold step, examining every foot of the way. It could not be very extensive, and yet there was an antiquated look about everything that seemed to augur extensive working, and consequently great depth; but Bill remembered that the dump, though large, was not extraordinarily so. He stopped finally before some aged-looking timbering, and regarded it intently.

"Boys," he said, almost solemnly, "them thur timbers is a damned sight older than the cabin down yonder. They's older'n any house in the Smoky Hill district, or Bill Chloride ain't no jedge o' the way wood wears in this yer kentry."

"But how could they be?" said Winmore.

"By Jove!" exclaimed Putterton suddenly, "could it be possible that Burnfield stumbled on one of those old Spanish claims?"

"That's it—jest as sure as fate," said Bill. "Somehow or nuther he got on the track o' this yer mine—ole Spanish claim—an' he jest made tracks up yer to work it hisself, all alone—thet feller, boys, wur no fool;" and Bill examined some of the timbers more carefully.

"Ye see, boys," he went on, "Burnfield, ef he built thet thur cabin, didn't never do no such bungling work as this—not him. Spaniards—Spaniards—them's the chaps as did it. Damn my eyes, but this is quar—wy, this yer drift must be more'n two hundred year ole; no wonder it looks kind o' grimy an' shaky."

"Must be," said Putterton. "I remember now, once when I was south—down in New Mexico—hearing a fellow talk about a wonderful mine that the Spaniards had worked a long, long time ago. He

said a friend of his had some papers describing it, but the most important of all the directions for getting to the locality had been lost, and every one thought his friend was lying, because he couldn't find the place. He hunted several months for it in some mountains down there, and finally had to abandon the thing entirely; and I'll bet this is just the very place. What luck?"

"Yes; I've heerd 'bout Spanish mines an' all thet—an' I allus thought thur wur suthin' in it too, fur them chaps roved over these yer hills a good deal. They wur reglar dare-devils. They's no mistake 'bout this—it's a heap older'n Burnfield, an' it must therefore be Spanish, fur no one else hes ever bean yer."

It seemed, indeed, to be the only explanation. Burnfield had in some way discovered an old claim which had been worked by the Spaniards, who, it was well known, had early penetrated far into the interior. And now here was a third party discovering it over again. At first thought it appeared even stranger than it actually was. Considering how many times the whole American continent has been discovered over again, it was not such a startling thing that a mine on that continent should be discovered and rediscovered.

"We're going down very fast," said Putterton, as they followed the steep incline. "I'm afraid there'll be water at the bottom."

"Very likely," said Bill, who was slowly groping his way in the lead, stopping occasionally to examine the "hanging-wall."

"We must be in seventy-five feet or more," said Putterton.

"Very likely," remarked Bill, who had that moment stopped short, and was holding his candle high above his head, paying little

attention to his companion's remark.

"What is it?" inquired Winmore.

"A chamber," answered Bill, and he stepped forward into a larger part of the excavation. The chamber was twenty feet, at least, in diameter, and extended upward so far that the light of the candles scarcely penetrated to the end.

"Stopping," said Bill, laconically.

"What's 'stopping'?" asked Winmore.

"It's working upwards on a vein," explained Putterton.

"Boys, this is whur they struck the true fissure-vein."

"That's a good sign," remarked Putterton.

"Yes," replied Bill, who was now on the verge of a cavity extending almost directly downward. They had taken the precaution to bring the pack-ropes with them, and as each was about thirty feet long, a descent of some ninety feet could be made. An old windlass stood over the hole with a rope on it, but they did not dare trust it.

"Now, boys," said Bill, "I'll tie this yer rope about me, an' you two fellers'll let me down, d'ye see?"

"Yes," said Putterton. "But why not first pull up this rope on the old windlass, and see how long it is?"

"A good idee—capital," exclaimed Bill; and in a few seconds the rope was pulled up and measured. It was not more than two-thirds as long as one pack-rope—not much more than twenty feet.

"If that goes to the bottom, they didn't get fur on the down tack, did they?" said Bill, adjusting their rope about him.

"Perhaps it's so rich they didn't need to dig much," suggested Putterton.

"Why, demme, yer's a ladder!" exclaimed Bill in astonishment, as he was about to descend. "I'll try the ladder, boys, an' you kin hold her taut, so't ef it breaks, I won't fall," and down he started. The ladder seemed still to be strong as ever. It was made of cedar—and cedar lasts almost any length of time in that climate. Bill reached the bottom sooner than he expected. The windlass-rope was evidently longer than necessary, for he was down not more than fifteen feet. He threw off his rope, and Winmore and Putterton waited impatiently for the result of the investigation.

"What do you find?" asked Putterton. "Water?"

"No; an ole shovel, some ole drills, sledges, and sich truck, the last feller—Burnfield—must ha' left, intendin' to come back soon. He hed set off a blast jest 'fore leavin', fur yer air all the pieces. Wal, may I hev to eat my boots if this——" he paused, as he cut deeper with his knife into a fragment he held in his hand—"ef this yer ain't a hunk 'o pure horn silver!—ef it ain't, demme!"

"Three cheers for the horn silver mine!" shouted Winmore. "Let's go down, Put."

"All right," Putterton answered; and one after the other, they half climbed and half tumbled to the bottom.

"Yer's the vein," said Bill, who had been scraping aside the *débris*,—and as he spoke he scratched a dark metallic substance with his knife.

"Why it's nothing but lead!" exclaimed Winmore, feeling that Bill had deceived himself in the candle-light.

"Thet lead, my boy, is chloride 'o silver, and is at least eighty per cent pure metal; thet's the kind o' lead thet is."

"Indeed!" said Winmore; "then this must be a very rich mine."

"Rich! I should say so. It's the biggest thing o' the kind I ever heard of."

"Then we're all right," said Putterton. "It's queer there is no water down here. Ah! I see; the shaft is just on the line of a fault, and the water finds its way down through the fracture. You see everything is wet; there must have been considerable water during the last storm. We can work the thing without fear of being drowned out." He then examined the vein more closely, and pronounced it as Bill had done,—the richest thing of the kind he had ever heard of. They selected some specimens of ore to take out into the daylight, and then climbed up to the level again, and looked about the chamber. Offshoots of the vein had been followed here to some extent, and they had no difficulty in tracing them. The whole mountain seemed to be honey-combed with silver, and they were more than ever delighted. They discovered some strange old tools, which must have been left behind by the original workers. More of Burnfield's implements, also, were found at the end of the dump. It was evident that this latter individual had left the mine with the full intention of returning. Why had he not come back? that was the question. Standing on the dump, and looking down to the ground at the right-hand side, they observed two objects which had been overlooked in their eagerness to enter the drift. One of these was a very small cabin, and the other they could not at first understand. On descending, however, they found it to be a furnace for the reduction of the ore. Several heaps of charcoal were beside it, and there was a pile of rich

fragments of ore ready to be melted down. The house was much more dilapidated than the one in the Glen. It had been constructed more carelessly, and was doubtless only a shelter for tools. There was no door. They entered and found it to be as they had anticipated, only a tool-house. There were coils of fuse, some candles, drills, iron kegs of powder, ropes, and other paraphernalia necessary in mining.

"We could go to work this minute if we wanted to, for here are all the necessaries," observed Putterton.

"Things are rather rusty, though," said Winmore, "and I would be astonished if that powder is still worth anything."

"Those are heavily lacquered kegs," returned Putterton, "and they don't appear to be rusted much. They are well corked, too. I believe the powder is all right yet. But we don't want to test it just now, anyway. I think we ought to search for some further clue to this man Burnfield. The mine can wait. I'll stick up a notice of our claim to provide against emergencies. There is so much work done on the mine that no one can jump our claim anyway," and he wrote out a notice—"We, the undersigned," &c., &c., and fastened it on a stick at the mouth of the excavation.

"Let's go down and look fur ole Burnfield then," said Bill.

"Why not go back by the 'short cut' if we can find it?" suggested Winmore.

"A good idea. It must start out where the other trail does. Let's see," and Putterton pulled out the map and examined it. "Yes," he said, "it seems to leave the vale at the same place as the other."

When they came to it they understood its character in an in-

stant. The limestone strata dipped in the direction of the Glen, and if one of the ledges along the cliffs could be followed, it would be certain to lead down to the valley. Burnfield's "short cut" was simply one of these ledges which he had discovered he could traverse. The short cut at first zigzagged its way down across the strata for forty or fifty feet, and then conducted them along a flat projection with an easy incline, where walking was by no means difficult.

"I don't see anything dangerous about this," said Winmore.

"Yer not down yet," observed Bill, sententiously.

When they were still about sixty feet above the valley, they came to the difficult part of the trail. The face of the cliff they were following became smoother, and the ledge they were on grew correspondingly narrow, till they were compelled to choose footings with great care. Then came a rounded buttress, and the ledge melted into it and ended. There appeared at first to be no chance of going further. But they saw that a single foot-place had been rudely cut in the rock, by means of which the mountaineer might step over the smooth sloping buttress on to the ledge which, on the other side, again offered a fair footing. Putterton, who was ahead, stepped it easily,—there was in reality nothing difficult about it to a cool-headed person, and all three of these men usually were such.

"What's the matter, Bill?" said Winmore anxiously, as Bill, who was just ahead of him, stopped and leaned for support against the cliff. He was pale, and looked so weak, that Winmore hastened to support him. The trail at this point was fortunately wide enough to afford firm footing, and Win-

more had the satisfaction of feeling that he could prevent Bill from falling, even if he fainted. But Bill had no intention of fainting. He smiled as he saw Winmore's anxious face; and to Putterton's question as to whether they needed assistance, he shouted "No."

"It's nothin', my boy," he said calmly. "Leastwise, I dunno wat it wur—never had it afore. I felt 'most as ef I wur a-fallin' through them trees thur," pointing to some pines whose tops reached almost to the buttress before them; "kind o' weak like, ye know, in spite o' myself. It's all gone now. We'll go on." And he walked ahead, quietly stepped round the buttress, and continued down after Putterton.

The next two days were spent in searching the whole neighbourhood for some additional clue to Burnfield. They clambered into the most inaccessible places—hunted high and low—to the east, to the west,—but no trace could they find, save just below the difficult part of the "short cut" trail, at the base of the cliff, a small tin pail, such as might be used for carrying a luncheon. It was battered and rusted, and firmly wedged in between some stones. The branches of two pines had been somewhat broken down, as if by some heavy weight, and had grown in an unnatural position.

"Perhaps the poor fellow fell from the trail one day as you came near doing, Bill," said Winmore.

"I wouldn't 'a fell, my boy," Bill explained.

"His bones would be here," said Putterton, "and there's no sign of a bone."

The search was finally given up. They concluded that Burnfield's fate was a sealed book.

CHAPTER VIII.

The store of powder and tools was transported to the little hut in Silverdale, as Winmore called it, and the hut itself was patched up to serve till a better one could be built. The windlass, the ladder leading into the shaft,—everything that needed it, in fact, was repaired and reconstructed, to serve till the mine had been worked for a time, when it was intended more complete arrangements should be made.

“Is that the way you drill?” said Winmore in some surprise, when he first saw Bill and Putterton working. Never having seen any hand-drilling, it was a novelty to him.

“That’s jest the way,” Bill answered.

“It’s easier than I thought,” remarked Winmore. “It makes me think of that ‘crowbar case’ to see you drilling,” he added.

“What crowbar case?” asked Putterton.

“You don’t mean to say, Putterton, you never heard of it?”

“That’s exactly what I do mean to say. If you know so much about it yourself, you might enlighten Bill and me on the subject.”

“Well, I will then. Brain cases always have a special interest for me for some reason or other, and perhaps that’s why I know of this one and you don’t. It seems, a young fellow in a quarry somewhere East, was tamping a blasting charge in a rock, with a pointed iron bar over three feet long. I think it weighed about thirteen pounds. The charge exploded, and

shot this bar, point first, through the man’s head, entering at the jaw. It was picked up covered with blood and brains.”

“He was killed instantly, of course?” said Putterton.

“No, he wasn’t killed at all. He was stunned for a moment; but not an hour afterward he walked up a long flight of stairs, and talked intelligibly about his wound. For a long time they thought he would die, but he got well, and lived more than twelve years.”

“Oh, come now,” said Bill, “that’s a leettle too much; draw it a leettle milder.”

“It’s true, every word of it,” insisted Winmore.

“H’m!” said Bill.

“You fellows don’t seem to believe it,” said Winmore.

“We believe you believe it, my dear fellow, but we must know your authority.”

“I’ve forgotten the authority now, but I assure you it was unquestionable.”

“Well, didn’t the man turn out to be something intellectually extraordinary after the accident?” asked Putterton, sarcastically.

“No: for previous to his injury he was considered a remarkably shrewd and energetic business man; but after it he was capricious, obstinate, and could not be trusted.”

“A most curious thing, I must say,” remarked Putterton.

“There are others very similar,” said Winmore, “but none so extraordinary as this.”*

“Wal, I won’t experient in

* For a further account of this remarkable case, refer to *American Journal for Medical Sciences*, July 1850. “Recovery from the passage of an iron bar through the head,” a paper read by Dr Harlow before Massachusetts Medical Society, June 3, 1868: Boston, 1869. “The Localisation of Cerebral Disease,” by David Ferrier, M.D., F.R.S.: London, 1878.

thet direction, you kin bet," observed Bill.

Fortunately no accident whatever occurred in the mine, and the work went on uninterrupted for several days. One afternoon, when it was growing late, and Bill was preparing to put in a charge, he suggested that it would facilitate matters if Putterton and Winmore would return to camp before him, and start the arrangements for supper, and he would follow as soon as he had finished. They therefore left him, and went down. They lighted a fire, brought water, baked bread, and at length had the meal all ready and waiting. Putterton went to the door, and gazed in the direction of Silverdale. The sun set, the shadows deepened, but Bill came not. Finally, Putterton became alarmed, and set out for the mine to ascertain what the trouble was. He returned in great haste, and said Bill was not there. He thought he must have attempted to come down by the short cut, and perhaps fallen. They must make their way to the base of the cliff, and ascertain if such were the case. With the aid of a lantern, for it was now dark, they succeeded in reaching the spot under the most difficult part of the short cut, and there lay poor Bill, bleeding and insensible, but not dead. The spreading branches of the pines had saved him, but he was much bruised, and had struck with considerable violence on the frontal region of the skull.

Putterton knew a little about medicine and surgery, and concluded from his hasty examination that there were no fractures, and that Bill would recover in due time, provided there were no internal injuries. Quickly improvising a litter out of some boughs, they carefully transported their unfortunate comrade back to the

cabin, where they placed him in the bunk, and used every means in their power to restore consciousness, but without success. Bill lived and breathed, and they did not despair of seeing him well again, knowing as they did what a remarkably strong constitution he had. He appeared as one sleeping, and they sat and watched patiently by his side. Toward morning their anxiety was somewhat relieved by the sound of occasional low groans, and they felt that he was reviving. Later he attempted to raise his hand to his head, but it was daylight before he opened his eyes,—or eye, rather, for one was so much swollen it could not open—and then, as if the light hurt it, he closed it immediately.

Putterton had re-examined the patient in a more thorough manner, but failed to discover any evidence of serious external injuries. The fall had been so broken by the stout yet yielding bushy branches of the pines, that it was much like falling through a mass of cushioned springs, and the injuries consisted mainly of contusions and scratches. From the uneasiness with which Bill now moved his head about, it appeared to give him more pain than the remainder of his frame.

Putterton had been considering the feasibility of putting old Doc to the test of a quick ride to Rubyville for medical assistance, and he concluded that it must be done. One could attend to Bill as well as two, and he decided that he himself had better stay, as he was more familiar with the requirements of such circumstances. Therefore Winmore prepared for the ride to Rubyville, after Dr Swayton with his liniments and bandages. The trip, it was estimated, could be made in three days; and mean-

while, as the small stock of liniments which Putterton always carried would soon give out, cold water alone would have to be depended on.

"You will have some trouble finding your way back to the pass," said Putterton; "but if you will let old Doc have his own way, he'll carry you through."

"Oh, we'll get out all right, Doc and I," said Winmore, resolutely; "my bump of locality is well developed."

Old Doc was brought up and saddled. He pawed the ground impatiently. Presently Winmore leaped into the saddle, and just as the sunlight was creeping down the higher peaks, he rode off at a full gallop in the direction of Rubyville. Putterton watched him till he disappeared from view, and then returned once more to his charge. He found Bill slightly improved. The respiration was better, and the pulse more regular, and he stirred uneasily, and sometimes opened his uninjured eye, but only to close it again without appearing to see anything. His head was feverish, and the brain seemed to be for the time being paralysed. Putterton watched constantly and anxiously beside him, scarce taking time at noon for a hasty lunch. At length Bill grew less restive, and finally slept; and he continued in this sleeping condition the whole afternoon. As evening came on he tossed about again, muttered in an unintelligible way, and then fell into a sleep. Putterton himself was beginning to feel drowsy, and resolved at last to snatch a few moments' sleep, that he might be better equal to the morrow. Therefore, after seeing that everything was in good order, and that Bill's bandages were wet and in proper shape, he adjusted some logs in the fireplace so that they would

burn slowly, drew a stool up to the table, and leaning his head on his arms, fell asleep instantly. When he awoke, the grey morning light was stealing through the chinks, the fire was out, and Bill still slumbered. Rising quickly, he stepped to the bedside. Bill was apparently in much the same condition, except that the visible swellings were much reduced, some of them having left only black-and-blue spots in their stead.

Having satisfied himself that Bill was at least no worse if not improved, Putterton went to the door and looked out to see what sort of a day was promised. The sky was clear, and there was every prospect of bright weather, at which he was pleased, as he thought a fair warm day might do much for the invalid. He kindled a fire, and proceeded to prepare breakfast for himself. As he was busy over it, he thought he heard a rustling behind him, and turning, beheld Bill sitting bolt-upright, with both eyes open in a blank stare. Putterton was startled. The eyes had a glassy, vacant look—an expression similar to that of a somnambulist's; and indeed Bill appeared as if he might be moving in his sleep.

Putterton sprang quickly toward him saying: "You must lie still—don't try to get up Bill;" and as Bill persisted in the effort—"Lie down, lie down instantly; you can't walk yet." He took hold of him, and gently but firmly forced him back again. Bill made no serious resistance, nor did he speak or seem to have an intelligent idea of what was taking place. His head settled back on the pillow, and he appeared once more to sleep quietly. Putterton, much puzzled, stood regarding him for some minutes, and then returned to the cooking. When some gruel was ready he took a small quan-

tity in a cup, and carried it to the bedside.

“Bill,” he said tenderly, “don’t you think you could take a little gruel now?”

Bill made no answer except to open his eyes, and Putterton took advantage of this seeming intelligence to lift him up a little, and prop him in a position which enabled him to get the gruel to Bill’s mouth without spilling it. Putterton was gratified to see him drink almost two-thirds of the amount. Putterton then softly lowered him again, and Bill fell into another doze which lasted till nearly noon, when he once more opened his eyes. This time there was in them a look of intelligence which gave Putterton great encouragement. The eyes roamed slowly over the room, and finally fixed themselves on Putterton with a feeble expression of surprise. Why it should be a matter of surprise to Bill to see him there, Putterton could not imagine, nor did he stop to think about it, but poured out a cup of tea, of which he had kept a pot ready by the fire, and proceeded to persuade Bill to drink it. This Bill did, and after swallowing the tea, he seemed much refreshed and invigorated. He seemed to rest easier. He had as yet not spoken a word, and Putterton was glad he did not try to talk now, but settled quietly back on the pillow again. He was still very weak. An hour or two later, Putterton administered another cupful of gruel, with a teaspoonful of whisky in it, and this appeared to benefit Bill so much that he fell into the most natural sleep since the accident. He was improving very fast, that was plain. Putterton was gratified, and hoped to see him in a much better state by the arrival of Winmore with the doctor. Be-

fore night, Bill woke another time, and Putterton succeeded in administering a preparation in gruel, that he thought would put him in an easier frame of mind by the following morning. Putterton sat up, with the intention of watching his patient all night; but long before daylight he fell asleep. When he awoke it was broad day, and Bill was sitting on the edge of the bunk, looking strangely about the apartment. He gazed at his long grey beard with evidence of surprise, and he looked at Putterton, as if Putterton were a surprise to him also. Feeling weak, he had to lie down again, saying feebly—“Who are you? Where did you come from?”

“Who am I, and where did I come from?” repeated Putterton, astonished at such singular questions. Then concluding that Bill was delirious, he said soothingly—“Why, I came over from Ruby with you, Bill; don’t you remember? It’s all right, old boy; keep quiet, and we’ll bring you out all right in a few days. You had a bad fall, and you’re not over the effects of it yet, by any means.”

“Came from — Ruby — with me!” said Bill, slowly. “Ruby — where’s Ruby?”

“Rubyville, you know; it lies over there in Rainbow Park; don’t you remember?” Putterton answered, thinking best to humour him. At the same time he prepared to get some breakfast.

“Rainbow Park! — Rubyville! No, I don’t know anything about those places. What did you say your name is?”

“I’m Putterton—George Putterton, old fellow; and Winmore has gone out to Ruby to fetch fresh medicines and Dr Swayton. You had a devil of a bump, you know.”

“Yes. I fell off the trail—I know that; but who is Winmore?”

"Winmore! Oh, he's that festive young tenderfoot that came out especially to help us hunt out old Burnfield's mine."

"Young tenderfoot! — Burnfield's mine," said Bill, musingly. "Ah, yes—Burnfield's mine. How do you know Burnfield has a mine?"

"How do I know it? Why, have you forgotten how you discovered the old box full of Burnfield's papers, and all that? But hold on, Bill—you mustn't get up;" for Bill had raised himself again at the statement of the discovery of Burnfield's box. He refused to lie down.

"How I discovered Burnfield's box! What do you mean? Discover my own box! How do you know I have a box? And what are you doing here, anyway?"

"Just at present," answered Putterton, good-humouredly—"just at present, old boy, I am preparing some gruel for you, and as soon as it's ready, I want you to stop your palaver and take it down."

Bill sank back half exhausted, muttering something about "a friend, anyway," and he closed his eyes.

"There, now, that's the way to act," exclaimed Putterton, cheerily. "Keep quiet and do as I say, and you'll be on your pins again in a few days. Do you feel any internal pain?"

"Headache," answered the invalid feebly.

"Your bruises—are they painful?"

"Somewhat."

"Well, we won't talk any more now; it tires you," Putterton said, and went on with his preparations. Presently he brought some gruel to the bedside, and raised Bill up, when the latter swallowed the strengthening mixture with evident satisfaction. Putterton then gave him some tea, and he rested

once more, soon falling asleep. After eating his own breakfast, Putterton took up a shot-gun, and went out to look for some kind of a bird, of which to make a broth for the sick man. Fortunately he had not gone far before he saw several "sage-hens," and succeeded in bringing down two of them. Both were fine birds, one very young, and this Putterton soon had stewing on the fire. When it was done he looked around to see if Bill was awake. He was not.

"I hate to wake him," Putterton said to himself, "but I must—he ought to have some of this broth;" so he walked to the bed and spoke quietly—

"Wake up, old boy," he said; "I have some delicious chicken-broth for you,"—and he touched him gently on the shoulder.

Bill slowly opened his eyes, and rather painfully moved himself, making an effort to rise. Putterton assisted him into a half-sitting posture, and propped him up with blankets.

"Oh," Bill said, with a weary yawn, "it seems as if I had slept for a long time!"

"So you have—two or three hours; and besides that, most of the time since you fell."

"But it seems longer—it seems an age; and yet it was only last night that I fell."

"No; you are a little mixed. It was three nights ago that you fell. Why, Winmore will be back to-night, I hope, with the doctor."

"Oh, was it? My head aches so, I can't think." A pause. "Who did you say Winmore is?"

Putterton felt a little vexed, but curbing his impatience, he replied calmly, as if Bill were asking a perfectly rational question—

"He's the young fellow—my friend from Boston—who came out to help hunt up Burnfield's mine. Here now, here's a bowl of

nice strong broth," and he held it before Bill. "Come, don't talk any more till you have eaten all of this. I won't answer a single question."

Bill, therefore, had no other course left than to eat the broth in silence. His appetite was improving, for he eagerly devoured the fragments of fowl at the bottom.

"There—you've got something in you now that'll give you strength," said Putterton, with gratification at the prospect of Bill's speedy recovery.

The wounded man was certainly regaining his strength with extraordinary rapidity.

"I think I'll walk a little," he said, much to Putterton's astonishment; "I feel as if I could walk now," and he rose to his feet unassisted. Putterton's first impulse was to discourage him; but Bill's manner was so confident, he concluded to give him his own way, and helped him to the door. Bill seemed to have a longing to look out upon the valley, and the sight of it might relieve his disturbed intellect in a measure.

He gazed about with evidence of astonishment, and looked particularly long and hard at some flat stones that formed a sort of natural pavement on the bank of the creek a few yards off. Then he muttered to himself—

"Strange, very strange," he said—and then added, "I'll have to lie down, my head pains me so;" and Putterton helped him to return to the bunk. For some moments he remained perfectly quiet. Then he passed his hand over his forehead once or twice, opened his eyes, and looked directly at Putterton. The expression in the eyes was clearer and calmer now, and Putterton congratulated himself that the broth was doing good work. He was taken aback, therefore, when Bill, after remarking that his head was better, said—

"You are very kind, stranger—very kind; and it was extremely fortunate for me that you happened here in the nick of time. But tell me, how did you come to be here? How did you discover the Glen?"

Putterton did not answer for a moment. He thought seriously of paying no more attention to Bill's delirious remarks. He concluded, however, to continue the conversation, partly because he thought it might be a relief to the poor fellow, and partly because he knew if he humoured his strange fancies, he could the more easily control him. It would not do to worry or disturb Bill in any manner; and altogether the wisest plan—the only plan, indeed,—was to give him, as far as possible, his own way. Therefore Putterton answered—

"Is it not the bounden duty, Bill, of any man to do all in his power for an injured comrade, especially in a wilderness like this? And don't you recollect our journey here from Rubyville?"

"My name is Burnfield—William Burnfield, sir. I am under great obligations to you for your kindness; but as I told you, I don't remember you, nor any journey from any place called Rubyville," said Bill with dignity, and considerable animation for a sick man.

"No, of course you don't. A man who has fallen sixty feet, usually don't remember anything of this world," said Putterton, chuckling. "I think you're doing remarkably well. Oh, you'll remember it all in a day or two, so don't worry yourself, *Mr Burnfield!*" and Putterton smiled at the idea of calling him Burnfield.

Bill heaved a deep sigh as if fatigued, and was silent. Then he said—"You talk very strangely, sir; I can't understand you. I know my fall has bruised and weakened me somewhat, and per-

haps my mind is a little muddled ; but who you are, and how you came here so providentially, puzzles me beyond measure."

Putterton paced up and down the apartment for some time. Was Bill going mad? or was he himself dreaming? All of a sudden it struck him that Bill's language was vastly improved since the accident. He had always been of the opinion that Bill added something to his accent and bad grammar for effect ; but now his continued use of such improved forms of expression increased his surprise and wonder, and he was as much at a loss to account for it as for the persistency with which Bill clung to the idea that he was Burnfield. Bill went on at length—

"Everything has deteriorated greatly since I went to the mine yesterday. Then, these logs were comparatively new—now, they look old and weather-beaten ; are they so, or do my eyes deceive me?" He paused for a reply.

"They are old," Putterton replied. "This cabin was built by Burnfield, don't you know?"

"Yes, I know ; I built this cabin when I first came into the Glen—almost two years ago,—but it looks twenty years old now."

"Well, old fellow, if you'll lie down and go to sleep, you'll remember in due course of time that this cabin, according to Burnfield's papers, must have been put up at least fifteen years ago."

"No ; I built it in the spring of 1857, just after I found the mine."

"Ah, you did, did you?" said Putterton, staring at his companion again, surprised to hear him discourse so glibly on what he had done ; but he kept to his resolve not to contradict him, and added—

"As it is now the spring of 1873, you readily perceive the house is then exactly sixteen years old."

"Eighteen hundred and seventy-three!" cried Bill, starting from the bed, but immediately sinking back again. "Eighteen hundred and seventy-three! You are joking, my good friend."

"Not at all, Bill—not at all. This is the year of our Lord 1873, just as sure as time flies."

"Eighteen hundred and seventy-three! eighteen hundred and seventy-three! Can it be—can it be possible—can it be possible?" he said wildly. "Am I dreaming? Is this some fearful nightmare? or am I awake, and is it the terrible reality? No, no, no! impossible, impossible! Where am I? I can't think—my head spins like a top—ah," and he fell back exhausted.

"I think I may safely say you are dreaming, Bill. Your head got pretty well shaken up by the fall, and you are a trifle delirious, that's all. Lie still—that's a good fellow ; a few more days' rest, and the doctor's treatment, will bring you round all right again."

But Bill did not heed his remarks. He sat up and looked about him again. His beard attracted his attention once more, and he gazed at it intently.

"Grey!" he said, as if in soliloquy. "Grey! my beard grey! yet when I went to the mine yesterday, or the day before, it was brown as a chestnut. Did the fall turn it grey? Where's my looking-glass?" and he glanced about the apartment.

"Here's one," said Putterton, as he handed him a small glass which had hung on the wall. "But your beard and hair have been grey ever since I knew you, Bill," and Putterton racked his brain for some method of soothing Bill's nerves. Bill meanwhile took the glass and looked attentively at his reflected image.

"Yes, yes," he said, moodily ; "I have kept pace with the cabin

in appearance. "Strange—such a great change in so short a time! Why, when I built this cabin I was no older-looking than you are. Now the cabin is antiquated, and I am old and bruised, being cared for by a good Samaritan, apparently dropped from the clouds just at the right moment. I am grateful, I am sure. But, without joking, what year is this?"

"Eighteen hundred and seventy-three, Bill, as I told you before. But I vow you do stick to the idea that you're Burnfield. If you keep it up much longer, I'll begin to think Bill Chloride is lost, and we have found William Burnfield in his place," Putterton replied, jestingly.

"Bill Chloride—who is he?"

"Who is Bill Chloride? Why, old fellow, he is you when you are yourself."

"When I'm not myself it must be; for if ever I was myself, I am now. Whether it is 1859 or 1873—whether this is earth, heaven, or hell—I, sir, am William Burnfield."

"Well, Mr Burnfield, I think you had better take a rest now, don't you? You'll tire yourself too much if you go on this way."

"No, I feel strong, and prefer to sit up awhile yet; but I would like some more of that delicious broth and a cup of tea."

Putterton hastened to respond to Bill's request; and when the broth and tea had been disposed of, Bill, instead of lying down as Putterton hoped he would, began to talk again.

"There is some mistake here," he said. "You call me Chloride or something like that, and I style myself Burnfield. You declare this is 1873, and I am sure it is 1859, for it was 1859 when I fell, and you admit I fell only two or three nights ago. Now, if you are joking, have done with it; if you

are not, let us try to arrive at an understanding."

Putterton began to fear that Bill's case was a bad one—that there was more than mere delirium at the bottom—and considered what measures to take should Bill become violent.

"There is no doubt some mistake, Mr Burnfield," he said appeasingly; "for you fell from the trail three days ago, and yet this is 1873. In 1859 I would have been just thirteen years old, and I look more than that now, don't I?"

"You look at least twenty-seven now," said Bill.

"A good guess. I am exactly twenty-seven; so you see I am right about the date."

Bill said nothing for several minutes. Then he muttered, "I will trust him."

"We will compare notes," he said aloud. "I will outline my history for you, and see if by that means we cannot clear away the obstacles to our mutual understanding."

"Proceed," said Putterton, glad to have Bill do the talking.

"I was born in June 1824, in Westchester County, New York. That makes me, you perceive, just thirty-five years old." Remembering his beard, he stopped and looked at it. "Yet," he went on, "I appear much older, for I am grey as a badger."

"I should say so," put in Putterton, unable to resist. "Why, Bill, you are nearly fifty—you've been knocking about the mountains between here and Granite for the last ten or twelve years to my knowledge, and you were thirty-five or forty when you began."

"'Granite,' did you say? You come from Granite, then, do you?"

"Yes, I'm from Granite."

"I hope they'll have a post-office there before long. It's too far to Fort Henry."

“Post-office! Why, have you forgotten, Bill, that Granite has nearly ten thousand inhabitants?”

“Ten thousand!” exclaimed Bill.

“It has. But go on with your story, old boy; I’m anxious to see what kind of a tale you’ll make of it.”

“Well, I completed my studies,” Bill continued; “but by a stroke of misfortune, while I was travelling abroad, my father failed in business, and from great wealth was reduced to an income barely sufficient to meet the immediate wants of his family. I returned home, and found a position with a strong firm that paid me well. Being fortunate in investing some of my savings, I found myself, at the age of twenty-seven, possessed of quite a handsome property; and I crowned my prosperity by marrying the sweetest girl the sun ever shone upon. I have her portrait here,” and he fumbled about the pillow for it.

“There’s no portrait there, I am positive,” said Putterton, “so you need not trouble to hunt.”

“Have you taken it away? Did you dare?” and his eyes flashed.

“No, Bill, I didn’t take it; you never had any, so far as I know.”

“It must be there somewhere. At any rate,” Bill continued, “I have another, which I received only the other day. It is still in the envelope with the letter in my box. I’ll get it,” and he tried to walk.

“Sit still, and tell me where to look.”

Bill indicated the place where he had discovered Burnfield’s box, which had been brought along for reference, and now reposed on its old shelf. To humour Bill’s curious conceit, Putterton brought it to him.

“How did you dare to break open my private box?” exclaimed Bill angrily, when he saw the

broken lid. “If I were not so weak I’d be tempted to thrash you. No, for you have befriended me; but why did you meddle with it?”

“You broke it open yourself when you first found it,” answered Putterton.

“There you are with your enigmas again,” said Bill impatiently, at the same time fumbling amongst the papers, their decayed condition calling forth further exclamations of surprise from him. Finding the letter containing the portrait of the woman and child, he took it out and kissed it reverently, afterwards handing it to Putterton. The latter was more bewildered than ever at the singular actions of his comrade. At the beginning of the story, he thought, perhaps, Bill was about to reveal that portion of his life which had apparently always been a carefully guarded secret with him, but now he concluded it was only more of the delusions of Bill’s deranged intellect.

“My little Ellen—the darling. I wonder how she is! it seems so long since I saw them. Two years is a long time.”

Putterton returned the photograph, saying, “I saw the picture, you know, when we three examined the box in my room.”

“Examined my box in your room! No. I don’t know. This is the box in which I keep my private papers and letters, and I don’t understand what you mean by ‘when we examined’ it. However, I will proceed: I married, and we were blessed with our little Ellen. Our business was flourishing, and I was happy. But my partner—a warm-hearted Irishman named Garrahan—was dissipated without my knowing it, and at length completely undermined and ruined our concern, and fled, no one knew where. I found my property all gone, and a heavy balance against

me. I vowed to some time clear it all away. Just about that period an uncle died in California, leaving me his sole heir. It was not much he left me, but it was enough to establish a comfortable home for my wife, in her own name, in one of the villages near New York—in Ramapo—and yield her a moderate income. For myself, I meant to try my fortune in the far western wilderness, in spite of the remonstrance of family and friends. Fortunes had been quickly made in the West before, and I could not see why I should not be one of the favoured individuals. I would try it any way. My uncle's trunk had been forwarded to me, and in it I found some sealed papers. These I discovered to be a description of an old Spanish mine—a mine of great richness—existing somewhere near the Colorado river. My uncle himself had translated this description from some original Spanish documents in Mexico. There were directions for reaching the locality, and for ascertaining the exact position of the mine; and the whole account was straightforward and authentic. With such certainty of rich returns, I was not to be discouraged, even by an unbroken wilderness. I felt that Nature, with a few of her simple children, would not be more unkind to me than civilisation in some respects had been; and I had a theory that Indians, properly treated, would not prove such devils as they are commonly pictured. I have since found the theory to be a correct one. My uncle had not attempted to find the mine, because he thought the region too wild to penetrate. I ascertained that the nearest point to my proposed destination was Fort Henry. From there I would be compelled to follow the written directions, as no such thing as a map existed. With my dog, and two or three horses, I started out

from Fort Henry, and succeeded in finding the old Spanish and Indian trail, and reached the Glen without adventure. Pretending to be a trapper, no one at the Fort suspected my true object. I found the ore to be horn silver; and I reduced it at the mine, by means of a furnace left by the Spaniards, which I succeeded in rebuilding. I kept all traces of ore away from the cabin, so that should I possibly have a chance visitor he would not discover my secret. The ingots I brought down and stored in an excavation I made for the purpose. You have proved yourself such a good friend to me, that I will let you into the secret and show you the *cache*."

Putterton was amazed at the straightforward style of Bill's narrative, and he was impatient to see what he would do when he failed to expose the *cache* of silver.

"You noticed by the creek there a flat-topped ledge?" Bill asked.

"No;" looking out—"oh yes, I see it. I remember it attracted my attention the first day we came—the one nearest the house, you mean?"

"The same. Now, take a crowbar—you'll find several in the tool-house—and after scraping off the sand from the longest stone, the end of which projects farther than the rest, insert the bar in the crevice at the western edge, and pry outward with all your strength. The stone will slide three feet—it is on rollers—and will disclose the entrance to a small chamber. This chamber I have partly filled with silver bricks."

"Very well," said Putterton; and he procured a bar, and then went to the ledge. It was not an extraordinary ledge. There were many very much like it all over the Smoky Hill district. It formed just here the western bank of the creek, and the top was perhaps

twenty feet above it, and was made of broad flat stones. One of these was, as Bill had said, longer than the others, and there was a crevice at its western edge. Putterton placed the bar in the crevice, and pushed on it; for he saw that Bill had hobbled to the door, and was watching him. There was no motion: the stone was as firm as it ever had been. He laughed, and by way of emphasising his amusement, gave a tremendous jerk at the bar, bending it, but at the same time starting the stone several inches. He was nonplussed. He rubbed his head pensively, and stared at the stone. Could it be possible, he thought suddenly, that this was one of the old Spanish secrets; that Bill had found it out unknown to his companions—had intended keeping it to himself—and now, in his delirious moments, had exposed it? No; Bill never would do such a thing. What, then, was the explanation? There seemed to be no other. However, here was the moving stone, and Putterton was too much interested in it to stop long for explanations. He pried it back as far as it would go, and saw yawning at his feet a black hole, three feet long by about two feet wide.

“Does it work all right?” inquired Bill.

“Yes; here’s a chamber, without a doubt, unless I’m dreaming.”

“One of us seems to be in dream-land, I’m sure. However, there’s no dream about that chamber. Do you see a ladder?”

“Yes,” said Putterton.

“Well, go down then; it’s only about seven feet deep.”

Putterton hesitated. He wanted to go down; but he feared if he did, Bill, in some strange freak, might push the stone back, and make him a prisoner. He was very suspicious of Bill’s mental condition. But as he remembered how weak poor Bill was—that he could probably not even lift the crowbar, much less pry a heavy weight with it,—he prepared to descend; but just as he had placed one foot on the top round of the ladder, a loud shout from the direction of the narrows attracted his attention. Glancing that way, he saw two horsemen coming towards the cabin at a rapid pace. He thought it was Winmore and the doctor; but it might be the Irishman and his comrade, or even some one else; so he hastened to pry back the stone to its place, and throw some sand and loose sticks carelessly over it.

CHAPTER IX.

“Holla, Chloride!” shouted Winmore heartily, for it was he who rode up; “you’re on your pins again. I’m glad to see it, I tell you; for I had my sincere doubts about your ever coming out of that scrape with whole bones.

Bill nodded coldly, but made no reply. He asked Putterton who the men were. Putterton patiently tried again to explain that the speaker was their companion on the journey from Rubyville; that he had ridden back there for medi-

cal assistance; and that the man with him was the doctor.

“Oh,” said Bill, “he’s the person who went for the doctor, is he? I’m greatly obliged to you for your trouble, sir.”

“Don’t mention it,” said Winmore.

“Winmore, this is Mr Burnfield himself, whom we have the honour to serve,” Putterton explained, with a suggestive wink, and continued: “Mr Burnfield, let me introduce to you Dr Swayton.”

"The devil it is," said Winmore in an undertone.

Bill complained just then of weakness, and Winmore hastened to assist him back to his bed. The doctor and Putterton meanwhile held a consultation as they unsaddled the horses, — Putterton briefly rehearsing the condition of affairs since Winmore's departure.

"Very singular," said the doctor, as they entered the house.

He carefully examined Bill, and declared that he was in no physical way seriously injured. He complimented Putterton on the skill and tact which he had displayed; but he shook his head dubiously when questioned about Bill's mental condition. He said he would not be able to tell for some time whether Bill's brain had been so much affected by the fall as to make any radical changes in its structure; but the headache which Bill complained of in the frontal region, though not now violent, was a bad symptom; for headache was almost always constantly present in cases of brain derangement. He thought, however, the best thing to do was to keep Chloride as quiet as possible; let him have his own way; and treat him exactly as if he were the person whom he supposed himself to be. Meanwhile he would administer necessary remedies, and closely watch the patient's progress from day to day. Then he went to Bill, told him he was pleased to see him recovering so rapidly, and hoped to find him quite himself again in the course of a week or two. But he cautioned him to rest quietly, and not to tax his brain by any worry or unnecessary exertion.

The doctor was much puzzled, and deeply interested in the case. He prepared his note-books for recording minutely all the changes, and everything of importance connected

with it, and in his own mind looked upon it with as much gratification as a school-girl on a new novel.

"You made good time," said Putterton to Winmore, as they were eating supper.

"Yes; I had no trouble finding the way. Old Doc is a jewel—such a knowing fellow, and a splendid traveller. He goes like a bird."

"Is 'Old Doc,' as you call him, your horse?" asked Bill, overhearing the remark.

"No, he's — yours," Winmore was about to say, but checking himself in time, changed it to "owned by a friend of mine; but I like to ride him, and took him out to Ruby because he knew the way, and is so tough."

"By the way," said Bill, "have you seen anything of my animals? I had forgotten all about them. They must be all right though, for they never leave the Glen."

"How many were there?" inquired Putterton.

"Three—two horses and a mule; but they must be close by, I'm sure. But Ponto, the rascal, he ought to be here; I never thought of him till this minute. I thought something was missing, too"—and he whistled in a peculiar way several times, but rather feebly.

"Ponto is your dog, I presume," said Putterton, dryly.

"Yes; he always watches the cabin while I am at the mine. He's a fine fellow, too. Here, Ponto, Ponto; come here, old boy," he called affectionately. But the faint call met with no response, and no Ponto came. "I wonder where he can be," he said, slowly and anxiously.

"Have you forgotten, B—Burnfield, that your dog—Jack you called him then—died of old age three years ago?"

"Ponto his name was. No, Ponto didn't die three years ago,

for he was playing then in Ramapo with my little Ellen."

The conversation was here interrupted in a very unexpected manner. The distant whinny of a horse broke upon the astonished ears of the party, followed in a moment by a long loud halloo. Putterton jumped to his feet and grasped his rifle, though it was not likely any one with offensive intentions would so plainly announce his coming. Winmore followed Putterton's example, while the doctor soothed Bill, and succeeded in keeping him in his bed.

The sun had already set, but it was still light enough to see plainly, and as Putterton looked out, he discerned two horsemen approaching rapidly. He and Winmore stepped out, rifle in hand, to meet these bold riders, who, Putterton suspected, were the very same who had before so unceremoniously left them, and who had succeeded in following Winmore and the doctor in their hasty journey. As they came up he perceived he was not mistaken. The foremost ejaculated in his familiar manner—

"Why, how d'ye do agin, gents? Didn't spect to meet yez so soon agin; but I'm tarnal glad we hev, fur we're rather late campin' agin, an' the sight o' yer cabin looks kinder cheerful like. We're not much acquainted in these yer parts, an' would be obleeged to ye if ye would 'low us to stop with ye."

"Well, sirs," said Putterton, haughtily, "I am not sure we care to have you stop with us again, after the way you gave us the slip the other time."

"Sorry ye didn't like the way we left ye; but the truth was, ye were all sleepin' so comfortable, we hated to wake ye jist to say good-bye, so we concluded to jist go on. Sorry ye didn't like it."

Putterton had no reply to this; for how could he deny the truth of the statement? So he said—

"What have you followed us here for, anyway?"

"Follered ye! Why, bless yer soul, we didn't foller ye! Hain't this yer a free country, an' hain't everybody a pilin' inter the Smoky Hill Range fur prospects? We came, too, an' strikin' tracks leadin' purty straight fur somewhere, we thought the fellers 'at made 'em must ha' had a good place to go to, an' thought we'd come an' see. We hain't no claim-jumpers, nor nothin' o' that sort, so ye needn't git yer dander up."

"An' ye don't want us to sthop with yez," put in the other man, indignantly, "thin we'll make a camp o' our own, that's all. Ye can't lay claim to the whole valley noway. Come along, Con."

"Stop," said Putterton, concluding it would be better to have them near by. "After all, I don't think you are very bad fellows, and you may be of service to us. What say you, boys? shall we let them stop here?"

"As you think best," Winmore said.

"The voice sounds familiar," exclaimed Bill, from within. "Let the men stay."

"Very well, then," added Putterton, "unsaddle and make yourselves at home." Thinking he had better explain a little, he continued, "Our friend Chloride has had a bad fall, and is by no means recovered; he is a little deranged, and fancies he is some one else."

"Thinks he's some wan else, does he?" said the Irishman,— "thinks he's who, sure?"

"A man who used to live here called Burnfield," and Putterton looked full at the stranger to ascertain the effect of the sentence, remembering that this man had on the previous occasion claimed acquaintance with Burnfield.

"We're both o' the same moind at last thin," replied the Irishman, coolly.

"What! Do you mean to say you think Bill Chloride has been transmuted into Burnfield? Nonsense!"

"That's jist what Oy mane to say exactly."

"The voice sounds familiar," said Chloride again. "Let the men stay; let the one who is talking come in."

"Oll roight, pard. Con, will ye look afther the ponies?"

"Go ahead, Barney, I'll take care of them," Con answered; and as he led the horses off to one side, the man called Barney followed Putterton into the cabin.

"Is this the man who was speaking a moment ago?" asked Bill.

"Oy'm the very man, and Oy'm glad to say ye betther, owld pard. Ye had a close shave, Oy hear."

"Yes, yes; I had—a—bad fall. Sit down. Where was it? If I could only think. My head is all stirred up. The voice; yes—but the face——"

"Sure, if yer William Burnfield,—an' if Oy'm not greatly mistaken ye are,—ye had cause enough to remember Barney Garran—of Burnfield and Garran,"—and the Irishman closely watched Bill's countenance.

"Barney Garran! Are you Barney Garran?" and Bill looked at him rather wildly. "True, true; I see it now—I see it now. And so you've turned up again, Barney—turned up again, 'way out here in the wilderness. You're going to follow me even here; but I've got the stuff to settle it all now, Barney, and I'll keep away from you too—ha, ha, ha! I'll go it alone henceforth, Barney—ha, ha! But where did you go, you rascal? You're a clever dog, I swear—ha, ha, ha! but use your cleverness in a more righteous manner hereafter—ha, ha!" And Bill, who had raised himself from the bed, would have fallen off in his excitement, had not the doctor been close beside him. He lay perfectly still with closed

eyes for a moment, then he looked up and said—

"You were going to tell me something, Barney."

"Yis. Oy was going to tell ye where Oy have been."

"Go on."

"When Oy saw what a box we were in, all through meself, the furst thing that occurred to me was to lave the country, an' Oy boarded the furst outgoing staymer. Oy was half toight when Oy did it, an' next morning Oy would have given me roight hand to be back on land again. Unfortunately the staymer was driven out of her coorse and wrecked, so that it was nearly four years afterward that Oy sused in getting me foot on the owld sod, resolved to say if Oy couldn't raise some funds. Oy knew Oy had rich owld relatives there, an' it was about toime for some of thim to kick the bucket. Oy was not disappointed. Oy found meself in possession of a considerable fortune. Back Oy went to New York as soon as possible, but you were gone, owld pard, and hadn't been heard from for a long toime, an' divil o' a sowl knew yer whereabouts. At last Oy found yer woife. She hadn't heard from ye for years, but she hoped to say ye again all roight. Oy settled up all accounts—had something left—and came out West to find ye, or lave me owld bones to blaych on the rocks. And pardner, Oy've been hunting ye for noine long years, Oy have. Thank God, Oy've found ye at last,—battered and bruised, to be sure, but all in a piece."

"The old liar," thought Putterton, as he listened to the Irishman's story. "Evidently he's going to play a bold hand, and come in for a share of the mine—that's Irish, every time." He looked at Winmore, to see what he thought about it, and Winmore smiled sarcastically. Putterton was much

troubled ; for this man's claiming to be Burnfield's partner, and Bill, in his wild fancy of personating Burnfield, claiming to recognise him, complicated matters exceedingly.

"And, Barney?" said Bill, "Barney?"

"Yis, pardner."

"How is my wife, Barney?"

"She was well the last Oy heard."

"When was that? Long ago?"

"No, not long ago," the man answered evasively.

"Ah! You say you've been hunting me for nine years?" said Bill, suddenly.

"Noine years, pardner."

"But it's only about two years since I came here," said Bill.

"It's more than that, pardner, for ye said so the other toime, and Pate Bromley towld me too ye'd been here fourteen or more. Ye said yerself he knows as much as anny one about people and things in this raygin. Oy meant to get him to interview ye, but Oy found him laid up with a broken leg at Bigtree, poor divil," said the Irishman; "an' ye've forgotten all these years!" he continued, with astonishment.

"My head whirls so, I can't think," and Bill fell back on his pillow, breathing heavily. He appeared weaker, and his face was much flushed. No one spoke, for the doctor had made a signal with his hand for silence. He anxiously placed a small thermometer against the back of Bill's head, and after reading it, examined his pulse and respiration. Then turning to the others, he said in a low voice—

"He has talked too much—he must be very quiet now."

"What do you think now, doc-

tor, of his thinking himself Burnfield?"

"Thinking himself," put in the Irishman, rather hotly, "he don't think himself—he is; don't Oy know him?"

"What you say *may* be true," answered Putterton, "but you see, my friend, the difficulty is, we don't know you."

"An' ye don't belave me?"

"Certainly not."

"Of coorse, of coorse," said the Irishman, after a pause; "of coorse—it's a singular case—but it'll come out all roight."

"I hope it will come out all right," said Putterton, "but it strikes me there is a bad outlook for poor Bill just at present."

"Give me your hand,—you're a very dacent sort of a man. Good noight—it's toime to go to bed, Oy know. Oy'd loike to stay with me old pard, but you'd prefer to have me outside."

"I'll stay by Chloride myself," said the doctor, "the probability is he will rest easily all night."

"I think I'll sleep outside too," said Putterton, "it is such a beautiful night. Is that your fire?" he added, pointing to a small flame a hundred feet or so away.

"Yis, that's our camp. Good noight."

"Good night," answered Putterton, and then muttered to himself, "There's no telling how much those men may know about this locality, so I'll sleep by the *cache*, and if they leave again in the middle of the night, they can't take anything out of that place with them." So he made a bed not far from the covering-stone of the secret opening, and was soon fast asleep.

CHAPTER X.

The camp was very quiet during the night, except once, when Put-

terton was awakened by a disturbance near where the horses were

grazing. He raised himself up and listened attentively. He could plainly hear the horses munching the grass, with now and then a peculiar blowing sound which horses make when feeding—but that was all. The strangers' fire burned up brightly, and he could see their bed, apparently undisturbed. He lay down again, and gave no more thought to the matter, sleeping, as he thought, very lightly. At length another dawn kissed the mountain-tops, and Putterton was up as soon as it was light enough to see distinctly. He felt little refreshed. He looked at the *cache*—it had not been disturbed. He wandered carelessly toward the strangers' sleeping-place, with a strong suspicion that they had again slipped off, though he scarcely saw how they could have gone without waking him, and he was not surprised to discover no sign of them. At length he found the tracks of their horses leading toward the outlet of the valley. Not far off Old Doc was quietly lying, and near him were all the other animals.

"I don't understand those fellows at all," Putterton muttered, as he retraced his steps. "What can they be after? They dodge about like lunatics. If they come near us again I'll watch them systematically, for there's no knowing what they may take it into their heads to do next." He saw the doctor standing in the door of the cabin. As he approached the doctor motioned for silence, and said in a low tone—

"He is still resting very comfortably, and we must not disturb him. But what's the matter?"

"Nothing much; those fellows have gone, that's all. But it worries me to be dogged by such slippery characters. I can't see what they're up to."

"Gone, are they? take anything?"

"No; nothing is disturbed, so far as I can see—that's what puzzles me."

"I don't see that it makes any difference then," said Winmore. "We didn't want them here."

"No; but it's annoying to be tracked about so. They're playing some game—perhaps gone after their friends now to gobble up as many mines here as possible."

"The Irishman swears he was Burnfield's partner, and Bill thinks he knows him. What can he mean?" said Winmore.

"It's all bosh," returned Putterton. "He got his information about Burnfield, you may be sure, at Fort Henry, or from our own papers and conversation. They were probably watching us and eavesdropping all the time we were in Rubyville. Sometimes I think they are lunatics, and that Bill, poor fellow, will soon have to be classed as one too."

"I don't think those fellows are lunatics—they are too shrewd and knowing for that," said Winmore. "But Bill,—I hope he will be better in his mind when he wakes again."

"I think I feel better this morning," said a voice from the interior that made them start; "my brain does not churn about so much—it feels very well: in fact I am much better."

"Don't get up," exclaimed the doctor; "keep quiet, if you please."

"All right, doctor; I suppose you know best; but I feel as if I could stand walking about now."

"Well, Chloride, I hope you are really better." And the doctor emphasised the name and studied the effect.

"You call me by a queer name, doctor."

"The name I have known you by for many a long year, Chloride."

Bill looked at him a moment and said quietly—

"My name is Burnfield, doctor."

"Well, Burnfield, I hope to see you better in a few days."

"Oh, I'll be quite myself in a week or two, I am sure," said Bill; "I was pretty thoroughly shaken up, you know."

"You were that, B—Burnfield. By the way, I just remember that you did not finish your narrative yesterday. Would you care to go on with it now, or would you rather wait till after breakfast?" and Putterton wondered if Bill's state of mind were such that he could remember where he left off his story, and finish it consistently. He was surprised, therefore, when Bill answered readily—

"Oh, it's soon finished. Let me see; I stopped to point out the *cache*, did I not?"

"You did," answered Putterton.

"Well, I worked away, filling the chamber with silver, and looking forward to the time when I could have it transported, and could join my darlings, from whom I had occasional letters, when one day I concluded I had enough to cover my debts, and leave me a goodly sum besides, especially if I could sell the mine. I made a hasty map of the locality—the original papers having been destroyed by a fire in my camp—and went up to put in a final blast, taking my lunch with me in a small tin pail. I worked hard all day, and so late that I was in great haste to get back. I concluded to risk the short cut—which, by the way, might be much improved by a little blasting, which I have always neglected doing—and I hurried along it. The darkness gathered fast, and in spite of my care, when I reached a sort of smooth buttress, I missed my footing, and only remember crashing into the pine-boughs, and trying to clutch them. The next I knew I found myself here in the cabin, with a kind and skilful attendant—Mr

Putterton, come from I don't know where, just in time—who persisted in calling me 'Bill' and that queer name 'Chloride,' and contradicting me on every point. But tell me now, how you happened to discover my secluded glen so providentially?"

"Very well," said Putterton, "you have told your story so well that the least I can do is to tell you ours; but I wish first to say frankly to you that ours includes yours, and yours as I tell it, differs radically from yours as you tell it."

"We have differed so radically from the beginning of our acquaintance that a little more will be of no special consequence."

Thereupon Putterton proceeded to relate the circumstance of Bill's finding the box, and of their starting out to investigate the matter. Bill listened with apparently combined interest and astonishment.

"You say you do not remember anything of this, Mr Burnfield?" inquired the doctor.

"Not a single circumstance. How could I? I can't comprehend what you mean by telling me such an absurd tale."

"We won't discuss the matter at present," said Putterton, soothingly; "it will do you no good, so rest quiet, and we will try to reconcile things another time. The doctor here will stay some days longer, and by that time I hope your condition will be much improved."

"I can stay a week or two yet," said the doctor. "I have an associate who will look after my patients in Ruby, and I am so much interested in Burnfield's case that I couldn't think of leaving now."

"But where is Barney," exclaimed Bill suddenly,—“my old partner, Barney—Barney Garran? Or was it only a dream? did I only dream that I saw him again?”

"There was a man here who

claimed to be Burnfield's old partner—the same man who overtook us at our first night's camp, two of them there were; they gave us the slip. But you said you didn't remember that trip. Well, this Barney gave us the slip again last night."

"Gone away, is he—gone away without leaving any word? Ah, I fear he hasn't reformed much; but with all his faults, I like him; he's a good fellow in many ways. So he's gone, and he was actually here—actually here," and Bill stared blankly at the floor.

"He'll turn up again probably; he is not trotting over this wilderness for nothing," observed Winmore.

The conversation dropped with this, and the subject was not again referred to. The days went by, and the strangers failing to reappear were gradually forgotten. The mine was left unworked, for Putterton and Winmore were both too much absorbed in the singular case of Chloride to settle down to mining. They occupied themselves when not busy about the cabin with rambling around the whole vicinity, and in doing so, discovered some curious ruins, which in their first haste had been completely overlooked. They took them to be relics of the Spaniards who had worked the mine, but they soon saw that the Spaniards themselves had used material from one structure to build a cabin, the ruins of which were fresh by comparison. Putterton then ascribed the remains to some prehistoric race, and interested himself in studying and measuring them. The valley had evidently been the stronghold of a numerous people; for after finding the better preserved ruins, his eye was ever on the alert, and he found traces all over the valley and amidst all the mountains round about. There were caves walled up with masonry too; and in many places the ground was

literally covered with arrow-chips and broken pottery. He resolved, on the recovery of Bill, and when his independent fortune was well assured by the mine, to devote himself to the investigation and study of the archæology of the region. Bill meanwhile persisted in being treated as Burnfield, though he went on improving physically very fast. His talk was continually of his wife and baby, and Ramapo. With the aid of a pair of shears and Winmore's razors, he succeeded in making a marked change in his appearance, declaring gravely, that excepting wrinkles, scars, and grey hair, he had not altered much after all,—a statement that amused as well as puzzled his companions. He desired to write, but the doctor forbade any mental exertion for some weeks, and compelled him instead, so soon as he was strong enough, to walk with him every day, all the time studying him closely. In response to some inquiries from Putterton, the doctor said there were numerous cases on record where persons had received blows on the head by stones, falls, &c., which had caused them to forget language, friends, and even their own names,—so that Bill's case was thus far by no means extraordinary—even the idea which he persisted in that he was altogether another man; but the radical change in his speech, and the curious coincidence at times between his assertions and the reality, made the case a singular and perplexing one.

Bill showed no signs of changing his mental condition; on the other hand, his mind seemed hourly to more firmly crystallise in its new form. The doctor concluded at length that the change would be permanent. He had known Bill for a long time, and he was sorry to think that he would know him no more as the same generous

Chloride. He thought, however, if there was any balance to Bill's present condition of mind—and there had been no evidence to the contrary—he might pass through life, for several years, perhaps, as the man whom he supposed himself to be.

One day he determined to state his conclusions to Putterton and Winmore as soon as they should return from a tramp up the Glen. Bill was lying on a blanket in the shade, comfortable and serene; and the good doctor sat beside the doorway on a bench, lost in the consideration of his singular case. The day had been a delightful one, and was near its close. The sky in the west, as the sun settled his huge bulk down beyond the edges of the cliffs, promised another of the gorgeous sunsets which had so much pleased Winmore. The intensity of the colour and reflections, spreading over the whole dome of the heavens, compelled the doctor's attention, and he gazed pensively up into the maze of dazzling cloud-forms. Sitting in this abstracted manner, he became gradually aware that there were not only moving forms in the sky, but on the earth as well; and suddenly it occurred to him that the sounds of hoofs and jingling spurs were no part of the sunset. Somewhat alarmed, he started to his feet, and was astonished to find quite a cavalcade scarcely a hundred yards off, steadily though not rapidly approaching. He quickly gave a long loud halloo, as a signal to Winmore and Putterton that they were wanted, and taking up a rifle, calmly awaited the arrival of the visitation.

His signal was answered by a shout from the foremost rider, who then spurred his horse boldly on ahead of his comrades. As he dashed up, he exclaimed, in a familiar tone—

"Why, how d'ye do agin, gents ?

Didn't spect to be yer so soon agin; but I'm tarnal glad we air, fur the sooner fur our purpose the better. We've got business yer, an' we'll camp yer fur a day or two, ef ye don't mind. We've got a party a-showin' of 'em the Smoky Hill kentry."

The doctor hesitated, and was on his guard. He scarcely knew what to do in the matter. Bill, who had arisen, stood drawn to his full height, looking sharply at two riders who, as they came up and dismounted, proved to be women. The doctor was more than ever astonished, and just had time to note that they were uncommonly good-looking, as the elder flew past him into Chloride's outstretched arms, with a joyful cry of—

"Oh, Willie! have I found you at last?"

The foremost rider quickly dismounted, and discovered something wrong with his saddle that required an astonishing amount of attention. The doctor mechanically put down his rifle as he wiped his eyes, and exclaimed—

"Wonderful! wonderful!" Then remembering his professional duties, he hastily pulled out his notebook, and made some careful entries therein, just as Putterton and Winmore arrived breathless.

"Ye'll belave me now, perhaps," said the Irishman Barney—for it was he—triumphantly.

"Yis, gents; ye'll believe Barney now, won't ye?" said the man Con.

Winmore was delighted when the younger lady thanked him for being "so kind to her poor papa;" but Putterton was completely non-plussed, and still shook his head doubtfully.

"It was all through Barney," they heard the lady say who was talking with Bill; "we never could have found you without him—could we, Nellie?"

A LITTLE CHAT ABOUT MRS OLIPHANT.

IN A LETTER FROM AN ISLAND.

DON'T bear malice, — there's a good fellow. I know perfectly what you are going to say; and every word is true — that's the worst of it. It is the simple truth that one of the most delightful books on English literature* that has been written for some years, has been lying on my table for six months, not unread indeed — for it is a book that one reads without break or pause, the interest is so skilfully sustained, and the characters are treated with such living sympathy — but without eliciting those words of welcome which Maga delights to use when one of her favourite children enters the crowded lists, and carries off the big prize, or one of the big prizes, of the day. And of all living men or women, who deserves better of Maga than Mrs Oliphant? That unwearied and facile pen has been constantly at work now for more than thirty years; even the historical pen in Castle Street which so fascinated the onlooker across the road was not more prolific; but the delightful story of 'Katie Stewart' — the first and in some respects the freshest of all her fictions † — is not yet forgotten, nor is likely to be, so long as the old Castle of Kellie keeps one stone upon another, and the blue-eyed, yellow-haired fisher lads of St Monance, launch their slim craft upon that Mare Tenebrosum which still maintains its ill-repute.

“Buy my caller herrin' —
Ye may ca' them vulgar fairin' —

Wives and mithers maist despairin'
Ca' them lives o' men,”

is a verse of an old Scottish song — not so very old by the way — which Charles Kingsley delighted to repeat; and much of its pathetic homeliness is embodied in 'Katie Stewart.' Every one, whether born in “the Kingdom,” or out of it, recognises the force and picturesqueness with which a life that has passed away is reproduced; but its essential truthfulness can be adequately appreciated by those only whose boyish horizon was rounded by Largo Law, and to whom in later years the links of St Andrews have become a sacred shrine, who belong, if not by kith and kin yet by sentiment and association, to the shrewd old Kellie stock, which David Wilkie has immortalised in his great picture of the last Lord — a picture which Titian or Velasquez would have been proud to paint; and indeed I know no Spanish Hidalgo by the one, or Venetian Doge by the other, in which so much of the high mature sagacity of a serene but vigilant Old Age has been so nobly expressed. It is probably heresy to say so, and the kindly old man himself was of the commonest Scotch type; yet there is that unmistakable distinction of style about the picture which is characteristic of the very highest work only. Wilkie with his brush, and Mrs Oliphant with her pen, have made the plain hard shrewd features of the obscure Fife folk — the lairds and the ladies, the

* The Literary History of England, 1790-1825. By Mrs Oliphant (Macmillan, 1882).

† First at least in the sense that Katie was the earliest of the heroines who made her *début* chaperoned by Maga. 'Katie Stewart' appeared during the year 1852.

farm lads and the fisher lasses—very visible to many a reader who has never been north of the Tweed; and it is to be hoped that the most bitterly Radical of Scotch counties is duly grateful for the honour that has been done it. The Fife which they have portrayed, to be sure, belonged to the good old Tory times, when the gentlemen of the shire were represented in Parliament as well as its weavers and its cotton-spinners; when there was something distinctive and idiomatic in our national character, and habits, and speech; when Scotland was a keen independent force in politics as in letters, and not a colourless reflection of the Birmingham Caucus and the Liberation Society. If we are to believe Sydney Smith, it was always difficult to get a joke into our countrymen; but of late years they have got worse and worse. Life has become “fu’ o’ sarioussness” to them as to their colliers; and even the deadly liveliness of Lord Rosebery’s jokes can only elicit a grim and bitter smile from the burgh Tadpoles and the parochial Tapers who never get “enuch o’ fechtin’”—the dreary and dismal fechtin’ of fanatical radicalism and the bigotry of dissent. It was Charles Lamb—was it not?—who said that the greatest pleasure of life was to do good by stealth, and have it found out by accident. The innocent little quip of the most delightful and whimsical of our humourists was cruelly sat upon the other night by a severe champion of the political and municipal privileges of her sex to whom I ventured to repeat it. The morality of such a sentiment appeared to her to be far from elevated,—utterly unbecoming and indefensible in short. What a change from the

lively, witty, graceless old ladies who were dear to the Dean and the Doctor!*

Katie Stewart is apt to run away with those who have loved the bright clever little woman nearly as long as they can remember; and you are still, I see, ominously silent and unconvinced. Hang it, man, when a convicted contributor goes down figuratively on his gouty knees, and clothes himself in allusive sackcloth and ashes, what more can he do? Magnanimity is a feminine virtue; but I forgive you, in the finest spirit of charity to which a male creature can attain, your uncharitable constructions. My dear fellow (—there now, that’s right—you will find these Manillas not bad, and the Sergeant’s whisky is undeniable) my dear fellow, this happy Island is just a hundred times too lovely. *And the water was wet*, Heine says in his unapproachable way; but somehow the Arran rain don’t wet us. It rains more or less every day, I suppose; but some of our finest sky and cloud effects are due to the storms which visit us from sea and mountain with praiseworthy punctuality; and it would be base ingratitude to the clerk who looks after the weather in these parts if we were to stay indoors when an almost incredible rainbow is arching Ben Ghoil, or a thunder-cloud trailing across the bay. And then when a really fine day arrives—heralded by the Loves and the Graces and the golden Hours and all the rest of them—any kind of work is distinctly out of the question. The man who can put pen to paper on such a morning is a poor creature. Don’t admit him into the sanctum. Trust him not—he is fooling thee. Whatever profes-

* Swift in one of his pieces speaks of “the Dean and the Doctor;” but *our* Dean and Doctor are of course Dean Ramsay and Dr John Brown.

sions he may make, you will discover sooner or later, that instead of being a fit comrade for the good fellows who sit down at Maga's hospitable table, he is a Birmingham communist, a Pittenweem bailie, or a member of the present Cabinet.

The charms of this Island of the Saints (and the dear creatures are splashing in the water or paddling about the rocks all day long) will be dwelt upon more fully on another occasion—you will let me sing its praises, by and by, when the proper opportunity occurs. There are one or two charming volumes on the natural history of the wild beasts and the wild birds which haunt these coasts, lying in the corner there under the waterproofs, which I would like to recommend to your attention; and I have a deal to say about white and purple heather, and filmy ferns and eider ducks, and the solans on Ailsa, and the *Phoca vitulina*, and the Duke's muckle hart, which may stand over in the meantime. But doesn't the mere table of contents make your mouth water? And do you think the readers of Maga will be able to restrain themselves till next month. On my word of honour, they won't be disappointed—though the Duke himself should ask me to shoot his choicest covers—which, by the way, he hasn't done yet. That's an oversight of course; for I have a great regard for his Grace, and don't at all go along with the Glasgow Radicals, who wish to have the island "opened up" (as they call it) by dividing it among themselves. Let us rather be thankful that there is one spot within easy hail of civilisation that is as rude and unreclaimed to-day as it was in good King Robert's day, or in the aboriginal Adam's for that matter. You are free to wander from Ben to Ben without a creature looking

at you—except the deer and the grouse. You may lie about among the heather in a hundred glens—smoking numberless pipes, and "tasting" unnumbered "trams"—without a gillie to say you nay. You may wear your shabbiest knickerbockers; and even a hat without a brim will not be the signal for social annihilation. The truth is that there is no society to speak of,—at least no such society as anybody in Glasgow out of the Saltmarket and the Gallowgate would condescend to recognise. The Duke has his friends, no doubt; and occasionally a bevy of unzoned Graces—*solutis Gratiæ zonis*—on unkempt mountain ponies startle the maidens of the villagery or flutter the dovescots of Invercloy; but there are no stuck-up autocrats of Stock Exchange or sugar market to shut you out of their "policies," and hurt, with their befizzled flunkies and gaudy trappings and the toilette of the *demi-monde*, the simplicity of our pastoral life. Long life to the Duke, say I,—and may his shadow never grow less!

These are the facts of the case, my Lord; and even the most candid of friends must admit that the evidence for the defence is complete and overwhelming. The prisoner is dismissed from the bar without a stain upon his character. So let us shake hands, and set to work. The yellow leaves are careering wildly before the October blast; the hillsides are damp and sodden; the Graces have bound up their zones, and fitted elsewhere with the swallows. There is no more to be done outside,—foxes as well as snakes having been banished from our blessed island (only among the inaccessible corries of Cashtelabel a few of them may still consort with the eagles,—but riding up there would be very rough); the grouse

have grown as shy as hawks or tinkers; and "the plaintive creatures who pity themselves on moorlands," and who are always very wideawake, are particularly so at this season. The time of the singing (and shooting) of birds is past,—the time for idly dallying with idleness, for chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancies (and there an end), for lazily flirting with the Sirens of sky and sea and meadow. So bolt the front door, Betty, and light the study fire. Winter is upon us.

Each of us has his pet ambition and his pet hero—his Napoleon, his Goethe, his William the Silent, his Cromwell, his Shakespeare. As we grow older our tastes become simpler, and I sometimes fancy now that the fame of Isaak Walton is that which I would most covet. What a safe immortality his innocent prattle enjoys! Such fame as his is altogether pure and lovely. One cannot perhaps entirely understand its persistent vitality—this fragile Nautilus on the stormy boundless Atlantic; but the conviction that it would be a thousand pities if so much mildness, and sweetness, and ineffable content with trifles were to be shipwrecked on the shore of oblivion, and lost to living men, may possibly explain it more or less. *Grata quies.* The turbid restless world is soothed and mollified by this simple picture of goodness which never changes. It is like those rustic pictures on the Urn which Keats must have seen somewhere,—what would that Urn bring at Christie's to-day, I wonder, if it could be found in Borghese Palace or elsewhere?

"Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou
canst not leave

Thy song, nor ever can those trees be
bare;

Bold Lover, never, never canst thou
kiss,

Though winning near the goal—yet, do
not grieve;

She cannot fade, though thou hast not
thy bliss,

For ever wilt thou love, and she be
fair!"

But if Isaak Walton's is something unique and out of reach, the fame of a writer like Mrs Oliphant who has done much in her long day's work to make our common life brighter and sweeter, is surely very enviable. Just think of the millions she has made happy—if for an hour only! I declare to you in all honesty, that the reputation of the great Captains who have marched with conquering banners across a continent seems to me poor and shabby in comparison. Soldiers, like Poor Laws and Prisons and the Hangman, are necessary evils: but this is the finest bloom and blossom of life, which suffices in itself and needs no justification. What a debt we owe her! How much pure pleasure she has given us! When we talk of the great benefactors of our race, let not the poor story-teller be forgotten. And during these many years of eager activity in our service, how loyal and constant she has been to truth and beauty and goodness. I do not suppose that Mrs Oliphant is one of the writers who consciously entertain or profess, what is called in the jargon of the day, "high views of the literary calling;" but it may certainly be said of her that she has never written a page which she would wish unwritten, and which is not perfectly sweet and clean and wholesome. The *nastiness* of some of our female novelists is simply amazing; it sins against art as much as against good morals and good manners; it leaves a bad taste in the mouth for weeks afterwards; yet the most prolific and the most brilliant of the Sister-

hood, who has had the widest experience and shows the clearest insight, never once fails to preserve her womanly reticence, never hurts the most shrinking modesty, never violates the finest code of honour. The value of such an example is incalculable,—it is to the England of letters what Queen Victoria (might I not add Lord Beaconsfield?) has been to that other England which, in spite of craven counsels and infatuation in high places, is still strong and of a good courage.

Mrs Oliphant is of course specifically a story-teller,—as Walter Scott and the Homer who wrote the *Odyssey* were story-tellers. There is an air of almost garrulous ease about her best work which is highly characteristic. She is not a “painful” preacher—she does not care overmuch for that curious felicity in the construction of sentences to which the Thackerays and the Matthew Arnolds attain—she does not polish her periods till they shine like old silver. We are told nowadays that Scott was no poet, and that his prose style was abominably ungrammatical. Mrs Oliphant is never so slovenly as Scott can be when he likes; but we learn when we read her books, as we do when we read his, that there is something better than style. The man who is sensitively and finically fastidious about the arrangement of words is generally good for little else. He grows weary before he gets to real business. There are whole pages of ‘*The Antiquary*’ and ‘*Quentin Durward*’ where not a single erasure or correction appears on the manuscript. Would ‘*The Antiquary*’ and ‘*Quentin Durward*’ have been what they are if the writer had been harder to please? I doubt it; and even the style would have lost something. It would have lost not merely its

easy unstudied charm, but something more—something that recalls the sough of the wind, the murmur of the sea, the plash of the waves. The ‘*Lord of the Isles*’ is said by one eminent critic to be no better than a big blunder; but the breeze blows all about it, it sparkles as the waves sparkle, and through its spontaneous unsystematic natural music there breathes the true spirit of the stormy Hebrides. Mrs Oliphant’s style at its best has something of the same outdoor charm. It belongs to the conservatory and the hothouse as little as Sir Walter’s. It does not surprise us therefore that in particular her description of natural scenery should be brightly picturesque. She does not know much of our brilliant West, with its orange and purple sunsets, across the wide Atlantic; but the bleak charm of the east of Scotland, of breezy headlands and level links, is dwelt upon and emphasised with the true artist feeling. An *édition de luxe* of ‘*Katie Stewart*’ with cuts by George Reid would be a book to prize. Her English landscape too is admirable,—the gracious wealth and richness of the midland summer—

“The moan of doves in immemorial elms
And murmur of innumerable bees”—

has seldom been rendered with more genuine joy and sympathy.

All this of course belongs more or less to the outside; but in the essential elements of her craft, Mrs Oliphant has few rivals. When we remember that, for at least thirty years, not a summer has passed without its romance in three volumes, its thrilling ghost-story, its sea-side ramble, we get some measure of the amazing fertility of her invention. And take them all in all, how good they are! There may be no Uncle Toby or

Jonathan Oldbuck among the characters; but what variety, what delicate discrimination, what a keen sense of the subtler lights and shades of human nature! She treats the male sex, it must be admitted, with habitual tolerant good-humoured contempt,—these big unwieldy awkward creatures, who are so much in the way, who don't know what to do with themselves of a wet morning, but stand about with their hands in their pockets before the fire and yawn in your face, are apt to provoke a soft breezy laughter, that after all has no malice in it,—but the girls are invariably attractive. The estimable Miss Marjoribanks (why not spell it Marchbanks at once?) who is so resolved to do her duty to her dear papa, is in many ways, to be sure, little better than a man, and is therefore regarded at first with a certain implicit suspicion; but Mrs Oliphant cannot harden her heart for long against a woman, and even Miss Marjoribanks is ultimately allowed to escape. They are none of them by any means faultless; they practice the engaging ruses, and are not

superior to the charming foibles of their sex; but yet with infinite diversity of superficial trait, how tender and gracious and womanly they are. Mrs Oliphant's ideal of English girlhood, kept constantly before us for so long, has done a world of good to our girls, who begin to see that to be loud and fast and *risqué* is essentially bad style. And the *talk*—how unaffected and natural it is—no one saying what he ought not to say, but just the right thing—never strained or rhetorical, though often nervous and sparkling, and rising at a tragic crisis to an almost monumental simplicity. There are whole passages of dialogue in the more intense and dramatic situations which for close sustained excellence of mere writing could hardly be surpassed.

Love must always be, as it has always been (from Helen of Troy to Hetty Sorrel), the main theme of the story-teller.

“Of all the follies that I know,
The sweetest folly in the world is love,”
says an old singer;* and though Mrs Oliphant sometimes treats the

* The lines are to be found in one of Aytoun's poems,—not your fast friend and so long valued contributor, William Edmonstoune,—but Sir Robert of Inchdairnie, who lived, if I remember rightly, in the reign of Charles I. The *vers de société* of that modish Muse, — though quite forgotten now — are as terse and epigrammatic as Austin Dobson's. That on the tender passion—bland, courteous, cynical, musical—is a real gem; and the readers of *Maga* at least may have a glimpse of it in passing:—

“There is no worldly pleasure here below
Which by experience doth not folly prove,
But among all the follies that I know,
The sweetest folly in the world is love;
But not that passion which with fools' consent
Above the reason bears imperious sway,
Making their lifetime a perpetual lent,
As if a man were born to fast and pray.
No, that is not the humour I approve,
As either yielding pleasure or promotion:
I like a mild and lukewarm zeal in love,
Although I do not like it in devotion;
For it has no coherence with my creed,
To think that lovers die as they pretend:
If all that say they dy, had dy'd indeed,
Sure long ere now the world had had an end.
Besides we need not love but if we please;
No destiny can force men's disposition,
And how can any die of that disease,
Whereof himself may be his own physician?”

But some seem so distracted of their wits,
That I would think it but a venial sin,
To take some of those innocents that sit
In Bedlam out, and put some lovers in.
Yet some men, rather than incur the slander
Of true apostates, will false martyrs prove:
But I am neither Ipbis nor Leander,
I'll neither drown nor hang myself for love.
Methinks a wise man's actions should be such
As always yield to reason's best advice:
Now for to love too little or too much,
Are both extrema, and all extrema are vice.
Yet have I been a lover by report,
Yea I have dy'd for love as others do,
But, prais'd be God, it was in such a sort,
That I reviv'd within an hour or two.
Thus have I liv'd, thus have I lov'd till now,
And find no reason to repent me yet;
And whosoever otherwaya will do,
His courage is as little as his wit.”

complaint more seriously, I fancy she is half inclined to agree with him. She has hardly ventured, at least except once and again, to touch its deeper chords. On the other hand it must be admitted that Love with her, even at its slightest, is always a fine and noble pastime. It is never materialised into mere animal instinct,—never made cynical sport of, as even a Thackeray could make cynical sport of it. It may be fooling; but it is tender and gracious fooling—such as befits pure maidens and wholesome lads. For none of her works appeal to the moody satirist or the cynic whose text is *Vanitas!* or only to the very gentlest of the craft; they are addressed to a simpler audience—*virginibus puerisque!*

But a story-teller who cannot invent a good story cannot after all be said to be a good story-teller. Wherein consists the excellence of a good story? That it should proceed in its development in strict obedience to natural laws—unfolding itself in the sure instinctive inevitable way in which the lily or the rose unfolds itself—is, I should fancy, the main condition of excellence. The Greek tragedians, it is supposed, rightly or wrongly, were supreme in this difficult art. The definition assumes of course that nothing abnormal, nothing extraneous, is to be introduced, and so does not cover what may be called the “grotesque” in story-telling—Don Quixote, and Tristram Shandy, and Pantagruel, which are as discursive as they are whimsical. But with this exception the definition may be accepted as tolerably comprehensive; and judged by this standard, Mrs Oliphant is, upon the whole, a first-rate story-teller. Homer sometimes nods; and so does Mrs Oliphant. The ‘Chronicles of Carlingford’ mark in various keys the highest level

she has reached; nowhere else has she given us such close and strenuous work; the picture of the reticent high-strung youthful Nonconformist divine, surrounded by the vulgar Tozers and Pigeons of the dissenting sheepfold, is humorous as well as pathetic in the highest sense; but as stories they are by no means faultless. A not inconsiderable amount of irrelevant incident is introduced, which tends to spoil the simplicity of the interest. The sensational needlewoman, and all her connections, male and female, have no business in a quiet place like Carlingford. They belong distinctly to a quite different class of fable, and the entanglements and complications they give rise to interrupt the orderly development of the relations between Vincent and his flock, and, as factors in the inevitable rupture, mar an otherwise almost perfect design.

It may be the system indeed—not Mrs Oliphant—that is to blame. That a story cannot be told except in three octavo volumes is surely a monstrous and degrading superstition. Of this malignant fetish of the book trade Mrs Oliphant (in common with many others) has been the victim. When the brains were out the man would die, and there an end; but the British novelist is denied this wholesome privilege. His work is done; his story is finished; but fifty pages of volume three remain to be written. How can he make bricks without straw? Is it surprising that the interest should flag? or that, knowing what a voyage is before him, he should economise his resources, and deal out the very smallest ration on which the crew can be kept going? It must be sorrowfully confessed that Mrs Oliphant sometimes gets the least little bit weary of her sweetest heroines; and then

perhaps she is apt to communicate a shade of her own weariness to the reader. But it is simply marvellous, all things considered, how seldom this happens,—on the contrary, from the first page to the last, what spirit! what animation! what *verve!*

While I cheerfully recognise that the imaginative force of Charlotte Brontë and George Eliot is in certain respects inimitable, I am often inclined to maintain that Mrs Oliphant is the most remarkable woman of her time. Charlotte Brontë wrote three novels before she died; a long interval separated 'Silas Marner' from 'Middlemarch,' and 'Middlemarch' from 'Daniel Deronda.' Each of these great romance writers concentrated all her faculties for months (I might say for years) upon a single work. Mrs Oliphant has never had leisure for this absorbing devotion, this almost fierce concentration. Many a year she has written three or four novels at least, to say nothing of Essay, History, and Criticism—the mere trifles of an unfrequent holiday. Yet Tozer is not far below Mrs Poyser, and pretty Rosa Elsworthy is just as naively natural and foolish as Hetty Sorrel. Had Mrs Oliphant concentrated her powers, what might she not have done? We might have had another Charlotte Brontë or another George Eliot, with something added which neither of them quite attained,—the soft gracious and winning charm of mature and happy womanhood. And this leads me to say that the pitiless and searching anatomy of 'Adam Bede' and 'Romola'—of Hetty in the one, and Tito in the other—is not so much beyond Mrs Oliphant's power, as outside her inclination. We feel that she might try it—not without fair hope of success; but that she does not care to try it. I hesitate to affirm that

this modest restraint—the womanly reticence and delicacy which refuses to probe the festering sores of humanity—is, even from the exclusively artistic point of view, an error to be condemned, though in the serene impartiality of a Goethe or a Shakespeare, there is, I suppose, something of the moral insensibility of the great surgeon who does not shrink from vivisection. The artist, however, who seeks his subjects in the pest-house and the prison incurs serious risk,—the imaginative realism of a Balzac or a Hugo being apt to degenerate into the brutal indecorum of a Zola. There is, no doubt, as wide a gulf between the anatomy of 'Adam Bede' and the anatomy of that dismal Comedy of Human life, as there is between Balzac and Zola; still they are on the same plane, and are capable of being pushed to the same conclusions by a vile and vulgar imagination. Mrs Oliphant never incurs this risk; she keeps resolutely aloof from the criminal classes—detected or undetected. From the earliest to the latest, from 'Katie Stewart' to 'The Ladies Lindores,' her books smack of the bracing and wholesome air which blows across the heather and the sea.

The sustained and serious interest of 'The Chronicles of Carlingford' entitles them to a foremost place in the long catalogue of Mrs Oliphant's writings; but considered simply as the story-teller, she is at her best, I think, in her shorter tales,—in 'Katie Stewart,' 'A Rose in June,' 'The Beleaguered City,' 'The Curate in Charge.' The readers of *Maga* are familiar with more than one of her weird and gruesome excursions into that unseen world which is so remote and yet so real. The conditions of the spiritual life have been apprehended by Mrs Oliphant with really startling vividness; and

the pathetic loneliness of the unclothed soul—separated by an invisible but impregnable barrier from all that it loves—has seldom been more sympathetically portrayed.* ‘The Curate in Charge’ is one of the simplest but most perfect of these shorter pieces. There is only the slightest scrap of narrative; but how fresh, how tender, how true to nature it is—a village idyl, in which the simple English life and the simple English landscape are touched with a softly pathetic light. It is a distinct conception—absolutely graceful—because absolutely simple—like a soap-bubble or a Greek play or a Raphael. There is nothing by the way or out of the way; nothing that does not lend itself to the progressive development of the history. If life could record itself as on a

photographer’s glass we know that this is the record which it would leave; there is the unambitious exactness, the homely sincerity, the inevitableness. And yet there is something more,—there is the imagination which realises the immense pathos of human life,—of life, that is to say, into which no special adventure or misadventure enters, but which simply as *life* is so fundamentally sad, so intrinsically a tragedy. *For what is your life? It is even a vapour that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away.*

So much for Mrs Oliphant as the novelist. But much remains to be said; for the versatility of her intellect is as remarkable as its fertility. She is not a story-teller only,—she is a critic, a biographer, a historian.† ‘The Makers of Flor-

* Except perhaps in some of the old ballads, which in this, as in other respects, are not easily distanced.

“And sad and silent was the night
That was atween thir twae,”

is an exquisite touch; so also for what I have called its “pathetic loneliness” is that wild and eerie but strangely homely dirge,—

“This ae night, this ae night,
Every night and alle,
Fire and sleet and candle light,
And Christe receive thy saule.
When thou away from hence are passt,
Every night and alle,

To Whllynmuir thou com’st at last,
And Christe receive thy saule.

If ever thou gav’st hosen and shoon,
Every night and alle,
Sit thee doun and put them on,
And Christe receive thy saule.”

But Sir Walter, here as elsewhere, and in spite of Mr Matthew Arnold, is very great:—

“Wasted, weary, wherefore stay,
Wrestling thus with earth and clay?
From the body pass away— . . .
Fear not suow-drift driving fast,
Sleet or hail or levin blast— . . .

Haste thee, haste thee, to be gone,
Earth flits fast and time draws on—
Gasp thy gasp, and groan thy groan,
Day is near the breaking.”

† In the list which follows, most of Mrs Oliphant’s reprinted works will be found; but of those which have not been separately printed—(the critical essays contributed to *Maga* alone would fill many volumes)—not even an approximate estimate can be given.

MRS OLIPHANT’S WORKS.

Adam Graeme—Agnes Hopetoun’s Schools and Holidays—Harry Muir: A Story of Scottish Life—The House on the Moor—Katie Stewart—Mrs Margaret Maitland—Lilliesleaf—Conclusion of do.—Magdalen Hepburn—Merkland—Caleb Field—The Orphans—The Quiet Heart—Sundays—The Athelings—Zaidee—Agnes—The Brownlows—Salem Chapel—Miss Marjoribanks—The Rector, and the Doctor’s Family—The Perpetual Curate—John—Madonna Mary—The Minister’s Wife—A Son of the Soil—Squire Arden—Three Brothers—Carita—Lucy Crofton—The Primrose Path—Young Musgrave—Mrs Arthur—Phœbe Junior—The Curate in Charge—Days of my Life—Heart and Cross—Whiteladies—A Rose in June—For

ence,' the 'Life of Edward Irving,' her 'Cervantes,' her 'Molière,' her 'Dante,' are brilliant contributions to literary and artistic criticism. Her sound and admirable common-sense is seldom at fault; and in her animated narrative the forgotten writers of past times become real and credible to us again. Her latest and most elaborate work in this department—'The Literary History of England from 1790 to 1825'—is also in some respects her best. It is more complete, more thorough, consistent, and sustained; and by it, I fancy, she would wish to be judged.

The revival of the literary, or at least of the poetical spirit, which took place towards the close of last century, has been much discussed of late. This revival is the real theme of Mrs Oliphant's new work; and while I agree with many of her conclusions, there are others to which I should feel inclined to indicate a more or less decided dissent. Let me say at once, however, that there are certain points on which disagreement is impossible. The dainty little cabinet pictures—that of "The Swan of Lichfield," being perhaps the choicest—which she has given us of the literary coteries of the eighteenth century, are handled with the most perfect grace and delicate effect. Her narrative of the lives of the great men to whom the larger share of her canvas is devoted, as distinct from her criticism of their writings, is extremely vivid: as *biography*, in fact, nothing could be better than

her Burns, her Cowper, her Wordsworth, her Coleridge, her Byron, her Scott. We feel that here at least the genius of the creative artist has been at work. Whether exactly accurate or not, she has formed in each case a vital conception of the character and surroundings of the man, and she brings him before us in his habit as he lived. The book is admirably arranged. Mrs Oliphant disposes her forces like a skilful general, and groups them with the eye of an artist. And when we remember that among a host of smaller men she has to introduce us to Burns, Byron, Campbell, Coleridge, Cowper, Crabbe, De Quincey, Hazlitt, Jeffrey, Keats, Landor, Moore, Scott, Shelley, Southey, Wilson, Wordsworth (all the letters of the alphabet, in fact), it will be obvious at once how much this "genius for order" conduces to the comfort of the reader. It may be added that her criticism of Wordsworth and Coleridge among poets, and of Jane Austen and Susan Ferrier among prose writers, leaves little to be desired,—is adequate as well as appreciative. I do not know where we can find anything better in its way than her rapid and brilliant sketch of the great Lake Poets:—

"Such were the two young poets who, after all preludes and symphonies were completed, opened a new and noble chapter, a great era, of poetry in England. Wordsworth brought to the sweet, and fair, and real English landscape, rediscovered with all its genial breezes and wholesome freshness by

Love and Life—The Last of the Mortimers—May—Ombra—The Story of Valentine; and his Brother—Innocent—At his Gates—The Greatest Heiress in England—Within the Precincts—He who Will not when he May—A Beleaguered City—'The Graphic,' Christmas Number, 1880—Life of Edward Irving—Francis of Assisi—Historical Sketches of the Reign of George II.—Dante, Molière, and Cervantes (3 vols. of the Series of 'Foreign Classics for English Readers')—The Makers of Florence—Dress (Art at Home Series)—Montalembert's Memoir—Caleb Field—Laird of Norlaw—Harry Joscelyn—Literary History of England 1790-1825.

Cowper, his own deeply reasoning spirit, full of lofty perception of the mysteries, and sorrows, and doubts, of nature, and a high sympathetic philosophical faculty for the solution of these doubts and mysteries. Instead of the stale moralities and reflections of which the world had grown so weary, he brought back to human nature that high vindication of the ways of God to man which Milton and his angels had held in Eden, and taking—what mattered the outside?—a poet or a peasant indifferently, expounded the agency of human sorrows in the economy of life, and put forth his hand to grasp ‘the far-off interest of tears.’ Coleridge, on the other hand, opened up all that mystic world of suggestion in which the human spirit lives conscious but bewildered, ‘the world not realised,’ the wonderful unknown to which no soul is a stranger, which no man has ever interpreted, but which, breathing mysteriously upon us in tremors of the blood and thrills of spiritual curiosity, attracts more or less every conscious soul. The mystic wanderer who has lived among the dead, and carries about the world the burden of his strange punishment: the undisclosed secret of that darkness out of which the lady who is ‘beautiful exceedingly,’ the ‘angel beautiful and bright,’ who is nevertheless a fiend, glides suddenly when the victim thinks no evil: and all the powers of the heights and the depths thus came back upon the world which had forgotten any spiritual creatures more entrancing or mysterious than the Nymphs and Muses, and those little vulgar spirits that managed Belinda’s petticoat. New voices were yet to rise, and new lights to appear, in the firmament before the epoch was accomplished, but it had come to its full and splendid beginning, with all its paths made straight and all its foundations laid, when Wordsworth and Coleridge published the ‘Lyrical Ballads,’ and came forth from their solitudes upon the world.”

There are one or two points, however, on which I am rather inclined to try conclusions with Mrs Oliphant, — her disparaging estimate

of the Eighteenth Century, for instance, as well as the precise significance of that renewal of the poetical spirit, the earliest manifestations of which it is thought are to be found in the poetry of Cowper and Burns. What in short are the characteristics of the modern Renaissance? Was it a verbal reform only? or did it indicate a new and better life?

It seems to me that the poor Eighteenth Century has been rather unfairly treated of late—not by Mrs Oliphant alone. It has been said that its poetical style and methods were stilted and artificial; and it is condemned accordingly. No ridicule can be too keen for a generation which went into raptures over Pope’s balanced couplets. But if we regard it as an age in which the rational as opposed to the romantic temper was skilfully and sedulously cultivated, it seems to me that a good deal may be said for the defence. The English literature of the Eighteenth Century reached its highest level in its *prose*. Hardly before the reign of good Queen Anne, had Englishmen obtained a perfect mastery of their mother tongue. Of course there were great prose writers before her time—the prose of Jeremy Taylor and Sir Thomas Browne is luminous and splendid—but in the mere elementary matter of constructing sentences they are often (if not as a rule) cumbrous and involved. They want ease, simplicity, and directness. Now the prose of Swift, of Addison, and of Goldsmith, is eminently easy, simple, and direct; and I do not think that we can be said to have made any appreciable advance, in these respects at least, since they wrote. The tracts which Mr Gladstone discharged at Lord Beaconsfield are not to be compared for finished invective with those which Lord Bolingbroke directed against

Walpole. But what of its poetry? The finest poetry of Pope, it may be admitted at once, is just the finest talk of the day, done into epigrammatic invective and epigrammatic eulogium. It is the didactic and rationalistic spirit of the time presented to us in a new form—the metrical. I cannot think, however, that poems which, though utterly destitute it may be of the true lyrical movement, yet represent in a not ignoble fashion, but on the contrary with the brilliant distinction of brilliant and potent pens, the great movement of a great age—its soldiers and its statesmen, its philosophy, its politics, and its social life—are unworthy of our admiration. On the other hand, let it be frankly recognised that the substance of this poetry is prose, and that it seldom or never ascends into the pure heaven of the imagination. That the poetical style of Wordsworth is more natural and unaffected than the poetical style of Pope, may be admitted even by those who doubt whether it is as natural and unaffected as (let us say) the prose of Swift and Goldsmith. So that the change which Cowper and Burns and Wordsworth effected, by substituting a more direct simplicity of speech for the French polish of their predecessors, does not go very deep—if that were all. But the change of style was only a *symptom*,—a symptom of a change of spirit. The romantic idealism which Puritanism and the Whig Revolution had crushed into country parsonages and Border peels was once more to make itself felt—not in Border ballads only. The nation which had been feeding itself for fifty, or sixty, or seventy years upon the arid husks of Whig constitutionalism, was suddenly roused by the first Pitt into the conception of a warmer and more ideal patriotism. It has been said

that Lord Chatham was almost the only man of his time who read ‘The Faery Queen;’ and it would not perhaps be over-fanciful to maintain, that to him and to what he did the renewal of our poetical life can be not remotely ascribed. But the genius of modern poetry, sole sitting by the shores of old Romance, did not draw her inspiration exclusively or even mainly from the past. She was taken possession of by a fiercer spirit, which gave fire to her imagination and intensity to her music. She represents the modern democracy as well as the medieval minstrelsy. This child of the Revolution, who might have preached a Crusade, belongs to neither age, or rather to both. She has the mystical aspirations of the one and the passionate directness of the other. What would the contemporaries of Pope have thought of such a verse as this?—

“This song was made to besung at night,
And he who reads it in broad daylight
Will never read its mystery right,
And yet—it is childlike easy.”

Of all that is here implied they knew nothing,—they were absolutely ignorant of those dim and obscure pathways of the spiritual life on which the light of common day does not shine. Yet without its mystery and its gloom, without its ideality and its romance, modern poetry would cease to be characteristic. But then a revolutionary gospel, such as democracy is, insists upon a solemn and almost monumental simplicity of feeling and directness of expression. A rotten dynasty of kings and poets might be permitted to invoke the Loves and the Graces and the Muses; but those who proclaimed that human nature was always and everywhere the same, and who saw in the meanest hind a man and a brother, had no patience for labori-

ous trifling. The tragedy of life could play itself out in a hovel as in a palace; and the characters in which it was recorded should be such as all could read. From these contrasted but interwoven influences none of the new poets escaped. The romantic force might be stronger in one, the revolutionary in another; but Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Scott, as well as Byron, Shelley, and Keats obeyed, consciously or unconsciously, and each in his own fashion, the inevitable impulse.

They are all great names to us still, however the tide of fame may ebb or flow hereafter. Mrs Oliphant has said many true and admirable things about each of them; but it strikes me that she is less than just to Scott and Keats. The greatness of Scott as a novelist, indeed, she abundantly recognises; and as against the ungracious and ungenerous carping of Carlyle she defends her mighty countryman in a passage of genuine and unanswerable eloquence. But she has allowed Mr Matthew Arnold to persuade her that Scott was "no poet," and she assures us quite gravely that Wordsworth's poem, entitled "Anecdote for Fathers" (in which the sententious parent, after putting the question a dozen times, ultimately worries his unfortunate boy into admitting that he prefers Kilve to Liswyn—

"At Kilve there was no weather-cock,
And that's the reason why")

is, compared with the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," a miracle of poetic insight. Mrs Oliphant is good enough to admit that there are "unenlightened readers who are entirely puzzled by its seeming simplicity;" and I frankly confess for my own part that I could never

exactly make out what all the pother was about. Whether the lad had a grudge against the weather-cock, or whether he simply fell back upon the weather-cock as the most obvious mode of escape from the importunities of his didactic relative, I have not yet satisfactorily determined,—though it does occasionally occur to me that in its "grand abstruseness" it may possibly belong to Lord Dundreary's well-known category of "things no fellow can understand." "How different was Scott," Mrs Oliphant goes on; "he has his perceptions too, but they throw no shadow of over-profound thought upon the sunshiny tale." So much the better, say I; especially as it was this same Scott, with his not over-profound perceptions, who wrote "Proud Maisie is in the Wood"—to say nothing of a score of others, where the "wild-wood music" is just as rare.

"Proud Maisie is in the wood,
Walking so early;
Sweet Robin sits on the bush
Singing so rarely.

'Tell me, thou bonny bird,
When shall I marry me?'
'When six braw gentlemen
Kirkward shall carry ye!'

'Who makes the bridal bed,
Birdie, say truly?'
'The gray-headed sexton
That delves the grave duly.

'The glowworm o'er grave and stone
Shall light thee steady;
The owl from the steeple sing
Welcome, proud lady.'

In a later volume Mrs Oliphant renews her complaint. Scott became as rapidly popular as Byron; but whereas Byron's is complete and lasting, "Scott's can hardly be called a *genuine* poetical fame.*"

* Vol. iii. p. 25.

“Don Juan” is, I admit, the most plastic brilliant and vigorous “criticism of life” in our language, and Sir Walter certainly could not have written “Don Juan.” In that tremendous outbreak of the cruelly wounded spirit we have, unfortunately, Byron at his best, and I cannot at all agree with Mrs Oliphant when she says that “according to all the laws of growth and development Juan should have come first and Childe Harold later.”* Compared with the mature art and the bitterly incisive insight of Don Juan, Childe Harold is absolutely boyish; and so also are the Giaours, and the Laras, and the Corsairs, and the Parasinas who took the world by storm. If Mrs Oliphant means to maintain that this sickly and monotonous refrain upon a single string is superior in any way to “Marmion,” and the “Lord of the Isles,” and “The Lady of the Lake” (with their bright and varied life and their high and martial music—as of the sound of a trumpet) all I can say is that I do not agree with her. Byron like Shelley was one of the distinctly revolutionary forces of the age—a mighty elemental force; and after a period of neglect we are again beginning to admit that he is also one of our greatest singers; but in the placid strength and garrulous simplicity of Sir Walter there is something of the Homeric calm to which Byron, restlessly and recklessly egotistical, never attained.

Nor do I think that Mrs Oliphant has formed any quite adequate conception of the immense greatness of Keats. That this apothecary’s apprentice should have given us, before he was well out of his teens, some of the most absolutely faultless poems in the lan-

guage—faultless as a shell or a crystal—does not seem to strike her as very wonderful. It is hardly too much to say that not one immature line came from his pen; that his lyrical perfection of style and form has never been excelled; that the unfinished “Hyperion” moves on in nobly sustained majestic march, until the pen is dropped with an unavailing sigh, and the poet disappears into darkness like his own dejected King of Day;—

“Then with a slow incline of his broad
breast,
Like to a diver in the pearly seas,
Forward he stoop’d over the airy shore,
And plunged all noiseless into the deep
night.”

Of those extraordinarily mature and finished poems Mrs Oliphant remarks that they are “more preludes and overtures in poetry than anything else;” and that their author is specifically “the favourite of *young* readers.” Take any stanza of the “Ode to a Nightingale,” and the inadequacy of such an estimate will be apparent at once.

“Thou wast not born for death, immortal
Bird!
No hungry generations tread thee
down;
The voice I hear this passing night was
heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown:
Perhaps the self-same song that found a
path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when
sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
The same that oft-times hath
Charmed magic casements, opening on
the foam
Of perilous seas, in faery lands, for-
lorn.”

That is not the sort of poetry popular with “young people” only;

* Vol. iii. p. 92.

that is not "more a prelude or overture than anything else;" that is performance of a kind which the most skilful and consummate art in the old world or the new has never very much surpassed.*

Mrs Oliphant is of opinion that Shelley's work is more mature than Keats's, and many critics (especially at the present moment when Shelley is being raised to a higher pedestal, and a copy of the original edition of 'Adonais' brings fifty guineas) will be ready to agree with her. In one sense the observation is just enough. Shelley, I fancy, had written his best before he died. His nature was passionate, not contemplative; and such poetry as he was capable of ripens early. But there were still vast possibilities for Keats. Had Keats been permitted to live on, it is almost certain that he would have gained steadier constructive force, and a mellow and more meditative insight. "Hyperion," the last and greatest of the "astonishing remnants of his mind," is the best proof that his poetical powers were still growing. Though each is perfect in its way, there is an immense distance between his earlier and his later work—the famous colour picture in "The Eve of St Agnes," for instance, being to my mind mere surface work when compared with the pure intellectual majesty of "Hyperion." Shelley, on the other hand, however long he had lived, would have changed little. He was too fervid, too eager, too oratorical, too passionate, too unstable to learn how to utilise his gifts. Whether his poetry might have gained greater

definiteness and a more distinctly human interest,—whether he could by-and-by have descended from the too rare air which he habitually breathed to the common earth and the common people—is also open to grave doubt; for the vagueness and obscurity of this "beautiful but ineffectual angel" were constitutional, and he would probably have gone on to the end "beating in the void his luminous wings in vain," as Mr Arnold has said with equal truth and beauty.

There is, however, hardly one of the writers I have named, about whom Mrs Oliphant does not say something that is worth remembering, and calculated to throw a new light upon the character she is discussing. Take any one of these, and consider how good it is.

This on Cowper;—

"His fits of insanity give a tragic piteousness to the story, and the extreme misery involved takes all power of judgment and wish to exercise it from the sympathetic spectator; but still the fact remains that Cowper had trained himself to incapacity, as other men do to work. . . . Individual character is far more involved in intellectual aberration than most people are disposed to admit, and it is our conviction that self-will and self-love will almost invariably be found at the bottom of such failures of the brain. . . . What we should have looked for would have been some profound and morbid study of a despairing soul; some terrible pictures like those of Job; some confusion of gloomy skies, and storms, and convulsions of nature. That anatomy of the heart which he gives us in his various narratives of his own feelings—that minute dissection of quivering nerve and tissue—would have been what we should have looked

* Since the text was written, I find Mr Palgrave says finally in a note to 'The Golden Treasury,'—"If the fulfilment may ever safely be prophesied from the promise, England appears to have lost in Keats one whose gifts in poetry have rarely been surpassed. Shakespeare, and Milton, and Wordsworth, had their lives been closed at twenty-five, would (so far as we know) have left poems of less excellence and hope than the youth who, from the petty school and the London Surgery, passed at once to a place with them of 'high collateral glory.'"

for in his poetry. But lo, when the moment came, and the prophet was softly persuaded and guided into the delivery of his burden, it was no such wild exposition of the terrors and pangs of the soul that came to his lips. These heavy vapours melted and dispersed from the infinite sweet blueness of the heavens: he forgot himself as if he had never been—and forgot all those miseries of the imagination, those bitter pangs and sorrows, the despair and darkness through which he had stumbled blindly for years. A soft and genial freedom entered into his soul, involuntary smiles came to him, light to his eyes, and to his steps such wandering careless grace, such devious gentle ways, as no one had dreamed of."

Or this on Scott;—

"He loved the feudal rule, the supremacy of the gentleman, the superiority of race. He was an Edinburgh advocate, a member of a conventional society, very racy and strong, but eminently individual, and with the most marked character and limits. What was it then that made him conceive in homeliest simplicity such a being as that of Jeanie Deans, and set her above all the prettinesses of sentiment, by the side, as we have said, of the *Únas* and *Mirandas*? . . . What would any commoner soul have made of it? Victor Hugo's Sister Simplicie,—she who was the impersonation of truth,—lied when the moment of trial came, to save the fugitive, and was blessed and applauded for the deed. But noble Jeanie, in her Scotch severity, and purity, and infinite tenderness, was incapable of this. She could have died easily, but to lie she could not. What we should have said of her if she had not been capable of doing more,—if she had not had the fortitude and the spirit to break through all her habits and modest fears, and win by fair means what she could not attain by foul,—it is difficult to say. Should we have forgiven Jeanie if Effie had died? But, anyhow, the best that art has made of such a situation in other hands is downfall: the impersonation of virtue has always abandoned her austere career. As soon as the claims of generosity, of mercy, came in, Truth

herself has stained her white garments, and the lie has been justified by being called heroic. Only to Scott—who, thus stabbed in the house of his friends, has been accused of having no noble object, no thought of anything but money in his productions,—only to Scott was the higher grace revealed."

Or this on Blake's poetry;—

"'The Songs of Innocence' and 'Songs of Experience' were both the productions of his youth, most artless, sometimes most sweet—striking accidental melodies out of the simplest words, out of an idea half suggested, a sentiment of the ineffable sort, such as an infant, new out of the unseen, might give utterance to, could it give utterance at all. The reader is struck silent by the surprise of the little verse, a sort of babble, yet divine, which is beyond all dogmas of criticism or art, and yet touches the soul with a momentary soft contact as of angels' wings: nay, it is a silly angel, one might suppose a spoiled child of heaven, petted for its tender foolishness, as sometimes a child is on earth, but yet in its way celestial. The little snatches of verses should be sung by children in fair spring landscapes, among the new-born lambs, or under the blossoming trees, but to criticise them as literary productions is impossible; it would be a kind of offence to simplicity and innocence. Sometimes, indeed, there strikes in suddenly a stronger note, as, when after all that ethereal babble of lambs, and flowers, and little children, the dreamer, in his bewildered Arcadia, suddenly dreams of a Tiger—and running off in his wonder into a few wild glowing stanzas, asks suddenly, *Did He who made the lamb make thee?*"

All this is admirable criticism as well as sound sense and true feeling; and if the magnificent young lions of the London press who bestow their lofty patronage on Mrs Oliphant—assuring her with charming candour that her work is really very fair *for a woman*—will send you anything half as good, there is just a chance that it won't be pitched into the Balaam-box,—

where, I take it, their modest contributions have hitherto gone.

The revival of the romantic and democratic spirit which I have tried to describe was happily not allowed to make much way before it encountered keen and even truculent criticism. The enthusiasm of a religious is not more certain to lead to excess than the enthusiasm of a poetical revival. Francis Jeffrey, who was the literary autocrat of his time, has of late received scant courtesy, and considerably less than justice. The deft little man is assured by our æsthetic youth that he was entirely mistaken about most things. He might possibly have passed muster during the eighteenth century; but he was decidedly out of place in a great age of English poetry. I am rather inclined to hold that it was fortunate both for himself and for the poetical fry, small and great, that he lived when he did. The new gospel had a vein of extravagance in it,—to say nothing of its fantastic humours, its self-sufficiency, its petulance, its pomposity. The wicked little sprite of the ‘Edinburgh’ treated the big serious creatures, whose gambols were certainly more elephantine than feline—recalling Caliban rather than Ariel—with a good deal of mocking irreverence. This is sacrilege! was the cry of their devotees; but upon the whole it did them good. In letters as in politics there are fortunately always two parties among us,—her Majesty’s Opposition as well as her Majesty’s Ministers; and the Devil’s Advocate is a useful functionary elsewhere than at Rome. If the

world had gone stark mad about Peter Bell and the Idiot Boy, it might possibly have failed to appreciate even to-day the sweet and serious music of the greater lyrics. The revolution of course was inevitable; Jeffrey could as little stay it with his sharp pen as Mrs Partington the Atlantic with her mop; but shrewd incisive criticism like his steadies the mind, rebukes excess, prevents revolt from rising into a reign of terror, and culminating in a Danton or a Robespierre.

So much ‘Maga’ will generously allow me to say on behalf of her old enemy; but it would be ungrateful to forget that the sympathetic criticism of his great rival, John Wilson, was upon the whole more permanently and steadily effective. Many harsh and even savage things were said by him as by others. There used to be an amicable controversy whether ‘Blackwood’ or the ‘Quarterly’ had killed John Keats; but Wilson loved Wordsworth and the cause that Wordsworth represented, and stood stoutly by him till victory was sure. His passionate advocacy was latterly irresistible; and it deserved to succeed as it did,—for though vehement, it was not irrational, and in his eager and at times tumultuous ardour, there is the keenness of the critic as well as the insight of the poet.

Here I might say Good-bye to Mrs Oliphant, were it not that there is one other incidental matter which she discusses when discoursing of the founders of ‘Maga’* and the ‘Edinburgh,’ on which, before the

* The sterling sense and shrewdness of the large-hearted and long-headed Scotsman who started ‘Maga’ are, I am glad to observe, cordially recognised by Mrs Oliphant:—

“But it is curious beyond measure to see the wary and keen man of business, the astute publisher-editor behind these riotous spirits, holding them in an invisible leash, yet, with bold calculation, allowing them to go to the very verge of the impossible, to endanger his purse and risk his venture, just shaving the hem

post closes, I would like to add a last word,—the merit or demerit of *anonymity* in periodical writing. Mrs Oliphant remarks:—

“The principle lingers still in some regions, and specially in the only great literary organ which still has its headquarters in Edinburgh. In our own days a different canon has begun to be supreme; but we cannot help reverting with approval to the earlier idea. It is true that in the chief circles of literature there is never any great uncertainty as to whose is the hand that administers chastisement, but we believe that criticism is always most free, both for praise or blame, when it is anonymous, and that the verdict of an important publication, whether it be review as in those days, or newspaper as in our own, is more telling, as well as more dignified, than that of an individual, whose opinion, in nine cases out of ten, becomes of inferior importance to us the moment we are acquainted with his name.”

This is fairly well put; but it seems to me that one paramount consideration, which entirely justifies the practice, has been hitherto overlooked. The function of criticism is to promote and consolidate a sound public judgment on art, letters, and politics; and the critic who has any other aim must be essentially frivolous. So that the question really resolves itself into this,—In what form is criticism, as an educational force, most effective? Is it well that no restraint should be placed upon the license of individual opinion? Or is it better that the individual should become, so to speak, a member of a venerable corporation, which re-

fuses to give expression to personal lawlessness and caprice, and subordinates the fugitive likes and dislikes of its members to a common tradition? The French Academy, it is maintained by some, has secured a standard of taste for France. That may or may not be; but our experience in this country certainly seems to me to show that when the principle of anonymity is dispensed with, criticism is apt to lose its continuity as a consistent expression of political or literary faith, and to become arbitrary and personal. The community of judgment and feeling which long and close association produces is in itself a good thing. Upon the whole we may expect a sounder verdict from men who have voluntarily submitted themselves to the discipline and self-restraint, in opinion as in conduct, which such association implies, than from a scratch crew of “outsiders” casually brought together. It may be argued that a writer who does not say exactly what he means is a dishonest writer, and that anonymity is thus a cloak for dishonesty. But we know that this is not true,—a writer naturally gravitating to the camp in which he finds the companions with whom he has most in common, and discovering sooner or later that “the weight of too much liberty” is a heavy and unfruitful burden of which it is well to be relieved.

This of course is only one side of a question which will require by-and-by to be maturely reconsidered. But even the advocates of the ex-

and thin edge between ruin and victory. Had this license gone a hair's-breadth farther ‘Blackwood’s Magazine’ would probably have been a six months’ wonder, and ended in a crowd of prosecutions for libel, or perhaps in horsewhippings and duels, which were the wilder fashions of the day. But by some instinct which is incommunicable, and as capricious as genius itself, the daring but unseen guide divined the limit. He was aware that

‘Desperate valour oft made good
Even by its daring venture rude,
Where prudence might have failed.’”

periment appear to be losing heart. Throughout Mr Morley's Valedictory Address the other day there was a note of discouragement. The sanguine hopes had not been realised—the grand Reform had more or less failed. Mr Morley could not of course speak out his mind with perfect frankness; but 'Maga' can do so with a clear conscience. And, if I am not mistaken, her verdict will be, that from every point of view the practice is demoralising. It demoralises the editor—it demoralises the staff. The quality of the supply must become a quite subordinate consideration with an editor who is mainly occupied in hunting up social or political celebrities. Angling for an Archbishop or running into a Duke is not a very dignified occupation; yet in the circumstances in which he is placed, he can hardly be blamed if he prefer an article signed by a Duke or an Archbishop to an article signed by Jones or Smith. Jones and Smith, as it happens, are practised literary artists; but it is big *names* that are needed; and so the really capable craftsmen are thrust aside. Nor need he be restrained by any oppressive sense of responsibility; for the responsibility—the main if not the sole responsibility—confessedly rests with the writer, who comes forward in his own proper person to make his bow to the public. The editor of such a publication, indeed, virtually abdicates the functions of an editor, and becomes little better than the itinerant showman who stands at the door

of his caravan of dwarfs and giants and two-headed babies to take the money. And if the system is injurious to honest and hard-working craftsmen who have already earned a modest reputation in the inner circle of literature, how must it operate in the case of the beginner, who has still his reputation to establish? Until a man has obtained some sort of distinction, it is in vain for him to apply at a shop where the only certificate of fitness is notoriety; and it is no exaggeration to say that, under such a system, three-fourths of the men who have made 'Maga' famous, and themselves famous through 'Maga,' would never have had a chance.

The Romantic School still maintains its ascendancy; but how long it may do so, who can tell? The younger men have really more in common with Pope than with Wordsworth. Belinda is resuming her airy empire, and honest Peter Bell is dismissed, if not with derision, yet with a pretty distinct intimation that he had better try his hand at honest work. The rising generation is falling away from the prophets; we are gently and daintily (for of course anything like violence is bad form) putting Carlyle and Ruskin aside. An age of Epigram and Table-talk, of Little Comedies and Ballades in Blue China, is before us. The modish Cupid of the day will shrill his tinsel shaft, and the rustle of Belinda's brocaded petticoat sound sweeter in courtly ears than song of thrush or skylark.

THE LADIES LINDORES.—PART X.

CHAPTER XXXI.

NEXT day the country-side far and near thought and talked of nothing but the fatal accident at Tinto, which was such a public event as moved everybody. There was no figure in the district more widely known than that of Pat Torrance on his black mare, a powerful horse and powerful man, looking as if they could defy every power of nature; and it thrilled every village far and near, every lone farm-steading and cluster of cottages for miles round, to be told that Black Jess and her master had both been ended by one false step, and that Pat Torrance, strong and rich and potent as he was, had died the death of a dog, unaided, unseen. The news ran from village to village like the fiery cross—everywhere expanding into new details and a deeper and deeper horror of description. First the bare fact, then all these additional circumstances, making it more and more visibly evident to every excited listener, filled the air. Each new passer-by was like a new edition of a newspaper, and had heard something more. How the two bodies had been found, horse and man; how Tinto had been warned over and over again of the danger of the Scaur, and would listen to no advice on the subject, but insisted on leaving it as it was, either for the sake of the view (though it was little he was heeding about views), or for the brag, which was more likely; and how he was got up with much trouble, and carried in dead to his own house, which he had left in all his pride an hour or two before. What ground for reflection upon the vicissitudes of life

was here! There was not a group of two or three people anywhere but one at least would shake the head and lift up the voice of wisdom, bidding the others note how in the midst of life we were in death. And when this first horror was exhausted, there ensued the brief summing up of character and life, the rapid history in which our neighbours epitomise us as soon as we are ended. There were no illusions on the subject of wild Pat Torrance; but on the whole he fared well in the hands of the rude country-folk, whose taste was not fine enough to be offended by his roughnesses. In spite of all his vices and extravagances, he had a certain good-fellowship with his inferiors in position, a rough familiarity of address which passed for kindness, and conciliated the common mind. On every side the wild incidents of his youth were recalled, not unkindly. "Eh, poor Tinto, poor fallow! I mind when he was a young lad—" the commentators began on every side. And the women concluded that perhaps if he had gotten a wife more like himself, things might have been different. The rural imagination accepted him as he was, with many a sage reflection, but little censure on the whole—winding up the story of his feats and frolics, his stormy, wild career, with a big rustic sigh for the ploughboy-gentleman, the rude Laird who was so near to them. The tragedy was as complete and typical as the primitive historian could desire. And the man who would take no warning, but kept the dangerous spot unguarded that he might get his

death on it, was as broad an example of human rashness and blindness as could have been selected. Wild Pat Torrance, poor fallow! It was just the end which everybody might have expected, it was allowed on all hands.

But presently there arose a chill whisper, like the first creeping upward of an east wind, bringing greyness and blight over earth and sky. Who can say how this atmospheric influence rises, which one moment is not, and the next has covered the country with an ungenial chill? It was the same with this moral cloud, which came, nobody knew from whence, nor how, rising in a moment. The origin of it could not be brought home to any individual, but there it was. After all, how could it be that Black Jess, used to every step of the way, went over the Scour? In a moment the tide of popular comment changed, and those who had pointed out the awful justice of fate by which Pat Torrance had been made to bring about his own fate by his obstinacy, began to say that so bold a rider never could have lost his life on so well known a road—without foul play. Accident! how could it be accident, without some human hand to help? It was not till the second morning that this development of the tragedy came; and it took the whole of that day to establish the connection—which flashed upon the general mind like lightning at last—between John Erskine's torn sleeve and dishevelled appearance and the fate of Torrance. John Tamson swore with angry oaths afterwards that it was not from him the tale came; but others had seen young Dalrulzian, flushed and muddy, coming from the gate of Tinto on that eventful afternoon; and when the community began to think it over and compare notes, nothing could be more natural than

the conclusion to which they came. If the original news had flown over the country like the war-signal of the old clans, this was like the spreading of a sheet of flame—it burst out at point after point after the merest touch of contact. Young Dalrulzian was little known. The country knew no stories of his youth to endear him. He had been brought up far away. He was an Englishman, almost an alien. And Tinto, it was well known, was rough of speech, and “couldna bide” the dainty and delicate. What if they met in the wood; what if there had been a struggle—if the weaker man who had no chance against the stronger had seized Black Jess by the bridle, and driven the high-spirited animal frantic? The groups who had been recalling all the old stories of Tinto, now changed like magic into little committees of accusation, with their heads close together, framing their indictment. The question was given against John Erskine all over the country before the ending of the second day.

There is no coroner's inquest in Scotland. When a death is attended by doubtful circumstances, the procedure is slower and more elaborate, and private individuals are reluctant to move in a matter so painful. But yet the atmosphere of suspicion and popular condemnation stole into Dalrulzian as it had crept over the whole country. It conveyed itself to the supposed criminal himself in a subtle sense of something wrong. He had not a notion what it was—neither did he know at first that it was he who was the object disapproved of; but it was impossible not to feel that something was wrong. The aspect of Rolls himself, conjoined with his extraordinary behaviour on the night of Torrance's death, was remarkable enough to excite alarm. The old

servant seemed to have grown ten years older in a single night. His face was furrowed with deep lines, his shoulders bowed, his step tottering. The pathos and earnestness of the looks which he bent upon his young master were indescribable. The air, half critical half paternal, with which he had been wont to regard him, was gone. He no longer interfered in every arrangement with that sense of superior wisdom which had amused John from the moment of his arrival. All the humour of the situation was over. Intense gravity, almost solemnity, was in the countenance of Rolls; he was constantly on the watch, as if he expected unwelcome visitors. Beaufort, who was not given to mirth, was roused out of his gravity by the melancholy aspect of Methusaleh, as he called him. "One would think your servants expected you to be carried off to prison for high treason," he said, laughing—for Rolls was not the only one in the house who regarded John with these alarmed and solemn eyes. Bauby, who on ordinary occasions had nothing but a broad smile and look of maternal admiration for her young master, was continually visible, gazing at him from unexpected corners with her apron at her eyes. When he asked her if she wanted anything with him, she would murmur, "Oh, Mr John!" and cry. The other maids supporting her behind, fled from his presence. The gardener regarded him with a sort of stern inquiry when he passed carrying his basket of vegetables to the house. John was disturbed, as a man of sympathetic nature cannot help being disturbed, by this curious atmosphere of discomfort. He could not tell what it was.

Beaufort was not an inspiring companion for a man thus perplexed and confounded. To find him-

self in the district where Carry lived, to be in her neighbourhood, yet separated from her as by walls of iron, impressed his languid mind with a deeper shade of that sentimental consciousness which was habitual to him. Her name had not yet been mentioned between the friends; but Beaufort walked about the country roads in a constant state of expectation, feeling that every carriage he heard approaching might reveal to him the face which he longed yet feared to see. And for the first three or four days this was all the entertainment which John provided for his friend. He was full of embarrassment as to the situation altogether. Lady Lindores and Edith were, he had heard, at Tinto, where he could not disturb them; and he felt no inclination to make his appearance at Lindores in their absence. Torrance's death and Beaufort's presence seemed, indeed, to place impossible barriers between him and them. It would have been sufficiently uncomfortable, he had felt, to produce his friend there in the lifetime of Carry's husband; but to present him now, when so unexpectedly, so tragically, Carry was once more free, became an impossibility. In every way John felt himself paralysed. The air affected him, he could not tell how. He took his companion out walking all over the country, and drove him to long distances in his dogcart, but introduced him to no one, nor ever went to any other house. And nobody called during this curious interval. The two men lived like hermits, and talked of their old comrades and associations, but never of the new. John even answered Beaufort's question about Tinto, which was one of the first points in the landscape which attracted his curiosity, without telling him of the tragedy which had happened there.

“It belongs to the Torrances,” he had said abruptly, and no more. It did not seem possible to tell Beaufort that her husband was dead. Troublesome as his coming was at any time, it seemed almost an immodest intrusion now; and John was disturbed and harassed by it. His mind was sufficiently troubled and uneasy on his own account; and this seemed like an odious repetition, intensification of his own circumstances. Two unfortunate lovers together, with the two ladies of their choice so separated from them, though so near; and now this utterly bewildering and distracting new element brought into the dilemma, throwing a wild and feverish gleam of impious possibility on what had been so impossible before. He could not speak of it: he could not breathe Edith’s name or Carry’s into the too sympathetic, anxious ear of his friend. He held him at arm’s-length, and talked of Dick and Tom and Harry, the comrades of the past, but never of what was so much more deeply interesting and important to both of them now.

“Look here, Erskine,” said Beaufort; “I thought you were seeing a great deal of—your neighbours: and that Millefleurs would have come to me before now. I shall have to send him word I am here.”

“To be sure. I had forgotten Millefleurs,” said John. “You forget I only knew of your coming a few hours before you arrived.”

“But I thought—people in the country see so much of each other generally.”

“They have been—engaged—with family matters,” said John.

“Do you mean to say it is all settled?—and that Millefleurs is to marry—”

“I know nothing about marrying,” cried John, harshly; and then, recollecting himself, he added,

in a subdued tone, “There can be nothing of that sort going on at present. It is death, not marriage, that occupies them now.”

Beaufort opened his languid eyes and looked with curiosity in his friend’s face. “Is it so? Yet Millefleurs stays on. That looks as if very intimate relations had been established, Erskine.”

“Does it? I don’t know what relations have been established,” John said, with visible impatience. And he got up and went out of the room abruptly, breaking off all further discussion. Beaufort sent a note to his pupil that evening. It was the fourth or fifth day after his arrival. “I made sure I should have seen you, or I would have let you know my whereabouts sooner,” he wrote. He was himself oppressed by the atmosphere round him, without knowing why. He had expected a genial Scotch house, full of company and life, with something of that exaggeration of fancy which had made Dalrulzian so wonderfully disappointing to John himself—a house where, amid the movement of lively society, his own embarrassing position would have been softened, and he might even have met his former love in the crowd without special notice or more pain than was inevitable. But he seemed to have dropped instead into a hermitage, almost into a tomb.

Millefleurs made his appearance next morning, very grave too, as everybody seemed in this serious country, and with none of his usual chirruping confidence. “I never guessed you were here,” he said; “everything of course, at Lindores, is wrapped in gloom.”

“There has been a death—” said Beaufort.

“A death!—yes. Has not Erskine told you? A tragedy: nothing so terrible has happened here for ages. You’ve heard, Erskine,” he

said, turning round suddenly upon John, who was in the background, "that there are suspicions of foul play."

John came forward into the light; there was embarrassment and annoyance in his face. "I have said nothing to Beaufort about it—he did not know the man—why should I? What did you say there were suspicions of?"

Millefeurs looked him full in the face, with a curious direct look, and answered, with a certain sternness, oddly inappropriate to his cast of countenance, "Foul play."

John was startled. He looked up with a movement of surprise, then returned Millefeurs's gaze with a mingled expression of astonishment and displeasure. "Foul play!" he said; "impossible!"—then added, "Why do you look at me so?"

Millefeurs did not make any reply. He turned to Beaufort, who stood by puzzled, looking on. "I ought not to stay," he said; "but Lord Lindores seems to wish it, and there are some things to be settled; and I am very much interested besides. There is no coroner in Scotland, I hear. How will the investigation be managed?" he said, turning to John again.

"Lord Millefeurs," said John, who was not unwilling, in his general sense of antagonism and annoyance, to pick a quarrel, "your look at me requires some explanation. What does it mean?"

There was a moment's silence, and they stood opposite to each other, little Millefeurs's plump person, with all its curves, drawn up into an attitude of dignity, his chubby countenance set, while John looked down upon him with an angry contempt, merging towards ridicule. The group was like that of an indignant master and schoolboy; but it was evident that the schoolboy meant defiance.

"It means—just such an inter-

pretation as you choose to give it," said Millefeurs.

"For heaven's sake," said Beaufort, "no more of this! Millefeurs, are you out of your senses? Erskine, you must see this is folly. Don't make up a quarrel out of nothing."

John made a distinct effort to control himself. "To me it appears nothing," he said; "I cannot even guess at any meaning that may be in it; but Millefeurs means something, Beaufort, as you can very easily see."

At this moment Rolls put his head in at the door. "It's Sir James Montgomery come to see you. I have showed him into the drawing-room, for it's on business," the old man said. He was standing behind the door when John came out, and his master could not help remarking that he was trembling in every limb. "The Lord help us a'! you'll be cautious, sir," Rolls said.

John, in his perplexity and gathering wonder, seized him by the arm. "In God's name, Rolls, what do you mean?"

"Swear none, sir," said the old servant—"swear none; but oh, be cautious, for the love of God!"

John Erskine walked into the room in which Sir James awaited him, with a sense of wonder and dismay which almost reached the length of stupefaction. What did they all mean? He had not a clue, not the faintest thread of guidance. Nothing had in his own thoughts connected him even with the tragedy at Tinto. He had been doubly touched and impressed by it in consequence of the fact that he had seen the unfortunate Torrance so short a time before; but that he could, by the wildest imagination, be associated with the circumstances of his death, did not occur to him for a moment. The idea did not penetrate his mind even now, but he felt that there was

some shadow which he could not penetrate lying upon him. A blinding veil seemed thrown over his faculties. There was a meaning in it, but what the meaning was he could not tell. He went in to his new visitor with a confusion which he could not shake off, hoping, perhaps, that some sort of enlightenment might be got through him. Sir James was standing against one of the windows, against the light, with his hat in his hands. His whole attitude told of embarrassment and distress. He made no movement as if intending to sit down—did not step forward heartily, as his custom was, to enfold John's hand in his own with cheerful cordiality, but stood there against the light, smoothing his hat round and round in his hand. It petrified John to see his old friend so. He went up as usual with outstretched hand, but Sir James only touched the tip of his fingers with an embarrassed bow. Instead of his usual genial aspect, he half averted his face, and kept his eyes on his hat, even when he spoke.

"Mr Erskine," he said, with hesitation, "I came to see you. I mean, I wanted to have some little conversation with you, if you have no objections—about—about this sad affair."

"What sad affair?" John was bewildered, but still more angry than bewildered. What was the meaning of it all? Was the entire world in a conspiracy against him?

"Sir," said the old general, giving him one look of reproof, "such events are not so common in our quiet country-side that there should be any doubt as to what I mean."

"Unless what you mean is to drive me distracted"—cried John. "What is it? First Millefleurs, then you! In heaven's name, what do you mean? What have I done,

that your aspect is changed—that you speak to me like a stranger, like a culprit, like— Speak out, by all means! What is this sad affair? In what way have I wronged any man? Why should my friends turn upon me, and call me Sir, and Mr Erskine? What have I done?"

"I wish to judge no man," said Sir James; "I wish to act in the spirit of charity. It was the opinion, not only of myself—for I have not that much confidence in my own judgment—but the opinion of two or three gentlemen, well-judging men, that if I were to make an appeal to you in the matter, to implore you in confidence—that is, if there is any explanation that can be given. We are all inclined to that view. I may seem harsh, because my heart is just sick to think of it; but we are all inclined to believe that an explanation would be possible. Of course, it is needless to say that if there is no explanation, neither the law permits, nor would we wish to lead, any one to criminate himself."

"Sir James," said John, "you have made me a strange speech. There is a great deal of offence in it; but I do not wish to notice the offence. Speak out! I know no dreadful event that has happened in the country but poor Torrance's death. Do you mean to tell me that you suspect *me* of having any hand in that?"

Sir James looked up at him from the hat which he was pressing unconsciously in his hands. His countenance was full of distress, every line moving, his eyes moist and agitated. "My poor lad!" he said, "God knows, we're all ready to make allowances for a moment's passion! A man that has been hurried by impulse into a sudden step—that has conse-

sequences he never dreamt of,—he will sometimes try to hide it, and make it look far worse—far worse! Openness is the only salvation in such a case. It was thought that you might confide in me, an old man that has ever been friendly to you. For God's sake, John Erskine, speak out!"

"What do you suppose I can have to say?" said John, impressed, in spite of himself and all his instinctive resistance, by the anxious countenance and pleading tones of the kind old man who had been charged with such an office. He was so much startled and awed by the apparent consent of so many to attribute something to him—something which he began dimly to divine without even-guessing how far public opinion had gone—that the colour went out of his cheeks, and his breath came quick with agitation. Such signs of excitement may be read in many ways. To Sir James they looked like remorseful consciousness and alarm.

"We are all very willing to believe," he said, slowly, "that you took the beast by the bridle, perhaps in self-defence. He was an incarnate devil when he was roused—poor fellow! He would have ridden a man down in his temper. You did that, meaning nothing but to hold him off—and the brute reared. If you had raised an alarm then and there, and told the circumstances, little blame, if any, could have been laid on you. Silence was your worst plan—your worst plan! That's the reason why I have come to you. You took fright instead, and hurried away without a word, but not without tokens on you of your scuffle. If you would open your heart now, and disclose all the circumstances, it might not be too late."

John stood gazing speechless, re-

ceiving into his mind this extraordinary revelation with an almost stupefying sense of how far the imagination had gone. What was it his countrymen thought him guilty of? Was it murder—*murder*? The light seemed to fail from his eyes for a moment; his very heart grew sick. He had time to run through all the situation while the old man laboured slowly through this speech, hesitating often, pausing for the most lenient words, anxiously endeavouring to work upon the feelings of the supposed culprit. With horror and a sudden panic, he perceived how all the circumstances fitted into this delusion, and that it was no mere piece of folly, but a supposition which might well seem justified. He remembered everything in the overpowering light thus poured upon the scene: his torn coat, his excitement—nay, more, the strong possibility that everything might have happened just as his neighbours had imagined it to have happened. And yet it had not been so; but how was he to prove his innocence? For a moment darkness seemed to close around him. Sir James's voice became confused with a ringing in his ears; his very senses seemed to grow confused, and failed him. He heard the gasp in his own throat to get breath when silence ensued—a silence which fell blank around him, and which he maintained unconsciously, with a blind stare at his accuser's most gentle, most pitying countenance. How like it was to the scare and terror of blood-guiltiness suddenly brought to discovery!

But gradually this sickness and blankness cleared off around him like a cloud, and he began to realise his position. "Sit down," he said, hoarsely, "and I will tell you every particular I know."

CHAPTER XXXII.

Left to themselves, Millefleurs and Beaufort stood opposite to each other for a moment with some embarrassment. To have anything to do with a quarrel is always painful for the third person; and it was so entirely unexpected, out of the way of all his habits, that Beaufort felt himself exceptionally incapable of dealing with it. "Millefleurs," he said, with hesitation, "I don't understand all this. That was a very strange tone to take in speaking to—a friend."

He felt for the first time like a tutor discharging an uncomfortable office, knowing that it must be done, yet that he was not the man to do it, and that of all the youthful individuals in the world, the last person to be so lectured was Millefleurs.

"Naturally you think so. The circumstances make all the difference, don't you know," said Millefleurs, with his ordinary composure. "And the situation. In 'Frisco it might not have been of any great consequence. Helping a bully out of the world is not much of a crime there. But then it's never hushed up. No one makes a secret of it: that is the thing that sets one's blood up, don't you know. Not for Torrance's sake—who, so far as I can make out, was a cad—or poor Lady Car's, to whom it's something like a deliverance——"

"Torrance!" cried Beaufort, with a gasp. "Lady—Car! Do you mean to say——"

"Then——" said Millefleurs, "he never told you? That is a curious piece of evidence. They do things straightforward in Denver City—not like that. He never spoke of an event which had made the country ring——"

"Torrance!" repeated Beaufort, bewildered. The world seemed all to reel about him. He gazed at

his companion with eyes wide opened but scarcely capable of vision. By-and-by he sat down abruptly on the nearest chair. He did not hear what Millefleurs was saying. Presently he turned to him, interrupting him unconsciously. "Torrance!" he repeated; "let there be no mistake. You mean the man—to whom Carry—Lady Caroline—was married?"

Millefleurs fixed upon him his little keen black eyes. He recalled to himself tones and looks which had struck him at the moment, on which he had not been able to put any interpretation. He nodded his head without saying anything. He was as keen after any piece of human history as a hound on a scent. And now he was too much interested, too eager for new information, to speak.

"And it happened," said Beaufort, "on Thursday—on the day I arrived?" He drew a long breath to relieve his breast, then waved his hand. "Yes; if that is all, Erskine told me of it," he said.

"You have something to do with them also, old fellow," said Millefleurs, patting him on the shoulder. "I knew there was something. Come along and walk with me. I must see it out; but perhaps we had better not meet again just now—Erskine and I, don't you know. Perhaps I was rude. Come along; it is your duty to get me out of harm's way. Was there anything remarkable, by the way, in the fact that this happened just when you arrived?"

Beaufort made no reply; he scarcely heard, so violently were his pulses beating in his ears, so high was the tide of new life rising in his veins. Who can think of the perplexities, even the dangers, of another, when something unpar-

alleled, something that stirs up his very being, has happened to himself? But he allowed himself to be led out into the open air, which was a relief—to the road leading to Lindores, from which they soon came in sight of Tinto dominating the country round from its platform. Millefleurs stopped at the point where this first came in view, to point out how high it rose above the river, and how the path ascended through the overhanging woods. The Scaur itself was visible like a red streak on the face of the height. "You can see for yourself that horse or man who plunged over that would have little hope," Millefleurs said. But Beaufort did not hear him. He stood and gazed, with a sense of freedom and possibility which went to his head like wine. Even the ordinary bonds of nature did not seem to hold him. His mind seemed to expand and float away over the wide country. Of all people in the world he was the last who could cross that distance actually, who could present himself to the lady there—the widow—the woman who had married Torrance. He could not offer his services or his sympathy to Carry; he alone of all the world was absolutely shut out from her, more than a stranger: and yet he stood gazing at the place where she was, feeling himself go out upon the air, upon the empty space, towards her. The sensation dizzied his brain and bewildered all his faculties. Millefleurs flowed on, making a hundred remarks and guesses, but Beaufort did not hear him. He would have said afterwards, that as he never spoke, it was impossible he could have betrayed himself. But he betrayed himself completely, and something more than himself, to the keen little eyes of Millefleurs.

The day passed as days full of agitation pass—looking long, protracted, endless—blank hours of

suspense following the moment of excitement. Sir James Montgomery had gone away shaking his good grey head. He had not believed John Erskine's story—that is, he believed that there was something suppressed. He had listened with the profoundest interest up to a certain point, but after that he had shaken his head. "You would have done better to tell me everything," he said, as he went away. "It would have been more wise—more wise." He shook his head; the very truth of the story went against it. There was so much that fitted into the hypothesis of the country-side. But then there came that *suppressio veri* which took all the value from the statement. Sir James went away fully determined to repeat the story in the most favourable way—to give the best representation of it possible; but he was not satisfied. It was with a most serious face that he mounted his horse and rode away, shaking his head from time to time. "No, no," he said to himself, "that will never hold water—that will never hold water!" When this interview was over, John went back to his library and sat down in his usual chair with a sense of exhaustion and hopelessness which it would be difficult to describe. He had told his story as best he could, searching his memory for every detail; but he had not been believed. He had gone on, growing impassioned in his self-defence—growing indignant, feeling himself powerless in face of that blank wall of incredulity, that steady incapacity to believe. "Why should I tell you a lie?" he cried, at last. "Do not you see? Have you not said that it was for my interest to tell you the truth?" "I am not saying you have told a lie," Sir James said, always shaking his head. "No, no—no lie. You will never be accused of that." When

he went away, he had laid his heavy old hand on John's shoulder. "My poor lad, if you had only had the courage to open your heart all the way!" he said. John felt like a victim in the hands of the inquisition. What did they want him to confess? Half maddened, he felt as if a little more pressure, a few more twists of the screw, would make him accuse himself of anything, and confess all that they might require.

He did not know how long he sat there, silent, doing nothing, not even thinking anything, alone with himself and the cloud that hung over his life, with a consciousness that all his movements were watched, that even this would be something against him, a proof of that remorse which belongs to guilt. And thus the slow moments, every one slower than the other, more full of oppression, rolled over him. Beaufort had disappeared, and did not return till late in the afternoon, when the twilight was falling. A few words only passed between them, and these related solely to Beaufort's thoughts, not to Erskine's.

"It is *her* husband who has been killed," Beaufort said; "you never told me."

"I could not tell you. It was too extraordinary; it was an impiety," John said.

But neither did he ask himself what he meant, nor did Beaufort ask him. They said nothing more to each other, except such civilities as are indispensable when men eat together,—for they dined all the same, notwithstanding the circumstances. In every crisis men must still dine; it is the only thing that is inevitable, in trouble or in joy.

And then the night followed. Night is horrible, yet it is consolatory to those who are in suspense. John could not suppose that his trials were over, that nothing was

to follow; but by ten o'clock or so he said to himself, with relief, that nothing could happen to-night. Rolls, too, had evidently arrived at the same conclusion. He was heard to close and bolt the door ostentatiously while it was still early, and there was something in the very noise he made which proclaimed the satisfaction with which he did it. But after this there was a long black evening still, and hours of darkness, to follow, which John did not know how to get through. Almost he had made up his mind to step out of the window at midnight, as Rolls had suggested, and withdraw from all this alarm and unjust suspicion. He did go out, and felt the cool freshness of the night caress him, hot and weary as he was, and thought with a sigh of distant places far away, where he might be safe from all these frets and passions. But he knew, if he did so, that his cause would be lost for ever—that nothing could save him or his reputation. Perhaps in no case could anything save him: but if he fled, his ruin was certain. "What did it matter," he thought, with bitterness, "that he had no witnesses to produce, that nobody would believe him? And if he were condemned, what would any one care? His mother, indeed, would feel the shame, but more the shame than anything else; and her name was not Erskine, nor that of any of her family. There was no one who actually belonged to him in the wide world, to whom his living or dying could be of any consequence." As he stood alone with these bitter thoughts, on the terrace, looking out upon the night, feeling the wind blow upon him from the fields of sleep, but no other trace in the darkness of the great wide landscape which he knew lay stretched out like a map under cover of the clouds, something breathed another name in his ear. Ah! how did he

know if she would care? Sometimes he had thought so, hoped so, vaguely, with a tremor of alarmed delight. But if this shadow of crime came over him, would Edith stoop under it to say a word of consolation?—would she? could she? He stood still for a long time on the terrace, with the lighted window and common life behind him, and all the secrets of the hidden night before, and asked himself what she would do. What would she do? That question, and not the other, was, after all, the great one in life.

Next morning John awoke with the sense of a coming trial, which made his heart jump in his breast the moment he opened his eyes, though it was some time before he recollected what it was. But he did so at last, and accepted the certainty with outward calm. He came down-stairs with a steady conviction of what was about to happen. To make up his mind to it was something. He sat down at the breakfast-table opposite to Beaufort—who was restless and uncomfortable—with a calm which he felt to be fictitious, but which nevertheless was calm.

"You must remember," he said, "Beaufort, whatever happens, that Dalrulzian is altogether at your command."

"What can happen?" Beaufort asked.

"I scarcely know. I can be taken away, I suppose, and examined somewhere. You had better come with me. You are a barrister, and might help; and besides, it will always be for your advantage to get a little insight into Scotch law."

"I might be of use, perhaps; but in that case, you must tell me everything," Beaufort said.

"I ask no better," said the young man; and he repeated the narrative which he had told to Sir James

Montgomery. "Don't you disbelieve me. What I say to you is the whole truth," he said,—“everything that there is to say.”

"To disbelieve you would be impossible," said Beaufort, which was the first gleam of consolation he had. They had a long consultation, some of which was surprised by Rolls, who went and came, busy about the door, with sombre and undisguised anxiety.

Beaufort scouted at the idea that there could be any question of murder. "Had you done as they suppose — seized the bridle in self-defence, and forced the horse a step too far — it would still only be accident," he said,—“at the very worst and bitterest, manslaughter; though I don't see how it could bear even such a verdict as that. There is no occasion for unnecessary alarm. Anything more is impossible.”

At this moment Rolls came in; his countenance was lightened, yet excited. "There is one — that would like to speak to you, sir," he said.

There could be no doubt as to what the summons was. Rolls lingered behind when his master, with changing colour, but self-possession, left the room. He came up to Beaufort stealthily. "Sir," he said—"sir, will *you* be all true?"

"What? Neither Mr Erskine nor myself is in the habit of saying what is not true."

"That's no doubt the case. I'm saying nothing of him; but you might have smoothed it off a bit, just to soothe him. Will it be all exact *you* you said about manslaughter? Manslaughter is just culpable homicide, so far as I can see. And what's the punishment for manslaughter (as you call it), if you'll be so kind as say?"

"That depends on the gravity of the case, on the character of

the judge, on many things. A year's, two years', imprisonment—perhaps only a month or two. I have known it but a day."

"And previous character would be taken into account?" said Rolls; "and aggravation, and—many a thing more?"

"No doubt; it is a thing upon which no certain rule can be observed. It may be next to no harm at all, or it may be close upon murder. In such a case as this, severity is very unlikely."

"But it will make a pairting," said Rolls, solemnly, "atween him and all he maist cares for. I'm no' of the young maister's mind myself. There are some would have set him far better, and in every way more suitable; but what a man likes himself, it's that will please him, and no' what another man likes. It takes us a' a lang time," said Rolls, shaking his head, "to learn that. Many's the one in my place would think here's just a grand opportunity to pairt him and—them; but you see I take his ain wishes into consideration."

The old servant spoke less to Beaufort than to himself; but the visitor was not accustomed to hold such colloquies with a family butler. He stared, then grew impatient, and disposed to resent the old fellow's familiarity. The next moment the bell rang, and Rolls hurried away. Beaufort followed him out into the hall, where a man was standing evidently on guard. John was at the door of the drawing-room, pale, but perfectly composed. "The dogcart immediately," he said to Rolls, and beckoned to Beaufort to come in. "I am going before the sheriff-substitute about this matter," he said. "Beaufort, you will come with me. Mr Granger, this is my friend Mr Beaufort, an English barrister. He may go with me, I suppose, to watch over

my interests? You see that what we were threatened with yesterday has come to pass."

"I see, indeed," said Beaufort, "with sorrow and surprise. What is it that has to be done now?"

"The sheriff will make no objection," said the head of the county police, a plain, grave man, with regret in his face. "It's my duty to take Mr Erskine before the sheriff. The result of the examination will be, let us hope, that he'll come cannily home again, when all has been inquired into in due form. There is no reason to take a gloomy view. The sheriff will maybe find there's no case: and I'm sure I wish so with all my heart."

They all sat round with the utmost gravity to listen to this little speech. It was not a moment for light-heartedness. John sat between the table and the door, in perfect self-command, yet very pale. Notwithstanding all the respect shown to him, and the good feeling from which he had everything to hope, the most innocent of men may be excused a feeling of dismay when he is, to all intents and purposes, arrested on a criminal charge, with issues to his good fame and social estimation, even if nothing more, which it is impossible to calculate. They sat in silence while the dogcart was getting ready, a strange little company. After a while the officer, to lessen the embarrassment of the moment, and make everything pleasant, began to address various little remarks about the weather and other commonplace topics to the two gentlemen, such as, "This is a very agreeable change from all the wet we've been having;" or, "The news this morning is more satisfactory about that Afghan business." The responses made, as may be supposed, were not very effusive. It was a relief when the dogcart came to the door. Old

Rolls stood and watched it go down the avenue, with his countenance firmly set, and a stern resolution gathering about his mouth. Bauby stole out and stood by his side in the morning light, with her apron to her eyes, and her capacious bosom convulsed with sobs. "Eh, that I should have lived to see this day, and shame come to oor dwallin'!" cried Bauby; "and as bonny a young lad as ever steppit, and as good!"

"Hold your peace, woman!" said her brother; "ye may see shame come nearer hame or a's done."

"Eh, Tammas, man! what do you ca' nearer hame? My heart's just broken; and what will his mammaw say?" the faithful creature cried.

Meanwhile it might have been a party of pleasure that threaded its way among the trees, somewhat closely packed in the dogcart, but no more than they might have been, starting for the moors. John Erskine drove himself to the examination which was to decide his fate one way or another, with all the appearance of a perfectly free agent. The horse was fresh, the morning bright; and though the four men were a heavy load, they skimmed along the country road as gaily as if all had been well. Tinto was visible for the greater part of the way. They passed by the very gates of Lindores. John had shaken himself together as he took the reins in his hand, and with perhaps a little unconscious bravado, paused now and then to indicate a favourite point of view to his friend. But he had harder work in store. Just before they reached Dunearn, he perceived drawn up by the roadside Lady Lindores's carriage, in which Edith was seated alone. Impossible to describe the feelings with which, as across a gulf of pain and trouble, the unfortunate young man, at this crisis

of his fate, looked at the girl with whom, when he last saw her, he had been so near the edge of a mutual understanding. It was impossible for him now to do other than draw up by the side of the carriage to speak to her; and there, in the hearing of the two men who formed his escort, and whose presence was heavy on his heart, the following conversation took place. Edith looked up at him with a smile and an expression of pleasure which brightened her whole aspect. She was in mourning, and somewhat pale.

"I am waiting for mamma," she said. "One of her pensioners is ill in that cottage. I was glad of the chance of bringing her out for a little air. We are with poor Carry, you know."

"How is Lady Caroline?" John asked.

"Oh—well enough—when one considers all things," said Edith, hastily; and to escape that subject, which was not to be entered on before strangers, she said, "You are going to Dunearn?"

"On painful business," he said. "I wonder if I may ask you one thing?" She looked up at him with a smile which said much—a smile of trust and belief, which might have encouraged any man to speak. Edith had no fear of what he might ask her. For John it was more difficult to command himself and his voice at that moment than at any previous one since his trial began. He cleared his throat with an effort, and his voice was husky. "You will hear things said of me—that may make you turn from—an old friend altogether. I want you not to believe them. And tell Lady Lindores. Do not believe them. It is not true."

"Mr Erskine, what is it—what is it? You may be sure I shall believe nothing against you—no mamma either! Is it—is it——" her

eyes fixed upon him anxiously and upon the stranger beside him, whose face was unknown to her, and who sat blank and passive like a servant, yet who was not a servant. Edith rose in the carriage in her great anxiety, and gazed as if she would have read a volume in John's face. What it cost him to look at her and to keep a kind of smile on his, it would be hard to tell.

"I cannot enter into explanations now. I may not be able to do so soon. Only—tell Lady Lindores."

She held out her hand to him, which he stooped to touch—it was all he could do—and once more gave him an anxious, tender smile. "You may trust both mamma and me," she said.

And in another moment, so it seemed, the dogcart stopped again. John went over the streets of Dunearn like a man in a dream—in a sort of exquisite anguish, a mingled sweetness and bitterness such as never went into words. Their looks seemed to cling together, as, with a start, the horse went on; and now they stopped again and got down—for a very different encounter. Even now, however, John's progress was to be interrupted. Some one called to him as he was about to go into the sheriff's court in the little Town-House of Dunearn. "Is that you, John Erskine? and what has brought you here?" in peremptory tones. He turned round quickly. It was Miss Barbara in her pony-carriage, which Nora was driving. The old lady leaned across the

young one and beckoned to him with some impatience. "Come here. What are you doing in Dunearn without coming to me? It's true I'm out, and you would not have found me; but Janet would have understood to be prepared for your luncheon. And what's your business in the Town House this fine morning, and with strange company?" Miss Barbara said. She cast a keen glance at the man, who stood aside respectfully enough, and yet, backed by his assistant, kept a watchful eye on John.

"I am afraid I cannot wait to tell you now. It is not pleasant business," John said.

"Come round here," said the old lady, imperiously: "can I keep on skreighing to you before all the town? Come round here." Her keen eyes took in the whole scene: John's glance at his grave companion, the almost imperceptible gesture with which that person made way for him. Miss Barbara's perceptions were keen. She gripped her nephew by the arm. "John Erskine, have ye done anything to bring ye within the power of the law?"

"Nothing," he said firmly, meeting her eye.

"Then what does that man mean glowering at you? Lord guide us, what is it, boy? It cannot be money, for money has none of these penalties now."

"It is not money—nor anything worth a thought."

"Mr Erskine," said the officer, civilly, "the sheriff is waiting." And after that, there was no more to be said.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Rolls went up-stairs and dressed himself in his best—his "blacks," which he kept for going to funerals and other solemnities—not the dress in which he waited at table

and did his ordinary business. The coat, with its broad, square tails, gave him an appearance something between that of a respectable farmer and a parish minister—a little

too solemn for the one, too secular for the other; and to show that he was "his own man," and for to-day at least no man's servant, he enveloped his throat in a large black silk neckerchief, square in shape, and folded like a substantial bandage with a little bow in the front. His forehead was lined with thought. When he had finished his toilet, he opened the large wooden "kist" which stood in a corner of his room, and was the final receptacle of all his worldly goods. Out of that he took a blue-spotted handkerchief, in which a pocket-book was carefully wrapped up, and took from it a few somewhat dirty pound-notes. Then restoring the pocket-book, he locked the kist carefully, and went downstairs with the key—a very large one—in his hand. This he gave to Bauby, who still hung about the door with her apron to her eyes. "You should go ben to your work, my woman," said Rolls, "and no make the worst of what's happened: in a' likelihood the master will be back afore the dinner's ready." "Do you think that, Tammas? do you really think that?" cried Bauby, brightening up and showing symptoms of an inclination to cry for joy as she had done for sorrow. "I'm no saying what I think. I'm thinking mony things beyond the power o' a woman-person to faddom," said Rolls, solemnly. "And if the maister should be back, it's real possible I mayna be back. You'll just behave conformably, and put forrit Marget. If she wasna so frightened, she's no a bad notion at a' of waiting at table. And if there's ony question where I am, or what's become of me——"

"Oh, Tammas, what will I say? It will be the second time in a week. He'll no like it," cried Bauby, diverted from one trouble to another. The absence of her

brother when the dinner was ready was almost as extraordinary as her master's conveyance away to unknown dangers by the functionaries of the law.

"If he's here to be angry, a' will be well," said Rolls, grimly; and then he handed her the key. "If there should be any question about me, when I'm no here to answer for myself, you'll inform whoever it concerns that the kist is yours and everything in it, in proof of which you'll produce the key. That's no to say but what you'll respect the bits of things in it, and hand me back possession when I come, soon or late," said Rolls. "You'll mind what I say to you, Bauby. It's yours in the one case, but no in the other. You'll take possession if there is ony other claimant; but me being back, you'll respect my rights."

"I wuss I would ken what you meant first," said Bauby, gazing at him wistfully. Rolls had an air of satisfaction on his face for the first time: he was pleased to have puzzled her. His face relaxed almost into a smile as he said, "According to a' probabilities, you'll soon understand that."

With these words he set out from the hall-door, walking very deliberately, and crushing the pebbles under his feet at every step. He had taken his best silk umbrella, which, loosened from its habitual folds, and used as a stick, made a sort of flapping accompaniment to his progress, like a large bird walking by him. As he turned from the door the solemnity of his aspect returned. He walked slowly, thinking as he went—thinking so profoundly that he scarcely saw Peggy at the lodge, and passed her, taking no notice of her in the gravity of his preoccupation. She said afterwards that it was awfu' evident he had something on his mind. She told Jean Tamson, who

was in the lodge at the moment—come for a crack, and talking of nothing else but this very subject,—“I wouldna wonder,” she said, “but Mr Rolls kens more about it than any of us.” This at least was what she informed the world she had said to her gossip when all was known.

It was four miles to Dunearn; but old Rolls was a steady, good walker, with no irregularity about him. Every step he took was just of the same length as the step before. Yard for yard he did his four miles in the regulated time, neither shorter nor longer. When he arrived at the Town House, there was a little flutter about the door as of people dispersing; but there had not been any number of people, and though the rumour of what had transpired had begun to blow about the place, there were not as yet many gazers. By-and-by, as he stood outside, his master came out, with one of the emissaries of the morning close by him, and Beaufort behind. John Erskine was pale; but there was a sort of smile on his face—a smile which had no pleasure in it, but some contempt, and that sort of outward looking to heaven and earth, with the head held high, and the nostrils somewhat dilated, which is so often the aspect of a man unjustly accused. He was making light of it to himself—persuading himself that it was nothing and meant nothing. He saw Rolls standing by, and waved his hand to him. “What, have you walked all this way,” he said, “old Truepenny,”—with something of the same levity of despair which dictated the same words to Hamlet,—“to see the last of me?”

“It’s not come to that, sir, I hope,” said Rolls, with a seriousness which was as solemn as if what John had said was real. The young man laughed.

“You will pack my portmanteau and send it after me: I suppose I may

be allowed that?” he said. The officer who was in attendance bowed his head. The people about gathered round, staring at John with too much surprise to express any other emotion; and by-and-by the party drove off again, nobody apparently divining exactly what it all meant. There were a number of petty cases to be tried by the sheriff, who was in the Town House, as it was called, and as many different interests as there were loungers about. Rolls went in with hesitating steps after his master had disappeared. The old man had come, in full expectation of the event which had happened; but fact is always different from anticipation. When he saw what he had only looked for, the effect upon him was something overwhelming. He stood staring and gaping in the little crowd which gradually drew together, realising only after it was over what had taken place before their eyes. “What’s wrang with the young maister, Mr Rolls?” said one of the bystanders. “Let me be!” cried the old man, shaking himself free; and he went in to the Town House with tottering steps. He had intended taking certain bold and immediate steps, carrying out the project he had been framing in his mind; but his nerves were shaken when the moment came. The law terrified him. If his master, in all the strength and confidence of his youth, was thus peremptorily dealt with, what aggravations might not he, an old and humble individual—nothing but a servant—look for? He was cowed. He stole up to an attendant and made faltering inquiries. “What will they have settled about yon case?” he said. “About what case?—the sheep-lifting, or the unlawfu’ wounding, or the robbery at Willyam Tamson’s—” “Nane o’ thae things—nane o’ thae things,” said old Rolls. “It’s about young Mr

Erskine of Dalrulzian." "Oh, ay, ay," said the attendant, shaking his head; "that's very serious. The circumstances a' point to some agent mair than accident—that's what the sherra says, and he canna see his way to discharging the panel." "The panel!*—he's nae panel!—mind what you're saying," cried Rolls. "Well, maybe that's going owre fast. I would say the gentleman under suspicion. He maun just bide the result of a mair formal examination—that's a' I can tell ye; I havenae time to enter into particulars," the official said.

Rolls, who had meant such heroic things, turned away tremulously. He went out again, scarcely knowing where he was going, into the streets of Dunearn. There everybody looked at him with curious eyes. The town had at last become conscious of what had happened: from a public-house in the environs a stone had been thrown at John Erskine as he went past, and hootings had risen on his path. This roused the population fully, and now the streets were full of groups discussing the matter. Torrance, as has been said, was popular in his way, especially now in that warmth of pity and charity which follows a sudden and unexpected death; and John Erskine was comparatively unknown. The tide was strongly against him, as a semi-foreigner—a man who had come from "abroad." "He'll find here that gentle and simple must keep the laws alike," said one. "A man daurna ride roughshod over his fellows here."

Old Rolls heard the growl of popular excitement, and it alarmed him still more. "If it was me, they would tear me in bits," he said to himself. His alarm on this point, as much as his original intention, drove him in at Mr Monypenny's

door, which was in his way. He was afraid of being recognised as the butler at Dalrulzian ("for everybody kens me," he said to himself, with mingled pride and panic), and he was anxious to consult the "man of business" who had Dalrulzian estate in his hands.

Mr Monypenny was out; and Rolls requested permission to sit down and wait. He had a long time of quiet to think over his plan again, and he did think it over, and recovered his courage. After a time Mrs Monypenny, hearing who it was, sent to request him to have some cold beef in the kitchen, an offer of which Rolls availed himself at once. "For what is the use of punishing yourself," he said. "A man's more qualified for everything when he has eaten his dinner." He was very serious, and unlike his usual cheerfully communicative mood, in Mr Monypenny's kitchen. The maids did not know what had come over him. To have such a grand subject of discourse as his master's arrest, and yet to be so silent, struck them with astonishment; but they, too, remarked his perturbed countenance afterwards, and said to one another, "I told you there was mair in him than met the eye."

Meanwhile Miss Barbara and her young companion had been driving up and down in the pony-carriage in a state of great excitement. They had passed the Town House half-a-dozen times, always looking for the reappearance of John; but he, as was to be expected, had come out and gone away in the interval between. Miss Barbara had maintained during the whole time a lively monologue, scarcely interrupted by her young companion. "I've heard what they daured to say," Miss Barbara cried; "as if one of my family

* *Scoticè*, accused.

would stoop to soil his fingers with any Tinto of them all! What were the Torrances but bonnet-lairds till old Torrance married the railway man's daughter? But I never thought they would have dared to do anything against an Erskine. Times are changed. (Go round by the Stone Bridge, Nora; it's an easier road for the pony.) What would my father have said if he had heard a descendant of his evened with one of that race? That's what your Radicalism comes to."

"But death is the same, whether it comes to a saint or—a bully; and life has to be protected," said Nora, fired with political ardour.

"Life — and death. They're grand words to use: a drunk man falling over a steep bank that it was the wonder of the whole country-side he had not gone over years and years before."

Nora did not say any more. She was not so warm a partisan as Miss Barbara's companion ought to have been. She drove along quietly, taking no further part in the talk, which the old lady maintained alone. "How can I go in to my peaceful house and eat my comfortable dinner, not knowing but my own flesh and blood may be shut up in a jail?" she said. Then she added quickly, "There's that lad, young Rintoul. I'm not fond of any of his family; but I suppose he's a gentleman. He'll go in and ask what has happened. Fast—to your right hand, Nora. Now draw up. He sees what I mean. Lord Rintoul," added Miss Barbara, "I have a favour to ask of you. You may have heard my nephew John Erskine's name banded about these late days. He's been in the Town House before the sheriff and the procurator-fiscal this hour and a half or more. It's not for me to ask the town-bodies about what has happened. Will you go and bring me word?"

Rintoul stood silent for a moment before he made any reply. Her voice seemed to have called him from painful reflections of his own, the chain of which he could not in a moment break. He gave her a half-bewildered look, then turned to Nora, who looked at him more gently, with sympathetic eyes. How haggard he looked, and worn! —he who had been so ruddy and manly, only too much flesh and blood, almost too little inclination to be moved by emotion or sentiment, — was all this because of the sudden death of his brother-in-law, a man for whom he cared nothing? Nora was extraordinarily impressed by Rintoul's changed appearance. Miss Barbara, preoccupied by her own anxieties, scarcely noticed him at all.

"In the Town House with the sheriff? What does that mean?"

"I forgot you were English," said Miss Barbara, with a touch of contempt. "It means some examination of witnesses anent the death of Pat Torrance, your brother-in-law. What my nephew should have to do with it, I cannot tell you. It's just that I would have you inquire."

"He can have nothing to do with it," said Rintoul; and then he stopped short, and the momentary animation died out of his face. He shivered as he stood in the sunshine, which was as warm as September ever is in Scotland. "It must be a mistake; we have heard nothing of this," he said. "I am sure Carry—would be averse to any fuss. It was such a thing for her that there was no coroner's inquest. I made sure we were all safe. You must be mistaken," he said.

"Lord Rintoul," said Nora, who was given to opposition, "though there is no coroner's inquest, there must be justice; and if they think Mr Erskine has anything to do with it——"

“He has nothing to do with it,” said Rintoul, with petulant impatience. Miss Barbara stretched her hand over Nora to grasp his, but this gesture seemed to drive him back into himself. He withdrew a little from the side of the pony-carriage, and made a pretence of not seeing the old lady’s outstretched hand. Miss Barbara was shocked, and gave him a curious look; but she was not prepared for disrespect, and did not expect it. She went on more eagerly than before—

“And here I am helpless,” she said. “I cannot go in myself. I will not send Nora. Will you do my errand, Lord Rintoul? Bring me word, not here, but to my house. I am going home.”

He gave a little bow of assent, and stood on the pavement looking after them as they drove away. He stood longer than was necessary for that, till they had disappeared round the corner of the High Street, till the children about—of whom there was always a large supply in Dunearn—began to gape at him with expectations of amusement. “Look at the man glowering frae him,” these spectators cried, and a small pebble tumbled along the flags where he stood—a harmless experiment to see if there was any fun in him. He did not notice this, nor any other outside occurrence, but after a while got slowly under way again, as if the operation was difficult, and went on to the Town House. When he got there, he went in reluctantly, with evident disinclination. The attendant who had talked to Rolls made way for him respectfully. The other people about opened the doors and took off their hats to the young potentate. A small case which was going on at the time was even suspended while the sheriff, not nearly so great a man, answered his lordship’s questions

in his own person. “Yes, there has been an examination,” the sheriff said. “The circumstances are very suspicious. I have thought it best to order that young Erskine should be detained till there can be a more complete investigation. That, it is to be hoped, will clear the matter up; but if not——”

Lord Rintoul’s fair and ruddy countenance was dark with anxiety and pain. “You cannot mean,” he said, “that you believe Erskine——”

“I believe nothing but what there is evidence for,” the sheriff said. “We are not men of theories, Lord Rintoul. Experience shows every day that men do the most unlikely things. I hear he’s shown an *animus*,—and there are two or three points very strange. I saw it my duty to give orders that he should be detained——”

“You have sent him to prison, do you mean?” There was a sharp tone as of personal anguish in Rintoul’s voice. “But you’ll admit him to bail? My father, I, Millefleurs, any gentleman in the country——”

“Will be his bail? I doubt if it’s aailable offence: but if Lord Lindores were willing to do that, no doubt it would have a good effect. However, nothing can be done before the investigation,” said the sheriff; “a day or two will do the young man no harm.”

This was all he could elicit. The sheriff was a man who had a great idea of his office, and it was not often that he had a case so interesting and important. The attendants thought Lord Rintoul had been drinking, as he stumbled out. He went along the quiet street with an uncertain step, now and then taking off his hat that the air might refresh him. He, too, stopped at Mr Monypenny’s door, as Rolls had done a very short time before. It was after-

noon now, and the shadows were lengthening as he reached Miss Barbara's house. What a sunny glimpse there was from door to door, across the little hall to the garden, where the brightness of the autumn flowers made a flush of colour! Rintoul saw a figure against the light which was not Miss Barbara's. There was in him a forlorn desire for consolation. "Don't tell Miss Barbara I am here just yet," he said hastily to the maid, and opened the glass-door, beyond which Nora stood among all the geraniums and mignonette. There was no agitation about her. She was not sufficiently interested in John Erskine to be deeply troubled by the idea of annoyance to him as his old aunt was, or alarmed by a passing shadow upon his name. She was serene and calm in this quiet world of flowers and greenness where no trouble was. She welcomed him with a smile. "Miss Barbara is very anxious," she said. "She has gone up-stairs to rest, but I am to let her know when you come."

"Wait a little," he said, glad of the interval; "*you* are not anxious."

"Not so much. Of course I am interested in my friends' friends—but I don't know very much of Mr Erskine," said Nora, unable to divest herself altogether of the imaginative offence that lay between John and her. "And it cannot do him much harm, can it? It will only be disagreeable—till the facts are known. Young men," she said, with a smile, "have a right to have something unpleasant happen to them now and then; they have so much the best of it in other ways."

"Do you think so?" he said, with a seriousness which put her levity to shame. "To be sent to prison—to have a stigma put upon you—perhaps to be tried for your

life!—that is rather worse than mere unpleasantness."

Nora was greatly impressed, not only by the gravity of what he said, but the air with which he said it. "It surely cannot be so bad as that: and he—is innocent, Lord Rintoul?"

"I have no doubt of it," cried Rintoul, eagerly—"no doubt of it! If there is any one to blame, it is some one—whom most likely nobody suspects. What would you think of the man who had done it, and yet said nothing, but let John Erskine suffer for his fault?"

"I do not believe," said Nora, like Desdemona, "that there could be any such man. It is impossible. You think too badly of human nature. How can you suppose another would do what you know you would not do yourself? Oh no, no, never! Lord Rintoul——" She paused after this little outburst, and drawing a step nearer to him, asked in a low and horror-stricken tone—"Do you really think that poor Mr Torrance was—murdered?"

"No, no!" he cried, almost violently—"no, no!" He stopped short, with a dryness in his throat, as if he could not speak; then resumed, in a quieter tone—"But I think in all likelihood there was, as people imagine, a quarrel, a scuffle—and that somebody—took hold of the mare's bridle——"

"Some tramp, no doubt," said Nora, sympathetically, much affected by his emotion, "who perhaps doesn't even know——"

"That is it," said Rintoul, eagerly—"who perhaps never dreamt at the moment. And even if he knows now, such a man might think, as you did, that it would come to nothing with Erskine. I believe it will come to nothing—a day, or two days, in prison."

"But if it should turn out more serious," said Nora, "even a tramp—would give himself up, surely—"

would never let an innocent man suffer?"

"We must hope so, at least," said Lord Rintoul. His countenance had never relaxed all this time. It was almost solemn, set, and rigid—the muscles about his mouth unmoving. "There should not be any question about right and wrong, I know," he said, "but such a man might say to himself—he might think—Young Erskine is a gentleman, and I'm only a common fellow—they will treat him better than they would treat me. He might say to himself——"

"I cannot believe it," cried Nora. "In such a case there could be no question of what any one would do. It is like A B C. What! let another man suffer for something you have done! Oh, no, no—even in the nursery one knows better than that!"

"I don't think," said Rintoul, "that you ever can understand all the excuses a man will make for himself till you've been in the same position. Things look so different when you've done it—from what they do when some one else has done it. There are so many things to be taken into consideration. Punishment is not the same to all; it might ruin one, and not do much harm to another. A man might feel justified, or at least there would be excuses for him, if he let another bear the punishment which would not hurt *him* much, but would be destructive to himself. Of course it would be his business to make it up somehow."

"Lord Rintoul, this is dreadful doctrine!" said Nora; "if it were carried out, then you might do any wickedness you wished, and hire somebody to be punished instead of you." She laughed half nervously, shaking off the graver turn the conversation had taken. "But this is absurd," she said; "of course you don't mean that. I think I know what you mean;—but I must not

delay longer, I must tell Miss Barbara."

"Don't disturb her now," said Rintoul, eagerly. "Besides, I really have not time. If you would say that it is unfortunately true—that Erskine is—detained till there can be a full investigation. I am hurrying off to get bail for him, for of course they must accept bail—and it will only be for a few days. The investigation—at which we shall all be examined," he said, with a nervous tremor,—“will clear up everything, I hope.”

"I hopeso, with all my heart," said Nora, waving her hand to him as he hurried away. Rintoul had reached the garden-door on his way out, when he suddenly paused, and came back to her, and took that hand, holding it for a moment between his own.

"All this is very hard upon me," he said, incoherently; "it gives me a great deal of misery. Feel for me—stand by me. Will you, Nora? I don't care for the rest, if you——"

And he wrung her hand almost violently, dropped it, and hurried away. The girl stood looking after him with wonder and dismay, and yet with a gush of a different kind of feeling, which filled her heart with a confusing warmth. "A great deal of misery!" Was it the tenderness of his heart for his sister, for the unfortunate man who had been summoned out of the world so abruptly—though he did not love him—and for his friend who was unjustly accused, which made Rintoul say this? But anyhow, Nora was not capable of resisting such an appeal. Poor Rintoul: though he did not show it to any one, how tender he was, how full of sympathy! John Erskine (against whom she could not help entertaining a little grudge) died out of her mind altogether. She was so much more sorry for the other, who felt it so deeply though it was not his concern.

LITERARY BOHEMIANS.

THE limits of the literary Bohemia are undefined, though it may be said to lie somewhere between savagery and the highest civilisation—or, as Murger puts it, between misery and doubt; but unquestionably Paris is its natural capital. As for the inhabitants, Murger, who is an undeniable authority on the subject, claims for them an illustrious descent from the most remote antiquity. They have been of all races, nations, and tongues. They have numbered among them the most transcendent geniuses of the world, who have left us imperishable monuments in the shape of immortal works; while the names of the Bohemian *demos* in all ages, have passed through a probation of suffering in obscurity, to oblivion in unknown graves. The blind old Homer was a Bohemian *par excellence*, when, wandering from city to city with his lyre, he had food and shelter in exchange for his war-lays. He was the glorious precursor of the gay Troubadours and Minnesingers, who took to the roads in the middle ages with swords and lutes; and with the lightest of baggage, and neither credit nor coin, even found their way in the trains of the Crusaders to Palestine. Types of the earliest of the struggling professors of literature, when arms were beginning to give place to the gown,—the lives of the errant minstrels were often as criminally adventurous as those of the outcast Zingari, who belonged to the Lesser Bohemia. As necessity is the mother of wiles and invention, their craft was not unfrequently superior to their poetical gifts: they flattered themselves into the perilous favour of the great, or they managed to slip through

the iron fingers of those robber-knights who looked on each solitary wayfarer as his lawful prey. Those masters of the joyous science made love as a matter of course; and the terrible penalties incurred by their daring amours furnished thrilling themes for their tuneful successors. And we may be sure that their veritable autobiographies would be about as edifying reading as anything Le Sage has imagined in 'Gil Blas,' or as Murger has narrated from his melancholy experiences. These roving minstrels have led us, from force of sympathy, into a digression; but if we overleap the intervening ages at a bound, passing from Homeric times to Elizabethan England, and from the cities of Ionia to Stratford-on-Avon, we are landed with that other notable Bohemian, who broke into a deer-park, held horses at the theatre-doors, haunted the bear-gardens in Southwark and the taverns in Eastcheap—dashed off his immortal masterpieces of life in dramatic action by heaven-sent inspiration—and described, in the freshness of analogous recollections, the revels of the mad Prince and Poin, as he depicted his Falstaffs, Bardolphs, and Dames Quickly from the fulness of personal knowledge.

Shakespeare had Bohemian blood in his veins, as had most of the masters of early English literature and the drama. Even Beaumont and Fletcher, both gentlemen by birth, and apparently in the enjoyment of a certain fortune, remind us of the literary communism of the Quartier Latin, since they had their chambers, their purses, and even their wardrobes in common. And in the days which Macaulay painted so vigorously in the essay

on Johnson, there was much of the harder and more material aspects of Bohemianism in the struggle for existence among the English booksellers' hacks. As he points out, the golden age of liberal patronage had gone by, while, as yet, there was no reading and paying public. The struggling author helped himself out by subscriptions, which he had probably spent before the appearance of a work, which might possibly indeed be but a prospectus, *et preterea nihil*. Or he wrote dedications, in which a grain or two of truth was wrapped up in sonorous sentences of the most fulsome flattery. He translated works, of which the solidity was surpassed by the dulness, and which seem to us to have been foredoomed to fall stillborn from the press; and in short, the hack-of-all-work was always glad to be employed for a trifle upon any piece of literary drudgery. When a genuine poet made such a hit as Johnson in his "London," he was tolerably satisfied if the success, which could seldom repeat itself, brought him in such a sum as a dozen of guineas. Of course, adventurers of the kind led the most unenviable lives, and were pre-engrossed with keeping body and soul together. The recklessness born of their wretchedness made them incapable of forethought; they were harassed by their debts and hurried into dissipation by their anxieties; while in the orgies that left headaches and regrets behind, they recompensed themselves for melancholy weeks of privation. And we find that life to these Englishmen, unless when they forgot themselves under the influence of strong liquors, was invariably a sadly serious business. Wit, they might have, but they wanted *verve*. They had little of that French *gaieté de cœur*, the outflow, perhaps of shallower

and more emotional natures, which makes the thorough-paced Bohemian pretend, at least, to laugh at life's sorrows, even in the very miseries of the morning after the debauch, or when tossing on a solitary sick-bed in his den under the tiles. Not unfrequently they may have had a restless conscience which worried them, reminding them that they had been born for better things. Or they had once aspired to the *bourgeoise* respectability which the French Bohemian affects to detest, or to a higher social station. Johnson may be taken as a man of the former class, as his early boon-companion, Savage, represented the other. The great moralist reformed and purged, although he never learned to live cleanly in the literal sense. But though he died, as he well deserved, in the odour of religion, and a good worldly repute, he could never efface the marks of the reckless days of his wretchedness. Moreover, the old habits would cling to him; and when Garrick's good-nature produced the "Irene," when its author had become frugal though generously charitable, Johnson, who was anything rather than a dandy, thought it indispensable to invest a portion of his gains in a waistcoat blazing with gold and crimson. That gay piece of dress must have contrasted oddly with the famous snuff-coloured coat and the full-bottomed wig. But the inconsistencies of the costume were suggestive of the man, as he had been, and as comparative prosperity had changed him. While as to Savage, he was naturally a social outlaw, who set the *convenances*, and even the laws of his country, at defiance, so far as he dared do so with impunity; who would never, with any accession of good fortune, have emerged from what we may call the crimson-waistcoat stage;

who sponged on acquaintances in taverns, and slept off his liquor on benches in the parks; and who, acting easily on his passionate impulses, drew his sword lightly in tavern brawls. A Bohemian in many respects, if ever there was one; but, nevertheless, a Bohemian who had a business-like method in his recklessness—whose geniality was either assumed or skin-deep, and who was brutalised instead of being brightened by criminal excess. We know, on his own confession, that the French Bohemian is perpetually guilty of acts which it is no lack of charity to describe as mean, as well as immoral. But he would have the grace to be ashamed of them, as they would be condemned by his comrades, unless they are excused by a certain humour in the execution, which will raise a laugh against the victim. He would have disowned the brotherhood of a man whose malignity kept pace with his meanness; and who, after having abused and calumniated a justly offended benefactor who, on extreme provocation, had withdrawn his hospitality, came again crawling to his feet with the most abject entreaties and apologies. Savage, no doubt, was an extreme and most unfavourable specimen of a disreputable class; but we have touched at some length upon his career, because we can generally rely upon the details in the *Life* by Johnson, and because he is popularly regarded in England as being pre-eminently an Anglo-Bohemian.

But when we cross the Channel, and whatever the date of our departure, we recognise at once that we are *en pleine Bohème littéraire*. In chroniclers, humorists, poets, dramatists, historians,—among the most famous writers whose lives may have been irreproachable, and whom circumstances had placed far above

penury,—there is a picturesqueness and almost a licence of style or matter, which would, at all events, scandalise the severity of English taste, if it did not absolutely shock English morality. In Froissart, Brantôme, Rabelais, Molière, Beaumarchais, Voltaire, &c., &c., and with the ladies, too, as well as the gentlemen, it is a question of degree and subject, rather than of any difference more material. We do not speak of the sensuous or scandalous writers—the leading contributors to what French collectors call their *Bibliothèque Bleue*. Here, in England, we can hardly conceive a priest in holy orders, and moving in the best society, giving to the world the memoirs of an illustrious courtesan; or a member of the most moral section of the House of Parliament priding himself on such a masterpiece as the ‘Memoirs of Faublas.’ For even the member for Aylesbury, when he composed his parody on Pope, merely had it printed for private circulation. Mademoiselle de Maupin throws altogether into the shade the most *risqué* scenes in “Don Juan;” yet, though Gautier professed to repent that youthful indiscretion, to the last it did him infinite credit with his compatriots. It would be far from edifying to multiply instances, referring our readers to what ought to be an *index expurgatorius*; though we may remind them that the author of ‘Candide’ and the ‘Pucelle’ received almost godlike honours from the populace of Paris. For, far from being of the opinion that “want of decency is want of wit,” France is inclined to associate decency with dulness; and is ready to pardon almost anything to the *écartes* of a gracefully indelicate genius. But, to have done with the substance of the lighter and most popular French literature, we may

glance at the words of M. Emile Zola. Probably no French writer of the day enjoys a wider popularity, or realises more satisfactory profits. His books are circulated in the shape of *feuilletons* in the leading journals; they lie scattered everywhere on drawing-room tables; and where his most daring scenes are dramatised with cynical realism, they are sure to draw crowded houses. It was his supposed personalities rather than the moral treatment of his subjects which involved him in certain recent legal proceedings, that would have served admirably as an advertisement had he needed advertising. So far as we believe, there is nothing to blame in the habits of the author of 'L'Assommoir' and 'Pot-bouille.' Indeed, we remember that recently, in an apologetic preface, when complaining of the narrow-minded prudery of certain of his foreign critics, he prided himself in living as a *bon bourgeois*. We make no doubt that he keeps his accounts methodically, and regularly invests his balances. So that being in habits and associates the reverse of a Bohemian, if he were an English novelist his style would be inevitably purified by the irresistible force of a public opinion which no man of his standing would care to disregard. While in France, those who object to M. Zola's method of teaching are in an infinitesimal minority; and the *bon bourgeois*, without losing the sympathies of his respectable fellow-citizens, ranges the streets among the *chiffonniers*, a chartered Bohemian, in the licence of his descriptions and the coarseness of his language. And though the Academy persisted in rejecting the candidature of Theophile Gautier, it was chiefly because he had outraged their orthodoxy by his literary heresies; nor do we see any reason why, on the ground of a

lack of precedent, they should refuse any vacant *fauteuil* to M. Zola.

Many of the most distinguished French novelists and dramatists show much of what we English would call Bohemianism in their habits. And if it be said that it arises in great measure out of the customs of the country, we must remember that their customs are but the outcome of the national temperament. They sit loose to the domestic hearth, and haunt *cafés* and night-houses in jovial company, which conduces, again, to unbusiness-like hours in the morning; when, thanks to the favour of the public they have come to afford it, they have their country-houses in congenial colonies, where, living as a race apart, they are in the way of entertaining parties of eccentric visitors, to the scandal of the citizen neighbours they look down upon. The bearers of some of the greatest names in modern French romance might have been merged in the most miserable types of Bohemianism, had it not been for the transcendent talents which, by giving them a lucrative popularity, saved them from the worst consequences of their imprudence. Dumas the elder, for example, showed himself a model man of business in one respect; and it was his bold originality that devised the idea of manufacturing fiction in piecework by *employés* he inspired. From first to last he made an immense deal of money. But he was as free with his coins as his famous quartette of musketeers with their pistoles; and he lavished the results of his hard-driven bargains in the day without giving a thought to the needs of the morrow. Had his application been smaller, and his talents less picturesque, and his lot cast in the Quartier Latin, he might have been in perpetual straits like Henry Murger, though he would have

shown more than Murger's ingenuity in extricating himself from them. Or if we turn back to the still mightier Balzac, we stand amazed at the work accomplished under the weight of the difficulties he imposed on himself. By far the better part of his ample income went to swell the profits of the usurers. He wrote his 'Balthasar Claes' and 'Eugenie Grandet' with his staircase blockaded. He was always keeping creditors and bailiffs at bay: half the ingenuity that might have gone to the composition of masterpieces must have run to waste in making arrangements to meet engagements, or, more often, in devising the means of evading them. That double wear and tear of the brain must have been tremendous; and he treated the chronic malady that came of impecuniousness with *douches* of the strongest coffee, swallowed at the most unseasonable hours. Turning day into night, he was for ever burning the candle at both ends, and the forms of his greatest extravagances were characteristic. His subtle yet strangely disordered fancy became dependent on surrounding itself with the costly means of realising the luxuries in which his imagination loved to revel. He crowded his rooms with rich tapestries, with carvings and laces and rare china: he never grudged the money for such an object of art as might have been among the heirlooms in Balthasar Claes' stately Flemish mansion: and the taste had grown upon him as his fancy began to flag. It was but another aspect of the carelessness which makes the Bohemian, who needs warmth by way of inspiring a halting sonnet to his mistress's eyebrow, break up his bedstead to feed the fire.

We might indefinitely enlarge the list of the more or less well-

known writers who have imitated or surpassed such extravagances as these. When men in a tolerant society are seeking any side-path that tends towards fortune and notoriety, it may be taken for granted that the eccentric extravagance of their conduct and their writings will be in an inverse ratio to their talents. To the dispassionate spectator they only seem ridiculous or blameworthy. But with the struggles of the Bohemians, properly so called, though there is much to reprehend and to ridicule, with something to admire, compassion gets the better of every other feeling. Whatever their folly, once committed to the wandering path, they seem driven forward by an inexorable fate; and with little religion and less morality, they find their everyday Nemesis in a perverted conscience. It ought to be demonstrated to them each day that they made a fatal mistake when they decided that art or literature was their vocation. They shiver in summer garments in the winter; they starve in the midst of luxury and plenty; awakening from the nightmares pressing upon an empty stomach—metaphorically speaking, they take up a hole or two in their belts by way of breakfast; their landlord, with sundry terms of their rent in arrears, is always pressing for the key of their garret, and offering them in exchange the key of the street. Their misery is mortal, as Murger expresses it; it is long since they have pledged their last wretched resources at the *Mont-de-piété*; and should the illness which is threatening them really lay hold, there is nothing for it but to retreat to the wards of the hospital. All the time they may have well-to-do relations who are ready to kill the fatted calf if the prodigals will only go back to their native province,

and give some practical proofs of repentance. *N'importe*; pride forbids that. Occasionally, under some passing urgency more severe than usual, combined with a temptation coming upon them in the hour of their extremity, they will yield by way of exception to the dictates of common-sense, and honestly earn a few francs. And unless they can carry off the transaction with a laugh, they conceal it from the confraternity as a crime. At the worst, it is only a backsliding, not likely often to repeat itself; for seldom have martyrs shown greater constancy than those poverty-stricken Bohemians to their delusive aspirations. But their constancy is the stoicism of the Red Indian, who affects to laugh in the middle of his torments, when his miserable body has been mangled beyond all possibility of healing. Set the Indian free from the stake, send the Bohemian back to try a reputable existence, and one and the other will be unfitted for work by the wounds and sufferings they must carry to the grave. We must remember, too, that it is the curse of the true Bohemian that he abandons himself to an exceptionally susceptible temperament. We are talking of those whom Murger assigns to his first class—"the obstinate dreamers"—"the great family of poverty-stricken artists, fatally doomed to submit to the law of the anonymous." These men may not be natures of *élite*; but they have the foibles of those natures, if they want their genius: self-restraint of any kind is unknown to them. They are impressionable, emotional, and singularly thin-skinned. No doubt they have become used to drain the cup of humiliation to its dregs, and their skins have, in a measure, grown callous to the strokes of ill-fortune, as the corporation of the *truands* of the Cour

des Miracles used to break in their novices to the *métier* by beating them. But the sores which are being constantly chafed, will break out and smart to the last; and their spirits are more sensitive than quicksilver to the depressing atmosphere that envelops them. Be sure that they pay the penalty of their spasmodic outbreaks of gaiety in the profound reaction that invariably follows. Dreamers they are, as Murger says, and the very soul of successful art and literature in contemplation. The mind overstrained in some prolonged burst of inspiration, must rest itself in satisfactory retrospect to begin with, before taking its *élan* for future achievements. It is the misery of the Bohemian artist that he cannot think, because sordid cares are crowding in the foreground, to say nothing of the regrets or remorse that press behind. So he passes his life in a perpetual fever, where the cold fits quickly succeed to the hot; and the dissipated body, inadequately nourished, succumbs to the fretting of the agitated soul. Nor can we recall a single well-authenticated instance where a Bohemian of the *pur sang* has assisted himself in the descent to Avernus. Like Murger, he may have occasionally checked himself on the slope, and may have left such proofs of what he might have accomplished behind him, as the 'Vie de Bohème,' or the 'Poésie d'Hiver.' But the abyss is infallibly yawning for him at the bottom; and after possibly making his last halt in the public hospital, he is sure to be landed prematurely in the *depths*.

Paris, as we said, has been naturally the capital of Bohemia, and that for many reasons. We have touched already on some metaphysical causes, and we do not mean to go deeper into them. But the love of excitement, the dreams of this

city of delights, and the ambition of literary or political renown, have always drawn the French provincials to Paris. It has ever had a monopoly of ambitious talent from the dark ages, when Abelard, the knight-errant of speculative philosophy, made it the headquarters of his brilliant quest after intellectual adventure,—down to the middle ages, when the blaze of its renowned university dimmed all the lesser lights of learning on the hither side of the Alps. The University of Paris was as famous for its learning as for its independence and dogmatic intolerance; but it had always its Bohemian side as well. No one has described that better than Victor Hugo, whose poems and politics, by the way, showed his own Bohemian instincts; and he has painted it with his brilliantly picturesque breadth of touch in the 'Notre Dame de Paris,' which is undoubtedly his masterpiece. The system, or rather the want of system, of university education at Paris, was the model of our Scotch colleges—with a difference. Unlike the great English seats of academical learning, the Mother of French letters did not profess to look after her children and *alumni* out of class hours. She left them free to follow their own devices, and exposed to all the temptations of a capital which, even then, was the common sewer of Europe. The college was crowded with adventurers of all classes, and of less respectable antecedents than our Admirable Crichton, who left his paternal tower in Perthshire to attend its schools. The Paris of the dark ages was the seat of a dissolute and military Court, which compelled the attendance of those who aspired to be courtiers, and retained regiments of ill-paid *quasi*-gentlemen, who had to find the means of

employing their leisure in debaucheries. It had its organised troops of ruffians and mendicants, who, lost in the labyrinths of its dark lanes and blind alleys, bade defiance to a truculent but feeble police; and were being perpetually recruited from those of their superiors whom vice or misfortune had reduced to desperation. Yet even in those days there were many lavish *grand seigneurs*, who imitated the passing fashions of the Court in extending a wayward patronage to talent. They had their poets-laureate, who were sufficiently, though spasmodically, paid for dancing attendance in ante-chambers, by the sums they received for sonnets and flatteries. There were ragged poets unattached, who, for a lucky hit, might receive a handful of crowns or the run of the kitchen. In these circumstances, and when vulgar dissipation was cheap, and the wants of the struggling aspirants were simple, such characters as the young Jehan Frolo, and the Pierre Gringoire of the 'Notre Dame,' were common enough. A more dangerous training than the young scholar received, though the brother and ward of a canon of the cathedral, it is hardly possible to imagine. He haunted the *mauvais lieux* and the lowest taverns; he was prompted to mischief and worse by the society and indiscretions of his fellow-scapegraces. On the one side, being of good birth and connections, he had made acquaintance with a dissipated captain of the *gensd'armes*; while on the other, in his cosmopolitan predispositions to evil, he had made himself friends, in case of misfortune, with the potentates of the guild of cut-purses. As for Pierre Gringoire, husband in title to the fair Esmeralda, he had not the good fortune to be related to a beneficed

Church dignitary, nor had he claims on a small family estate. None the less did he launch himself recklessly on the sea of sorrows that infallibly engulfs the frail barks of the Bohemians. One and the other represented, in another order of things, pronounced shades of the eternal Bohemian nature. A dash of his brother the canon's devotion to study, might have made a Villon of the harebrained Jehan Frolo, as Pierre Gringoire would only have needed a foothold, in the modern system, to become one of the shifty *misérables* of the Pays Latin, and possibly even a Murger.

Failures of the kind have been continually repeating themselves in Paris, till we come down to the days of contemporary Bohemia. Paris has witnessed a succession of sorrows that have been gradually growing more acute as the demands of a more refined civilisation have become more exacting and imperative. A Pierre Gringoire needed little, so long as his body was clothed and his belly was filled. Though no one could say, indeed, that the dissipations in which he loved to indulge, came within the limits of the strictly indispensable. But Murger and his companions, sorely against the grain, have to submit at times to the tyranny of peremptory conventionalities. They may "dodge" the tyranny—and they try hard to do so—but they cannot altogether resist it. It may be a question of a dinner-party when they are on the brink of starvation; or of attending some momentous evening reception, where Cupid, as they hope, may have been kindling the wax-lights for them. Something resembling an evening costume is *de rigueur*: a pair of glaringly broken old boots would challenge vexatious attention before the ex-

tremities could be hidden under the dinner-table; nor is it easy to make love with self-respect in a pair of *pantalons Ecosais*, tattered at the knees, even had the wearer, by dint of audacity, succeeded in forcing the *consigne*. So that the unfortunate who is doomed to ape a dandy of the Boulevards in spite of himself, must exhaust his energies in devising preliminary combinations before he can array himself in a passable suit of clothes. We believe Murger's pictures to be faithful scenes from the life—perhaps slightly embroidered by a lively fancy; at all events, their *vraisemblance* has been recognised by those who ought to know best. In one of the most amusing of those scenes, the ragged editor of a journal of the fashions, and who for the moment is desperately at a loss for an evening coat, is helped to the coveted article by a friend conspiring with Providence. He has been consulting with the companion of his attic over the difficulty, and is on the point of abandoning himself to black despair, when a knock comes to the door. The door opens to admit a worthy citizen of Nantes, painfully blown with climbing the endless flights of stairs. When the visitor musters breath, he tells them he has been recommended to the artist to have his portrait taken. The spirit of friendship inspires the painter with a happy thought. He prepares to go to work on the instant; seats the Nantois on the only available chair, and with the torrent of art-eloquence he has at his command, persuades him that he must be immortalised in artistic draperies. In the twinkling of an eye the welcome visitor is stripped of his coat, which is transferred behind the door to the shoulders of the confederate, and invested in the tattered remnant of a *robe de*

chambre, which he regards at first with not unnatural loathing. He is calmed with the assurance that it was associated with the genius and powers of Horace Vernet; while the conversation of the voluble artist is most fascinating. For, be it remarked, the *verve* of those beggarly followers of the Muses is always to be relied upon in the hour of extremity. And in this case the practice of the cardinal virtue of friendship brings its immediate reward. The enthusiastic artist, painting against time, and loath to miss the happy moment of inspiration, persuades his employer to send out for a repast, and consents to charge himself with arranging the *menu*. So the strangely matched pair hold joyous festival, gradually growing more affectionate and brotherly; bottle after bottle of Burgundy is opened, and when the coat is brought back, having served its purpose, the rightful owner has forgotten all about it.

That is a touching study of a friendship remaining most sympathetic though it is nourished in a garret upon crusts and tobacco. But there is another scene connected with clothes in Murger's book, which illustrates a different side of the Bohemian character, and one scarcely creditable. A well-to-do literary gentleman has been left so much to himself, as ardently to desire admission to the band of free companions, whose eccentricities have banished all the other clients from the *café* they honour with their custom. The happy chance of settling a score for them offers an advantageous opportunity for an introduction. He imparts the long-cherished desire of his heart to the Bohemian who inspires him with least apprehension. The proposal leads to a hot debate; for the fact that the postulant has

a well-filled purse is far from being conclusive to their noble disinterestedness, although undoubtedly it sways their opinions. He is put on a probation which consists of associating separately with each of the companions for a day, and paying for the succession of meals which are to give fair opportunity for studying him. Finally, he is accepted, which seemed a foregone conclusion,—for flesh is frail, and money is seductive. And then the flight of rapacious friends settle down in his chamber one morning, while this M. Barbemuche is still sleeping off the effects of a feast of soul overnight, with those well-seasoned vessels. If he had doubted the thoroughness of his reception to all the privileges of a community of interests, he is at once reassured. His visitors overhaul the contents of a wardrobe, the riches of which absolutely dazzle them. They proceed to read their new friend a practical lesson on the abuse of the superfluous. One appropriates a coat and vest; another invests himself with a hat and a pair of trousers; and so the raid goes on, till the stupefied M. Barbemuche, in point of wearing apparel, sees himself almost reduced to the simplicity of Adam before the Fall. And he had invited a party to meet them that evening. "But you leave me nothing—nothing," he ejaculates piteously. "How am I to receive you?" "Ah! with you it is different," said Rodolphe. "You are master of the house; you can afford to dispense with etiquette." That shameless rapacity was punished in one instance, by the way, by the subtracter, who had bigger feet than M. Barbemuche, having to resign himself to the torture of the boots. Nor was it inconsistent with the self-sacrifice, which would share the last *sous* in the winter with a starving

friend ; which flung among them for their distraction through some days of debauch, the handful of *louis d'or* that had come as a windfall ; and which would break up the furniture to fling on the stove if a friend had a cold and needed firing. And the outlaws had their principles, such as these were, which pulled them up short of absolute swindling. They will maliciously intoxicate the respectable master of the house, when coming to demand payment of the terms that are unpaid ; they wheedle him out of signed receipts without handing him over any money. Next morning, however, the documents which mean a discharge, are scrupulously delivered to the proprietor's family. To keep them, if not dishonourable, could hardly be considered *de bonne guerre*. But, on the other hand, it was not for nothing that they had poured their good liquor down the proprietor's throat. He had grown voluble, and then confidential, in his cups. He had madly confided his secrets, and the Bohemians have the means of making the hypocritical old miser possess himself in patience—unless, on the chance of squeezing them for a hundred or two of francs, he cares to provoke a domestic hurricane.

"Would you know the value of money," says Poor Richard, who was once a popular professor of social economy, "try to borrow some." One of the most entertaining and suggestive chapters in Murger's book is devoted to the chase of that "ferocious animal, the five-franc piece." Shy, as it seems to us, would be a more suitable epithet than savage. The five-franc piece, when once it is colared, lets itself be pocketed easily enough: the difficulty is to lay the hands upon it. Rodolphe, one of the four inseparables of the *Cénacle de la Bohème*, is in need of that

amount of capital,—not to buy himself a morsel of bread, though he is starving, but to take the mistress of his heart to the water-works at Versailles. And in the search for it, in Paris—which is a big city, although smaller than London—he covers more ground than any deer-stalker in the Highlands ; breathlessly scaling the heights of Montmartre at the one end, and bustling through the shady shrubberies of the Luxembourg at the other: while severe though barren labours of the brain are interpolated through his peregrinations in the way of parenthesis, when he drops down upon a critic, whom he helps through his daily task, as a preliminary to his request for a modest loan. The critic is grateful, but *sou-less* ; hence he hunts up a stray volume or two, which Rodolphe finally pledges to his washerwoman for a couple of francs. And after a succession of labours, similarly herculean, with infinite difficulty and adroitness, he achieves the balance, though barely in time to keep his appointment.

It is evident that serious work becomes impossible under such conditions. The life has a ghastly pretence of false gaiety, which least of all deceives the unfortunates who are leading it. They know in their hearts that they will never "arrive," except at the goal of the pauper's grave in the cemetery. In the grim and witty irony with which they discuss their troubles—it would be derogating if they were to treat trouble as anxiety—the talent runs copiously to waste which might have yielded a comfortable income. The sparkling dialogue that flows from over-stimulated brains and aching heads might have made the fortune of a Palais-Royal *vaudeville*. And the black shadow of privation stalks behind them wherever they go, following them

into places of nocturnal amusement; and unless some lucky hazard has put them in funds, they have to count the coppers and deny themselves, even at a ball on the outer Boulevards. To do them justice, except at table, they seldom take to drink, as an Englishman would almost infallibly do in their circumstances. Absinthe-sipping is a different thing; and absinthe is expensive. But tobacco-smoke is literally as the breath of their nostrils; and even from tobacco they have too frequently to abstain. What casts a sad and pitiful gleam over the abiding sorrows of their existence is their light relations with the other sex. For among those who used to be *grisettes*, and are now turned *lorettes*—or in the race occupying a debatable ground between the two—are girls whose temperament is sadly analogous to that of the male Bohemian. On the whole, they are more practically-minded, and they lightly yield to the seductions of a luxuriant establishment; luxury, as we need hardly say, being comparative. But they are the creatures of the impulses which easily master them; and the society of the joyous *viveurs*, who “make wood of every arrow,” and can always provoke a laugh, is irresistibly attractive. The sense of sacrificing themselves for love gives a savour to the ephemeral passion—the *liaison* need last no longer than they like; and they have always the resource of trying another love, or even a temporary return to their honest occupation. As little as their male friends do they give any thought to the savings-bank, or to what is to become of them when they lose their good looks. And what is saddest, perhaps,—though it is a subject on which we must touch slightly,—is the utter absence of the most elementary ideas of religion, as influ-

encing either their lives or their consciences. It is something when we have a warning feeling that we are doing wrong: it is more when that feeling leads to regrets, with some vague notion of their changing to penitence; and it is most when repentance ends in reformation. It is the utmost if the *feux follets* who flash across the paths of the Bohemians, occasionally, on some grand solemnity, dip their fingers in a basin of holy water. The only deity they worship is love; and love is a Cupid with the dragged wings, as they have known him. We have a pathetic scene of a girl who has come back to her lover, with whom she has lived and from whom she has separated, at least half-a-dozen times. She comes back to him for the last time, softened to single-minded devotion and constancy, because she knows that she carries in her bosom the seeds of a deadly disease. The hectic flush of the decline makes her more ethereally beautiful, as she fades with the falling leaves of the sickly tree that throws its shadow on her window. It is starvation that has really developed the consumption—starvation, because, on a capricious show of regard for her artist-lover, she had quarrelled with a rich admirer. And now she knows that if he can offer her bare subsistence, it is all: he can neither give her the medicines nor the delicacies her condition demands. A removal to the hospital is her last desperate chance; but even to save her life, she is loath to leave him. And to the last she conspires with his friends to deceive him; and when deception is no longer possible, and he knows that her days are numbered, her only thought is to try to be bright, so that, for his sake, she may continue to be beautiful. More for his ease of mind than her own, she finally consents

to be sent to the infirmary. And on her last night in the garret, the group of Bohemians gather round her bed,—they have sold everything available to supply her with medicine,—and she says to them, “Faites-moi vivre, la gaité, c’est ma santé.” Well may Murger add, “Rien de plus navrant que la gaité quasi posthume de cette malheureuse fille.”

Not that there is much to choose between her demeanour when dying, and that of the Bohemians themselves, when stretched on their deathbeds in the hospital. The sad story of the end of Jacques D——, the sculptor, in the ‘*Manchon de Francine*,’ is written avowedly from personal recollection. Murger had made acquaintance with the sculptor in the hospital, and the story would seem to be the forecast of what was to happen to himself. The sculptor had laboured in desultory fashion over some work to the last, in a spare chamber lent him by the hospital authorities; and was seen out of the world of sorrows by the Sister of Charity who had nursed him. As for Murger himself, he had reached his thirty-ninth year when he died; and if life is to be measured by the troubles that make it go slowly, he might pass for a veritable patriarch of Bohemia. He had begun, when very young, as the “lord of himself, that heritage of woe.” A mere lad, he was cast upon the world of Outre-Seine, and became one of the denizens of the Quartier Latin; and he quarrelled with his father, who had other views for him. With his real genius and his irresistible bent towards letters in some shape, we can understand him objecting to take a servant’s place. Had he been in all material respects a different man, he might have made himself a great name and a fortune.

Many others before him have educated and raised themselves by sheer dint of resolution and consistent self-denial. But Murger had neither resolution, nor self-control, nor patience, nor perseverance, nor principles. Like so many of his scatterbrained fraternity, he wished but he could not will. He had only the simplest rudiments of education. He spelled badly, and knew nothing of grammar; he was pleasure-loving and indolent; and, strange to say, he is said to have composed with extreme difficulty. So there was much to conspire against his success, even when he had found among his more earnest and indefatigable associates, men ready to assist him with advice and otherwise. Moreover, he took extraordinary liberties with a constitution which was always weak. He starved and indulged in excesses by turns. He says that he had sometimes lived on dry bread for days in succession; and no one knew better by personal experience the horrors of the fruitless chase of the five francs. He did what work he would settle to at abnormal hours; when he could afford it, he smoked incessantly on an empty stomach, as he steeped his brain in the strongest coffee. No wonder that he had paid frequent visits to the hospital in which he died, and from which he was buried.

But after the death there came a scene, infinitely more dramatic in its contrasts than any he had dared to imagine. The emaciated corpse of the deserted pauper was brought out from the public *Maison de Santé*, to be borne to the grave with the most imposing funeral honours. An ever-increasing crowd had gathered round the doors of the hospital chapel, which was closely packed with a mixed but brilliant company. A pall, expressly embroidered in silver, with Murger’s

monograph, was thrown over his coffin. The pall-bearers were MM. Edouard Thierry, Baron Taylor, Theodore Barrière and Labiche. In the procession that moved slowly forward through the press, the art and literature of the capital may be said to have been present *en masse* rather than merely represented. The Ministers of State and of Public Instruction had sent their secretaries. There were not a few of the Academicians, and among them Sainte-Beuve and Sandeau; while characteristically mingling in the mob of celebrities and respectabilities came the ragged regiments of students and literary scamps who inhabited the Pays Latin with the dead man. The funeral discourses over the open grave were delivered in the presence of a silent and respectful crowd, by M. Thierry, who was then the president of the literary society, and by other representative men, who were scarcely less distinguished. Naturally enough we are tempted to moralise on the apparent irony of that gathering of the wealthy and successful to honour the hapless fellow-mortal, who had died of disease induced by want. The sum total of their *fiacre* fares might have soothed his last days, if it had not prolonged the life that was forfeited; and at all events, it would have been more

in accordance with the fitness of things, had the *cortège* come to fetch him from a respectable lodging. Yet, possibly, the impulsive moralist might be unjust. We would not deal harshly with the memory of the dead, but Murger was a Bohemian by deliberate choice, and if he died—as every Bohemian must look to die—there was no one but himself to blame. Unlike most of his fellows, he did not overrate his talents, but he neglected their use, if he did not absolutely abuse them. Prosperity to such a man is as fatal as adversity; for, in fact, a flush of the one means a direct relapse into the other. Had money been sent while he had strength to squander, squandered it would have been; and the beneficence of the State provided him with comforts which his forethought could in no circumstances have assured himself. In paying the last honours in full to the memory of the departed—in recognising the talents with which their possessor might have treated so differently—literary France kept itself free from reproach. We feel that our subject culminates in that saddest of all sad stories; and those who are conscious of Bohemian instincts may read its pathetic lessons as they run.

OMENS OF TROUBLE.

EUROPE at the present hour is full of signs and premonitions of a coming crisis. Visibly she is drifting upon another of those cataracts of event which break the course of History: each of them a series of rapids, down which the Past has descended into the Present, and the Present will plunge into the new Future. Far be it from us to seek to dispel the comforting dream of that "millennial" time when the nations will rest in amity, cultivating the arts of war no more. Doubtless it will come; but the world is a long way yet from that happy goal. Every European Settlement is still but a temporary arrangement: partly arbitrary or artificial even when made, and destined to be outgrown and thrust aside as inadequate, or even (to some) as hateful, as time rolls on—as new growths of power disturb the political equilibrium, or the nations awake to new objects and desires, which did not exist, and therefore could not be taken into account, when the existent Settlement was arrived at. Indeed a cynic might be prone to say that each of the great Treaty-settlements of Europe has simply been a compulsory truce. Nations cannot go on fighting ceaselessly (although certainly they sometimes do wonders towards the attainment of such a miracle of bel-ligerence); and empty exchequers have done more than the skill of diplomatists towards the attainment of those successive Settlements which have given epochs of peace to this smallest but most restless and powerful of continents. Yet, lo! even when, through the almost complete recognition of nationality—leaving each people free in its own territory,—we are visibly approaching a time when

there may be settled peace within Europe herself, the far-reaching conquests of the Aryan nations are bringing them more and more into close contact and more strenuous rivalry in other parts of the world; and Europe will pay penalty for her power and greatness by a crop of wars reflected back upon her from the other continents!

With matters which are distant, whether in place or in time, it is needless to expect perception and attention from the masses of mankind. But, speaking of the thoughtful classes, it is no exaggeration to say that over all Europe there is a sensation of disquietude, rising in some quarters into anxiety and serious apprehension. In national as well as individual life, a vague and blind presentiment of evil has at times portended a disastrous convulsion: but at present the presentiment is not blind. There are visible grounds for the disquietude; yet no man can tell the exact shape which the peril will assume; still less—and this is the worst part of the disquietude—what will be its magnitude, or where it will end. That danger is ahead—danger to the peace of Europe, or more—hardly any intelligent reader of the newspapers can doubt. The more sanguine and the less provident or prescient, doubtless, will as usual take the easy-going course of "hoping the best" (the cheapest means, be it noted, of winning the applause of the ignorant!)—and, looking back upon the comparatively long period of peace which Europe at large has enjoyed since the fall of Napoleon the Great, the public are loath to regard as possible the recurrence of a great war such as our grandsires so gallantly fought through. In

these days, is not the thought too shocking to be entertained that, despite all our progress and much-vaunted civilisation, the closing years of the century may yet witness as bloody and momentous a military contest as that by which the century was ushered in? Is it not too startling to be told that Europe is waiting for another Waterloo, ere it can hope to re-attain a new epoch of equilibrium and peace? Nay, more, how bitter and humiliating to practical philanthropists—to the number of good and self-denying men (whose name nowadays is Legion) who devote alike mind and money, time and strength, to the amelioration of human ills and misfortunes;—how humiliating, too, to the vanity of harder-hearted statesmanship, is the thought that, after all, and when (as it may seem) we have all but perfected Law, Government, and Society, the dangerous classes and “dissolving forces” are becoming more formidable than ever; and that the “social revolution”—atheistic Communism and Nihilism—may yet shake to its foundations the entire system of civilisation which modern Europe has been slowly perfecting as the highest product of the Aryan community of nations?

It is the former of these two dangers — namely, international conflict — which the more readily awakens the apprehensions of a generation which is especially peace-loving. War, too, is one of those things which, like Fire, challenges general attention, even by its premonitory sparks. Blood and fire, indeed, are its essential accompaniments; and even the dullest mind is quickened into outlook and anxiety at the very sound of its name. Naturally, therefore, the prevalent disquietude takes most prominently a military complexion. True, this apprehension is as yet but little

apparent in our own country. In these “Isles of the Blest”—*penitus toto orbe divisos*—War has not the name of terror which it bears in the oft-times war-swept countries of the Continent; yet the suspicion with which our people regard the proposed Channel Tunnel shows that we are by no means blind to the mercies we have enjoyed from our geographical insulation. But on the Continent, it is no exaggeration to say that there is not a Cabinet, nor even a Parliament, which does not sniff gunpowder in the air, or does not quake somewhat at the thought of secret plans and machinations of statecraft which are believed to be at work in the dark, slowly or swiftly working towards an explosion. Governments are quietly but eagerly keeping watch upon each other, and tread warily, as if upon ground which they suspect is undermined.

Indeed, what more striking instance of such apprehension has Europe ever seen than that recently displayed by France, which draws back from concerted action in Egypt rather than risk exposing herself to some deadly thrust which she suspects may be suddenly dealt to her? What bait so alluring to Gallican ambition than Egypt?—what more pleasing to her traditional sentiment than that the Tricolor of France should wave anew upon the banks of the Nile, and within sight of the Pyramids, from whose summit “forty centuries looked down” upon the victories of Napoleon the Great? Yet this very circumstance—the knowledge that other Powers might reckon upon her taking the bait, sufficed to cause France to recoil. What is especially noticeable, as showing the prevailing disquietude, is that this *recolade* is not primarily the work, freak, or mistake of diplomatists and statesmen, but a popular *stampede*—a spon-

taneous energetic decision of the national representatives ; and with which the Government promptly acquiesced. And so, France, scenting danger, resolves to stand on defence, keeping her forces at home, —resolved to engage in no sally which might expose her to attack in flank from a lurking foe. It is true that no foe is in sight ; and if there be a danger, it is veiled and invisible,—like the sword of Harmodius of old, concealed in flowers till the moment of striking. But if so, what grounds for apprehension must there not be when popular suspicion is so keen-scented, and when statesmen see daggers in the air where none are present to the bodily sense ? The oft-quoted line of the poet seems plain as a matter of prose at the present moment, for rarely is it seen so plainly that “coming events cast their shadows before.”

Before dealing with some of the signs of the day which directly betoken the approach of international conflict,—signs little resembling in character those fiery meteors of the sky which were regarded as war-portents of old ; but terrestrial, tangible, and sensible, like to the progressive wearing-down of rocky lake-barriers, such as at some distant yet almost calculable date will produce a Deluge over the whole valley of the St Lawrence,—let us first ask the reader to consider some of the surroundings of his daily life,—circumstances highly ominous ; all the more so, indeed, from the duration and commonness which, by sheer familiarity, blind men to their true significance. While Peace was never before so prized and preached, have we not for years past come to live in an atmosphere of War ? While the Scriptural phrase of turning swords into ploughshares has been regarded as the peculiar aim of national industry and of human aspirations,

has there not for half a lifetime been quite an opposite current of thought underlying it all, and cropping up in various forms around us,—somewhat like to those jets and veins of fire-rock which we see permeating the sedimentary strata which form the present cool and quiet surface of earth, and telling of the igneous forces which lurk unseen below ? Only, these signs of old terrestrial convulsion are relics of the past ; whereas the moral or mental phenomena of which we speak, and which so visibly surround us, are not relics but portents—not consequences of a troubled Past, but preparations against a Future which we distrust. “Playing at soldiers” was the mild and half-contemptuous phrase with which men first spoke of the Volunteer movement. But we do not so speak of it now : every passing year we attach to it a greater importance,—expressing satisfaction and deriving comfort as we see that this “play” is converting our youth into belligerents of no mean order. Look, too, even at our learned societies, and observe how belligerent Science has become of late years. Enter hall or lecture-room, and you may find the *élite* of Science investigating the “initial velocity” of projectiles—the strain which iron in its newer forms is capable of bearing under the shock of explosives—the propelling power of gunpowder in large cubes instead of in grains,—torpedoes, monster cannon, and the best means or material for resisting the impact of those destructive thunderbolts of human war. Chemistry triumphs in the discovery of new explosives. Is not the old unquenchable “Greek fire” now replaced among the engineering of war ; and are not dynamite and nitro-glycerine, not to speak of the more diabolical picric acid, now included in the “resources of civilisation ?” Is all this

a mere love of Science? Is it as an academic pursuit — in pure search or thirst for knowledge, that learned men thus study the arts and enginery of destruction? And is the *Kriegspiel* a mere amusement, prized as a novelty, to while away the tedium of barrack-life in the place of nap or loo?

Sweet illusions of this kind will hardly bear a moment's consideration, if we lift our eyes and look upon the world around us. To any Rip van Winkle who went asleep thirty years ago, the Europe of to-day would be unrecognisable. Nations have become armies; each country is a camp. The awakening sleeper might, in his blank bewilderment, for a moment believe that he was still dreaming—some troubled dream of the Middle Ages, when War was the main business of States, and fighting in all shapes the chief excitement and popular amusement. But apart from the sight of Krupp and Armstrong artillery, of Minié and Remington rifles, and other overt signs of the military Present, a moment's reflection would suffice to show that it is not the Europe of any past age which is before his eyes; but one which for half a century has been framing for itself new objects and principles, under the influence of which our Continent is about to take another leap forward, and to descend into a new and ultimately stabler system of power through the cataracts of war.

How well do we remember the happy idea which first rose into the mind of philosophers in the time of our youth, and which it was reckoned the mark of an "advanced mind" to entertain! How comfortably and complacently it was proclaimed that progress in the arts of war was inevitably suicidal, and destined to make an end of all war! That was forty or

more years ago, at the time when the first small advances were made in military weapons and enginery, —before even the old "Brown Bess" had been withdrawn from the hands of our soldiery; but when the great outburst of mechanical science and invention had fully begun, and was devoting its mere spare moments to the art of destruction. How confidently it was then demonstrated from the schoolmaster's or professor's chair that the various "arms of precision," then in their infancy, would render battles so overwhelmingly destructive that it would be too absurd to engage in them; or that, if the nations were not sufficiently intelligent to perceive this sanguinary absurdity, they would quickly be made to learn the lesson from sheer lack of what Napoleon called *chair à canon*,—from the impossibility of raising armies sufficiently numerous to withstand or survive such wholesale slaughter.

It was a pretty idea,—opening on the whole a highly gratifying prospect. Make war sufficiently destructive, and you will destroy war itself! It had all the neatness, and apparently the conclusiveness, of an axiom in geometry. And so, while the *profanum vulgus* congratulated themselves upon the augmented fighting power of our soldiery and defensive armaments, the Illuminati rejoiced to see the very passion for war giving birth to a wholly new state of affairs which would abolish war throughout the civilised world. They did not adequately remember what a combative animal Man is, or how mankind have continued to fight at least as much as ever, despite the displacement of the feeble bow and arrows by gunpowder and artillery.

Nevertheless this happy idea would not have proved so far wrong

had the world remained in other respects as it was,—namely, *inter alia*, with only such standing armies as kings and princes could command from semi-somnolent but poor and reluctant peoples. But in this matter, as in so many others, the world with the fashion thereof has changed greatly. It is doubtful whether war was ever merely “the game of kings,”—except in the sense that kings were then the sole representatives and guardians of national rights and interests, among peoples who knew little or nothing of what was happening outside their own villages, and to whom geography, even of the most neighbouring countries, was as unknown as that of the moon at the present day. But it is the special boast of this nineteenth century that nations have become their own governors; while it is a fact of history that, with increasing knowledge of geography and politics, the nations now show quite as belligerent a spirit, as keen a sense of affront, and as resolute an ambition to promote and defend their country’s interests. And thus, when the war-spirit arises, the belligerent armies are no longer limited in number by the privy purse or narrow revenue of a king of a hundred years ago; but nations themselves take up arms; while the marvellous growth of Wealth during the last fifty years, more than suffices to equip and put in motion military forces tenfold as numerous and formidable as was possible of yore. Thus, while progress in science and growth of wealth render the engineery of war appallingly destructive, one result of political progress has been to supply both the “sinews of war” and “food for gunpowder” in almost unlimited quantity—fleets mailed in iron, and armies sufficiently numerous to wield, at times, a thousand pieces

of artillery, and to survive even the carnage of a Sedan!

Good reader, pray reflect upon the various circumstances briefly summarised in the preceding paragraphs. They are familiar to you in our own country. Indeed the drilling and marching, and grand military gatherings and reviews even of our civic soldiery, as they go on amongst us, would make any returned spirit of father or grandfather believe that a more than Napoleonic war was raging over Europe, while some new Grand Army was again encamped on the heights of Boulogne, waiting for a favourable moment to cross over into Kent. It is a curious circumstance that the most-forgotten or least-remembered great incidents in our famous heart-stirring history are the successful invasions and occasional actual conquests of our Island from the adjoining continent. Often and by many different Powers and races have our Isles been so visited in warlike guise. Julius Cæsar, whose headquarters—or “military base,” to use the scientific phrase—were far away in Italy, beyond Alps and Apennines, with rivers and sea between, in sheer spirit of adventure seeking our fog-shrouded coast, “came, and saw, and conquered,”—leaving “the Britains” for four centuries thereafter an infertile province of Imperial Rome. Next came German and Norseman: Hengist with his Saxon followers of the White Horse; Kanute with his Danes, and other Scandinavian Vikings in their dragon-prowed war-galleys, flying the Raven flag. Then came William with his Normans; and, noteworthy fact, hardly had the Conqueror crowned himself in Westminster Abbey, than he established the Wardenship of the Cinque Ports, fortifying these now humble sea-ports, and endowing them with spe-

cial privileges in return for their guardianship of our Channel coast,—the Norman sagaciously closing against others the door by which he himself had entered! Then, in milder fashion, followed the baffled landings of French kings, as in the feeble reign of King John, when the French monarch miscarried sadly in the Fen country, and (according to an answer given to a Civil Service Examiner in English history) “lost all his clothes at the Wash.” By-and-by came the half-welcomed invasion of Lancastrian Richmond,—and again, of William of Orange; and again, the brilliant and all but successful adventure of “Prince Charlie” of the Royal Stuart line. We prefer to think of the wreck of the Invincible Armada from Spain; of the failure of James the Second in Ireland, as also of the French Revolutionary expedition in the same disaffected part of the kingdom a century later; and finally, of our defiance of Napoleon’s Grand Army encamped on the heights of Boulogne—so grandly baffled by the genius of Nelson, who died in the hour of victory which completed the success of his career, by leaving not a single hostile navy—nay, not a European navy of any kind, to contest with England the empire of the seas, or even to molest our mercantile argosies as they traversed far and wide the oceans of the world. Yet only last century, during our regretted contest with our American colonies, did not the Allied fleets of the Continent for a while hold the mastery; while Paul Jones in privateering fashion harried our coasts; as at another and earlier time the victorious Dutch Admiral sailed up the Thames and created a panic in the English metropolis?

Ours has been a splendid history; and despite our modern excellency in textile industry, and suchlike needful arts of peace, noth-

ing shines forth so strikingly in our whole history as that more-than-Roman fighting power of our people, as remarkable in onset as in defence—a personal quality, beyond, yet including, the belligerent skill which belongs to military drill and discipline,—and which was displayed afresh, but as yesterday, at Tel-el-Kebir. Justly we are proud of our history: justly, too, we can find in it no small assurance of abiding security for our coasts and homes “so long as England to herself proves true.” Yet the very fact that this old confidence, a superb *insouciance*, has become shaken in men’s minds, is one more and not the least significant sign of the changing times. How different is the national sentiment on such matters now from what it was just thirty years ago! Then there was no Militia, no Volunteers, and our military and naval establishments were pitifully small and neglected. “I tell you,” said the Duke of Wellington in the spring of 1852, “for the last ten years you have not had more men in your armies than are sufficient to relieve your sentries in the different parts of the world.” And when Lord Hardinge became head of the War Department in that same year, he found only forty guns in the United Kingdom capable of service,—“most of which,” he added, “would have gone to pieces the first time they got into a clay-field!” Our navy was in a similar state of neglect. Indeed, at that time, Lord John Russell (in accordance with Sydney Smith’s saying) might even with impunity have displayed his overweening self-confidence by “taking command of the Channel fleet,” seeing there was so little of it,—or, as we should think now, none at all! Yet our people were content: they were conscious of no danger, nor even of liability to it.

Nay, more : peace-fanatics like Cobden furiously railed against Wellington for exhorting the nation to measures of self-defence. It was indeed a sign of the times when a man like Cobden could insult the victor of Waterloo by an accusation of timidity, deriding the Iron Duke for weak nerves and mental imbecility, and yet rely for countenance in these insulting slanders upon a considerable portion of the public! Through the clever impertunity of his widow, Cobden's bust has got a place in the purlieus of the House of Commons : but (not to speak of his low-bred insults) what does the country think of the question between him and Wellington *now*? Wellington and Cobden! Truly it was a peculiar time when the names of such two men could be bracketed together in approximate equality,—not to say with the “Manchester manufacturer” in a self-assumed superiority!

In this matter, at least—as indeed in many others—the good sense, sound judgment, and clear military perception of Wellington have been amply vindicated. The exhortation which he then so earnestly addressed to his fellow-countrymen was all the more needed, inasmuch as the whole current of public feeling then ran in the opposite direction. The middle point of the century witnessed a singular development of hope and of self-satisfaction. The Continental troubles were over; the gold-discoveries were the talk of the day, and seemed to betoken an epoch of commercial and general prosperity, the reverse of what had so grievously prevailed for a generation before. The Great Exhibition was partly the outcome of this state of things, and remarkably intensified it. It was the “Palace of Peace”—the “Palace of All Nations,”—a “World's Fair,” where all peoples

and races came together in peaceful and prosperity-making rivalry. In the cosmopolitan philanthropy which then inspired all breasts, even the impudent Chinaman who made himself conspicuous on the occasion, as a high Mandarin, was received without questioning as a welcomed representative of the hitherto self-secluded Celestial Empire. War was to be a thing of the past; and instead of the conflicts of monarchies and the fiery collision of armies, there was to be a brotherhood of nations, and the only rivalry a series of Great Exhibitions all over the civilised world. Under such a sunshine of general happiness and hope, no wonder that even Cobdenism and the Manchester School obtained a brief heyday of exotic existence; or that Parliament and Ministries sought to show their enlightenment, and prove themselves “abreast of the times,” by seeing how little could be spent upon our military and naval armaments. “National defences!”—the words were never heard; or, when earnestly uttered by the “Old Duke,” they remained without an echo! And yet, within little more than a year, the legions of the Czar crossed the Pruth, and the Long Peace—the peace of Waterloo—was broken and ended by the salvoes of the Russian artillery on the Danube.

It is needless to recall and recount the events, alike various and memorable, which speedily justified the wise warnings of Wellington,—that trusty old warrior who had led our troops to victory after victory in the Great Napoleon's wars (which will ever hold in our annals a place parallel to the Carthaginian wars in the history of Rome), and who “passed to his rest” just as a new epoch of belligerence was opening upon Europe. The Crimean war—after a brief interval, filled painfully for this country by wars

with Persia and China, and mutinies in India—was followed by the Italian war, secretly concerted between Cavour and Napoleon III. against Austria at Plombières; then the Danish war, in which Prussia and Austria played the fable of the Wolf and the Lamb against little Denmark; then the Prusso-Austrian war, deliberately forced on by the former Power; then the Franco-German war, likewise a coolly premeditated affair on one side; then another Russo-Turkish war, similarly forced upon the weaker Power, by which the Czar carried a step further the traditional ambition of his dynasty and people. All this within twenty years! All, too, of set purpose! No wonder, then, that the current of human ideas has been reversed, and that the prime consideration of every nation is now of self-defence—measures of self-preservation. Thirty years ago was a brief and delusive heyday when “public opinion” and “moral force” were hopefully exalted and extolled as the predominant power of the future! Alas! what have we seen in the interval, and what do we see now, but the “old, old story” that has been in course ever since the birth of man (ay, and throughout all creation so far as human observation extends), that “*Might makes Right*,”—that moral force is mighty only in so far as it is transmutable at a push into bayonets and cannon; and that it is upon “big battalions” and ironclad ships that the fortunes and independence of States and nations still mainly depend.

Nor are the signs of trouble all external, or confined to the attack of State upon State, and of race upon race. Most pitiful of all, is not Civilisation itself upon its trial? The fabric of Society which, under the guidance of Christianity, Europe has been slowly building up since our continent emerged

from the Dark Ages,—even it—our boast and highest achievement—is not exempt from the coming perils. The very social organisation of which we are justly proud, wherein we boast that individual and political freedom has reached a perfection hitherto unknown in the world, strong as it now stands, or seems to stand, is there not visibly a day of trial approaching even for it? It is, or may be, the highest form of the social union yet attained: but is it to stand, and progress steadily with successive generations in unbroken course to a higher level? Even those who hope, as we do, that such may be its destiny, may yet have forebodings of a dire temporary breaking down,—under a dread gust or sudden triumph of that Evil by which so many a good and beautiful thing has been swept away as by an unmerited fate, and which appears inseparably interwoven in the web of sublunary affairs. And though we recoil from the thought that our modern civilisation may perish as utterly as that of Nineveh and Babylon, of the Pharaohs, and of mighty Rome herself; still, he is an ignorant man who does not know that in the garden of the world there are no plants of perennial growth,—and a blind one, if he does not mark how widely the red fires of Destruction already smoulder under our household gods,—threatening to burst forth and consume our social civilisation, the stately fabric of European society. Are there no fears lest this grand outcome of the European Aryans may not totter and fall, as that of other races and ancient peoples has fallen; or at least that, in giving birth to some new development, it may not be rolled up like a blazing scroll, and temporarily perish in the flames of Atheism and Materialism,—with their na-

tural progeny among the masses, Communism and Nihilism? Nay, what is the latter of these shapes of evil but a belief that there is no hope for mankind unless the entire Past be destroyed along with the Present, and that the whole beliefs, sentiments, and ideas with which, in their past career, the human race have become imbued, must give place to a *tabula rasa* for the New Science which knows neither God nor a Future Life. Take away these noble and elevating beliefs, and how will it fare with the civilisation which those beliefs have inspired, and of which they are the stablest pillars? No system of government and society has ever yet stood without God and a future life: or if there be *one* (as is almost true), it has been slowly shaped to that complexion through long generations of (what may be styled) agnostic yet reverential Deism: a civilisation, too, which certainly is not an outcome of Aryanism, whether pagan or Christian.

How direly may the operation of such "dissolving forces" of society, whether interweaved with or consequent upon it, complicate the course or aggravate the disasters of any new great war in Europe! We must reserve for the wider space of another article an exposition as to the forces, interests, and opportunities in the European world which seem to be tending towards a severe international conflict,—a climax to the gradual drifting away from the Long Peace enjoyed by our fathers, and from the European Settlement which followed the victory of Waterloo; a painful preliminary, also, to the New Settlement which eventually will give repose to our continent, which for nigh two thousand years has been the heart of the world's civilisation, and also, alas! the chief fountain of its wars. By conquest and by settlement, the European peoples have spread far

and wide over the earth; and this extra-European rivalry is now more than ever swelling the causes of strife in our own continent, while opening new means for, and adding fresh attractions to, the mastery of power.

Here we may stop. The omens of trouble to which we have called attention are serious enough in themselves, without the help of fancy or superstition. Yet—strange though it may be to think of—there are masses of mankind to whom considerations like those here passed in review are of little weight, yet who readily jump to the same conclusion from signs in the sky and omens which they find in the great cycles of Time,—or again, like the late Dr Cumming and others, in the interpretation of prophetic and Apocalyptic lore. The comet recently in our skies, whose apprehended collision with the great solar orb inspired grave misgivings as to the fate of our planet even in the mind of Science, together with the approaching close of the second thousand years after Christ—actually beget forebodings of coming troubles among a hundred or thousand times larger portion of mankind than that which ponders, or even reads, the news and politics of the day!

In truth, even what we call "civilised mankind" is a highly composite material. The original ideas and mental habits of human nature are singularly permanent in the face of training and education. The stream of civilisation flows not in a straight and uniform course, like the water which we enclose in pipes and conduits, but rather like a native river with its streams and pools, where on the surface progress is swift and steady, but where in the depths the water hardly moves, and the logs and clods brought so far by the river settle down and may remain for years.

So is it with the march of civilisation: which may be likened to a railway upon which the first, second, and third class carriages travel at different speeds,—so that the Firsts may be at Berwick or Edinburgh, while the Thirds are hardly beyond the purlieu of King's Cross or St Pancras. Much—far too much—of Man the Barbarian is to be found in the masses of all civilised society; and when so matter-of-fact a scientist as the late and too-soon-lost Professor Jevons attributed a relationship between our commercial crises (with the speculative mania which accompanies them) and the changing condition of the sun, we need not wonder that there are large masses of mankind—ay, by far the majority of the *genus homo*—who find in the skies and in the grand cycles of Time, omens and portents which they vastly prefer to deductions (which they cannot make) from the current course of affairs in the world around them. Yet noteworthy it is, that the approaching date of some momentous change in the condition of mankind which now stirs with expectation the vast Mohammedan world should also be similarly regarded by some classes in both the Jewish and Christian worlds.*

Very different, and of much humbler pretension, are the signs of trouble of which we here write,—hard and disagreeable facts pertaining to our own terrestrial world—signs and circumstances which actually envelop daily life, alike

in our own and Continental countries. Europe a series of camps,—nations in the panoply, or at least in the undress of war,—and military training the sole universal national education. And all this not as a dead and dying legacy from past times; not an antiquated usage maintained in merely feeble show out of deference to old habits: but a thing of to-day,—and a complete change from what was thirty years ago. The vastness of the change, indeed, is not the least striking and significant feature of the present *régime* of militaryism. Is it possible to conceive a greater contrast than that between the Europe of 1851 and of 1882, or between the England of Cobdenism and that of the Volunteers? Again we ask, What does it all mean? Viewed in the most practical of fashions, what does it imply and forbode? An English philosopher has suggested, as a possibility, that a whole nation may become insane at times, even as individuals do. And there is not a little in history which supports such a conjecture. Yet hardly a whole continent, or even, as it now appears, a still larger mass of the varied population of the globe! But even assuming a wellnigh universal insanity among the human race, as the explanation of the present startling phenomena, at least be it remembered that it is an insanity of war; and one which is only too likely to lead to, and end in, a stern, and surely an appalling reality.

* Hardly had we written these lines than we read the following confirmative statement by our accomplished astronomer and man of science, Mr R. Proctor, who, in an essay on "Pyramid Prophecies," states that in the course of his many journeyings, both in the Old World and the New, and both in the northern and southern hemisphere, "I have come to the conclusion that certainly *one-half of the educated classes*, and 99-100ths, if not *all of the uneducated classes*, still believe in [omens and prophecies] what modern science has utterly rejected."

He adds—"According to Pyramid prophets, the year 1882 is the one in which some great change, closing the Christian era [as such], is either to be brought about, or is to begin."—*Contemporary Review*.

AMERICAN LITERATURE IN ENGLAND.

AMERICAN enterprise has lately made a new departure in England. We all respect that energetic quality. We know what it has done in the past, we are aware that everything is expected from it in the future. In literature, perhaps, there are reasons, proper to the literary bosom, and in which the public on either side of the Atlantic has shown no very encouraging interest, which make us contemplate with a certain spitefulness the benevolence of the reception which has been awarded to our transatlantic brethren in this respect. It is futile, and it is perhaps not enlightened: but there are circumstances in which the principles of free trade, however entirely acquiesced in as a system, can be accepted only with a pang. When our own wares are heavily taxed by our neighbours—or *à plus forte raison*, when they are taken from us by our neighbours without any price paid at all—it would require a temper more than human to concur without the faintest grudge in the brilliant reception, the abundant recompense, the generous enthusiasm with which the productions of our fellow-tradesmen among those neighbours are received here. We are willing to allow that the sentiment is shabby, but it is human. There stands at the present moment before us a set of charming little books,* most creditable in appearance to everybody concerned in their reproduction, with the words "Author's Edition" respectfully printed upon the title-page. Far be it from us to grudge that it should be so. We hope Mr Howells finds the arrangement

in every respect satisfactory; but when we remember not only the absolute want of any equivalent whatever, but even the slobbery broadsheet, like a double number of the 'Family Herald,' which is the shape in which English fiction is now presented to the American reader, it cannot be that we should view the contrast with the unalloyed satisfaction which we should desire to feel. When the reciprocity is all on one side, according to a vulgar but expressive description, a sigh cannot but heave the bosom of the unrecompensed. Delighted that you should have your due (we say), gentlemen all! but we should like on our own part to have some too. The wish may be selfish, but it is natural. And though it is Christian to do to others what you would that they should do to you, yet it is only human to wish, if no more, that they might be moved to reciprocate the treatment. It is even quite allowable, we hope, that a desire to move them to emulation of your Christian conduct should tell for something in your action. And when this return is refused to us, a certain regret may be permitted—not indeed because we have behaved honourably to them, but because they have not behaved quite so honourably to us.

We think this mild statement of the case may be ventured upon without offence even to the susceptible American, whose consciousness of what he himself calls spread-eagleism does not prevent him from being quite as determined as ever that criticism of the peculiar institutions which still remain to him is, as Dogberry says,

* Works of W. D. Howells. Edinburgh: David Douglas.

tolerable, and not to be endured. We are all more or less of this frame of mind. No nation perhaps ever suffered the strictures of any other without a mingled sense of rage and ridicule, amusement and ferocity; for it is almost impossible for a foreigner altogether to free himself from the misconceptions, the mistakes which partial knowledge is so apt to make, or even to dismiss from his mind the conventional idea of the nation he is visiting and criticising, which has been generally received by the world, but which that nation invariably resents. And it is quite natural that the American, the newest organisation of all, should resent superficial abuse with more than ordinary warmth. We have always thought it a wonderful piece of national magnanimity and candour to have forgiven Dickens so entirely as the great country which he held up to the laughter and dislike of the world did forgive him. Perhaps it was because, in the swiftness of the movement of time in that new world, the generation which received him on his second visit was another generation from that which he pilloried (we do not think the expression is too strong), and one which no longer felt itself liable to the same strictures. But in any case the forgiveness was magnanimous. Nowadays, however, the American has ceased to be susceptible on the subject of universal interviewing, and expectoration, and other superficial matters. It is perhaps his war that has made a man of him so far—his war which, by dint of placing a great event prominently upon his as yet but scantily filled canvass, has thrown back into perspective all that went before it, and enlarged his horizon. Or perhaps it is the development of that class, imperfectly known and scarcely re-

cognised in the time of Dickens (who, however, does introduce it in a corner in the person of the elegant American Norris, who befriends Martin Chuzzlewit) of travelled and cultivated Americans, to whom the gross outside faults of their countrymen are more odious than they can be to any stranger, and who are almost grateful for the censures which no one could for a moment imagine applied to themselves: or at least, were in this case very willing to hush the matter up, and make themselves and their visitor forget that such criticisms had ever been. No English author, nowadays, would write as Dickens wrote. The scene (we speak in ignorance) has evidently changed. The spittoon is no longer in the front of the picture; the interviews and receptions are lightly passed over; the luxury, the splendour, the dress, the diamonds; the wit and the genius,—the extraordinary organisation of everything material,—are the subjects now of critical remark, most frequently of the laudatory kind. We are, indeed, almost willing to acknowledge with a half-amused, half-admiring perception of the surpassing cleverness of our descendants, that they have beaten, and are daily more and more beating, us in a hundred ways. The reflection does not as yet wound us, whatever it may do when we get deeper into our dotage. At present we are much inclined to applaud and a little to laugh, as parents, not to say grandparents, so often are at the exploits of the little one who has become, so to speak, a great nation. It is a good deal to our credit, too, when you come to look into it, that they are what they are. And whereas our young men once made the grand tour to finish their education, we now send them across the Atlantic to bring home a

different kind of impression. Such a philosopher as Mr Herbert Spencer subtly flatters the great nation by objecting to its unbounded labours—forgetting, perhaps, that its representatives most known to us on this side are the idlest of cosmopolitan exquisites. Such a statesman as Mr Bright recommends American literature as the best fare for the intelligent artisan. We have, it is true, a little of our own; but must not the stream of intellectual vigour, piping hot as it comes—like that “ile” which has done so much for civilisation—out of the bosom of the new world, be better than anything that had its origin in a previous age?

It is in this sphere that the last development of American energy and enterprise has exhibited itself. It was exceedingly clever, what may perhaps be called smart, just at the moment when English authors were placed by a new efflorescence of piracy in a worse position than ever on the other side of the Atlantic, that the American periodical should have invaded our shores. But so it was. It has made, we believe, a successful invasion, and not without deserving its success. For the American magazines which England has accepted with cordiality are excellent in illustration; and if their literary qualities are not the highest, they have at least a certain novelty and freshness of flavour. There are, however, certain results of their introduction which are more important than the possibly ephemeral success which a public, more free from prejudices in favour of its own than ever public was before, has awarded to them: and these are, first, the revelation of some American authors little or not at all known in England; and second, a full perception, hitherto possible only to a few, of the claims

of America in literature. These claims we have hitherto been very charitable to, as the early clutches of a great literature about to come into being, though as yet somewhat stunted and not of lavish growth, at the laurels of fame. But few perhaps were aware how little consideration was thought to be necessary, or how entirely sure our transatlantic relations were of having attained a standing-ground of certainty, much above that vague platform of hope. The readers of the ‘*Century*,’ which is the most ambitious, and we think the best, of our competitors, will have begun to realise by this time that there are a great many distinguished authors writing English whose names and works are entirely unknown to them. It may be that this discovery will have taught them to regret that literary piracy is coldly looked upon in England, and that consequently they are not in a position to judge for themselves what are the qualifications of these writers; or it may have moved them to a philosophical amusement at the limited nature of human reputation,—but in any case they will have received the information with a certain surprise. It gives us a sense of general discomfiture and disconcertedness to read an article upon American poetry, for example, full of obscure allusions to the style and subjects of poets whose very names, much less peculiarities, we have never heard of before.

Mr Lowell, whose claims we are so glad to acknowledge, has thought it worth his while to write a long poem bristling with such names. But when we find him describing Mr N. P. Willis to be (though he laughs at him) “as tender as Fletcher, as witty as Beaumont,” and “just the fellow to sup at the Mermaid cracking jokes at rare

Ben," we cannot help feeling a doubt whether the unknown are so remarkable as we are led to suppose. Nor can we help asking ourselves, with a little timidity, whether, if Mr Longfellow had not been an American, any man in his (literary) senses would have considered him worthy of Westminster Abbey? He is a very charming and fluent writer, his verses run smoothly and catch the ear, his subjects are unexceptionable, and he has a little characteristic melody of his own which gives a gentle pleasure. But nobody surely would rank "Evangeline" or "Hiawatha" among the great poems of the world. Some of the gentlemen who got up the recent movement in his favour, and whom the Dean of Westminster quaintly describes as "not the least illustrious of living Englishmen," have gone so far as to suggest to doubtful supporters that the American nation would be apt to take it badly, and make a mark against those literary names which did not appear in the Longfellow memorial list,—a species of threat which of course would be much more effective if we had a copyright, but in present circumstances need not alarm anybody. These pretensions, which we cannot help feeling exaggerated, are entirely outdone, however, in an article which appeared in the November number of the 'Century,' and which we suppose, as that is one of the most important of American magazines, represents the feeling of the educated classes in some respects at least. The subject of the article is England (a pretty big theme), which the writer discusses by no means unfairly or disrespectfully, and in very good English. He applauds, on the whole, the insignificant little island which has managed to appropriate so large a rôle in the history of the world, and he is

inclined to think that the relations, especially in business, of the two great English-speaking nations, are likely to become ever closer: with one important exception however.

"In one respect we are likely to diverge. I refer to literature: in that assimilation is neither probable nor desirable. We were brought up upon the literature of England; our first efforts were imitations of it; we were criticised, we criticised ourselves, on its standards. We compared every new aspirant in letters to some English writer. We were patted on the back if we resembled the English models; we were stared at or sneered at if we did not. When we began to produce something that was the product of our own soil and of our own social conditions, it was still judged by the old standards; or if it was too original for that, it was only accepted because it was curious or bizarre—interesting for its oddity. The criticism that we received for our best was evidently founded on such indifference or toleration, that it was galling. At first we were surprised, then we were grieved, then we were indignant. We have long ago ceased to be either surprised, grieved, or indignant at anything the English critic says of us: we have recovered our balance. We know that since 'Gulliver,' there has been no piece of original humour produced in England equal to Knickerbocker's 'New York'; that not in this century has any English writer equalled the wit and satire of the 'Biglow Papers.' We used to be irritated at what we called the snobbishness of English critics of a certain school: we are so no longer, for we see that its criticism is only the result of ignorance—simply of inability to understand."

This statement will probably affect the reader's respiration, as it does our own. He will ask with a gasp of incredulity what Mr Charles Dudley Warner means, and what standards he proposes to himself when he has given up the English ones. To us on this side of the world, the absence of these

standards would be a sort of mental annihilation, and it will take a great deal of persuasion to induce us to believe that the mere fact of living across so many thousand miles of salt-water can make it possible to replace Shakespeare, Milton, Dryden, Addison, Pope, and so many more, by Mr Washington Irving and Mr Lowell. Even supposing that the mild humour of Rip van Winkle is anyhow to be compared to the robust fun of Gulliver (and we do not even see any ground of comparison), it is still evident that one Jonathan Swift preceded the American celebrity, and that, however unwilling he may be, the most rebellious critic has no choice but to refer to the elder author. It would be unfair to Mr Lowell, for whom we have the greatest respect, to involve him, who probably does not share his admirer's opinions, and has no desire to abandon the well of English undefiled, in so rash and preposterous a pretension. Not judged by English models! By what then is he to be judged? By no standard at all; by the public taste, which prefers gossip and personal details, if not cruel scandal and betrayal of confidence; by the fashion of the moment, whatever that may be. And the fashion of the moment in America is too clearly indicated in the very words we have just quoted. The man who tells us that our stupidity is excused by our inability to understand, is the victim himself of so keen a misconception, that we can only wonder at the possibility of its expression by a person of cultivated mind. No literature can be great that is not understood of all men whose opinion is worth having. Robert Burns wrote in a dialect far more unlike English than any American that has ever yet got itself devel-

oped. Do we need to deprecate criticism or despise it on the ground that he was incomprehensible to his English critics? Surely no. Through that veil there was no soul of his time worthy to judge him who did not divine the poet. What we do not understand is provincialism, localism, the parochial allusions which require not a knowledge of human nature, but that knowledge of individuals which can exist only in a limited society. And this is the great defect of American literature in its present phase. Its gods are the Penates of the village, its great men a crop of meritorious writers, whom it would be perfectly possible to admire if they were not regarded with disproportionate enthusiasm as above criticism or comparison. The 'Biglow Papers,' which are brought forward by our critic, are indeed spoiled for us in this way. We have to learn a whole history, not great but petty, a little record of internecine quarrels before we can grasp the real power in them. So is it with Dante, the reader may say; but a stern expositor who will ignore all local circumstances may still make Dante magnificently comprehensible, notwithstanding his provincialism: for his humanity is far larger and greater than that provincialism. There has, however, nobody yet arisen in America of whom this can be said. And in the meantime the accusation brought against us (in so far as it is true), that we cannot understand American writers, is their own condemnation. There is no reason in the world why we should not understand them. Scott brought a whole antique world to light. So did Mazzoni in his lesser way. Has any fit audience failed to understand them? The pretension is like one of those grand, simple-minded assumptions of extreme youth which we had be-

lieved America to have outgrown. Just so the tyro of eighteen believes his fine feelings to be far above the understanding of his old-fashioned father. No doubt American literature will outgrow such affectations sooner or later; but it is discouraging to come upon so strange a regrowth of them, and that in a periodical specially intended for English reading, and which it is boasted England does read with enthusiasm.

The indictment, however, states not only that we cannot understand American literature, but that the all-cultured American of the day, in his advancement and progress, finds us too far behind to understand ours. As the greater ought to include the lesser, and the higher development the more imperfect one, this is perhaps even stranger than our incomprehension of him.

"And we the more readily pardon it" (our "inability to understand"), "because of the inability we have to understand English conditions, and the *English dialect*, which has more and more diverged from the language as it was at the time of the separation. We have so constantly read English literature, and kept ourselves so well informed of their social life, as it is exhibited in stories and essays, that we are not so much in the dark with regard to them as they are with regard to us; still *we are more and more bothered with the insular dialect*. I do not propose to criticise it. It is our misfortune, perhaps our fault, that we do not understand it; and I only refer to it to say that we should not be too hard on the 'Saturday Review' critic when he is complaining of the American dialect in the English that Mr Howells writes. How can the Englishman be expected to come into sympathy with the fiction that has New England for its subject—from Hawthorne's down to that of our present novelists—when he is ignorant of the whole background on which it is cast? when all the social conditions are an enigma to him; when, if he has historically some conception of

Puritan society, he cannot have a glimmer of comprehension of the subtle modifications and changes it has undergone in a century? When he visits America and sees it, it is a puzzle to him. How, then, can he be expected to comprehend it when it is depicted to the life in books? No; we must expect a continual divergence in our literature. And it is best that this should be. There can be no development of a nation's literature worth anything that is not on its own lines, out of its own native materials. We must not expect that the English will understand the literature that expresses our national life, character, conditions, any better than they understand that of the French or the Germans. And on our part, the day has come when we receive their literary efforts with the same respectful desire to be pleased with them that we have to like their dress and speech."

We wonder whether we are actually in our dotage, or if this does not appear to Mr Warner's countrymen the absolute nonsense which it seems to us? So far as we are aware, we are quite able to understand American, and are as little puzzled by New England society as by many phases of our own. Why should we be puzzled? We have had endless expositions of it. The Yorkshire farm-houses, unfolded out of the darkness by Charlotte Brontë, are not nearly so familiar to us. Indeed we may go further, and say that we are by no means without pretensions to understand a little of the life and character even of those French and Germans whose existence our American friend considers an unsolvable problem to us. According to our own experience, they are all men and women, under their Frenchness and Germanism, just as Americans are men and women underneath that gloss and grandeur of novelty which, within themselves secretly, they, too, complain of as stale and common, like as our old-fashioned-

ness. It is amusing to realise the attitude of Mr Warner and his fellow-critics towards English literature, and to imagine them in the act of studying the recondite productions, let us say, of Mr Charles Reade and Mr Trollope (alas the day! and is it true that we shall have no more from that familiar and ever-welcome hand?), "with the same respectful desire to be pleased with them that we have to like their dress and speech." Will magnifying-glasses be necessary, we wonder, to bring these small exponents of our infinitesimal island within their ken; or perhaps some arrangement of coloured glass, like that through which we are recommended to view the faulty colouring of an aged painter, to assimilate the incomprehensible? It is difficult to restrain the guffaw of coarse laughter, which, no doubt, would be unintelligible in America. If the language of England is now only a dialect of that language which existed "before the separation," why does not some enterprising American publisher furnish us with a dictionary? And when was the separation? Was it the *Mayflower* that carried away half the soul of a language which we can no longer call our common tongue? Or was it the Declaration of Independence that was the moment of "divergence"? These are serious questions, and we hope that our antiquated English diction will not make them more difficult than is inevitable to the critic in the 'Century.' We suppose he is not aware that the works of Nathaniel Hawthorne are read in England with as much interest and understanding as if they had been written in simple English, and that we all construe Mr James, and even Mr Howells, with the greatest ease? So far as we are aware, the writings of these

gentlemen are as intelligible to us as those of their contemporaries on this side of the water,—let us say Mr William Black and Mr Walter Besant. The former gentleman, by the way, is, as we see, furnishing a serial story to 'Harper's Magazine.' Is there a glossary given with it, we should like to know, in the American edition, for the use of those readers to whom the English dialect is becoming incomprehensible?

We are glad to find a little light thrown upon the American language in the next number of the same magazine, and that by no less accomplished an exponent than Mr Henry James. This occurs in the extremely amusing and interesting composition entitled "The Point of View," of which the 'Century' itself says that it is "likely to awaken wide and permanent popular interest." Mr James is here speaking in the person of a sensible maiden lady, lately returned to her native country from "Europe:"—

"I don't mean to say I have not noticed any dangers since my return. There are two or three that seem to me very serious. . . . One, for instance, is that we shall cease to speak the English language, which I prefer so much to any other. It's less and less spoken. American is crowding it out. All the children speak American; and, as a child's language, it's dreadfully rough. It's exclusively in use in the schools; all the magazines and newspapers are in American. Of course, a people of fifty millions, who have invented a new civilisation, have a right to a language of their own: that's what they tell me, and I can't quarrel with it. But I wish they had made it as pretty as the mother-tongue, from which, after all, it is more or less derived. We ought to have invented something as noble as our country. They tell me it's more expressive, and yet some admirable things have been said in the Queen's English. There can be no question of the Queen over here, of course; and American, no

doubt, is the music of the future. Poor dear future, how expressive you'll be! For women and children, as I say, it strikes me as very rough; and moreover, they don't speak it well, their own though it be. My little nephews, when I first came home, had not gone back to school, and it distressed me to see that though they are charming children, they had the vocal inflexions of little newsboys. My niece is sixteen years old: she has the sweetest nature possible. She is extremely well-bred, and dressed to perfection. She chatters from morning till night; but it isn't a pleasant sound! Those little persons are in the opposite case from so many English girls who know how to speak but don't know how to talk."

From this it would appear that Mr James is not so sure of the superiority of American—perhaps because he himself writes beautiful English, and is not afraid of the "utter inability to understand" of the English critic, to whose strictures he exposes himself more perhaps than a good patriot ought. For while Mr Black, as has been seen, ventures to appear in an American periodical—one of those, no doubt, of which Miss Sturdy says that "all the magazines are written in American"—Mr James finds it pleasant to present himself to us in an English one, which would seem to be a proof that the "divergence of language" cannot as yet be so very marked after all.

We had placed the names of these two writers quite accidentally together; but it is further instructive of the tendencies of American literature to find them cheek by jowl (this, we fear, is too coarse an expression to be understood in America), one in each of the American magazines. These gentlemen are both young men in the midst of their career. We hope to hear a great deal more from each of them before they withdraw from the making of literature. They

are sufficiently well-known contemporary figures. Is it pleasant to them, we wonder, or very edifying for the world, to occupy a number of pages in a public periodical, and admit the public to their little secrets of the trade, their manners of working, their private chambers, and all the details of their domestic life? Mr Black in 'Harper' is copiously illustrated. We are gratified by glimpses of two or three of his sitting-rooms, and a minute account of his furniture, besides his portrait. Not one of us but may, if we will, derive an idea for our furnishing—that all-important subject in contemporary ethics—from the primrose-coloured silk blinds and bronze-coloured plush curtains, "having at the top and bottom wide bands of metal blue," of our novelist's drawing-room. How nice, some guileless reader will no doubt say! And his domestic hearth is evidently made bright by a non-combustion stove, with arrangements over the mantelshelf which your own upholsterer could so easily copy! Besides these interesting details, we have specimens of his talk, in which, we regret to see, Mr Black is sententious and long-winded, which happily is not the case in his novels. It is evident that these elaborate drawings could not be made without Mr Black's consent, so that we suppose it is all right. Mr James in the 'Century' is illustrated only by a portrait, and—saving for a little autobiographical anecdote, in which Mr Howells, the writer of the article, comes himself to the front and informs us that it was his own discrimination which found out the qualities of the new writer—is legitimately enough treated in the way of criticism rather than gossip. "It still seems to me that the situation" (of the early tale submitted to him as assistant to

Mr Fields, the publisher), "was strongly and finely felt," Mr Howells says, as if subsequent events had thrown some doubt upon this; and he adds with candour which seems uncalled for, considering how certainly the public has ratified his judgment, "One is much securer of one's judgment at twenty-nine than, say, at forty-five; but if this was a mistake of mine, I am not yet old enough to regret it." This is a fine specimen of the kind of delicate wit which it requires, it is said, a surgical operation to get into a Scotch intelligence. We are disposed, in the matter-of-fact method peculiar to our nation, to ask why should Mr Howells suppose that a time may come when he shall be old enough to regret it? Does he expect Mr James to "go off" like a professional beauty? or is this only American for the sentiment which, in England, would be expressed thus: "I am very proud of myself for having made such an excellent hit"?

We may add, before we go on, Mr Howells's opinion on a similar subject of literary art to that treated by Mr Warner. He does not tell us that he cannot understand English, nor we American; but he says that our old canons are worn out at least in fiction, of which craft he assures us Mr James is at present the head.

"The art of fiction has in fact become a finer art in our day than it was with Dickens and Thackeray. We could not suffer the confidential attitude of the latter now, nor the mannerism of the former, any more than we could endure the prolixity of Richardson or the coarseness of Fielding. These great men are of the past, they and their methods and interests; even Trollope and Reade are not of the present."

There is one great advantage which the artist who looks fondly

back upon the past has over the worshipper of the present—his position is one of humility at least, and gracious decorum. He does not challenge a comparison between the old glories of his fathers and his own bran-new and dazzling achievement. When a writer of fiction commits himself so terribly as to allege that the art of which he is a professor is finer than the art of Thackeray, the punishment which he prepares for himself is so prodigious that it becomes ridiculous. But no one we believe will be cruel enough to make the suggested comparison, and measure Mr Howells against Thackeray. He is so far safe in the inferiority of his stature. A little while ago it was Scott whom all our young cockerels had outgrown. For that matter, Shakespeare has been outgrown a number of times in the chronicles of the ages, both upon the stage and in the closet, but somehow has come back again, and still holds his own—though Pope and Voltaire were very sure that the dramatic art had improved immeasurably in the interval between his barbarous age and theirs. So we don't doubt that, even in America, the old gods will outlive the temporary dazzling of Mr Henry James's fine style, and delicate power of analysis, and even the setting down given to them by the critics. Mr Howells proceeds to add that the fine, nay finer, finest art of fiction in America is largely influenced by French fiction, especially by Daudet. Now M. Daudet is so largely influenced by Dickens, that we might, without extravagance, call him the literary son and heir of that great novelist; so it is evident that all this brave talk about that mannerism which cannot now be suffered, means only that the American likes a literary influence better when he gets it diluted by

way of France, and through a strange land, than when it comes to him direct from his ancestral shores.

These two magnificent professions of faith, or of revolt, are both contained in the November number of the 'Century.' We shall in consequence look to that magazine for the fiction of the future—with hope, for Mr Howells says it is a finer art than any we have as yet known; yet with some alarm, for Mr Warner advertises us that we shall be utterly unable to understand it. This is sad, but it is an excitement to look forward to; and though it may be somewhat humiliating, it will be a fine lesson to see the critics of England gathered round the American periodical, endeavouring devoutly to spell out, through the intricacies of the American language, the last and greatest development of the novel—not as it was in the vulgar days of story-telling, but perfected with all the recent improvements, and adapted to the latest necessities of the time.

We cannot—space forbidding us—enter into any discussion now of Mr Howells's description of this superlative production of art—how it has abandoned moving incident, and avoids all manner of dire catastrophe; and how, indeed, it is "an analytic study rather than a story." It will be better for the reader that we should come direct to the row of charming little books with which we began. Mr Howells, as we have seen, takes to himself the credit of having discovered, and not having yet lived long enough to regret that he discovered, Mr Henry James. The English public has taken a much longer time to discover Mr Howells; and it is, we think, chiefly owing to the agency of the 'Century' that he has stepped into the region of visi-

bility between the two worlds on which we have finally made his acquaintance. He is a better type of the American novelist than Mr James, by right of being less accomplished, and moving within a more contracted circle of observation. An artist, when he possesses the conditions of greatness—a writer, when he has in any degree that indescribable addition to all gifts which we call genius—is thereby disqualified from being a type of any class or country. He becomes himself a recognisable power, but he is not a specimen any longer. Mr Howells, however, is not too great to be a specimen. For all we know he is the very best example of the American novelist *pur sang* that we are likely to attain to. He has not the simplicity of the former generation. Hawthorne, so far as we remember, was never on tiptoe to hear what other people were thinking of America, but told his weird and wonderful tale with the composure of a man in his own country, with an abundant audience, to whom it had not occurred to forestall foreign criticism by any alarmed defence of national peculiarities. Mrs Stowe, if we may be permitted to mention her in the same breath, had an equal freedom from belligerency, and so had the first simple exponents of New England who made that primitive country familiar to us, perhaps, before the lofty critic who concludes us incapable of understanding it was born. Mr Howells is far more distinctively American than any of these writers. He is the champion of America, terribly conscious of everything that can be said to her discredit, and ready to defy and annihilate, for misconception of her, the innocent and startled European who had no thought of the kind. The stray members of other coun-

tries who flit across our author's path are regarded by him, not in the light of their own national characteristics, but of this all pervading patriotism. An Austrian officer, an Italian priest, appear to him only in the guise of a victim of the American Girl—an Englishman is nothing else than a critic or enemy of his beloved country. In this way he is national to the very finger-tips. But in other respects he is not quite shaped according to his own canons. His books are stories—and often very pleasant ones—not analytic studies; he condescends to complete them, which is a thing Mr James never does; and after his lovely heroine has done as much damage among susceptible hearts as he thinks proper for her, he takes the trouble to show us how things come right for her in the end, and how she marries the man of her heart, and lives happy ever after, as we are always glad to have our heroines do. His tales are not exciting, but they are tales with a gentle current of interest in them—a beginning and an end. We may add also for the encouragement of the reader, whose imagination may have been alarmed by the report that the 'Saturday Review' considers Mr Howells to write American, and the 'Century' pronounces American to be incomprehensible to the English critic—that he will have no difficulty whatever in understanding these stories. There is no such bewildering difference of manners as Mr Dudley Warner hopes, nothing unintelligible in the language, no mystery of any kind which a small amount of ingenuity will not be competent to fathom. We are not half-surprised enough indeed (we feel), nor is our delicacy shocked, as Mr Howells defiantly intends it to be, with incidents which he flatters himself only American innocence

and purity could render harmless, but which it requires a strain of politeness on our part to see any harm in at all. The chief point indeed in these books which will astonish the reader, is the aspect under which we ourselves appear in them. Recent English fiction since the days of Dickens has been complimentary to the American. Mr Reade gets a great deal of fun out of Joshua Fullalove, but the appearance of that delightful salt-water philosopher is always hailed with satisfaction. Mr Besant's Californian, in the 'Golden Butterfly,' is a rough diamond of the first water. Mr Trollope's "American senator" is a benevolent philosopher, whose wisdom is equal to every call upon it. But the American novelist is by no means so kind. Even Mr James is very condescending to his Englishman when he introduces him, and he leaves the Englishwoman alone, as something not to be ventured upon. But Mr Howells goes further; he has no patience at all with us. Our conduct during the war, when so many of us sympathised with the wrong side, was disgraceful and revolting: however that is over and past, and he allows that it is perhaps better to forget it, if possible. But there is an innate folly and stupidity in us, which he can neither forget nor forgive. And, bad as we are, our ladies are worse: for them there is not a word to be said. Indeed we fear that the character of English women is in a bad way on the other side of the Atlantic. This is a very curious and novel exhibition of sentiment, and, being without precedent, we do not know how to deal with it. When we were at war with France in the old days, and the combatants on both sides were by way of detesting each other, the Frenchman who swore everlasting hatred

to John Bull made an exception in favour of *les Anglaises*. But whether it is that everything in American sentiment is coloured by the reign of the Young Girl, and her champion is so deeply sworn to her service that he can look upon no competitor with patience, or whether it is that there is something in the Englishwoman which exercises an inexplicable repulsion upon the American, we cannot tell. But the phenomenon is extraordinary. It comes out generally, in an allusion by the way, as if the writer were afraid to trust himself to treat the subject openly. Lord Skye, in 'Democracy,' when asked something about his countrymen, declines the subject, as if he too felt that it was hopeless, and that there was not a word to say for them. "Lydia's aunt," says Mr Howells, "affected the English style, but some instinctive elegance betrayed her, and every Englishwoman there knew and hated her as an American." Even Hawthorne, if we remember rightly, notwithstanding the natural *finesse* of his genius, was betrayed into a sort of brutal coarseness when he touched upon this subject. Here is Mr Howells's opinion of the nation in general. He is discussing a highly disagreeable English painter in Venice, who is introduced in at least two of his stories, and very likely is intended for a portrait.

"I have been wondering if, in his phenomenal way, he is not a typical expression of the national genius—the stupid contempt for the rights of others; the tacit denial of the rights of any people who are at English mercy; the assumption that the courtesies and the decencies of life are for use exclusively towards Englishmen. This was in that embittered old wartime; we have since learned how forbearing, and generous, and amiable Englishmen are; how they never take

advantage of any one they believe stronger than themselves, or fail in consideration for those they imagine their superiors; how you have but to show yourself successful in order to win their respect, and even affection."

We promise the innocent reader, who is perhaps totally unaware of having given any offence to Mr Howells, that this is the thing most difficult to understand in the book. We are astounded by so sudden a slap in the face when we are reading on tranquilly, in the utmost peacefulness, with no conscious envy or hatred in our hearts. We are afraid we neither believe America to be stronger than ourselves, nor imagine her to be our superior; but (always barring the sore subject of copyright) we are conscious of not the smallest offensive feeling towards America. We think indeed that Napoleon's famous tactic of hanging a bookseller—an operation no longer within the scope of our desires in England—might perhaps be tried with advantage in New York; but that is a matter of detail, and does not affect the general question. By the way, supposing that English sympathies were largely enlisted for the South, were not the rebel States also Americans? The American speculates very freely, and so indeed do all our neighbours, as to the possibilities about our colonies, and the likelihood that they will break off from us when they please. We do not take offence at this, and why should it not be permitted to us to believe that huge America might have been none the worse of being two instead of one? But we do not live with our eyes fixed upon America, as our novelist thinks. Mr Howells speaks bitterly of the "three lines of exquisite slight" with which the 'Saturday Review' dismisses the book of one of his heroes; but who among us knows

or inquires in how many lines we are dealt with by the — Boston journal, whatever it is, which holds the position in America of the 'Saturday Review'? And to return to a smaller but still bitterer grievance, we think it highly unlikely, though our information on this point is necessarily defective, that Englishwomen, becoming conscious by some instinctive elegance that there is an American woman on the spot, recognise her for such, and hate her. This perhaps is to credit the average Englishwoman with greater discrimination than she possesses. Probably instinctive elegance would suggest a Frenchwoman to her, whom she would not hate, but examine furtively to see how her gown was made, and to wonder if that was the last Paris fashion; for France is a nearer neighbour, to whom we can run in when we like, and she is the recognised guide in these matters. These are mistakes; and unfortunately they are very like the sort of mistakes which persons of humble origin are apt to make when sudden wealth lands them unexpectedly in a different position to that in which they were born, and it is very difficult for them not to think that the unknown people around them are on the watch to find out any little blunder they may make. America is old enough and sufficiently accustomed to her importance to have entirely got over this petty sentiment, and it is a pity to find it so marked and evident in the latest development of her literary powers.

Mr Howells's tales may be divided into two classes—those in which the scene is laid exclusively in America, and those in which Europe, or rather Venice, is partially the background. To the former belong the latest work of the author, 'A Modern Instance,' and the shorter

and slighter tales entitled, 'A Chance Acquaintance,' 'A Counterfeit Presentment,' 'Out of the Question,' and a curious romance of spiritualism called 'An Undiscovered Country.' The others transplant their personages to the canals and palaces of Venice, in which place Mr Howells was for some time consul, according to a habit our Transatlantic relations have of rewarding merit. Our author seems a little doubtful about the appropriateness of the reward. He speaks of one holder of the office who "knew as much about a consul's business as any of the authors or artists with whom it is the tradition to fill these offices in Venice;" but he has at least made ample use of his own term of office. Of these stories there are three—one of which at least is among the most interesting of Mr Howells's productions, 'The Lady of the Aroostook.' They are very simple in construction, dealing with no passions or intricate complications of the mind, such as delight some contemporary novelists, but almost exclusively with the troubles that cross a young woman's path, and, by implication, a young man's, in the way of getting married, with a little admixture of the natural, and sometimes amusing, cares of the parents and guardians connected with the affair. The *dramatis personæ* are—first and foremost, the heroine, who, everybody tells us, occupies so very large a space in American society and ideas—the "young girl" whose presence and sway everywhere, as Mr Henry James informs us, purifies conversation, and keeps every *propos risqué* and disagreeable suggestion out of social intercourse. She is a very distinct type of the perennial heroine of romance, but individually there is not much variety in her. She appears in Mr Howells's pages under different

names, being at one time Lydia, at another Lily, Leslie, Florida, &c. She does not bear much resemblance to Daisy Miller, that audacious picture which has found so little favour in American eyes, being much more ladylike and self-restrained, and submissive to ordinary decorums, though not without many an indignant protest against them. She is indeed generally of higher social standing than Miss Miller, and, therefore, with perceptions more easily awakened. It is needless to add that she is beautiful beyond description, that she goes nowhere without producing an immediate impression—the railway carriage and the *table d'hôte*, in the absence of more extended fields, being sufficient to secure her a succession of triumphs. Beyond this it would be difficult to say very much about her. Mr Howells would scorn himself if he did not analyse; but there is indeed very little to be analysed in so simple a symbol. The heroine is supported by one hero more or less worthy of her, and constructed from the beginning to become her mate, but who is far more instructed than she is, generally fidgety about breaches of decorum, and almost invariably belonging to the highly cultivated and sophisticated class, which knows its Europe on its finger-ends, and has nothing more particular to do than to roam about the haunts of antiquity and cross and recross the patient Ocean—and by a great many aspirants and confidants. She has a surrounding of anxious but helpless people, who sometimes, when they are not her parents, do interfere a little to keep her straight, with an overwhelming sense of the responsibility and alarm at their own boldness, but who, when they have the natural charge of her, look on with anxiety but impotence, and a sense that, to thrust them-

selves into her confidence, would be ill-bred in the extreme. These social elements are novel—or, at least, the atmosphere which surrounds them is novel;—but when we have had one group, we have had all. The circumstances vary a little, though not even these so much as we could wish; and to tell the truth, there are very few circumstances. But the characters scarcely vary at all. The young lady is the same throughout, with different names. Sometimes she has been brought up in great homeliness and simplicity, sometimes she is the child of luxury; but so strong is the “instinctive elegance” in the American girl, that the little school ma’am from Massachusetts is quite as well bred and actually as well dressed, though her country aunt makes her gowns, as the fine young women who are dressed by Worth and have had every advantage of travel; and the young men are as nearly the same as possible, with the slight difference that some of them have a profession, which, however, sits upon them very lightly. They are not poor; they have none of the struggles that our young men go through. They are all in a position to marry when they think proper, and in the meantime, to cross the Atlantic as often as seems to them good, and to live an easy life about Italian towns. Without, however, lingering further upon these general characteristics, it is better to take an example, and we begin with the ‘Lady of the Aroostook,’ which is one of Mr Howells’s best stories, and, if it had not been weakened by repetition, would have been very fresh and pretty indeed.

The Aroostook, we must explain, is not an estate, or a village, or a river, as might be assumed at the first glance, but a ship sailing from Boston to Venice, in which, in ignorance of its arrangements,

a young lady bearing the name of Lydia Blood embarks all alone. We are first introduced to her in the "best room of a farmhouse on the skirts of a village in the hills of northern Massachusetts" — a place which is indeed out of the world, but to which "summer boarders" bring, once a-year, the fashions and customs of polite society. The old farmer and his daughter—one of the hard-featured, elderly, tender-hearted, and self-concealed women who used to be proper to Scotland—introduce the circumstances of the story with a fulness which savours of the stage, going into quite unnecessary confidences with each other, and details of past events, in the opening scene. The granddaughter, who is the heroine, is the child of a deceased daughter, who had married a young music-teacher, and died early. She has a beautiful voice, and an aunt in Venice, well off and kind, has sent for her, with the intention of cultivating the voice and assuming the guardianship of its possessor. Lydia has "taught school" for two winters, and lived in homely village fashion, so that she exclaims, "I want to know!" when she is surprised. This, we suppose, is a little tribute to the necessities of the situation on Mr Howells's part—a sign that he feels it natural that there should be some little imperfection in her, in consequence of the lowliness of her breeding. But she soon throws it off, and in other particulars is as ladylike as could be desired. "She showed, when she stood upright, the slim and elegant shape which is the divine right of American girlhood, clothed with the stylishness that instinctive taste may evoke even in a hill-town from study of paper patterns, 'Harper's Bazaar,' and the costumes of summer boarders. Her dress was carried

with spirit and effect." This matter is one which Mr Howells makes a great point of. He speaks at another place of "that native taste—that genius for dress—which sometimes strikes the summer boarders in the sempstresses of the New England hills." Of all these heaven-born dressmakers, Lydia had been all her life "more stylishly dressed than any other girl in the village. The summer boarders, whom the keen eye of Miss Latham (the aunt) studied with unerring sense of the best new effects in costume, wondered at Lydia's elegance, as she sat beside her aunt in the family pew, a triumph of that grim artist's skill." (We do not like to interrupt the discussion of more important matters with such a trifling question, but we "want to know," like Lydia, whether *stylish* is American? It is, and has long been, vulgar English—a word dear to shopmen and dressmakers' apprentices. But it surely is not worth readopting into a new and better language. "I want to know!" on the other hand, is quaint and effective, and produces no effect of vulgarity upon the English ear, though it shocks the young gentlemen on board of the Aroostook, who say "stylish" without a shiver: but all this is by the way.) Notwithstanding this grace and elegance, which all the summer boarders remark, Lydia's surroundings, as has been said, are homely in the extreme. The old aunt, who makes her dresses from paper patterns and 'Harper's Bazaar,' is not rare in any country—witness that important newspaper, the 'Queen,' which forms the literature of many an English dwelling, and all the lesser productions of the same description. The taste indeed is rare, but not the fact. What constitutes the extraordinary difference is that in the old world

a girl out of such a house, however "stylishly" dressed, would inevitably find herself out of place among educated people, and would have a great deal to learn and to unlearn before a fine-lady aunt, on the other side of the seas, struggling into fashionable society, even in Venice, would find her presentable. But this is not the case with the American girl. She soon ceases to exclaim "I want to know;" and in every other respect she has nothing to change. Anything out of the way which we find in her is, we are told, due to the differences of our conventional old-world way; and she herself is as completely lady-like as if she had been born in the purple. Her attitude is one of condescension, not of humility. She never feels that she wants to learn anything, but is at all times equal to the occasion. In an English book the novelty of the position, and her own sense of her imperfections and anxiety to shape herself to a higher ideal, and to get rid of her little rusticities of speech and action, would have taken up a great part of the story. But this is not at all the case with the young American. She is never afraid that her ignorance of social usages may be against her. On the contrary, she knows everything by intuition, and brings the manners of the best society out of her Massachusetts' village without an interval or a tremor.

Her departure from her home with her old grandfather, and fatiguing journey from the paternal farmhouse to the ship, with all its different conveyances—the stage, the horse-car, the ferry-boat, and the tiresome confused walk of people who don't know the way—is so well done, that the reader shares the condition of sick-hearted weariness in which the poor girl arrives at the vessel at last, in no condi-

tion to make any inquiries about it. The astounding discovery, which breaks upon us at last, that she is the only woman on board, is felt by her fellow-passengers more than by herself. These fellow-passengers are all young men—one of them a wretched little sot, put into the vessel by his father, after a drinking bout, whose story forms a semi-tragic, semi-revolting episode in the voyage, and to whom the author and his hero are alike pitiless, treating him with the stern disgust which seems a characteristic feature of American feeling on this subject. The others are the "accomplished gentleman" type, with which we are so familiar. One of them, an amiable High Churchman, beloved by everybody, is on his way to Europe to be married, and is therefore safe against the heroine's attractions; but Staniford is her natural victim. Mr Howells makes a great point of the wonderful chivalry with which, when they discover the state of the case, all on board, beginning with these gentlemen, make the generous resolution that she shall take no harm, and indeed never indicate that there is anything extraordinary about her position. We do not see what else they could have done: it would appear to be an inevitable and unavoidable conclusion, not due so much, as the author seems to think, to some special American virtue, as to the demand of circumstances, which nobody with the slightest pretension to either gentlemanly or manly feeling could resist. An English girl might perhaps have been more disturbed than the American by the circumstances altogether; but she would have felt herself perfectly safe in the guardianship of the fatherly captain, and neither she nor her friends could possibly

have regarded the accident, as Mr Howells seems to suppose, as anything shameful or terrible. Lydia's family at home are a little put out indeed when they come to understand. But it is chiefly because Lydia will have no woman to consult about her clothes, and may therefore spoil her silk by wearing it at unsuitable moments, that her aunt is concerned; and the minister, on being consulted, pronounces authoritatively that "Lydia's influence upon those around her will be beneficial, whatever her situation in life may be." The young men, however, on board ship, are very much taken aback. The fact of her presence strikes them at first as a bore, and as "a very American thing." "Dunham had never been abroad," Mr Howells explains, "as one might imagine from his calling Lydia's presence a very American thing; but he had consorted with people who had lived in Europe; he read the 'Revue des deux Mondes' habitually, and the London weekly newspapers, and this gave him the foreign standpoint from which he was fond of viewing his native world." After this, however, the real difficulties of the situation occur to them, and Mr Staniford rises to the heights of chivalry which we have above indicated.

"Dunham, this girl is plainly one of those cases of supernatural innocence on the part of herself and her friends, which, as you suggested, couldn't occur among any other people in the world but our own."

"You're a good fellow, Staniford!" said Dunham.

"Not at all. I only call myself a human being with the elemental instincts of a gentleman, as far as concerns this matter. This girl has been placed in a position which could be made very painful to her. It seems to me it's our part to prevent it from being so. I doubt if she finds it at all anomalous, and if we

choose, she must never do so till after we've parted with her. I fancy we can preserve her unconsciousness intact."

"Staniford, this is like you," said his friend, with glistening eyes. "I had some wild notion of the kind myself; but I'm so glad you spoke of it first."

"Well, never mind," responded Staniford. "We must make her feel there is nothing irregular or uncommon in her being here as she is. I don't know how the matter is to be managed exactly. It must be a negative benevolence for the most part, but it can be done."

All this is of the class of superfineness which in England we are disposed to call nasty. It is the point upon which the story turns, and is made the subject of endless glorification of American delicacy of feeling. An English Captain Jenness would have shut up the blackguards in their cabins had they dreamt of behaving otherwise. The really "American thing" in it is, we think, quite undiscovered either by the author or his heroes, and that is the curious confusion of classes which attributes to a girl brought up on the humblest level, all the prejudices and necessities of the highest society. Granting that there was anything dreadful in it, the daughter of a homely small farmer in England is not guarded and accompanied like a young lady in her journeys from one place to another. Probably her mother at home would be disturbed, like Lydia's aunt, at the thought that there was no woman on board, in case her child should be ill or lonely, but as for any impropriety, would never think twice on that subject. The difference is that the English girl would not be a young lady. She would find her sweetheart among the sailors, and would have nothing to say to the gentlemen. This difference is far more curious than the mere misadventure, which might have hap-

pened anywhere, and far more remarkable than the fact that the gentlemen did behave to her like gentlemen, and did their best to set her at her ease, which we hope would have happened anywhere else. But it is, we think, exclusively American, and very curious and interesting, that this young woman, with her antecedents all so distinctly set before us, should be represented as a lady, not at all out of place among her cultivated companions, and ready to become an ornament of society the moment she lands in Venice. The young men themselves are just a little surprised at her good manners, and account for them by the easy explanation that "she was born with a genius for it." But her aunt, who knows all about her home surroundings, never seems to have a moment's alarm on the subject,—never fears, as an English aunt would do, that the girl may be awkward, or unpolished, or out of place. When she arrives, Mrs Erwin is delighted by her bearing. "I must tell you that your manner is very good, Lydia. That reserved way of yours is quite the thing for a young girl in Europe." This is all the more remarkable that Mr Howells does not make her at all intellectual or imaginative. She cares nothing about Europe. Venice does not call from her even the faintest expression of admiration. The first sight of that wonderful city awakens no sentiment in her young bosom.

"'Ecco Venezia!' cried the old woman, pointing to a swarm of lights that seemed to float upon an expanse of sea. Lydia did not understand: she thought she was again on board the Aroostook, and that the lights she saw were the lights of the shipping in Boston harbour. The illusion passed, and left her heart sore. She issued from the glare of the station upon the quay before it, bewildered by the ghastly beauty of the scene, but shiv-

ering in the chill of the dawn, and stunned by the clamour of the gondoliers."

This is the furthest extent of impression which Venice ever make upon her. "I supposed she'd be in raptures with the place," her aunt complains; "but you wouldn't know there was anything at all remarkable in Venice from anything she's said." This is indeed the state of mind of all the ladies in Mr Howells' books, in which they are altogether different from Mr James's young ladies. The latter are full of curiosity and interest; the former go about in cool superiority and look at nothing. They give us the impression of being quite unaware that there is any difference. We recollect ourselves conveying an American lady to see a great old historical castle. She chattered all the time about mutual acquaintances and the most ordinary matters, till looking suddenly up as we drove through a magnificent old gateway, it occurred to her to remark that the walls were very thick! Lydia scarcely even does so much as this.

But we go too quick. The voyage lasts through three-quarters of the book, and during its course there is an incalculable amount of courtship—conversations carried on while promenading about the deck, Lydia leaning on the arm of Staniford. Thus they pursue the ordinary course through the light metaphysics of preliminary flirtation to a very serious love-making, which, however, ends with the termination of the voyage without any decisive word being said—the young man, in an excess of decorum which is certainly not English, if it is American, resolving that she must be under the protection of her friends before he speaks. The moment he has parted with her he regrets this, but it is too late to

mend it, and a quite ludicrous complication of accidents happens to prevent him following her immediately. Dunham, the companion and confidant, has a fall at Trieste, which brings on brain-fever, and the letter which Staniford writes to explain this is never posted by the porter of the hotel,—a most arbitrary and ill-contrived manner of creating the necessary embarrassment and delay. But for this, of course, he would have followed her at once to Venice, and all would have been settled. But Mr Howells has to produce some sketches of Venetian society, and to inflict some tortures upon his heroine, otherwise the course of true love would run too smooth. We need not follow the young woman as she goes about, stung with a sort of concentrated disdain of everything and everybody she sees, during the few days that elapse of uncertainty about her lover. Her journey from Trieste, short as it is, makes her unpleasantly acquainted with the changed manners of the world on which she has entered. Her aunt sends not only her husband, but her maid, to attend upon the traveller; and Lydia resents the presence of the latter—why, we cannot very distinctly see, any more than we can see why Mrs Erwin should have sent her, the young lady being under the charge of her uncle. But notwithstanding this double precaution, a young Italian officer is rude to her in the railway carriage, changing his place to come and sit beside her while her uncle sleeps. We think it detracts a little from Lydia's perfect innocence that she should have been so rapidly perceptive of the wickedness of this. Another of Mr Howells' heroines travelling in the same way, makes friends with an officer under precisely the same circumstances, at the risk, a few days after, of a proposal of marriage

from him, and thinks no harm. There is considerable passion and force, however, in the outburst of the girl's indignant uneasiness and wrath in the scene in which her aunt—who is very frivolous but kind, worshipping her niece's beauty, and calculating on producing a great *succès* by its means—ascertains the facts of her journey. It is a return to the old subject, and sufficiently overstrained so far as that goes; but it is clever and effective.

“‘Had you many passengers? But of course not. That was what made it so delightful for me when I came over that way. I was newly married then, and with spirits—oh dear me!—for anything. It was an adventure the whole way, and we got so well acquainted, it was like one family. I suppose your grandfather put you in charge of some family? I know artists sometimes come out that way, and people for their health.’

“‘There was no family on our ship,’ said Lydia. ‘My state-room had been fixed up for the captain’s wife—’

“‘Our captain’s wife was along too,’ interposed Mrs Erwin. ‘She was such a joke with us. She had been out to Venice on a voyage before, and used to be always talking about the *Du-cal* Palace. And did they really turn out of their state-room for you?’

“‘She was not along,’ said Lydia.

“‘Not along?’ repeated Mrs Erwin, feebly. ‘Who—who were the other passengers?’

“‘There were three gentlemen,’ answered Lydia.

“‘Three gentlemen?—three men? Three— And you—and—’ Mrs Erwin fell back upon her pillow, and remained gazing at Lydia with a sort of remote bewildered pity as at perdition—not, indeed, beyond compassion, but far beyond help. Lydia’s colour had been coming and going, but now it settled to a clear white. Mrs Erwin commanded herself sufficiently to resume—‘And there were—there were—no other ladies?’

“‘No.’

“‘And you were—’

“‘I was the only woman on board,’ replied Lydia. She rose abruptly,

striking the edge of the table in her movement, and setting its china and silver jarring. 'Oh, I know what you mean, Aunt Josephine; but two days ago I shouldn't have dreamt it.'

"From the time the ship sailed till I reached this wicked place there wasn't a word said nor a look looked to make me think I wasn't just as right and safe there as if I had been in my own room at home. They were never anything but good and kind to me. They never let me think that they could be my enemies, or that I must suspect them, and be on the watch against them. They were Americans! I had to wait for one of your Europeans to teach me that—for that officer who was here yesterday—"

"The Cavalieri? Why, when—"

"He spoke to me in the cars when Mr Erwin was asleep. Had he any right to do so?"

"He would think he had if he thought you were alone," said Mrs Erwin, plaintively. 'I don't see how we could resent it. It was simply a mistake on his part. And now you see, Lydia—'

"Oh, I see how my coming the way I have will seem to all these people," cried Lydia, with passionate despair. 'I know how it will seem to that married woman who lets a man be in love with her, and that old woman who cannot live with her husband because he is too good and kind, and that girl who swears and doesn't know who her father is, and that impudent painter, and that officer who thinks he has the right to insult women if he finds them alone! I wonder the sea doesn't swallow up a place where even Americans go to the theatre on the Sabbath!'

"Lydia! Lydia! it isn't so bad as it seems to you," pleaded her aunt, thrown upon the defensive by the girl's outburst. 'There are ever so many good and nice people in Venice, and I know them too—Italians as well as foreigners. . . . Is it better to let your uncle go to the opera alone or to go with him? You told me to go with him yourself; and they consider Sunday over on the Continent after morning service anyway!'

"Oh, it makes no difference! 're-

torted Lydia, wildly; 'I am going away. I am going home. I have money enough to get to Trieste, and the ship is there, and Captain Lewin will take me back with him. Oh!' she moaned, 'he has been in Europe, too, and I suppose he's like the rest of you;—and he thought because I was helpless and alone he had a right to—oh, I see it! I see now that he never meant anything, and—oh—oh—oh!' She fell on her knees beside the bed, as if crushed to them by the cruel doubt that suddenly overwhelmed her, and flung out her arms on Mrs Erwin's coverlet—which was of Venetian lace sewed upon silk, a choice bit from the palace of one of the ducal families—and buried her face in it.

"Her aunt rose from her pillow and looked in wonder and trouble at the beautiful fallen head and the fair young figure shaken with sobs. 'He—who? what are you talking about, Lydia? Whom do you mean? Did Captain Lewin—'

"No, no," wailed the girl; 'the one that gave me the book.'

"The one that gave you the book? the book you were looking at last night?"

"Yes," sobbed Lydia, with her voice muffled in the coverlet.

"Mrs Erwin lay down again with significant deliberation. Her face was still full of trouble, but of bewilderment no longer."

The suspense, after all, only lasts five days, and then all goes well. It is noted indeed, in passing, by Mrs Erwin, that Staniford's family and circumstances are "only too suitable. At home he wouldn't have looked at a girl like you,"—but that is all. Mrs Dunham is more open in speech. "He's done the wisest thing he could by taking her out to California. She never would have gone down here," that young lady says. But the fact is, that there is no reason why this Lydia Blond, as she appears in Mr Howells's plays, should not have gone down anywhere—which is the remarkable part of the story. We are all accustomed to the wonder-

ful capabilities of young ladies in novels to assimilate themselves to an elevated station; but this is a little more than that inalienable gift. And if it is an Americanism, it is one of the best we have heard of as yet. It carries out the stories we used to be told in what must have been an elementary chapter of American life—of the ladies who had to perform all their own household work, without any damage to their gentility, and who kept up their reading and their music, and even their white hands, all the same—stories which, if apocryphal, were pleasing, and gave a sort of possibility to the democratic rule, socially speaking. All these familiar fables have disappeared from the highly artificial and conventional world of *nouveaux riches* to which we are introduced by Mr James. But if Mr Howells be right, here is our democratic ideal again.

The picture in 'A Foregone Conclusion' of the poor young inventor-priest, whom another American consul introduces to another beautiful young lady (with her mother), to teach her Italian, is extremely pathetic, and even tragical. Priests who fall passionately in love with pretty young women, are by common consent almost banished from the higher class of fiction. The tragedy in such a case is too easy, the circumstances too painful. Perhaps it is only in a primitive state of feeling that we are deeply and tragically impressed with the terrible deprivations of celibacy; and acknowledge it is in the simple forms of fiction that the subject is generally treated. To more sophisticated intelligences, men who have so many other ways of attaining power and influence in life are not so profoundly to be pitied. Don Ippolito, however, is a new type of the priest-victim. He is a simple-minded dreamer,

with the curious matter-of-fact development which is truly Italian, and a man without religion, though he is a priest; and when the stern but lovely young Puritan whom he is engaged to teach (all her previous teachers having fallen in love with her), represents to him that he ought not to remain a priest for a day, his childlike imagination takes fire, and all the blessedness of life and love bursts suddenly upon him. The unsuspecting mother opens her doors wide, and both the ladies offer him a home in America, and all their influence to push into public favour his many inventions; and the unfortunate young man falls into the snare, and at last believes that only an interest warmer than the common could justify such marks of favour. Don Ippolito is by far the highest effort Mr Howells has made. It is a little theatrical and conventional, but at the same time there is a touching realisation of the simplicity of the stainless and inexperienced life in the poor fellow's wild, futile hopes, his impossible inventions, and still more impossible love; and the contrast between his tragic reality and the impertinent superficialism of the young man of the world, the commonplace and trifling printer, who patronises and does not understand him, is sketched with much effect. The impassioned scene in the garden, when he betrays his love and is met with the horrified exclamation of "You—a priest!" from the girl who has been urging him to throw off the priestly office, and whose penitence and pity only suffice to soften the death-blow her soft hand has given him, reaches the verge of tragic power. The process of his self-deception all through is worked out with understanding and sympathy: and though Don Ippolito's certain negation of belief adds a double horror

to his imprisoned existence, and makes it almost too painful for the uses of romance, yet the conception shows a knowledge of human nature under its special Italian conditions which far surpasses anything else Mr Howells has attained. The trifling little duets for tenor and soprano which fill the other volumes of this series belong to an altogether inferior world, and are not to be mentioned in the same breath. In this character, once, and once only, our author touches upon something higher than the mere drawing-room, or—we beg his pardon—parlour comedy of superficial life.

Among the books which treat of the lives of Americans at home, the most remarkable is the 'Modern Instance,' which has appeared during this year in the 'Century.' It is not a pleasant book, nor one we should recommend to the reader who is either sick or sorry; but perhaps, from this very fact, it is more powerful than any of Mr Howells's previous works. It is the story of two headstrong and indisciplined young people, and of their marriage and misery. It is impossible to imagine that it was designed from the beginning to illustrate in one way or other the facility of divorce in America, which begins to frighten the philosopher and statesman: probably this design has been adopted at the end, and a purpose and moral suddenly tacked on to a work which was intended only to trace the gradual declension and degradation of one of those amiably mannered and not bad-hearted reprobates, who are the favourite warnings and subjects of fiction. For our own part, we should be disposed to imagine that the conclusion was not that which the author had originally intended, and that he has been beguiled from the straight way of art in order to enforce a principle. However this

may be, the work is full of glimpses of American life of the most instructive kind, all the more so that the book is written in simplicity and good faith for its natural audience, and with none of that uncomfortable defensive attitude and defiant braggadocio which disfigure the others. In the 'Modern Instance' we are introduced to the strange society of a little town called Equity in Maine; to a young adventurer-journalist; the smart editor, whose work seems so disastrously visible in the character of the American press; and to the extraordinary household of the village lawyer, Squire Gaylord, whose only daughter Marcia is the heroine. The description of the snowed-up country, of which this stern little town is the centre, bound in the ice-chains which last half the year, with its grey houses relieved against the waste of snow, is done with great skill and power. And the life is not much more genial than the scene. Marcia is one of the slim and lovely examples of American girlhood, of whom Mr Howells is so fond; but she is a sort of impersonation of impulse and violent self-will, to be found in no other of his heroines. From the moment we are introduced to her, we are aware that she is passionately, almost shamelessly, in love with Bartley Hubbard, the young editor, who, though he has had a college education, and "has his measure at a tailor's," almost as great a distinction (for the young men about Equity wore ready-made clothes), is in reality a nobody, and the sum of his own exertions. Marcia is as entirely though amiably selfish as she is self-willed. This fact is perfectly well known to Hubbard, as well as to all the other spectators; but he is so much flattered by her preference, and so ready to make love to any pretty girl who may happen to converse

with him, that, after a night spent in her company, he presents himself to Miss Gaylord next morning and makes a declaration, which is scarcely out of his mouth before she throws herself upon him in a sort of delirium of delight and joy. This, however, which might be repulsive under coarser treatment, and which we are obliged to confess the hand of several English writers, even feminine, would make highly repulsive—is so managed, that the visionary passion of the girl,—high-flown and violent, and impatient of every restraint,—breathes not the faintest suggestion of the grosser ideas with which passion is so often associated. Miss Broughton might—we do not say would—have made the young woman more or less animal, with all her senses in commotion; but there is not a hint of anything of the sort in the flame of passionate attachment and devotion that inspires this American girl. Her utter self-betrayal and surrender, and the affectionate but always half-amused acceptance of it all by the good-natured wooer—whose absolute want of principle we are half disposed to take ill at first, he is so genial and willing to please everybody—leave us in no doubt from the first moment of the troubles to come,—especially as her capacity for jealousy, as violent and visionary as her love, is revealed to us on the first day of the engagement, and flames so high and fiercely, that in twenty-four hours the engagement is broken off and absolute despair succeeds. The picture we have of Marcia's home is very curious. Squire Gaylord is the principal lawyer of the place—which means, so far as we can make out, that he is attorney and barrister in one person, and capable of executing both functions. His wife is a passive sort of woman, who, having been checked by her husband in her religious sentiments,

has thrown the responsibility of everything—including her only daughter's training—upon him; and there is a passionate attachment between the father and daughter apart from the domestic stoic. The spectator-woman is pushed aside. "She spoke with that awe of her daughter and her judgments, which," Mr Howells says, "is one of the pathetic idiosyncrasies of a certain class of American mothers." The Squire spends most of his time at his office, and is rarely at home; they have no friends, and see nobody, even the little inch of the Church being cut off by the utter abeyance of religious practices in the strange household. Marcia has been brought up without knowing anything about this part of life. She is as ignorant as a young heathen, even after two years at school, and though she is supposed to go to church occasionally, and was driven over by Bartley to "the church sociable at Lower Equity." Nor has the poor girl any more society than she has religion. "Since Marcia had come home from school, they had much company, as Mrs Gaylord called it, two or three times for her; but they had held aloof from the festivity,—the squire in his office, and Mrs Gaylord in the family room." When Marcia has a visitor, her mother withdraws. "As soon as Marcia opened the door, Mrs Gaylord modestly rose and went out into the kitchen: the mother who remained in the room when her daughter had company, was an oddity almost unknown in Equity." It is evident that whatever may be the triumphant career of the daughters, mothers in America "have not a very good time." In another of Mr Howells's books, in a terrible crisis when the mother believes that her daughter is committing herself fatally with a lover who is "out of the question"

as a husband, it is still quite against her sense of honour to put a single question to the girl in her teens. "I wish to know only what she will freely tell me," this model of maternal virtue says. "I am waiting for you to speak," she adds, even when the girl in her dilemma implores of her mother to ask her what is happening. This high code of honour is evidently the standard of domestic life, and it is fully recognised that the experience of the elders is not on any occasion to be produced for the help of the young, except, like Dogberry's reading and writing, when there is no occasion for such vanities. That Marcia should receive her lover (before he is so professedly) on their return from their drive, and sit with him in the parlour after midnight, when everybody else in the house is asleep, is a peculiarity better known. And here, as in other particulars we have pointed out, the habit is not original. It only belongs to a lower level in the old country than that upon which we find it established as a revolutionary institution in the new. The farm-servants in Scotland spend or spent half their nights in this kind of social intercourse; and to have been prevented from receiving Tam or Jock by the dim glow of the gathered fire, or at the chamber window in the summer nights, would have been considered by Bell or Jenny the most inhuman of tyrannies. Harm comes of it, as is evident in Scotland, but not in America; which, perhaps, is due to the fact of the elevation in the social scale which the rustic habit has undergone. It is curious, however, to speak of elevation in the social scale, in regard to this village house, where the mother and daughter, to all appearance, do their household work without any intervention of servants, though

the father is both wealthy and important in his locality. The attorney's daughter in a little English town, though much less well off, would be as little likely to serve up the dinner, with the assistance of her lover, the newspaper editor, as she would be to entertain company by herself, her mother modestly withdrawing from the festivity.

Marcia's wild passion when it takes the form of jealousy drives her lover from her; but when she finds he does not come back, and is indeed leaving the town, it carries her wildly in despair after him, over miles of snow to the railway station to ask his pardon as she says, but in reality to win him back, as Bartley, who has no delusion on the subject, readily perceives. He has, however, no objection, and they employ the interval between two trains by a rapid drive to the next village, where they rouse up an old minister from his evening doze, and get married without further formalities,—starting at once for Boston, with the price of Bartley's horse for their sole provision, to make their fortune. The wanderings of the young couple in search of a lodging, and all the circumstances of their early life, are very quaint, and prettily described. To us it would seem the most uncomfortable of all possible ways of living. They secure a single room, in a Boston by-street, and go out for their meals to the restaurant, which is cheaper than boarding,—the only other form of life practicable. Perhaps the poor English couple, whose chief ambition it is to have "a little 'ome," might learn some modification of their individualism with an addition to their comfort; but to our insular ideas, no life could be less lovely or desirable than this routine of eating-houses. However, we must add that Marcia is of our opinion; and her desire to "keep

house" is so strong, that we soon find the pair in a small house of their own, to the admiration and amazement of all their surroundings. Our space does not suffice us to trace the cleverness of Bartley, or the manner in which he makes his way in journalism—first quite legitimately and with great success, but at last with a gradual deterioration and overreaching of himself, which lands him in misery and shame. He is a sort of vulgar Tito, without any of the tragic elements involved in George Eliot's great and terrible conception,—dropping from dishonesty to dishonesty, from indulgence to indulgence, with no more heroic result than that of getting fat and slightly dissipated, and losing character, even with the not too scrupulous journalists with whom he is surrounded. We fail indeed to see his motive for risking his settled position by the stolen account of a rough adventurer's wanderings which he contributes to another newspaper while himself editor of the 'Events,' thus involving a brother editor in a cheat, and offending his own proprietor for the most trifling profit. It seems rather too like doing wrong for the sake of doing wrong—an unprofitable occupation. His other sins do not strike us as very heavy. He drinks a great deal of beer, which makes him fat, and this is, no doubt, a mistake. But he has his trials. Marcia, when seized with a fit of often utterly unreasonable jealousy, has a way of marching up-stairs and locking herself into her own room, which could not have been pleasant; and when on one of these occasions Bartley goes out, and, after much wandering about in the night, gets so many glasses of "hot-Scotch" that he becomes inarticulate, and has to be taken home in the middle of the night by the intolerable prince of virtue Ben Halleck, who is Mr

Howells's good hero, we cannot but feel that there is a certain amount of justification for the escapade. The way, however, in which every divergence from the path of sobriety is dealt with in these books, is very remarkable. We have already referred to the young inebriate of the Aristook. An almost shrillness of passionate indignation is in every reference to this sin. The old classification of those sins of the flesh as much more venial than the sins of the intellect, which makes Dante keep his gluttons and sensualists in the milder circles of hell, and plunge his liars and traitors into the profoundest depth, is reversed in the *New World*. Our sympathies are greatly with the older treatment of the subject, and justice requires us to ask whether the identification of it as the one thing intolerable is altogether just. We doubt still more whether it is wise: and it is not merciful at all.

The conclusion of this book is, we think, a mistake. The foolish couple, married in haste, on the insecure footing of a foolish girl's violent passion, and part at last in an equally violent outburst of her jealousy, for which we suppose Mr Howells intends us to believe there is no reason. Bartley, who by this time finds his life generally impracticable, leaves her, and for two years there is nothing heard of him. Marcia's passion, as is usual, ends in violent penitence, and as wild a longing for the man she never ceases to love, as that which first precipitated her into his arms,—and she waits during these two years in an agony of anxiety for his return. At the end of this period, chance throws into the hands of the insupportable Halleck an Indiana newspaper, in which she is summoned to appear to answer the demand of Bartly for a divorce. Immediately the whole

party is swept away on a gust of wrath, led by the implacable and vindictive Squire, and half against Maria's will, to the far-distant corner in which the case is to be decided. The 'Century' magazine declares that Mr Howells has influenced public opinion in a powerful manner against divorce by this picture. We confess we cannot see how it should be so. Had it been a plea for divorce, we should have comprehended it better. For indeed there would seem to be no human advantage, apart from the most sacred view of the matter, in keeping together by force two people so utterly unadapted to harmonise, and to whom clearly life has become impossible in any pretence at union. The scene, however, is not without power; though we are quite taken by surprise by the elevated diction and correct language in which Squire Gaylord, inspired at once by love and hatred, addresses the Court at Tecumseh on his daughter's behalf, falling prostrate at the conclusion in a fit of paralysis. (By the way, is paralysis understood to be brought on by excessive emotion? We wonder what the 'Lancet' has to say on this subject? It is so invariably in novels.) Even here, in all the whirl of indignant rage and passion, with the really tragic figure of the old father rising against the strange background, we confess to a certain indulgent sentiment towards Bartley, though he is a cheat and a liar. The virtuous and genteel people in the book are, without exception, odious. The vindictive old Squire and the passionate Marcia are always a little high-flown, and require of the easy, unprincipled, good-natured rascal a hundred virtues quite unknown to him; yet the fact that he is always on the point of being good when his wife flies in his face, or some particularly discouraging

accident happens, shows that Mr Howells has relented over Bartley, who is the only real sweet-tempered individual in a painful but powerful book. It is altogether the strongest face which the author has put before us; and if he will forget the foreign reviews, and the stupidity and hostility of the English, and illustrate frankly, without any polemical intention, the society he knows, there is no telling how far he may go. A 'Modern Instance' is better than 'Washington Square,' Mr James's appalling contribution to the internal history of American domestic life: but if Mr Howells will accept a suggestion from an English critic, let him take a little more pains with his gentlemen. We allow in his favour the proverbial difficulty of forming a hero who shall not be more or less a lay-figure; but we hope the impertinent fineness, which is very different from refinement, of his Stanifords and Ferrises, is not the best America can do. We take an interest in Bartley Hubbard, notwithstanding his sins and meannesses and dishonesties. We are sorry for him, and almost think him not irreclaimable. But Ben Halleck is utterly irreclaimable: a desire to kick him is the warm impulse in our mind at his every appearance. Why should so limp and boneless a being stand as the representative of the best kind of American? Give us, then, the worst, we cry with effusion—the miner in all his savagery, the wild logger in the woods, even the smart editor. We have enough of the nerveless moral *dilettante* in our own obsolete society. To see him cropping up in America as the representative of all that is best and purest, is the last and most painful exemplification of the fact that there is nothing new under the sun.

THE POLITICAL OUTLOOK OF 1883.

IN attempting a forecast of the political New Year, we frankly acknowledge that the normal difficulties of such a task are greatly enhanced by the idiosyncrasy of our Prime Minister. It was very well for Mr Pope, in the days of "good Queen Anne," to assert that "Nature well known no prodigies remain ;

Comets are regular, and Wharton plain."

But though it once pleased Lord Houghton to declare that the bard of Twickenham had prophetically described Mr Gladstone in the lines—

"Though long my party built on me
their hopes,
For writing pamphlets, and for roasting
Popes,"

it must be admitted, that so long as Mr Gladstone remains at the head of affairs, all speculations as to the probable policy of his Government at home or abroad must be of the most vague and uncertain character. Nevertheless, from the experience, varied and contradictory as it is, of the last three years, we will venture to derive some glimpses of the future.

First as to Foreign Affairs. In this most important domain of ministerial action, the Prime Minister's volition is subjected to checks and counter influences, positive and negative, which do not encounter him in domestic legislation. From the first moment of his accession to office Mr Gladstone had to acknowledge that the master-spirits of the Continent did not accord to him the deference which they had accorded to his illustrious predecessor; and that the political friendship of Monsieur Gambetta did not carry with it the active, or even passive,

support of that rather rickety political construction, the French Republic. This disagreeable fact was soon made apparent by the long-drawn and abortive negotiations for a Commercial Treaty, no less than by the positive refusal of the French Government to adopt coercive measures against Turkey in the Adriatic and the Mediterranean. The recent ostentatious abandonment of anything approaching to a warlike co-operation with England in Egypt must have dispelled any illusions as to the utility of a French alliance in any serious European complication; and Mr Gladstone will have to recognise the to him humiliating fact, that in the future his foreign policy must be that of Lord Beaconsfield. Perhaps, indeed, having copied, or rather travestied, it in Egypt, and having acquired from the travesty some ephemeral popularity, our versatile Premier may persuade himself that his new policy is original, and appropriate with a clear conscience that "military credit" which Lord Salisbury in his magnificent address at Edinburgh rightly placed above its French pseudonym—prestige. Be it so: the country knows that henceforward, however clumsily and reluctantly, the Foreign policy of Mr Gladstone and Lord Granville will follow that of Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Salisbury. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that the shouts of acclamation which greeted the scanty band of Indian soldiers in their triumphal march through Piccadilly and Pall Mall on November 18th, conveyed the renewed adhesion of the people to the Egyptian and Eastern policy of the boldest and most far-seeing

statesman who has managed our affairs since the days of Pitt.

Believing, then, that the mark of Beaconsfield will be stamped, however slightly, on the Foreign policy of the New Year, we should here dismiss that topic did we not regard with some apprehension the violent and extraordinary change which has occurred in our relations with France. So long as Lord Beaconsfield remained in power, those relations, though never allowed to alter or modify our Eastern policy, continued friendly and cordial; but now there is too much reason to fear that from the mutual disappointment of the visionary hopes entertained in both countries of the grand results which would follow the *entente cordiale* between Mr Gladstone and Mons. Gambetta, have arisen, and will arise, causes and grounds of difference and embarrassment which will seriously and prejudicially affect their friendly relations.

In Tunis, in Egypt, in Madagascar, in the Southern Pacific, the interests, material or sentimental, of the two countries are appearing to clash; and it is not unimportant to notice that while France, at home, has been pursuing an almost reckless anti-religious policy, abroad she places her influence and her armed force at the service of Holy Church. The days of Queen Pomare seem to have returned, and Exeter Hall is nothing loath to accept the challenge thrown down by the agents of Republican France. The extraordinary efforts made of late years to increase rapidly the French armoured navy has attracted the serious attention of our naval authorities; and they are now cognisant of the fact that the French annual increase of fighting tonnage considerably exceeds our own. It is for our statesmen to satisfy themselves whether this feverish activity

arises from our neighbour's jealousy of the Italian marine, or whether, in despair of rivalling on land the combined hosts of Germany and Austria, France is not straining every nerve to become the predominant power at sea. If so, the year 1883 may witness some anxious moments for our naval diplomacy in those distant seas where French commerce, French colonisation, and French missions are most strenuously seeking development. The practical absorption of the new Egyptian army into our own by the supercession of Baker Pacha in favour of Sir Evelyn Wood, and the appointment of English officers under him, though in itself a wise if masterful step, is not calculated to soothe French susceptibilities or allay French jealousy; nor is the acquisition of Tunis likely to be regarded by the French as an equivalent for their loss of influence in the land of the Pharaohs.

But if 1883 is not likely to witness a return of the *entente cordiale* with France, the admirers of Mr Gladstone's foreign policy may justly claim that England has earned the lasting gratitude of Russia by the complete surrender to her of Persia and Central Asia up to the portals of Afghanistan. In one sense the sinister boast is true. Teheran, Herat, and Merv are virtually outposts of Russia; and the steady onward march of the military and civil road-makers of the Czar is ignored by our complaisant Ministers, who, to every question on the subject, blandly reply that "Mr Thompson at Teheran has not received any information on the subject from our agent at Meshed." The agent at Meshed is no doubt a trustworthy man; but we venture to ask, is he sufficiently supplied with the sinews of intelligence to acquire and transmit promptly news of those movements which former

English Ministers would have desired to possess, but which it would seem to be Lord Hartington's and Sir Charles Dilke's highest ambition to be without? Yet after all, events may, and we think will, prove to be stronger than the *vis inertiae* of our pro-Russian Government, and will compel them to take action in defence of British and Indian interests in spite of themselves. No act of theirs showed a more deliberate intention to sacrifice those interests to the propitiation of Russia than the ostentatious abandonment of that admirably planned railway extension which, under Sir Richard Temple's energetic auspices, would before long have offered a safe entrance into Central Asia and Persia of British and Indian merchandise: not only was it abandoned, but to give marked emphasis to the resuscitated policy of "masterly inactivity," the rails and stock collected for that purpose on the spot were conveyed to Southern India. It was, therefore, not without surprise that the House of Commons heard, just before the prorogation, Lord Hartington announce that the Indian Government was about to continue the railway, not indeed in the direction of Candahar, but towards the Bolan Pass. Well, even that is grateful news, and we make bold to anticipate a still more decided railway advance in the direction of Afghanistan before the end of 1883; but if so, will our relations with Russia be of the same cordial character as they are now? Sooner or later, as in Eastern Europe, so in India and Central Asia, the policy of Lord Beaconsfield, rudely and ignorantly condemned and abandoned for a time, will be the policy of the Empire, whatever combination of statesmen or empirics be its rulers. On the Bosphorus the outlook is dark and

gloomy. Despite the undoubted abilities and good intentions of the present Sultan—perhaps, indeed, in consequence of them—the rehabilitation of his Empire makes little or no way; and at any moment a crisis in the fate of Turkey may arise which will demand the utmost vigilance and courage of an English Minister to encounter successfully. Should Mr Gladstone be that Minister, the best hope we can form for the Empire and his own reputation, is that he may give *carte blanche* to Lord Dufferin, who has proved himself to be a worthy successor of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe and Sir Henry Layard.

If we turn our eyes from this cursory survey of Foreign to Colonial affairs, the prospect for 1883 is hardly less disturbing. At the other extremity of Africa the rash cowardice of our Government has been not less successful in stirring up mischief and disturbance than on its northern shore. The futility of the suzerainty claimed for the Queen over the Transvaal by the Convention of Mount Prospect, and the utter inability of the isolated and powerless Resident at Prætoria to control the policy, or rather the action, of the Boers towards the unfortunate natives, have already become apparent; while, on its part, the Transvaal Government is bent upon getting rid of the nominal restraints which that shameful capitulation appeared to impose on the victors of Majuba Hill. Nor, if we extend our gaze across the frontier into Zululand, do we see signs of a more hopeful character for the new year in the late kingdom of Cetewayo. The settlement made by Lord Wolseley has been set aside, and the ex-king has been promised at any rate a partial restoration of his dominions. Beyond that general state-

ment, no information was vouchsafed to the House of Commons previous to prorogation, nor was there the slightest allusion to the subject in the Speech from the Throne, which, we may observe in passing, was the baldest, most inconsequent, and uninformative document of the kind ever delivered in the name of the Queen at the end of a prolonged and exciting session. In justice to Lord Wolesley, it should be remembered that when he set up the thirteen kinglets in Cetewayo's stead, the Transvaal had been permanently, as was said and thought, annexed to the British Empire, and an arrangement which might work well under those conditions might fail when they were reversed. The blame of the too probable renewal of fighting in both States rests exclusively with the Home Government; and if Natal occasions us fresh anxiety and expense during 1883, the fault will lie with Mr Gladstone and Lord Kimberley, who have deliberately set aside the arrangements of their predecessors, and disregarded the warnings and advice of the local authorities. With the Transvaal, Zululand, and Natal plunged in confusion, it is not likely that the course of affairs at the Cape of Good Hope will be smooth, or that the great scheme of South African Confederation will make progress during Mr Gladstone's tenure of office. The Colonial policy of Lord Beaconsfield was consolidation—that of Mr Gladstone is disintegration; and before long the British tax-payer will discover that the latter is not only the least glorious, but the most expensive policy of the two.

The Dominion and Australia have fortunately outgrown all possible interference from Downing Street; but the curious revelation made by Baron de Worms in the case of the Jamaica Council, just before

the prorogation, shows to what a vexatious extent Lord Kimberley is prepared to push his intervention where the colony is weak and powerless. In his last administration this was notably exemplified by his constant endeavours to force the Colonial Legislatures to adopt his theory of Disestablishment and Disendowment, and we doubt not the current year will afford scope for similar annoying interference.

The lobbies of the House of Commons, as the weary session of 1882 drew to a close in the latter days of foggy November, were full of rumours of impending political changes in the early new year:—“Mr Gladstone is to retire altogether;” “He is to abandon the Chancellorship of the Exchequer;” “He is to take a peerage, and remain First Lord of the Treasury;” “He is to remain where and what he is;” “A complete reconstruction of the Cabinet is to be made;” “Lord Selborne, gratified by an earldom, is to retire, and be succeeded—to the admiration of Bench and Bar—by Sir W. Vernon Harcourt, making room at the Home Office for Sir Henry James; the Radical element in the Cabinet is to be strengthened by the admission of Sir C. Dilke and Mr Fawcett;” “The former cannot be spared from the Foreign Office, and the latter—owing to his physical infirmity—is unfitted for the Cabinet;” “The Speaker will not face another session, and Mr Dodson will be his successor.” By the time these pages are in our readers' hands, the truth of all or some of these vaticinations will very likely have been tested. Two predictions, at any rate, may safely be made. First, that the Cabinet, and, to some extent, the Government generally, will be reconstructed; and second, that with that reconstruction and the new rules of

procedure in the House of Commons, frantic efforts will be made to pass measures good, bad, or indifferent, provided they figure in the Mid-Lothian catalogue. Some of the least contentious have already been specified by the Prime Minister. Bankruptcy, consolidation of the criminal law, patents, are to feed the new standing Committees; and the frightful damage wrought by the recent storms of rain and snow will doubtless lead to the early reintroduction of our old friend, the Floods Prevention Bill. It is not, however, to measures of this class that political interest attaches; and the Queen's Speech on the 15th of February will be scanned with eager eyes, to see what more burning questions will be subjected to the arbitrament of Parliament.

Before entering upon that topic, it may not be amiss to cast a prophetic glance on the probable working of the new rules. Taken altogether, they were passed in a form satisfactory to the Prime Minister; and the alterations made in them, though, as we think, improvements, left unimpaired their more important provisions. If, therefore, at the close of the coming session the Government have still to bewail and apologise for a scanty roll of accomplished measures, they will have nobody to blame but themselves; and we confess we shall be very much surprised if the new rules do not retard rather than promote legislation. In the first place, Mr Gladstone, by insisting upon *clôture* by a bare majority, and by his general tone and bearing during those nineteen days and nights of debate upon it, terminated the old traditional relations of courteous, if modified, co-operation which had hitherto existed between the Government and Op-

tion of public business. Henceforward it will be the duty of the former to press forward measures by all the methods sanctioned by the new rules; and it will equally be the duty of the latter to avail itself of every occasion and opportunity furnished by them to retard and frustrate the progress of bills of which it disapproves. It was probably a perception of this untoward result of Rule No. 1 which induced the Speaker to make his memorable announcement—much to Mr Gladstone's temporary annoyance—that he should derive his knowledge of the evident sense of the House from both sides of his chair. Under these circumstances it is not likely that the *clôture* will effect much in shortening debate or facilitating legislation, except on those rare occasions when a Government measure, such as an Irish Coercion Bill, supported by the vast majority of the House, is obstructively opposed by a very small minority. It is rather on the operation of the other rules affecting Motions for Adjournment, Postponement of Preambles, and other stages of bills, together with the action of Standing Committees, that Ministers will rely for the expedition of their legislative work. But the experience already afforded of Rule No. 2, though short, is most significant; and if in a House of not more than 200 members, wearied and impatient to depart, three times in a fortnight forty members could be found to rise in their places and demand the motion for adjournment, in order to discuss "a definite matter of urgent public importance," who can doubt that in full session, when a Government is encroaching more and more on the time and opportunities of private members, many occasions will arise when, hopeless of obtaining a day for their dis-

cussion, members with a mission will arrange with their friends for the necessary demonstration under Rule No. 2? In these days of political and social crotchets, it must be a very feeble cause which fails to obtain the backing of forty parliamentary supporters, who indeed will not by rising commit themselves to its ultimate support. That some little time may be gained by the rule restricting debate on other motions for adjournment to the question of adjournment, and other minor changes, is highly probable; but that the rules in their entirety will make the difference between a barren and a prolific session we do not believe, and we doubt whether anybody of experience shares that belief with our sanguine Premier. If to these considerations is added the fact that, in consequence of the autumn sitting, Parliament is not to meet till ten days later than usual, the conclusion is almost irresistible that the session of 1883 will, in the amount of legislation accomplished, not materially differ from its predecessors. Let us hope that in quality there may not be even deterioration; and this brings us to the most critical part of our subject. What will be the principal measures of a political character contained in the coming Ministerial programme? Already on the vitally important question of parliamentary reform have pilot-balloons been sent up in the shape of speeches by Mr Hibbert and Mr Shaw Lefevre; but as the former urges and the latter deprecates legislation on the subject next session, the public will probably be content to wait for authentic information as to the question of time until the member for Mid-Lothian addresses his constituents a few days hence. Meanwhile two facts appear to us sufficiently clear:

first, that Mr Gladstone and his colleagues are irretrievably pledged to a great measure of reform, embracing both the introduction of household suffrage in the counties, and the redistribution of seats rendered necessary thereby; second, that in the country at large—town and county—there is a profound apathy and indifference on the subject. The boroughs, having got household franchise and an annual opportunity of exercising it at their municipal elections, do not want to hear any more on the subject, but are interested in other, to them more pressing, questions—bankruptcy, local option, patent laws, municipal rates, establishment of a ministry of commerce, Sunday closing, and many more subjects which appeal to the interests of various urban constituencies. The counties, so far as they are agricultural, have their attention exclusively devoted to the recent lengthened period of depression, and the various remedial measures suggested for its alleviation and future prevention; nor does there appear, on the part of that great class supposed to be mainly interested in obtaining the suffrage—the agricultural labourers—the least anxiety to possess it. Decent cottages with gardens and allotments, steady employment at good wages, with facilities for saving a bit of money, and a chance of promotion for their children, have more attraction for the peasantry than the right every four or five years to drop a balloting-paper into a box for the blue or yellow candidate; and thus, although when the proper time comes no doubt a manufactured agitation will spring up in its favour, the assimilation of the borough and county franchise, and the consequent redistribution of electoral power, have no real hold of the

popular mind. For this, if for no other reason, we disbelieve in parliamentary reform figuring among the legislative attempts of 1883. It will be necessary to prepare the ungrateful ground by other measures to receive the seed; and how that is to be done is doubtless occupying much of the attention of the Cabinet. The problem to be solved is, how to reconcile the farmers to the extinction of their political power by the wholesale admission of labourers and village artisans to the electorate.

The process was commenced as far back as 1880 by the Hares and Rabbits Bill, and the substitution of a Beer Tax for the Malt Duty; it was continued last year in a lame and halting way by a State contribution to the highways; and this year, no doubt, a more vigorous and sustained effort will be made to convince the farmers that though this Government may contemplate their political annihilation a year or two hence, for the present, at any rate, it is their friend and protector. The field on which those beneficent intentions can be realised has been much narrowed by Lord Cairns's admirable Settled Property Act of last year; and it will be difficult, if not impossible, for Mr Gladstone or Mr Chamberlain to persuade agriculturists of the least experience, that a more drastic dealing with the law affecting real property will enable them to grow wheat to a profit at 40s. a quarter, or to meet successfully the competition of Australian and foreign wool. In this difficulty, recourse will probably be had to the Report of the once despised Richmond Commission, and Mr Chaplin may have the gratification of seeing a measure closely resembling his own introduced, with a flourish of agricultural trumpets, by the new Minister

of Commerce and Agriculture, for securing to tenants the value of unexhausted improvements. The cry for the abolition of the Law of Distress has received its quietus from the debate last session in the House of Commons, the subsequent investigation of the Select Committee, and the report of the Richmond Commission. Any change that may be proposed in that respect will hardly be of sufficient magnitude to appeal to the gratitude of Mr Howard, Mr Sharp, and the motley crew of farmers' customers who pull the wires of the so-called Farmers' Alliance. Undeterred by the failure of Lord Beaconsfield's Government to establish a system of county administration which should bring the ratepayers and their representatives into partnership with the magistrates, a grand scheme of elective County Boards is still one of the main baits by which it is hoped to secure the agricultural vote, should a dissolution occur before the labourers are enfranchised; and it will find a conspicuous place, we do not doubt, in the Queen's Speech. Indifferent, however, as the farmers showed themselves on this question in the last Parliament, they are still more so now. They are quite aware that the great bulk of local taxation under which they labour, is either imposed by a central authority, over which no County Board could exercise a control, or by local bodies to which they have now free and convenient access,—*e.g.*, Boards of Guardians and Highway Boards, whereas a County Board meeting in the county town would be practically inaccessible to the great majority of them—and that in proportion as that new body might be invested with taxing powers, so would those who live at a distance from the county town be divested of the influence they now

possess on the boards to which they belong. A county municipality can only be a travesty of a town council, from the scattered nature of its constituency, and the distance of many of its members from the place of meeting. In England, it is true, beyond the failure of the scheme and the disappointment of visionary hopes, no great harm would ensue from the experiment; but in Ireland, to which legislation-ruined country it is proposed to extend it, the effect would be disastrous in the extreme. From the action of existing Boards of Guardians and town councils, may be safely predicated the use which County Boards would immediately make of their new powers. The further impoverishment of the owners of the soil, the most scandalous jobs, and the adoption of every scheme which might tend to weaken the union between the two countries and disintegrate the empire, would signalise the inception of elective county government in Ireland. Indeed, the mischief which would immediately ensue is so obvious, that even if the Government is insensate enough to propose such a measure, we hope Parliament would have wit and independence to reject it. What Ireland now needs is not fresh legislation, but governance; and in that governance the help of all who, by property and education, are qualified to give it, should be sought and solicited. For the last three years Ireland has been the prey and sport of Radical Ministers, murderous mobs, scheming patriots, and a mixed multitude of commissioners and sub-commissioners, valuers and investigators, lay and legal, whom no man

can number. The time has surely come when those who have a permanent interest in the prosperity of that unfortunate country should be allowed a voice in determining the policy best fitted to secure it, and should no longer be bidden to give place to men "steeped to their lips in treason" as the selected counsellors of an angry and baffled Administration. In saying this, we by no means intend to imply that no measures of a really remedial kind are required for Ireland. They are required, but they will be found in encouraging fisheries, extending arterial drainage, improving internal communication, stimulating domestic manufactures, and, speaking generally, rendering Ireland less dependent on the potato than she now is. If for Ireland political economy is to be banished to Jupiter and Saturn, let it be for some worthier and happier object than rooting Paddy still more firmly than before in his lazy-bed, and indisposing him more than ever to look to other employments than that of the rudest husbandry for the sustentation of his family. For what the resources of Ireland, if properly developed, are capable of, we refer our readers to a little book by Mr Doyle,* not as recommending all or most of his conclusions, but as indicating the direction which future Governmental or Parliamentary action should take. It is to remedial measures of that kind, aided by systematic emigration from the over-peopled districts of the starving, rain-scourged West, that we must look for the physical and social regeneration of Ireland.

Such then, in the main, will be, in our opinion, the legislative programme with which the Govern-

* *Old Ireland Improved and made New Ireland.* By J. P. Doyle, C.E. Ridgway, London: 1881.

ment will open the Session ; but there are many other subjects which will make heavy demands on the time and attention of Parliament. Mr Bradlaugh's pertinacious attempts—hitherto not discouraged by the Prime Minister—to take his seat, the postponed debates on the Egyptian question, the probable breakdown of the Transvaal and Zululand arrangements, and above all, Ireland, will seriously interfere with the progress of Government legislation, nor is it likely that the financial year will close without statements and proposals on the part of the Chancellor of the Exchequer leading to considerable discussion. The Revenue, at the best, is stationary, the cost of the Egyptian expedition has still to a great extent to be provided for, the Irish Land Legislation makes ever-increasing demands on the public purse, and the relief of distress in the west of that misgoverned country, to some extent, will fall on the Imperial Exchequer. Under these discouraging circumstances, will a sufficient impetus be supplied by the enthusiasm of the Radical party, in or out of Parliament, to enable Government to press seriously opposed measures through Parliament? We see no signs of it. Gradually, as opportunities occur, constituencies, which deserted in 1880, have been returning to their old Tory allegiance, and the one solitary triumph which has solaced the declining fortunes of Radicalism—that at Liverpool—affords no proof of it. Out of a constituency of 62,000, rather more than 18,000 voted for the successful Radical, being nearly 1000 less than voted for Mr Plimsoll in 1880; while the fact that 26,000 voters remained unpolled, of whom not more than 6000 could by possibility be Irish, speaks volumes as to the absence of enthusiasm on be-

half even of the winner. At the general election Liverpool will, we do not doubt, return two Tories and one Radical; and meantime the local managers of the Tory party may well lay to heart the rebuff they have sustained, and study the causes of it. For our own part, we believe that the programme which Mr Forwood issued is sufficient explanation of his defeat; and we trust that in no other constituencies will appeals be made to the Tory democracy on behalf of religious intolerance, socialistic dealing with Church property, and further changes in the franchise.

Assuming, then, that the bye-elections will continue to indicate the existence of a steady reaction against official Radicalism, the power of Conservative resistance will correspondingly increase, and the Tory phalanx, which at the meeting of this Parliament did not exceed 240, and now numbers 250, may reasonably be credited with the will and the capacity so to deal with any objectionable measures as to insure their defeat in one House or the other; and this brings us to consider the relative position of the two Houses of Parliament, as modified by recent events.

Of these, the two main are the refusal of the majority of the Conservative Peers last summer to maintain their principal amendments to the Arrears Act against the House of Commons, and the passing of the new Rules of Procedure in the latter House.

If the Conservative majority in the House of Lords had intended to manifest by that act a desire to be led by a less bold and determined leader than the Marquis of Salisbury, a very different conclusion would have to be drawn from it than that which we submit to our readers, and we should be forced to conclude that the House of

Lords had accepted the position against which the great Duke and Lord Lyndhurst had successfully protested and fought after the Reform Act, and become a mere Court of Registry to the House of Commons. It is well known, however, that such is not the case; and after the Peers' dinner at Edinburgh, and the part played there by the Duke of Richmond, it is clear that Lord Salisbury's leadership in that House is absolutely indisputable. But under what conditions will he exercise its functions in future? Will it be safe, will it be possible for him to advise the Peers to give a second reading to a Bill, the principles or main provisions of which are obnoxious to them, in the hope and on the understanding that if amendments inserted by them in Committee are rejected in the House of Commons, they will be resolutely adhered to when the Bill returns to them, even if the ultimate loss of the Bill be the result? Such tactics, which have to recommend them the practice and the precept of Wellington, Lyndhurst, Derby, and Beaconsfield, are for the present, at any rate, rendered impossible by the conduct of the Irish Peers and their English backers last summer; and the resistance to objectionable measures in the House of Lords this year will have to be made, not in Committee, but on second reading. Curiously enough, this change to an apparently more defiant attitude of the House of Lords, caused by a sudden panic on the part of some influential peers, will not improbably be not only justified, but demanded by the change of procedure in the House of Commons. If the new rules are really operative, and measures of a sweeping or revolutionary character are forced through that chamber without due discus-

sion, it will be the clear duty of the House of Lords, not to amend, but to reject them, in order that the country may have further opportunity of understanding their bearing and import. Thus events for which the leaders of the Conservative party in both Houses are absolutely irresponsible have prepared the way for a possible struggle between the hereditary and the elective branches of the Legislature in the course of 1883. Of that struggle, if it comes, the arbitrament in the long run will rest with the constituencies, and to it we can look forward without alarm. The accession of Lord Derby to the Cabinet, which appears to give such satisfaction to some Ministerial organs, is, in our view, a source, not of strength, but of weakness to it.

The moral cowardice, so painfully exhibited during the last few months of his retention of the Foreign Office under Lord Beaconsfield, and so conscientiously reproduced on each phase of the recent Irish legislation, of which he disapproved and voted for, has deprived him of all influence with men of independence, and the extraordinary inconsistency of the politician who left one Government because he feared, erroneously, the policy they were pursuing would lead to war, joining another still in military occupation of a country they had conquered, prepares men to expect any dereliction of principle on the part of so plastic a statesman. The largest of jellyfishes, rightly has Lord Derby cast in his lot with the invertebrate Cabinet immortalised by the Duke of Argyll. Of all the descriptions given of Lord Derby, a few words uttered by one of the messengers of the House of Lords during his speech explanatory of his resignation in 1878, is

the best and tersest. Asked by some one, coming in while Lord Derby was speaking, what he had been saying, the indignant official replied, in the hearing of this writer, "Oh, he's been belittling his own country!" He was right. A hopeless unbelief in his own political principles, and in the power and strength of England and Englishmen, is the key to Lord Derby's political action; and woe to that Cabinet which looks to him for guidance or leadership in danger or emergency! On the other hand, the removal of Lord Derby from his position of affected impartiality, whence he was enabled to issue those counsels of Conservative despair with some hope of their carrying conviction to pavid patricians, is a distinct gain to the Tory party, which his cold and passionless oratory on behalf of his new colleagues will do little to diminish.

Since the above remarks were written, Lord Derby has made his public profession of Liberal faith at Manchester. How do his new allies like it! Starting from the false assumption that the Ministerial majority was undiminished, and that Salisbury was the only seat which had been lost to them, he naturally laid the flattering unction to his soul that he was about to join his fortunes to those of a Cabinet "as much trusted after three years' trial as it was before that trial." When Lord Derby remembers and reflects upon what has happened at Coventry, Berwick, Knaresborough, St Ives, Wigtown, Stafford, Evesham, and in Buteshire, North Durham, and North Lincolnshire, since 1880, he will probably wish to revise that part of his speech before it is published. For the rest of that laboured oration, if his new colleagues relish his observa-

tions on their Egyptian and Irish policy in the past, and are content with his estimate of their probable legislative achievements for the future, we have no reason to quarrel with the one or the other. The first he dismissed with an ill-disguised sneer at their diplomatic incapacity as to Egypt, and at their lack of statesmanship at not seeing that a vast and systematic system of State emigration was the proper and only cure for Irish woes. The second supplied him with an occasion of vaunting the merits of Lord Cairns's Settled Land Act, as a reason for letting Land Law Reform alone, and of elevating the creation of one huge municipality for the metropolis as the greatest and most pressing achievement of the newly reconstructed Government. If any such attempt is made, we venture to predict its ignominious failure.

Mr Gladstone could hardly fail to take to himself the wholesome advice tendered to the Liberal party on the question of Home Rule: "If we do not want it to become a practical question, we must be careful to abstain from giving vague pledges which will be construed to mean a good deal more than they do." Mr Forster has subsequently enforced this advice at Bradford; and it may be assumed that no more bids, open or veiled, will be made by the Prime Minister for Home Rule support.

If Lord Derby's hints as to the future foreign policy of the Government are to be taken for more than the expression of his own views, the outlook would be indeed dark. To "scuttle" out of Egypt as we did out of Afghanistan, and to propitiate republican France by sacrificing to her whatever countries she may desire to annex in any part of the world, is the outcome of his shallow wisdom; and

even this poor and pitiful advice could not be uttered except in phraseology flippantly offensive to the great Conservative Powers of Central Europe. It would be amusing if Lord Derby's first official act should be, like Mr Gladstone's, an apology to the countries he had so foolishly and wantonly insulted. Yet this is the politician whose calmness and good sense are the theme of every Liberal speaker and writer!

No! the loss of the Duke of Argyll and Mr Forster is no way compensated by the gain of Lord Derby; and the Tory preponderance in administrative and debating power in the House of Lords remains undiminished by the recent changes.

A glance at the situation in the House of Commons will complete our task. So long as Mr Gladstone retains in that assembly the leadership of the Radical party, so long will he dominate its various and jarring sections, and postpone its dissolution; but as soon as he retires from that post will the process of disintegration commence, and Whigs will refuse to obey Mr Chamberlain, and Radicals decline to follow Lord Hartington. On Mr Gladstone's disappearance, the two most powerful statesmen on his side of the House will be Mr Goschen and Mr Forster. To him they avow and exhibit allegiance, but to no other occupant of the Treasury bench; and any forecast of the future of the Radical party in the House of Commons would be incomplete which did not take note of their separate individuality and position. Their influence will, we are inclined to believe, then be thrown into the Whig scale, and it will be on them that Lord Hartington will rely for effective support

against the extreme left. Should Mr Bright continue his attendance after Mr Gladstone's withdrawal, we should anticipate that his occasional contributions to debate would not render more agreeable or easy the course of Mr Gladstone's successor; but we doubt whether these momentous changes will mark the session of 1883. Mr Gladstone will meet Parliament on the 15th prox. as Prime Minister, with a remodelled Cabinet, and free from the duties of the Chancellorship of the Exchequer.

We had occasion so recently to express our view of the state of the Opposition in the House of Commons,* that we have little now to add on that branch of the subject. The chief incident which has occurred since then is the regrettable withdrawal for the time, in consequence of ill health, of its trusted and sagacious leader, Sir Stafford Northcote. Widely as his eminent services to the Conservative cause had been recognised, and general as was the confidence reposed in his calm courage and vigilant appreciation of the political situation, it needed only his enforced absence towards the close of the last session to bring home to the conviction of all Conservative members how much the party owed to him for his leadership. Ever at his post, ready and able to face every emergency, accessible and courteous to all, possessing a varied and most extensive knowledge of literature and affairs, and gifted with a remarkable facility of speech, Sir Stafford Northcote has signally justified the choice of Lord Beaconsfield, and merited the recent graceful and eloquent eulogium passed on his leadership by Lord Cranbrook. That he may return to his post in renewed

* "The True State of the Opposition"—Blackwood's Magazine, Dec. 1882.

health and vigour, is the hearty prayer of all good Conservatives, —and, we are willing to believe, of all good Radicals as well. It is cheering to know that the most recent accounts from the Pandora encourage the belief that the opening of Parliament will see him restored to his accustomed seat of honourable toil. Meanwhile the interests of the party in the Commons will be well cared for under the leadership of Lord John Manners, who, by the mingled courtesy and firmness with which he filled Sir Stafford's place during the latter end of the autumn session, has left an excellent impression on both sides of the House. The Opposition can fully trust Lord John's judgment and zeal; and his long and intimate acquaintance with Conservative policy will enable him to accurately discern both the opportunities and the limits of Opposition action.

But, be the leader of our party in the Commons who he may, so

long as that party remains faithful to its principles, so long, we are convinced, is it destined to advance in public sympathy, until it again assumes the reins of power. An ancient, proud, and free people will never for long abandon that political combination which upholds an imperial policy abroad,—not by fits and starts, and apologetically, but on principle,—and at home vindicates the independent action of all the co-ordinate States of the realm, while promoting the tempered march of wise and salutary legal and social reform.

Believing, then, in the inherent popularity of Toryism, and encouraged by the many signs of adhesion to our cause afforded by the elections, parliamentary and municipal, of the past year, no less than by the renewed vitality of Conservative organisations throughout the country, the Tory party may encounter with good heart and hope the political chances of 1883.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. DCCCVIII.

FEBRUARY 1883.

VOL. CXXXIII.

THE LADIES LINDORES.—PART XI.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

BEAUFORT drove home on that eventful afternoon by himself. He had left his friend in the county jail, in a state in which surprise was still perhaps the predominant feeling. John had said little on the way, except to point out, with something which perhaps bore the character of bravado, the new features of the landscape beyond Dunearn. "It is an opportunity for you to see a little more of the country," he said, with a smile. Something of the same indignant amusement which had been his first apparent sensation on hearing the sheriff's decision was still in his manner now. He held his head high and a little thrown back, his nostrils were dilated, his eyes were more widely open and alert than usual, and a smile in which there was a little scorn was upon his face. Those who did not know John or human nature might have thought him unusually triumphant, excited by some occurrence which enhanced instead of humiliating

his pride. "I cannot tell you how surprised I am to see you here, Mr Erskine," said the governor of the jail with consternation. "You cannot be more surprised than I am," said John. He gave his orders about the things he wanted in the same tone, taking no notice of the anxious suggestion that it would only be for a few days. He was too deeply offended with fate to show it. He only smiled and said, "The first step is so extraordinary that I prefer not to anticipate the next." "But they must allow you bail," said Beaufort; "that must be my first care." John laughed. He would not condescend to be anxious. "Or hang me," he said; "the one just as sensible as the other." Beaufort drove away with the strangest feelings, guiding his friend's horse along the road with which he was so little acquainted, but from which presently he saw the great house of Tinto on one side, and on the other the towers

of Lindores appearing from among the trees. How hard it was to keep his thoughts to John, with these exciting objects on either side of him! This country road, which all its length kept him in sight of the big castellated front of Tinto, with its flag half-mast high—the house in which she was who had been his love and promised bride—seemed to Beaufort to have become the very thread of his fate. That Carry should be there within his reach, that she should be free and mistress of herself, that there should be even a certain link of connection which brought him naturally once more within the circle of her immediate surroundings, was so wonderful that everything else seemed of less importance. He could not disengage his thoughts from this. He was not a man in whose mind generosity was the first or even a primary quality, and it is so difficult to think first of another when our own affairs are at an exciting stage. The only step which he could think of for John's advantage confused him still more, for it was the first direct step possible to put him once more in contact with Carry. He turned up the avenue of Lindores with a thrill of sensation which penetrated his whole being. He was relieved indeed to know that the ladies were not there—that he would not at least be exposed to their scrutiny, and to the self-betrayal that could scarcely fail to follow; but the very sight and name of the house was enough to move him almost beyond his errand. The last rays of the sunset had gone out, and the autumn evening began to darken by the time he got there. He went on like a man in a dream, feeling the very air about him tremulous with his fate, although he made an attempt to think of

John first. How could he think of anything but of Carry, who was free? or recollect anything except that the mistress of this house had allowed him to call her mother; and that even its lord, before he was its lord, had not refused to permit the suggestion of a filial relationship? There was a carriage already standing before the door when he drove up, but his mind was by this time too much excited to be moved by any outside circumstance. But when he stepped into the hall upon his mission, and, following the servant to the presence of Lord Lindores, suddenly found himself face to face with the two ladies going out, Beaufort's agitation was extreme. They were returning to Tinto, after a day's expedition in search of those "things" which seem always necessary in every domestic crisis. Lady Lindores recognised him with a start and cry of amazement. "Mr Beaufort! you here!" she cried, unable to contain herself. She added, "at such a time!" in a lower tone, with the self-betrayal to which impulsive persons are always liable, and with so much indignation mingled with her astonishment, that a man in full possession of his faculties might have drawn from it the most favourable auguries. But Beaufort, to do him justice, was not cool enough for this. He said hurriedly, "I came on Thursday—I knew nothing. I came—because it was impossible to help it." Edith had come close up behind her mother, and grasped her arm, half in support, half in reproof. "You knew Mr Beaufort was coming, mamma; why should you be surprised?" she said, with a certain disdain in the tone with which she named him. Edith was unreasonable, like all the rest. She would have had him throw away

everything rather than come here to interfere with Carry's comfort, notwithstanding that her own father had invited him to come, and though it had been explained to her that all his prospects depended upon the favour of the Duke, Lord Millefleurs's gracious papa. Her idea was, that a man should have thrown away all that, rather than put himself in a false position, or expose a woman whom he had once loved to embarrassment and pain. They were all unreasonable together, but each in his or her characteristic way. After these first utterances of agitation, however, they all stopped short and looked at each other in the waning light, and awoke to a recollection of the ordinary conventionalities which in such circumstances are so great a relief to everybody concerned.

"We must not detain you, Mr Beaufort," Lady Lindores said; "you were going to my husband—or Lord Millefleurs—who is still here."

The last four words were said with a certain significance, as if intended for a hint,—persuade him, they seemed to say, that this is not a time to remain here. "It is getting late, mother," said Edith, with a touch of impatience.

"One moment, Lady Lindores. I must tell you why I have come: not for myself—to ask help for Erskine, whom I have just left in custody, charged with having occasioned somehow—I can't tell you how—the death of—the late accident—your son-in-law," Beaufort stammered out.

The next moment he seemed to be surrounded by them, by their cries of dismay, by their anxious questions. A sharp keen pang of offence was the first feeling in Beaufort's mind,—that John should be so much more interesting to

them than he was! It gave him a shock even in the excitement of the moment.

"This was what he meant"—he could at last hear Edith distinctly after the momentary babel of mutual exclamations—"this was what he meant: that we might hear something, which he might not be able to explain, but that we were to believe in him—you and I, mamma."

"Of course we believe in him," cried Lady Lindores; "but something else must be done, something more. Come this way, Mr Beaufort; Lord Lindores is here."

She called him Mr Beaufort without any hesitation now—not pausing, as she had done before, with the more familiar name on her lips. It was John who was in the foreground now—John who, perhaps, for anything they knew, had caused the event which had put them in mourning. With a whimsical mortification and envy, Beaufort exaggerated in his own mind the distress caused by this event. For the moment he looked upon it as a matter of real loss and pain to this unthinking family who showed such interest in the person who perhaps— But the sentiment did not go so far as to be put into words; it resolved itself into a half-indignant wonder at the interest taken in John, and sense of injured superiority on his own account—he, of whom no man could say that he had been instrumental in causing the death even of a dog.

Lady Lindores led the way hastily into the library, where three figures were visible against the dim light in the window as the others came in. Lord Lindores, seated in his chair; little Millefleurs, leaning against the window, half turned towards the landscape; and in front of the light, with his back to it,

Rintoul, who was speaking. "With you as bail," he was saying, "he may be set free to-night. Don't let him be a night in that place."

"Are you speaking of John Erskine, Robin, my dear boy? Oh, not a night, not an hour! Don't lose any time. It is too dreadful, too preposterous. Your father will go directly. Take the carriage, which is at the door. If we are a little late, what does it matter?" said Lady Lindores, coming forward, another shadow in the dim light. Millefleurs turned half round, but did not come away from the window on which he was leaning. He was somewhat surprised too, very curious, perhaps a trifle indignant, to see all this fuss made about Erskine. He drew up his plump little person, altogether indifferent to the pronounced manifestation of all its curves against the light, and looked beyond Lady Lindores to Edith,—Edith, who hurried after her mother, swift and silent, as if they were one being, moved by the same unnecessary excitement. Millefleurs had not been in a comfortable state of mind during these last days. The delay irritated him; though Lord Lindores assured him that all was well, he could not feel that all was well. Why should not Edith see him, and give him his answer? She was not so overwhelmed with grief for that brute. What did it mean? And now, though she could not see him on such urgent cause, she was able to interest herself in this eager way on behalf of John Erskine! Millefleurs was very tolerant, and when the circumstances demanded it, could be magnanimous, but he thought he had reason of offence here.

There was a momentary pause—enough to show that Lord Lindores did not share the feeling so warmly expressed. "I am surprised that

you should all be so inconsiderate," he said; "you, at least, Rintoul, who generally show more understanding. I have understood that Erskine had laid himself under suspicion. Can you imagine that I, so near a connection of poor Torrance, am the right person to interfere on behalf perhaps of his—murd—that is to say, of the cause—of the instrument—"

"It is impossible," cried Edith, with such decision that hersoft voice seemed hard—"impossible! Can any one suppose for a moment—"

"Be silent, Edith," cried her father.

"Why should she be silent?" said Lady Lindores. "Robert, think what you are saying. We have all known John Erskine for years. He is as incapable as I am—as unlikely as any one of us here. Because you are so near a connection, is not that the very reason why you should interfere? For God's sake, think of that poor boy in prison—in prison! and lose no time."

"I will do it, mother," said Rintoul.

"Oh, God bless you, my boy! I knew you were always right at heart."

"Rintoul," said his father, "enthusiasm of this sort is new in you. Let us take a little common-sense into the question. In the first place, nothing can be done to-night—that is evident. Then consider a moment: what does 'in prison' mean? In the governor's comfortable rooms, where he will be as well off as at home; and probably—for he is not without sense—will be taking the most reasonable view of the matter. He will know perfectly well that if he deserves it he will find friends; in short, that we are all his friends, and that everybody will be too glad to assist him—as soon as he has cleared himself—"

“As soon as he wants it no longer,” cried Lady Lindores.

“My dear, you are always violent; you are always a partisan,” said her husband, drawing back his chair a little, with the air of having ended the discussion; and there was a pause—one of those breathless pauses of helplessness, yet rebellion, which make sick the hearts of women. Lady Lindores clasped her hands together with a despairing movement. “This is the curse of our life,” she cried. “I can do nothing; I cannot go against your father, Edith, and yet I am neither a fool nor a child. God help us women! we have to stand by, whatever wrong is done, and submit—submit. That is all that is left for us to do——”

“Submit!” Edith said. She was young and strong, and had not learned her lesson. It galled her beyond endurance. She stood and looked round her, seeing the whiteness of the faces, but little else in the evening gloom. Was it true that there was nothing—nothing in her power? In poetry, a girl can throw herself on her knees, can weep and plead—but only weep and plead; and she, who had not been trained to that, who was conscious of her individuality, her independent mind and judgment in every nerve—heaven above! was she as helpless still? She stood breathless for a moment, with wondering eyes fixed on the darkness, with a gasp of proud resistance to fate. Submit to injustice, to cruel heartlessness of those who could aid, to still more cruel helplessness—impotence, on her own part? She stood for a moment gazing at the blank wall that seemed to rise before her, as the poor, the helpless have to do,—as women have to do in all circumstances. It was her first experience in this kind. She had been proud to know that she

was not as Carry, that no tyranny could crush her spirit: but this was different. She had not anticipated such a trial as this. There came from her bosom one sob of supreme pain which she could not keep in. Not for John only, whom she could not help in his moment of need, but for herself also—to feel herself impotent, helpless, powerless as a child.

Millefleurs came forward from the window hurriedly. Perhaps being so much a man of his time it was he who understood that gasp of suffering best. He said, “Lady Edith, if I can help——” quickly, on the impulse of the moment; then, thorough little gentleman as he was, checked himself. “Lady Lindores, though I am a stranger, yet my name is good enough. Tell me what to do and I will do it. Perhaps it is better that Lord Lindores should not commit himself. But I am free, don’t you know,” he said, with something of the easy little chirrup of more ordinary times. Why was it that, at such a moment, Edith, of all others, in her personal despair, should burst out into that strange little laugh? She grasped her mother’s arm with both hands in her excitement. Here was a tragic irony and ridicule penetrating the misery of the crisis like a sharp arrow which pricked the girl to the very heart.

This sympathiser immediately changed the face of affairs. Lord Lindores, indeed, continued to hold himself apart, pushing back his chair once more; but even to Lord Lindores Millefleurs made a difference. He said no more about enthusiasm or common-sense, but listened, not without an occasional word of direction. They clustered together like a band of shadows against the great window, which was full of the paleness of the night. Beaufort, who was the

person most acquainted with all the circumstances, recovered his sense of personal importance as he told his story. But after all, it was not as the narrator of John Erskine's story that he cared to gain importance in the eyes of Carry's family, any more than it was as bail for John Erskine that Lord Millefleurs desired to make himself agreeable to the ladies at Lindores. Both of the strangers, thus caught in the net of difficulties and dangers which surrounded their old comrade, resented it more or less; but what could they do? Edith took no further part in the consultation. She retired behind her mother, whose arm she continued to hold firm and fast in both her hands. When she was moved by the talk going on at her side she grasped that arm tightly,

which was her only sign of emotion, but for the rest retired into the darkness where no one could see, and into herself, a still more effectual retirement. Lady Lindores felt that her daughter's two hands clasping her were like a sort of anchor which Edith had thrown out in her shipwreck to grasp at some certainty. She bore the pressure with a half smile and sigh. She too had felt the shipwreck with keen passion, still more serious than that of Edith: but she had no one to anchor to. She felt this, half with a grateful sense of what she herself was still good for; but still more, perhaps, with that other personal sense which comes to most—that with all the relationships of life still round her, mother and wife, she, for all solace and support, was like most of us virtually alone.

CHAPTER XXXV.

“Your master is just a young fool. Why, in the name of a’ that’s reasonable,” cried Mr Monypenny, “did he not send for me?”

“Sir,” said Rolls, “you’re too sensible a man not to know that the last thing a lad is likely to do is what’s reasonable, especially when he’s in that flurry, and just furious at being blamed.”

Mr Monypenny was walking up and down his business room with much haste and excitement. His house was built on the side of a slope, so that the room, which was level with the road on one side, was elevated on the upper floor at the other, and consequently had the advantage of a view bounded, as was general, by “that eternal Tinto,” as he was in the habit of calling it. The good man, greatly disturbed by what he heard, walked to his window and stared out as Rolls spoke. And he shook his

fist at the distant object of so many troubles. “Him and his big house and his ill ways—they’ve been the trouble of the countryside those fifteen years and more,” cried the excited “man of business;” “and now we’re not done with him, even when he’s dead.”

“Far from done with him,” said Rolls, shaking his head. He was seated on the edge of a chair with his hat in his lap and a countenance of dismay. “If I might make so bold as to ask,” he said, “what would ye say, sir, would be done if the worst came to the worst? I’m no’ saying to Mr Erskine in-dive-dually,” added Rolls—“for it’s my belief he’s had no-thing ado with it—but granting that it’s some person and no mere accident—”

“How can I tell—or any man?” said Mr Monypenny. “It depends entirely on the nature of the act.

It's all supposition, so far as I can see. To pitch Pat Torrance over the Scour, him and his big horse, with murderous intent, is more than John Erskine could have done, or any man I know. And there was no quarrel or motive. Culpable homicide——”

“That'll be what the English gentleman called manslaughter.”

“Manslaughter is a wide word. It would all depend on the circumstances. A year; maybe six months only—— If it were to turn out so—which I do not for a moment believe——” said Mr Monypenny, fixing his eyes upon Rolls with a determination which betrayed internal feebleness of belief.

“Nor me, sir—nor me!” cried Rolls, with the same look. They were like two conspirators regarding each other with a consciousness of the plot, which, even between themselves, each eyeing the other, they were determined to deny.

“But if by any evil chance it were to turn out so—I would advise a plain statement,” said Mr Monypenny—“just a plain statement, concealing nothing. That should have been done at the moment: help should have been sought at the moment; there's the error. A misadventure like that might happen to any man. We might any of us be the means of such an accident: but panic is just the worst policy. Panic looks like guilt. If he's been so far left to himself as to take fright—to see that big man on his big horse thunderin' over the Scour would be enough to make any man lose his head,” the agent added, with a sort of apology in his tone.

“If you could think of the young master as in that poseetion,” said Rolls.

“Which is just impossible,” Mr Monypenny said, and then there was a little pause. “The wisest

thing,” he went on, “would be, just as I say, a plain statement. Such and such a thing happened. I lost my head. I thought there was nothing to be done. I was foolish enough to shrink from the name of it, or from the coolness it would make between me and my friends. Ay, very likely that might be the cause—the coolness it would make between him and the family at Lindores——”

“You're meaning always if there was onything in it at a'?”

“That is what I'm meaning. I will go and see him at once,” Mr Monypenny said, “and that is the advice I will give. A plain story whatever it may be—just the facts; neither extenuate nor set down in malice. And as for you, Rolls, that seem to be mixed up in it yourself——”

“Ay, sir; I'm mixed up in it,” said Rolls, turning upon him an inquiring yet half-defiant glance.

“It was you that found the body first. It was you that met your master at the gate. You're the most important witness, so far as I can see. Lord bless us, man!” said Mr Monypenny, forgetting precaution, “had you not the judgment, when you saw the lad had been in a tuilzie, to get him out of other folk's sight, and keep it to yourself?”

“There was John Tamson as well as me,” said Rolls, very gravely; and then he added, “but ye canna see yet, Mr Monypenny, how it may a' turn.”

“I see plenty,” said the man of business, impatiently; and then he added, “the best thing you can do is to find out all you can about the ground, and other details. It was always unsafe; and there had been a great deal of rain. Very likely it was worse than ordinary that day. And call to mind any circumstances that might tell on

our side. Ye had better come to me and make me acquainted with all your observations. Neglect nothing. The very way the beast was lying, if ye can rightly remember, might be a help. You're not without sense, Rolls. I've always had a high opinion of your sense. Now here's a chance for you to prove it—— And come back to me, and we'll judge how the evidence tends. There's no need," he said, standing at the window once more with his back to his pupil, "to bring out any points that might turn—the other way."

"I'm not just such a fool as — some folk think," said Rolls; "and yet," he added, in an undertone, "for a' that, you canna see, Mr Monypenny, how it may all turn——"

"Don't haver, Rolls," said the agent, turning upon him angrily; "or speak out what you mean. There is no man can say how a thing will turn but he that has perfect knowledge of all the circumstances—which is not my case."

"That's what I was saying, sir," said Rolls, with a tranquil assumption which roused Mr Monypenny's temper; but the old man was so solemn in his air of superior knowledge, so full of sorrowful decision and despondency, that anger seemed out of place. The other grew alarmed as he looked at him.

"For God's sake, man," he cried, "if there's anything behind that I don't know, tell it! let me hear the worst. We must know the worst, if it's to make the best of it. Hide nothing from me."

"I give ye my word, sir, I'll hide nothing — when the time comes," said Rolls, with a sigh; "but I canna just unburden my bozome at this moment. There's mair thought needful and mair planning. And there's one thing I would like to make sure of, Mr Monypenny.

If I'm put to expenses, or otherwise laid open to risk and ootlay — there's no doubt but it would be made up to me? And if, as might happen, anything serious was to befall——without doubt the young maister would think himself bound to take good care o' Bauby? She's my sister, maybe you'll mind: an aixcellent housekeeper and a good woman, though maybe I should leave her praises to ither folk. You see he hasna been brought up in the midst o' his ain folk, so to speak, or I would have little doubt."

"I cannot conceive what you mean, Rolls. Of course I know Bauby and her cookery both; but what risk you should run, or what she can have to do with it! Your expenses, of course," said the agent, with a contemptuous wave of his hand, "you may be sure enough of. But you must have done pretty well in the service of the Dalrulzian family, Rolls. I'm surprised that you should think of this at such a moment——"

"That's just what I expectit, sir," said Rolls; "but maybe I ken my ain affairs best, having no man of business. And about Bauby, she's just what I care for most. I wouldna have her vexed or distrest for siller, or put out of her ordinar. The maister he's but a young man, and no' attached to us as he would have been had he been brought up at hame. It's a great drawback to a young lad, Mr Monypenny"—Rolls broke off his personal argument to say sententiously—"not to be brought up at hame."

"Because he does not get the chance of becoming attached to his servants?" said Mr Monypenny, with an impatient laugh. "Perhaps it may be so, but this is a curious moment to moralise on the subject."

“No’ so curious as you think, sir ; but I will not weary you,” said Rolls, with some dignity. “When I was saying outlay, I meant mair than just a sixpence here or there. But Bauby’s the grand question. I’m in a strange kind of a poseetion, and the one thing I’m clear in is my duty to her. She’s been a rael guid sister to me ; aye made me comfortable, studiet my ways, took an interest in all my bits o’ fykes. I would ill like either scorn or trouble to come to Bauby. She’s awfu’ soft-hearted,” said the old butler, solemnly gazing into vacancy with a reddening of his eyes. Something of that most moving of all sentiments, self-pity, was in his tone. He foresaw Bauby’s apron at her eyes for him, and in her grief over her brother, his own heart was profoundly moved. “There will be some things that nobody can save her from : but for all that concerns this world, if I could be sure that no-thing would happen to Bauby——”

“Well, Rolls, you’re past my comprehension,” said Mr Monypenny ; “but so far as taking care of Bauby in case anything happens to you—though what should happen to you I have yet to learn.”

“That is just so,” said Rolls, getting up slowly. There was about him altogether a great solemnity, like a man at a funeral, Mr Monypenny said afterwards. “I cannot expect you to know, sir—that’s atween me and my Maker. I’m no’ going back to Dalrulzian. I cannot have my mind disturbed at this awfu’ moment, as ye say, with weemen and their ways. If ye see the English gentleman, ye’ll maybe explain. Marget has a very guid notion o’ waitin’ ; she can do all that’s necessary ; and for me, I’ve ither work in hand.”

“You must not look at every-thing in so gloomy a spirit, Rolls,”

said Mr Monypenny, holding out his hand. He was not in the habit of shaking hands with the butler, but there are occasions when rules are involuntarily broken through.

“No’ a gloomy spirit, sir, but awfu’ serious,” said Rolls. “You’ll tell the young maister no’ to be downhearted, but at the same time no’ to be that prood. Help may come when it’s little looked for. I’m no’ a man of mony words, but I’ve been, as you say, sir, attached to the family all my days, and I have just a feeling for them more than common. The present gentleman’s mother—her that married the English minister—was no’ just what suited the house. Dalrulzian was no-thing to her ; and that’s what I compleen o’, that the young man was never brought up at hame, to have confidence in his ain folk. It would have been greatly for his advantage, sir,” continued Rolls, “if he had but had the discernment to see that our bonnie Miss Nora was just the person ;—but I mustna think now of making conditions,” he said, hurriedly—“we’ll leave that to his good sense. Mony thanks to you, sir, for hearing me out, and shaking my hand as ye’ve done ; though there’s maybe things I have said that are a wee hard to understand.”

“Ay, Rolls,” said Mr Monypenny, laughing, “you’re just like the other prophets ; a great deal of what you’ve said is Greek and Hebrew to me.”

“No doubt, no doubt,” said Rolls, shaking his head ; there was no smile in him, not a line in his countenance that marked even incipient humour. Whatever he meant it was deadly earnest to Rolls. Mr Monypenny stood and watched him go out, with a laugh gurgling low down in his throat. “He was always a conceited body,” he said to himself. But his in-

clination to laughter subsided as his visitor disappeared. It was no moment for laughing. And when Rolls was gone, the temptation to speculate on his words, and put meaning into them subsided also, and Mr Monypenny gave himself up with great seriousness to consider the position. He ordered his little country carriage—something of the phaeton order, but not elegant enough for classification—and drove away as quickly as his comfortable cob would consent to go, to where John was. Such a thing had not happened to any person of importance in the county since he could remember. Debt, indeed—debt was common enough, and plenty of trouble always, about money, Mr Monypenny said to himself, shaking his head, as he went along. There had been borrowings and hypothecations of all sorts enough to make a financier's hair stand on end; but crime never! Not that men were better here than in other quarters; but among the gentry that had never happened. The good man ran on, in a rambling inaudible soliloquy, or rather colloquy with himself, as he drove on, asking how it was, after all, that incidents of the kind were so rare among the gentry. Was the breed better? He shook his head, remembering himself of various details which interfered with so easy a solution. Or was it that things were more easily hushed up? or that superior education enforced a greater respect for the world's opinion, and made offences of this sort almost impossible? It was a strange thing (he thought) when you came to think of it. A fellow, now, like the late Tinto would have been in every kind of scrape had he been a poor man; but somehow, being a rich one, he had kept out of the hands of the law. Such a thing never happened from year's end

to year's end. And to think now that it was not one of our ordinary Scots lairds, but the pink of education and good breeding, from England and abroad! This gave a momentary theoretical satisfaction to his musings by the way. But immediately after, he thought with self-reproach, that it was young Erskine of whom he was permitting himself such criticism: young Dalrulzian, poor lad! all the more to be pitied that he had been brought up, as Rolls said, away from home, and with no father to look after him. The cob was used to take his own way along those roads which he knew so well, but at this point Mr Monypenny touched him with the indignity of a whip, and hurried along. He met Beaufort returning, driving, with a little hesitation at the corner of the road, John's dogcart homeward; and Mr Monypenny thought he recognised the dogcart, but he did not stop to say anything to the stranger, who naturally knew nothing of him. Nor was his interview with John at all satisfactory when he came to his journey's end. The young man received his man of business with that air of levity which, mixed with indignation, had been his prevailing mood since his arrest. He laughed when he said, "This is a curious place to receive you in," and for some time he would scarcely give any heed to the anxious questions and suggestions of Mr Monypenny. At length, however, this veil was thrown off, and John permitted the family friend, of whose faithfulness he could have no doubt, to see the depth of wounded feeling that lay below. "Of course it can be nothing to me," he said, still holding his head high. "They cannot prove a falsehood, however they may wish it; but to think that of all these men with whom I

have eaten and drunk, who have professed to welcome me for my father's sake—to think that not one of them would step in to stand by a fellow, or give him the least support——”

“When you reflect that even I knew nothing about it,” said Mr Monypenny—“not a word—till old Rolls came——”

“Did you hear none of the talk?” said John. “I did not hear it, indeed, but I have felt it in the air. I knew there was something. Everybody looked at me suspiciously; the very tone of their voice was changed—my own servants——”

“Your servants are very anxious about you, Mr Erskine, if I may judge from old Rolls. I have seldom seen a man so overcome; and if you will reflect that your other friends throughout the country can have heard nothing, any more than myself——”

“Then you did not hear the talk?” said John, somewhat eagerly. Mr Monypenny's countenance fell.

“I paid no attention to it. There's some story for ever going on in the country-side. Wise men just shut their ears,” he said.

“Wise men are one thing and friends another,” said John. “Had I no one who could have told me, at least, on how small a thread my reputation hung? I might have have gone away,” he said, with some vehemence, “at the height of it. If business, or even pleasure, had called me, no doubt I should, without a notion of any consequences. When I think of that I shiver. Supposing I had gone away?”

“In that case,” said Mr Monypenny, clearing his throat; but he never got any further. This alarm affected him greatly. He began to believe that his client might be innocent altogether—an idea which,

notwithstanding all the disclaimers which he and Rolls had exchanged, had not crossed his mind before; but when he heard John's story, his faith was shaken. He listened to it with the deepest interest, waiting for the moment when the confession would be made. But when it ended, without any end, so to speak, and John finally described Torrance as riding up towards the house, while he himself went down, Mr Monypenny's countenance fell. He was disappointed. The tale was such as he expected, with this important difference—it wanted a conclusion. The listener gave a gasp of interest when the crisis arrived, but his interest flagged at once when it was over, and nothing had happened. “And then?” he said, breathlessly. And then?—but there was no *then*. John gazed at him wondering, not perceiving the failure of the story. “That is all,” he said. Mr Monypenny grew almost angry as he sat gazing at him across the table.

“I have just been telling Rolls,” he said, “that the best policy in such a case is just downright honest truth. To get into a panic and keep back anything is the greatest mistake. There is no need for any panic. You will be in the hands of those that take a great interest in you, Mr John—begging your pardon for using that name.”

“You do not seem satisfied with what I have told you,” John said.

“Oh, *me!* it's little consequence what I think; there's plenty to be thought upon before me. I would make no bones about it. In most things the real truth is the best, but most especially when you're under an accusation. I'm for no half measures, if you will let me say so.”

“I will let you say whatever you please—so long as you understand what I am saying. I have told

you everything. Do I look like a man in a panic?" said John.

"Panic has many meanings. I make no doubt you are a brave man, and ready to face fire and sword if there was any need. But this is different. If you please, we'll not fail to understand each other for want of plain speaking. Mr Erskine, I make no doubt that's all as true as gospel; but there's more to come. That's just a part of the story, not the whole."

"I don't mean to be offended by anything you say," said John, cheerfully. "I feel that it means kindness. There is nothing more to come. It is not a part, but the whole. It is the truth, and everything I know."

Mr Monypenny did not look up; he was drumming his foot softly against the table, and hanging his head with a despondent air as he listened. He did not stop the one nor raise the other, but went on working his under lip, which projected slightly. There is no such tacit evidence of dissatisfaction or unbelief. Some little sign invariably breaks the stillness of attention when the teller of a tale comes to its end, if his story has been believed. There is, if no words, some stir, however slight—movement of one kind or another, if only the change of an attitude. But Mr Monypenny did not pay this usual tribute when John's voice stopped. It was a stronger protest than if he had said, "I don't believe you," in ordinary words.

"I understand," said John, after a pause of a full minute, which seemed to him an hour. He laughed with something between despair and defiance. "Your mode of communication is very unmistakable, Mr Monypenny. It is Scotch, I suppose. One has always heard of Scotch caution and cannyness." If he had not been very bitter and

sore at heart he would not have snatched at this aimless weapon of offence.

"Mr Erskine," said the agent, "a sneer is always easy. Gibes break no bones, but neither have they any healing in them. You may say what you like to me, but an argument like that will do you terrible little good with them that will have to judge at the end. I am giving no opinion myself. On my own account I will speak frankly. I would rather not have heard this story—unless I was to hear——"

"What?" cried John, in the heat of personal offence.

"More," said Mr Monypenny, regretfully—"more; just another dozen words would have been enough; but if there is no more to say——"

"I am not a man to make protestations of truth. There is no more to say, Mr Monypenny."

"Well-a-well," said the agent gloomily, shaking his head; "we must take just what is given—we must try to make the best of it. And you think there's nothing can be *proved* against you?" he said, with a slight emphasis. It required all John's self-command to keep his temper. He had to remind himself forcibly of the true and steady and long-tried kindness with which this doubter had stood by him, and cared for his interests all his life—a wise steward, a just guardian. These thoughts kept unseemly expressions from his lips, but he was not the less sore at heart. Even after the first blow of the criminal examination, and his detention in prison, it had all seemed to him so simple. What could be necessary but to tell his story with sufficient distinctness (in which he thought he had failed before the sheriff)? Surely truth and falsehood were distinguishable at a glance, especially by those who are accustomed to dis-

criminate between them. But the blank of unbelief and disappointment with which Mr Monypenny heard his story chilled him to the heart. If he did not believe him, who would? He was angry, but anger is but a temporary sentiment when the mind is fairly at bay and finds itself hemmed in by difficulties and danger. He began to realise his position, the place in which he was, the circumstances surrounding him, as he had not yet done. The sheriff himself had been very civil, and deeply concerned to be the means of inflicting such an affront upon a county family; and he had added encouragingly that, on his return to Dunearn, in less than a week, when all the witnesses were got together, there was little doubt that a different light might be thrown on the affair; but Mr Monypenny's question was not so consolatory. "You think there's nothing can be *proved* against you?" John had been gazing at his agent across the table while all these painful reflections went through his mind.

"I must be careful what I say. I am not speaking as a lawyer," he said, with an uncomfortable smile. "What I meant was, that nothing could be proved which was untrue."

The agent shook his head. "When it's circumstantial evidence, you can never build upon that," he said. "No man saw it, you may say; but if all the facts point that way, it goes far with a jury. There are some other things you will perhaps tell me. Had you any quarrel ever with poor Tinto? Was there ill blood between you? Can any man give evidence, for example, 'I heard the panel say that he would have it out with Pat Torrance'?" or——"

"For heaven's sake, what is the panel? and what connection is there between poor Torrance and——"

"Sir," said Mr Monypenny, sternly, "this is no time for jests; the panel is a Scotch law term, meaning the defender; or what you call the defendant in England. It's a terrible loss to a young man to be unacquainted even with the phraseology of his own country."

"That is very true," John said, with a laugh; "but at least it is no fault of mine. Well, suppose I am the panel, as you say—that does not make me a vulgar brawler, does it, likely to display hostile intentions in that way? You may be sure no man can say of me that I threatened to have it out with Pat Torrance——"

"It was inadvertent—it was inadvertent," said Mr Monypenny, waving his hand, with a slight flush of confusion; "I daresay you never said Pat—but what has that do with it?—you know my meaning. Is there any one that can be produced to say——"

"I have quarrelled with Torrance almost as often as I have met him," said John, with obstinate decision. "I thought him a bully and a cad. If I did not tell him so, it was out of regard for his wife, and he was at liberty to find out my sentiments from my looks if it pleased him. I have never made the least pretence of liking the man."

Mr Monypenny went on shaking his head. "All this is bad," he said, "bad!—but it does not make a quarrel in the eye of the law," he added, more cheerfully; and he went on putting a variety of questions, of which John grew very weary. Some of these questions seemed to have very little bearing upon the subject; some irritated him as betraying beyond all a persistent doubt of his own story. Altogether, the first dreary afternoon in confinement was not made much more endurable by this visit.

The room in which John had been placed was like the parlour of a somewhat shabby lodging-house—not worse than he had inhabited many a time while travelling. But the idea that he could not step outside, but was bound to this enclosure, was first ludicrous, and then intolerable. The window was rather higher than usual, and there were bars across it. When it became dark, a paraffin-lamp, such as is now universal in the country—smelling horribly, as is, alas! too universal also—was brought in, giving abundance of light, but making everything more squalid than before. And as Mr Monypenny made his notes, John's heart sank, and his impatience rose. He got up and began to pace about like a wild beast in a cage, as he said to himself. The sensation was more extraordinary than can be imagined. Not to be able, whatever might happen, to leave this shabby room. Whosoever might call to you, whosoever might appeal to you, to be fixed there, all your impulses checked, impotent, unable for the first time in your life to do what you had done every day of your life, to move out and in, to and fro as you pleased! John felt that if he had been a theatrical felon in a play, manacled and fettered, it would have been easier, more comprehensible. But to know that these four walls were his absolute boundaries, and that he could not go beyond them, was more astounding than any other sensation that had ever happened to him in his life. And when Mr Monypenny, with his careful brow,

weighted with doubts and fears, unable to clear his countenance from the disapprobation that clouded it, got up to take his leave, and stood holding his client's hands, overwhelmed with sympathy, vexation, dissatisfaction, and pity, the impatience and bitter sense of the intolerable in John's mind could scarcely be restrained. "Whatever there may be more to say, whatever may come to your mind, you have but to send me a word, and I'll be at your call night or day," Mr Monypenny said.

"It is very unlikely that I should have anything more to say," said John; "but must I stay here?" It seemed incredible to him that he should be left even by his own "man of business." He had seen Beaufort go away with a sort of contemptuous certainty of speedy liberation; but Mr Monypenny had said nothing about liberation. "Surely there is nothing to prevent bail being accepted?" he said, with an eagerness he could not disguise.

"I will see about it," Mr Monypenny said. But the good agent went away with a dissatisfied countenance; and with a feeling that he must break through the walls or the barred window, must make his escape somehow—could not, would not, endure this extraordinary intolerable new thing—John Erskine heard the key turn in his door, and was left shut up with the paraffin-lamp, flaming and smelling more than ever, a prisoner and alone. Whether it was more ludicrous or more terrible, this annoying impossible farce-tragedy, it was hard to say.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

The day after John's incarceration was the funeral day at Tinto. The whole country was moved by this great ceremonial. The funeral

was to be more magnificent than ever funeral had been before for hundreds of miles around; and the number of the procession which fol-

lowed the remains was greater than that of any assembly known in the country since the '45, when the whole district on one side or the other was "out." That everybody concerned should have found it impossible to think of John in the county jail, in face of the necessity of "showing respect" on this great occasion to the memory of Torrance, was natural. It was, indeed, out of the question to make any comparison between the two necessities. After all, what did it matter for one day? Those who were out of prison, and had never been in prison, and whose imagination was not affected like John's by that atmosphere of restraint, did not see any great harm that could happen. And the ceremony was one which could not be neglected. A Scotch funeral is somewhat terrible to those who have been accustomed to the pathetic and solemn ritual of the English Church; but there was something too, impressive to the imagination, in that silent putting away of the old garment of humanity,—a stern submission, an acceptance of absolute doom, which, if it suggested little consolation, at least shed a wonderful awe on that conclusion no longer to be disturbed by mortal prayers or hopes. But Dr Stirling, the parish minister, was of the new school of the Scotch Church, and poor Torrance's body became, as it were, the flag of a religious party as it was laid in the grave. The great dining-room at Tinto, the largest room in the county, was crowded with a silent assembly gathered round the coffin while the first portion of the ceremony was carried out. It was such a scene as would have filled the heart of the dead man with exultation. Not one of the potentates of the county was absent; and behind them, in close ranks, with scarcely standing-room,

came the smaller notabilities—bonnet lairds, village doctors, clergymen, schoolmasters, lost in the sea of the tenantry behind. At the upper end of the room, a very unusual group, stood the ladies. Lady Caroline in her widow's weeds, covered with crape from head to foot, her tall willowy figure drooping under the weight of those long clinging funeral robes, her face perfectly pale and more abstract and high-bred than ever, encircled by the whiteness of the cap—with her two little children standing by, and her mother and sister behind to support her—thrilled many an honest heart in the assembly. Women so seldom take part in funeral ceremonies in Scotland, that the farmers and country-folk were touched beyond measure by this apparition. It was described in scores of sympathetic houses for long after: "A snowdrift could not be whiter than the face of her; and the twa little bairns, puir things, glowering frae them, the image of poor Tinto himsel'." If there was any sceptic ready to suggest "that my leddy was never so happy a wife to be sic a mournin' widow," the spectators had a ready answer: "Eh, but she would be thinking to hersel', if I had maybe been a wee better to him——" Thus the popular verdict summed up the troubled story. Lady Caroline was pale enough for the rôle of the most impassioned mourner. She might have been chilled to stone by grief and pain for anything that was apparent. She did not speak or take notice of any one, as was natural. Even for her father she had not a word; and when her little boy was led away to follow his father to the grave, she sank into a chair, having, no doubt, the sympathetic bystanders thought, done all that her strength was capable of. This roused a very warm sympathetic

feeling for Lady Car throughout all the country-side. If it had not been just perhaps a love-match, she had done her duty by Tinto, poor fellow! She had kept him in the right way as far as a woman could; and what was scarcely to be expected, but pleased the lookers-on most of all, she had presented an aspect of utter desolation at his funeral. All that a widow could feel was in her face,—or so at least the bystanders thought.

The solemn procession filed out of the room: little Tom Torrance clinging to his grandfather's hand, looking out with big projecting eyes like his father's upon all the wonderful scene, stumping along at the head of the black procession. Poor little Tommy! he had a feeling of his own importance more than anything else. His little brain was confused and buzzing. He had no real association in his mind between the black thing in front of him and papa; but he knew that he had a right to walk first, to hold fast hold of grand-papa's finger, and keep with his little fat legs in advance of everybody. It is difficult to say how soon this sense of importance makes up for other wants and troubles. Tommy was only four, but he felt it; and his grandfather, who was nearly fifteen times as old, felt it too. He felt that to have this child in his hands and the management of a great estate for so long a minority, was worth something in the list of his ambitions; and thus they all went forth, trooping into the long line of carriages that shone in the veiled autumnal sunlight, up and down the avenue among the trees in endless succession. Even to get them under way was no small matter; and at the lodge gates and down the road there was almost as great a crowd of women

and poor people waiting to see them go by. John Tamson's wife, by whose very cottage the mournful line passed, was full of tragic consciousness. "Eh!" she said, with bated breath, "to think that yon day when our John brought ben young Dalrulzian a' torn and disjasket to hae the dirt brushed off o' him—that yon day was the beginning of a'——" "Hold your tongue, woman," said John Tamson; "what has the aye to do with the ither? Ye're pitting things thegither that hae nae natural sequence; but ye ken naething of logic." "No' me," said the woman; "and I wuss that poor young lad just kent as little. If he hadna been so book-learned he would have been mair friendly-like with them that were of his ain kind and degree." And as the black line went past, which after a while became tedious, she recounted to her gossips once more the story which by this time everybody knew, but all were willing to hear over again under the excitement of this practical commentary. "Losh! would he leave him lying there and never cry for help?" some of the spectators said. "It was never our master that did that," said Peggy Blair from the Dalrulzian lodge, who had declared boldly from the beginning that she "took nae interest" even in this grand funeral. "And if it wasna your maister, wha was it that came ben to me with the red moul on his claes and his coat a' torn?" said Janet Tamson. "I wasna here and I canna tell," Peggy said, hot and furious. "I would never say what might happen in a moment if a gentleman was angry—and Pat Torrance had an awfu' tongue, as the hail county kens—but leave a man groanin' at the fit o' a rock, that's what our maister never did, if I were to die for't," the woman cried. This made a little sensa-

tion among the beholders; but when it was remarked that Dalrulzian was the only gentleman of the county who was absent from the funeral, and half-a-dozen voices together proclaimed the reason,—“He couldna be twa places at once; he’s in the jyel for murder,” Peggy was quenched altogether. Grief and shame were too much for her. She continued to sob, “No’ our master!” till her voice ceased to be articulate in the midst of her tears.

Dr Stirling was seated in full canonicals—black silk gown and cambric bands—in one of the first carriages. It was he that his wife looked for when the procession passed the manse; and she put on her black bonnet, and covered herself with a veil, and went out very solemnly to the churchyard to see the burial. But it was not the burial she thought of, nor poor Tinto, nor even Lady Car, for whom all day she had been uttering notes of compassion: it was the innovation of the funeral service which occupied the mind of the minister’s wife. With mingled pride and trembling she heard her husband in the silence begin his prayer by the side of the vault. It was a beautiful prayer—partly, no doubt, taken from the English liturgy, for which, she said, “the Doctor always had a high admiration;” but partly—“and that was far the best”—his own. It was the first time anything of the kind had been done in the county; and if ever there could be a funeral important enough for the introduction of a new ceremonial to mark it, it was this one: but what if the Presbytery were to take notice of the innovation? Perhaps the thrill of excitement in her enhanced the sense of the greatness of the step which the Doctor was taking, and his nobility in doing it. And in

her eyes no ritual could have been more imposing. There were a great many of the attendants who thought it was “just Poppery,” and a most dangerous beginning; but they were all hushed and reverential while the minister’s voice went on.

When every one had left, and the house was perfectly silent after the hum and sound of so many feet, Lady Car herself went forward to the window and drew up the blind which covered it. The gloom disappeared, and the noonday sunshine streamed in in a moment. It was premature, and Lady Lindores was grieved that she had not been quick enough to forestall her daughter; for it would have been better, she thought, if her hand had been the first to let in the light, and not that of the new-made widow. Carry went further, and opened the window. She stepped out upon the heavy stone balcony outside, and received the light full upon her, raising her head to it, and basking in the sunshine. She opened her pale lips to draw in great draughts of the sweet autumn air, and threw up her arms to the sunshine and to the sky. Lady Lindores stepped out after her, laying her hand upon her arm, with some alarm. “Carry—my darling, wait a little——” Carry did not make any reply. She said, “How long is it, mother?” still looking up into the clear depths of the sky. “How long is what, my love?” They were a strange group. A spectator might have thought that the pale creature in the midst, so ethereal, so wan, wrapped in mourning so profound, had gone distraught with care; while her child at her feet sat on the carpet in front of the window, the emblem of childish indifference, playing with her new shoes, which glittered and pleased her; and the

two attendant figures, the anxious mother and sister, kept watch behind. In Carry the mystery all centred; and even those two who were nearest to her were bewildered, and could not make her out. Was she an Ophelia, moved out of her sweet wits by an anguish beyond bearing? Was she a woman repentant, appealing to heaven for forgiveness? Carry was none of these things. She who had been so dutiful all her life, resisting nobody, fulfilling all requirements to the letter, bearing the burden of all her responsibilities without rebellion or murmur, had ceased in a moment to consider outside necessities, even the decorum of her sorrowful condition. She gave a long sigh, dismissing, as it were, a weight from her breast. "It is five years and a half," she said. "I ought to remember, I that have counted every day,—and now is it possible, is it possible?"

"What, my dearest? Carry, come in; you are excited——"

"Not yet, mother. How soft the air is! and the sunshine flooding everything. I have been shut up so long. I think the colours never were so lovely before."

"Yes, my darling; you have been shut up for a whole week. I don't wonder you are glad of the fresh air."

"A week!" Carry said. "Five years: I have got no good of the sunshine, and never tasted the sweetness of the air, for five years. Let me feel it now. Oh, how have I lived all this time! What a beautiful country it is! what a glorious sky! and I have been in prison, and have never seen them! Is it true? is it all over?—all, all?" She turned round and gazed into the room where the coffin had been with a gaze full of meaning which no one could mistake. *It* was gone—all was gone. "You must not be horrified, mo-

ther," she said. "Why should I be false now? I think if it had lasted any longer I must have died or run away."

"Dear Carry, you would have done neither; you would have done your duty to the end," her mother said, drawing Carry into her arms. "It is excitement that makes you speak so."

"Not excitement, but deliverance," said Lady Car with solemnity. "Yes, mother, you are right; I should have stood to the end; but do you think that would have been a credit to me? Oh, you don't know how hard falsehood is! Falsehood and slavery—they are the same thing; they make your heart like iron: you have no feeling even when you ought perhaps to have feeling. I am cruel now; I know you think I am cruel: but how can one help it? slaves are cruel. I can afford to have a heart now."

"Come to your room, Carry. It is too dismal for you here."

"No, I don't think it is dismal. It is a fine handsome room—better than a bedroom to sit in. It is not so much like a prison, and the view is lovely. There is poor Edith looking at me with her pitiful face. Do you think I ought to cry? Oh, I could cry well enough, if that were all—it would be quite easy; but there is so much to smile about," said poor Lady Car; then suddenly, leaning upon her mother's shoulder, she burst into a flood of tears.

It was at this moment that the housekeeper came in, solemn in her new mourning, which was almost as "deep" as Carry's, with a housemaid in attendance, to draw up the blinds and see that the great room was restored to order. The gentlemen were to return for the reading of the will, and it was meet that all should be prepared and made ready. And nothing

could so much have touched the hearts of the women as to see their mistress thus weeping, encircled in her mother's arms. "Poor thing! he was not over good a man to her; but there's nae rule for judging marriest folk. It's ill to hae and waur to want with them. There's naeboddy," said the housekeeper, "but must respect my lady for her feeling heart." Lady Caroline, however, would not take the credit of this when she had retired to a more private room. She would not allow her mother and sister to suppose that her tears were tears of sorrow, such as a widow ought to shed. "You were right, mother—it is the excitement," she avowed; "every nerve is tingling. I could cry and I could laugh. If it had not been for your good training, mamma, I should have had hysterics; but that would be impossible to your daughter. When shall I be able to go away? I know: I will not go sooner than is right. I will do nothing I ought not to do;—but you could say my nerves are shattered, and that I want rest."

"And very truly, Carry," said Lady Lindores; "but we must know first what the will is. To be sure, your fortune is secured. You will be well off—better than any of us; but there may be regulations about the children—there may be conditions."

"Could the children be taken from me?" Carry said, but not with any active feeling; her powers of emotion were all concentrated on one thought. Lady Lindores, who was watching her with all a mother's anxious criticism, fearing to see any failure of right sentiment in her child, listened with a sensation of alarm. She had never been contented with herself in this particular. Carry's children had been too much the children of Pat

Torrance to awaken the grandmother's worship, which she thought befitting, in her own heart. She felt a certain repulsion when she looked at these black-browed, light-eyed creatures, who were their father's in every feature—not Carry's at all. Was it possible that Carry, too, felt the same? But by-and-by Carry took up that little stolid girl on whom Lady Lindores could not place her tenderest affections, do what she would, and pressed her pale cheek against that undisturbed and solid little countenance. The child's face looked bigger than her mother's, Lady Lindores thought—the one all mind and feeling, the other all clay. She went and gave little Edith a kiss in her compunction and penitence for this involuntary dislike; but fortunately Carry herself was unconscious of it, and caressed her babies as if they were the most delicate and beautiful in the world.

Carry was not present at the reading of the will. She shrank from it, and no one insisted. There were father and brother to look after her interests. Rintoul was greatly shaken by the events of the day. He was ghastly pale, and very much excited and agitated. Whatever his sister might do, Rintoul certainly exhibited the truest sentiment. Nobody had given him credit for half so much feeling. He carried back his little nephew asleep after the long drive home, and thrust him into Carry's arms. "I am not much of a fellow," he said, stooping over her, with a voice full of emotion, "but I'll do a father's part to him, if I'm good enough for it, Carry." Carry by this time was quite calm, and wondered at this exhibition of feeling, at which Lady Lindores shed tears, though in her heart she wondered too, rejoicing that her inward rebellion against Torrance's

children was not shared by her son. "Robin's heart was always in the right place," she said, with a warmth of motherly approval, which was not diminished by the fact that Rintoul's emotion made her still more conscious of the absence of "right feeling" in herself. There was not much conversation between the ladies in the small morning room to which they had withdrawn—a room which had never been used and had no associations. Carry, indeed, was very willing to talk; but her mother and sister did their best, with a natural prejudice and almost horror of the manner in which she regarded her own circumstances, to keep her silent. Even Edith, who would have dissolved the marriage arbitrarily, did not like to hear her sister's cry of satisfaction over the freedom which death had brought her. There was something impious and cruel in getting free that way. If it had been by a divorce or separation, Edith would have been as glad as any; but she was a girl full of prejudices and superstitions, and this candour of Carry's was a thing she shrank from as an offence to human nature. She kept behind-backs, often with her little niece on her knee, but sometimes by herself, keeping very quiet, revolving many thoughts in her heart; while Lady Lindores kept close to Carry, like a sick-nurse, keeping watch over all her movements. It was dusk when the reading of the will was over, and the sound in the house of footsteps going and coming began to cease. Then Lord Lindores came in with much subdued dignity of demeanour, like an ambassador approaching a crowned head. He went up to Carry, who lay back in a great easy-chair beside the fire with her hands clasped, pursuing the thoughts which she was not permitted to express, and gave her a

formal kiss on the forehead: not that he was cold or unsympathetic as a father, but he had been a little afraid of her since her marriage, and she had not welcomed the condolences he had addressed to her when he saw her first after Tinto's death.

"My dear," he said, "this is not a moment for congratulations: and yet there is something to a woman in having earned the entire confidence of her husband, which must be a subject of satisfaction——"

Carry scarcely moved in her stillness. She looked at him without understanding what he meant. "It would be better, perhaps," she said, "father, not to speak of the circumstances."

"I hope I am not likely to speak in a way that could wound your feelings, Carry. Poor Patrick—has done you noble justice in his will."

A hysterical desire to laugh seized poor Lady Car. Lord Lindores himself was a little confused by the name he had coined on the spot for his dead son-in-law. He had felt that to call him Torrance would be cold, as his wish was to express the highest approval; and Pat was too familiar. But his "Poor Patrick" was not successful. And Carry knew that, even in the midst of her family she must not laugh that day, whatever might happen. She stopped herself convulsively, but cried, "Papa, for heaven's sake, don't talk to me any more!"

"Do you not see, Robert, that she is exhausted?" said Lady Lindores. "She thinks nothing of the will. She is worn out with—all she has had to go through. Let her alone till she has had time to recover a little."

His wife's interposition always irritated Lord Lindores. "I may surely be permitted to speak to Carry without an interpreter," he

said, testily. "It is no doubt a very — painful moment for her. But if anything could make up—— Torrance has behaved nobly, poor fellow! It must be gratifying to us all to see the confidence he had in her. You have the control of everything during your boy's minority, Carry. Everything is in your hands. Of course it was understood that you would have the support of your family. But you are hampered by no conditions: he has behaved in the most princely manner; nothing could be more gratifying," Lord Lindores said.

Carry sat motionless in her chair, and took no notice—her white hands clasped on her lap; her white face, passive and still, showed as little emotion as the black folds of her dress, which were like a tragic framework round her. Lady Lindores, with her hand upon the back of her daughter's chair, came anxiously between, and replied for her. She had to do her best to say the right thing in these strange circumstances—to be warmly gratified, yet subdued by the conventional gloom necessary to the occasion. "I am very glad," she said—"that is, it is very satisfactory. I do not see what else he could have done. Carry must have had the charge of her own children—who else had any right?—but, as you say, it is very gratifying to find that he had so much confidence——"

Lord Lindores turned angrily away. "Nerves and vapours are out of place here," he said. "Carry ought to understand—but, fortunately, so long as I know what I am about—the only one among you——"

At this Carry raised herself hastily in her chair. She said "Papa," quickly, with a half gasp of alarm. Then she added, with-

out stopping, almost running her words into each other in her eagerness, "They are my children; no one else has anything to do with them; I must do everything—everything! for them myself; nobody must interfere."

"Who do you expect to interfere?" said her father, sternly. He found himself confronting his entire family as he turned upon Carry, who was so strangely roused and excited, sitting up erect in her seat, clasping her pale hands. Rintoul had gone round behind her chair, beside his mother; and Edith, rising up behind, stood there also, looking at him with a pale face and wide-open eyes. It was as if he had made an attack upon her—he who had come here to inform her of her freedom and her rights. This sudden siding together of all against one is bitter, even when the solitary person may know himself to be wrong. But Lord Lindores felt himself in the right at this moment. Supposing that perhaps he had made a mistake in this marriage of Carry's, fate had stepped in and made everything right. She was nobly provided for, with the command of a splendid fortune—and she was free. Now at least his wisdom ought to be acknowledged, and that he had done well for his daughter. But notwithstanding his resentment, he was a little cowed "in the circumstances" by this gathering of pale faces against him. Nothing could be said that was not peaceful and friendly on the day that the dead had gone out of the house.

"Do you think I am likely to wish to dictate to her," he said, with a short laugh, "that you stand round to defend her from me? Carry, you are very much mistaken if you think I will interfere. Children are out of my way. Your mother will be your

best adviser. I yield to her better information now. You are tired, you are unhappy—you are—left desolate——”

“Oh, how do you dare to say such words to me?” cried Carry, rising, coming forward to him with feverish energy, laying her hands upon his shoulders, as if to compel him to face her, and hear what she had to say. “Don’t you know—don’t you know? I was left desolate when you brought me here, five years—five dreadful years ago. Whose fault is that? I am glad he is dead—glad he is dead! Could a woman be more injured than that? But now I have neither father nor mother,” she cried. “I am in my own right; my life is my own, and, my children; I will be directed no more.”

All this time she stood with her hands on his shoulders, grasping him unconsciously to give emphasis to her words. Lord Lindores was startled beyond measure by this personal contact—by the way in which poor Carry, always so submissive, flung herself upon him. “Do you mean to use violence to me? do you mean to turn me out of your house?” he said.

“Oh, father!—oh, father! how can I forgive you?” Carry cried, in her excitement and passion; and then she dropped her hands suddenly and wept, and begged his pardon like a child. Lord Lindores was very glad to take advantage of this sudden softening which he had so little expected. He kissed her and put her back in her chair. “I would recommend you to put her to bed,” he said to his wife; “she has been overdone.” And he thought he had got the victory, and that poor Carry, after her little explosion, was safe in his hands once more. He meant no harm to Carry. It

was solely of her good and that of her children that he thought. It could do no harm either to the one or the other if they served his aims too. He drove home with his son soon after, leaving his wife behind him: it was proper that Carry should have her mother and sister with her at so sad a time. And the house of Tinto, which had been so dark all these nights, shone demurely out again this evening, at a window here and there,—death, which is always an oppression, being gone from it, and life resuming its usual sway. The flag still hung half-mast high, drooping against the flagstaff, for there was no wind. “But I’m thinking, my lord, we’ll put it back to-morrow,” said the butler as he stood solemnly at the carriage-door. He stood watching it roll down the avenue in that mood of genial exhaustion which makes men communicative. “It’s a satisfaction to think all’s gane well and everybody satisfied,” he said to his subordinate; “for a death in a family is worse to manage than any other event. You’re no’ just found fault with at the moment, but it’s minded against you if things go wrong, and your ‘want o’ feelin’.’ My lady will maybe think it want o’ feelin’ if I put up the flag. But why should I no’? For if big Tinto’s gane, there’s wee Tinto, still mair important, with all the world before him. And if I let it be, they’ll say it’s neglect.”

“My lady will never fash her head about it,” said the second in command.

“How do you ken? Ah, my lad, you’ll find a change. The master might give you a damn at a moment, but he wasna hard to manage. We’ll have all the other family, *her* family, to give us our orders now.”

ADVENTURES AMONG THE AUSTRIANS IN BOSNIA.

On the 27th of last August my friend and myself started from Belgrade, with the intention of making our way westwards across Servia and Albania into Montenegro, and so down to the coast of the Adriatic. In the course of our journey we were compelled to enter a part of Bosnia which has been occupied by Austrian troops. The reception we there met with at the hands of the Austrian authorities was of such a curious character, that I think a short account of it may be interesting to English readers.

Bosnia is at present in a very disturbed condition. The Mohammedan part of the population were always opposed to the Austrian occupation, and offered a very violent resistance to the invading army. They were defeated in the open field, but by no means acquiesced in the new state of affairs. Many of them retired to the mountains and the forests and other inaccessible positions, from which they sallied forth from time to time, and contrived to inflict a good deal of damage upon the Austrians. The discontent has of late spread to the Christian population also. The system of compulsory military service, introduced by the Austrians, is an innovation which they by no means approve of. They also find that the new Government has not brought them all the blessings they expected, and they begin to look back with some regret to the days of the easy-going Turkish administration. The consequence is that a very serious insurrection has arisen, in which both Christians and Mohammedans take part. A country like Bosnia, with its wild inaccessible moun-

tains, is well suited for such a rising. The insurgents conceal themselves in their mountain fastnesses, and every now and then pounce down upon some small body of Austrian troops, and massacre the whole party. And they can do this with impunity; for, owing to the difficult character of the country, the Austrians have not as yet been able to get at them. The result is a general feeling of insecurity throughout Bosnia, and a tendency on the part of the Austrians to see an insurgent in every one they are not acquainted with. The following story will afford an example of the absurd extent to which they carry their suspicions.

We reached Novi-Basar, a rather important Turkish town to the south of Bosnia, without any difficulty. We were accompanied by a guide or dragoman, called Matthias, whom we had hired in Belgrade. This man was an Austrian subject by birth, but a native of Belgrade. He spoke a wonderful variety of languages, including Turkish and Servian; but the language in which he communicated with us was French. His French was of a peculiar kind, and seemed to have been acquired in the closet rather than in the market-place. He always carried in his pocket a small French dictionary, and by the constant study of this work he had acquired a very fair vocabulary; but his pronunciation was detestable, and his grammar beneath contempt. By a bold application of the laws of symmetry to the French language he had made a clean sweep of the irregular verbs. The present tense of *vouloir* was *je voule*; and on the same

analogy the French for "I am able" became *je poule*. The rest of his grammar was of a similar type. However, we could always understand quite easily what he meant, and that was all we wanted. In the matter of personal cleanliness he left much to be desired, his own opinion being that when you were on your travels it was not necessary *se faire propre*. By the expression, *se faire propre*, he merely meant washing the hands and face. He regarded cleanliness as a sort of decoration of the person, which was only necessary when you wanted to make a display. Still, with all his faults, he turned out to be a very useful servant.

On leaving Novi-Basar, our adventures, as far as the Austrians were concerned, may be said to have begun. We had originally intended to take the direct route westwards through Ipek into Montenegro. But we were told that this road was far too dangerous to be feasible, and that the only way of reaching Montenegro was by Prepolie and Plevlie and Nischitz. We knew that Prepolie and Plevlie were occupied by the Austrians, but we did not anticipate any difficulty from them. We accordingly set out in perfect confidence, and arrived at Sienitza without meeting with any adventures that need to be recorded. Our next day's journey was from Sienitza to Prepolie; and it is necessary to give a short account of the incidents of the journey, since, though seemingly quite trivial in themselves, they were afterwards made the subject of very grave accusations by the Austrians.

We set out, escorted by a captain and five soldiers, whom the commander at Sienitza was kind enough to send with us, because the road was said to be very

dangerous. About mid-day we came to a long winding ravine, with grey precipitous cliffs rising up to a tremendous height upon the right hand, while the left side was closed in by rather steep mountain-slopes, covered thickly with a pine-forest. The track went twining in and out along the ridges of the mountain, and through the midst of the pine-forest, for several miles. This was the dangerous part of the day's journey. The forest was infested by Mohammedan refugees from Bosnia, who had fled before the Austrian occupation, and finding themselves in a state of complete destitution, with no means of livelihood, had taken to brigandage as a profession. Their temper had naturally been rather soured by adversity, and consequently they found a sort of pleasure in revenging themselves on any travellers who chanced to pass in this direction. We threaded our way in single file through the darkness of the forest for some hours, three of the soldiers riding in front and two behind, each with his rifle held in readiness across his saddle-bows. At length we emerged into the open country again, not without a sort of feeling of disappointment at having met with no adventure worthy of the occasion. The brigands must have been prudent enough to see that a fight with five soldiers, armed with the best modern rifles, would not be a very profitable business. After we had gone a little further, the Turkish officer who was accompanying us, said there was a very interesting old church in the neighbourhood, called the Church of Milosh, and asked us if we should like to see it. We of course expressed our readiness. It turned out to be a very fine old specimen of Byzantine architecture, said to have been built in the eleventh century. The walls were covered

with frescoes after the Byzantine manner, in an excellent state of preservation. In one corner was the tomb of St Saba, the patron saint of the neighbouring Slavonic tribes, the Bosnians, Servians, and Montenegrins. Connected with the church was a small monastery, in which three monks lived. One of the monks gave us some refreshment, and showed us round the church; and when we left, our guide handed him five francs by way of acknowledgement. Soon afterwards we reached the picturesque but dirty little town of Prepolie, which we found full of Austrian troops. For though it is still a part of Turkey, and is governed by a Turkish official, it has been occupied by the Austrians, and will soon be administered by them. Here we succeeded in procuring a small upper room in a dingy little inn by the river-side, kept by an Austrian landlord; and after the usual visit from the Turkish commander, we spread our mattresses upon the floor and slept soundly, unconscious of the fact that we had been guilty of very grave crimes.

On the afternoon of the next day we reached Plevlie, a rather dreary little place, surrounded on all sides by dull uninteresting mountains. Plevlie is still a Turkish town, and a Turkish Pasha resides there; but it is full of Austrian troops, under the command of General Kukoli. Soon after we had taken up our quarters at the dirty pot-house which does duty as the chief hotel of the place, an Austrian soldier came to say that the general wished to see our passports, and Matthias was sent off with them. In about an hour's time he returned, with a very haggard expression of countenance, which we could not help smiling at, to say that he was arrested and put in prison, and had been allowed

to come and see us just for a few minutes, in order to settle his account with us. This was rather startling news, and we naturally wanted to hear a little more about it; but the soldiers who were in guard of him would not let him stop, and as soon as he had got the ducats which were owing to him, he was hurried away, and we were left in a state of some perplexity. We could not imagine what he had been arrested for; and we also began to feel that we were in rather a fix, since we should not be able to move a yard out of Plevlie without him, not being able to speak a word of Bosnian or Turkish. At the back of the inn was a little beer-garden, in the German fashion, where the Austrian officers spent their evenings. Here we adjourned after dinner, and had not been sitting long when a young Austrian civilian, who spoke French, came and introduced himself to us, and said he had heard that our servant was arrested, and that we could not speak much German, and he thought he might be of some use to us. We became very confidential, and he told us that General Kukoli was an old fool, who had a mania for suspecting strangers, and was convinced that we had come to Bosnia to encourage the insurgents, and supply them with arms and money. We were rather amused to think that we should be the object of such sinister suspicions; and we felt sure that next morning, if we called on General Kukoli, as our young friend advised us to do, a few minutes' conversation would set the matter right again. We sat and talked together until rather late in the evening, and then took leave of our friend and went to bed.

Next morning after breakfast we walked up the hill to the general's official quarters, and after a great deal of searching and inquiring we

at last found ourselves outside the door of his private room. But we were not allowed to enter; the general was *verhindert*. We were told that we had better see the commissioner of police, whose office was in the same building, a few yards off. We were accordingly taken to his office; and to our surprise, we there saw sitting in the midst of one or two officers, and smoking a cigar, our young Austrian friend of the previous evening, who had been so kind and confidential towards us. He was himself the commissioner of police. We now understood the reason of his politeness, and the extreme interest he had taken in our welfare. All the little casual questions which he had asked us so naturally in the course of conversation—where we had come from, where we intended to go, what we thought of the Bosnians, and of the Austrian Government, and so on,—the reason of all these little questions was now quite clear. He had simply come to play the detective, and get information against us out of our own lips if possible. However, as we had nothing to disclose, there had been nothing for him to discover. It must be a great saving of expense to the Austrian Government if gentlemen of high official position are willing to do the dirty work of detectives as a part of their regular duty. We now asked the commissioner why our servant had been arrested. We were told that he was a suspicious person. We explained that to arrest our servant was just the same thing as arresting ourselves. As we did not know a word of Turkish or Bosnian, it would be impossible for us to travel without our guide, and we should be practically prisoners in Plevlie. The commissioner wriggled about, and seemed rather at a loss. At length he said he had a proposal to make. He

said that General Kukoli had determined to send our servant to Serajevo, the capital of Bosnia, that he might be examined there. It would be hopeless to try and induce Kukoli, who was an obstinate old blockhead, to change his determination. But if we would give up all thoughts of proceeding southwards towards Montenegro, and would take the route northwards into Austrian Bosnia, and through Serajevo and Mostar, down to the coast of the Adriatic at Spalato, he thought he could persuade the general to let us have our guide back again as far as Serajevo. After Serajevo we should be able to get on without him, as we should find plenty of Germans along the route. We did not much like the idea of being forced to go northwards against our wish; and if we had been able to spare the time, we should have felt inclined to stay in Plevlie, and see whether anything would turn up. But we had both of us to be back in England by the beginning of October, and could not afford to delay many days in any one place; and we were partly reconciled to the new route by the prospect of seeing the Roman remains at Spalato. The commissioner also waxed very warm in praise of the scenery along the Narenta valley leading towards Mostar. “*Il y a des abîmes*,” he exclaimed, with the tone of a man whose object in life was to have seen as many *abîmes* as possible before he died. We therefore consented to the proposed arrangement and took our leave.

Soon after we had returned to the inn, Matthias turned up, looking very haggard indeed, and told us that he had been set at liberty on condition of his going with us to Serajevo. There was something very constrained and mysterious in his behaviour, and we were quite unable to extract from him a consist-

ent account of what had been happening. He was evidently in a horrid state of terror; and General Kukoli and the commissioner between them seemed to have impressed upon him the fact that if he was not very careful in his behaviour, he would get himself into serious trouble. As he was an Austrian subject, they could do what they liked with him. In the evening we again saw the commissioner. He told us that the general had consented to let our guide go with us to Serajevo, and had also been kind enough to order that a captain and four dragoons should accompany us as an escort. "Thus," he added, "you will be able to travel 'dans la plus parfaite sécurité.'" We said we had heard that the road was quite safe, and would rather dispense with the dragoons. He replied that the general insisted on sending the dragoons, as he was much concerned for our *sécurité*. We saw pretty clearly now that we were practically prisoners, and as there was no help for it, we agreed to be escorted by the dragoons.

Next morning we mounted the sort of cart which we had engaged to take us to Serajevo, and with two dragoons in front, and two behind, and the captain riding by our side, we started on the journey. About mid-day we crossed the Turkish frontier, and entered Austrian Bosnia. The scenery was rather dreary along this part of the road, and it was a great relief when, late in the evening, we began to approach Chaintza, our halting-place for the night. When we were about half a mile from the town, our escort suddenly galloped away in advance, and disappeared in the darkness. After going on for a few minutes, we came upon two soldiers with fixed bayonets, who had been sent out to meet us, as soon as our escort had brought in

the news of our approach. These soldiers posted themselves one on each side of the waggon, with their bayonets held in readiness if we should try to escape, and accompanied us into Chaintza. We were then conducted to the official quarters of the commander of the town, and brought into the presence of the commander himself, an elderly-looking man, and a captain by rank. He bowed rather stiffly as we entered, and then took his seat on one side of a deal table, while we were accommodated with two chairs upon the other side; and then the examination began. Matthias stood upon one side of the table and acted as interpreter. The commander said he had received instructions by telegraph from Plevlie that morning, and it was now his painful duty to have to put a few questions to us. The first question was—

"Why did you visit the tomb of St Saba?"

This did not seem a very dreadful offence. We could not for the life of us see wherein the crime consisted, even if we had visited this tomb. However, Matthias explained to us that St Saba being the patron saint of the Bosnians, and much venerated by them, the fact of our visiting his tomb was supposed to show that we were in deep sympathy with the Bosnian insurgents, and had gone to drop a tear over the grave of their saint, as a proof of our devotion to their cause. We explained that we had visited the Church of Milosh on the suggestion of the Turkish captain who was escorting us; that we had never even heard of the name of St Saba before that day; and that the sole object of our visit was to see an interesting piece of architecture. The captain made no reply, but proceeded to ask us—

"Why did you give a large sum of money to the monk?"

This was too much for our gravity, and we could not help bursting out into a laugh. Our five francs had been expanded into "a large sum of money," and instead of paying for our dinner, we were supposed to have been intrusting the monk with treasure to distribute among the insurgents. We explained the facts of the case, and Matthias produced his account-book, in which the item of five francs to the monk for dinner was entered. The captain read the entry, and again made no remark, but went on to ask—

"Why did you conceal your large portmanteau (*der grosse koffer*) in the cellar of the inn at Prepolie?"

This again was a mysterious accusation; but the idea seems to have been that the *koffer* was full of gold, which we were going to distribute among the Bosnians. In this instance the informer, whoever he was, had blundered even more than usual. Not only had we not concealed our portmanteau in a cellar, but, as a matter of fact, there was no cellar at all in the inn at Prepolie. This inn was built close by the side of the river, and not much above the level of the bank, so that any cellar dug in such a position would have been full of water all the year round. We stated the facts of the case; and then the captain replied that our answers were plausible enough, but he had no proof of their truth, and did not know whether to believe us or not. Hereupon Matthias, who was rather an hysterical being, but had behaved with great composure hitherto, suddenly lifted up both his hands and swore by the Highest and the Mightiest that we were both quite innocent, and entreated the captain to search our baggage and see for himself. The captain, with a sudden vehemence of manner which quite startled us, sprang to his feet and exclaimed in a loud voice, "Nein, ich will es

nicht thun," at the same time bringing down his hand upon the deal table with a great bang. After this uncalled-for outburst, he went on to explain that he would not search our baggage until he had telegraphed for instructions to Serajevo. We were then removed to a room close by, and the two soldiers, with their bayonets fixed, were stationed outside the door. In this room the *kadi*, or Turkish judge, who has been retained by the Austrians to try cases in which only natives are concerned, was accustomed to dispense justice. Stretched along one end of the room was a thick mattress, which usually formed the judgment-seat of the *kadi* and his secretary, but now served us as a very comfortable couch, while we sat and ate the frugal dinner that was brought us from a neighbouring inn. Shortly after dinner a soldier entered and told us that instructions had come from Serajevo to search our baggage. We were taken back into the presence of the captain who had previously examined us, and found a commission of inquiry sitting, which consisted of the captain himself, together with the military commander of the district, and a lieutenant. These three officers—the captain, the major, and the lieutenant—sat solemnly upon one side of the table, and we were placed upon the other side; and while we continued to look gravely, but with some curiosity, at each other across the table, our baggage was produced by a corporal and examined. He took out each article separately, shook it, squeezed it, and scrutinised it, and then laid it upon the table. The three officers then had a good look at it. When the officers had done looking, the article was removed and laid on one side, and another brought forward in its place. We had not fallen in with a laundress

for some three weeks, so that the greater part of our baggage consisted of dirty linen. The officers went through the whole collection in the most persevering manner; but the process naturally took a good deal of time, since they were quite as careful over neckties and collars as in the examination of an important article like an overcoat. After an hour's patient work they managed to get through the dirty linen. They then read our letters, and asked us to produce whatever we had in our pockets; and we ought to be thankful that they spared us the indignity of searching our person. The contents of our pockets were laid upon the table, examined, found to be unsuspecting, and then returned to us. When it was all over, Matthias came forward, looking rather hurt, and asked them to examine his bag also. They had forgotten all about it. This was really too bad. We had been told that our servant was a very suspicious character, and must be sent on to Serajevo for examination; and yet they did not take the trouble to look at his baggage. They might have done it even for decency's sake. At his own request they now glanced into his bag in a very perfunctory manner, and then we were taken back again to the *kadi's* apartment. Soon afterwards the captain entered the room, and with much gesticulation and many apologies for what had taken place, he showed us the report which the commission had agreed upon, and were going to send by telegraph to Serajevo, to the effect that they had examined us and searched our baggage with care, and had found nothing at all suspicious about us. He then wished us good night and went away. Matthias now became very jubilant and confidential. A bottle of brandy, which he had procured, made him still more so. He

told us all that had occurred at Plevlie. When he was taken before General Kukoli, he was asked to tell all that he knew about us. He said we were merely two Englishmen travelling for pleasure in those parts. The general then flew into a rage, said it was not true, and that he had been bribed by us to conceal the truth. They offered to let him go, if he would make a clean breast of the whole matter. He then, according to his own account, drew himself up to his full height, said he had nothing to divulge, as we were perfectly innocent, and asked them to examine our baggage and see for themselves; "and if," he added, "you find anything suspicious about them, then 'fusillez-moi le premier, moi le premier fusillez-vous.'" I have given his exact words here, as they are a favourable example of his best French style. This apostrophe drove General Kukoli into a wild state of fury. "Away with you to prison, since you will not confess!" was his exclamation; and Matthias was accordingly locked up for the night. The Austrians then went, we were told, to the Turkish Pasha, and asked him to arrest and search us. But the Pasha shrugged his shoulders and politely refused. Though they had been able to arrest Matthias, because he was an Austrian subject, they had no power over us, while we were in Turkish territory. But they knew that we could not move from Plevlie without our guide; and they now invented the brilliant device of luring us across the Austrian frontier, by dangling the guide in front of us as a bait. I do not think the strategem was a very profound one. If we had really been intriguers, with inculpatory documents in our possession, we should hardly have been so simple-minded as not to get rid of them before

crossing the Austrian frontier. However, whether the device was in itself good or bad, it was entirely unnecessary in our particular case.

To resume our story. Next morning about ten o'clock the captain came to see us, and first ordered the two soldiers, who had been keeping guard over us all night, to take away themselves and their fixed bayonets. The soldiers retired. He then informed us that he had received a message from Serajevo to say that it was all a mistake, due to false information; and that we might now be set at liberty. At the same time he made many apologies for his own part in the affair, asking us to understand that he had simply been obeying his orders. We had quite a scene of reconciliation, and parted very good friends. We once more mounted our cart, and resumed our journey towards Serajevo. In the afternoon we stopped at a place called Gorazda. As we were having dinner there, the colonel who commanded the district—a benevolent-looking old man in spectacles, rather stout, and rather like a professor in appearance—came into the room, accompanied by three or four other officers, and walking up towards us, began to make the most profuse apologies for the events of the previous night. He said he had come to apologise to us, in the name of the commander-general of Serajevo, for the annoyance we had been caused. It was all a mistake, and they were heartily sorry. We were now free to go wherever we liked,—to Mostar, Cattaro, Cettinje, anywhere. The old gentleman was so effusive, that we were quite overcome, and it nearly ended in a general embrace. We left Gorazda in the greatest good-humour, and reached Serajevo, the capital of Bosnia, on the afternoon of Monday, the 11th of September.

Serajevo, as you approach it, is a very picturesque town. It lies in a sort of hollow, surrounded by gently sloping hills. The outskirts of the town stretch for some distance up the sides of these hills, which are covered with trees. As you approach from the south, a turn in the road suddenly brings the town before your view, lying some distance beneath you in the hollow. Innumerable minarets, of graceful shape, prick upwards from the midst of the thick foliage upon the slopes, and produce a very pleasing effect. But when you enter the town itself, you find the usual squalor and neglect. The streets are narrow and badly paved, and the houses dirty and ruinous. Nor have the Austrians made much improvement in this respect. They have begun to erect a few large buildings, but the greater part of the town is left as they found it. Serajevo has decayed considerably in numbers and prosperity since the Austrian occupation. It used to be a very important trading centre; but the larger part of its trade was with Novi-Basar; and the Austrians have now completely put a stop to that trade, by the imposition of heavy duties upon the frontier. The loss of trade towards the south has not been compensated for by any addition to the trade northwards. It cannot be said, then, that the people of Serajevo have any special reason for blessing the Austrians.

Soon after we had taken up our quarters in the one German inn which the place boasts of, a message came from the director of police to say that he wished to see us at his office. The director of police is one of the chief officials of Bosnia, and superintends the police arrangements of the whole country. The present director is a young man from the diplomatic service, called Oliva. Most of the

police officials in Bosnia are young members of the diplomatic service, it being a special hobby of Count Callay, himself a diplomatist, to appoint to these posts men whom he knows, and who have been brought up in the same atmosphere as himself. When we were introduced into the presence of Herr Oliva, we naturally looked at him with some curiosity, as the author of all our trouble, from whom had come all the telegrams which had caused us so much annoyance. He was a tall, thin, very youthful-looking person, with dark hair, and a sallow complexion; and when he tried to be polite, he broke out into a forced, unpleasant smile, which did not sit easily upon his features. I will give in full the conversation which now took place, as it throws great light upon his method of dealing with strangers.

"When do you intend to leave Serajevo?" he asked.

"We thought of going to-morrow morning," we replied.

"And what route do you intend to take?"

"We intend to go down the valley of the Narenta, through Mostar, and so round by the Adriatic to Spalato."

"Indeed! I would not advise you to go that way. It is very dreary and uninteresting."

"We have heard the scenery is very fine."

"Oh no; quite a mistake. It is a very dull route."

I may here remark that this was simply not the truth, every one concurring in ranking the scenery of the Narenta valley as the finest in Bosnia.

"Well, apart from that," we continued, "we want to go to Spalato and see the Roman remains there."

"There are no Roman remains at Spalato."

This assertion rather took our

breath away. Opinions might differ about scenery, but there could be no manner of doubt as to the existence of Roman remains at Spalato. We ventured to suggest that at any rate there were the remains of Diocletian's palace.

"Oh yes," he replied, "Diocletian's palace used to be there; but there is nothing left of it now but one or two stones."

"Well, the fact is we should like to see even those one or two stones."

Hereupon Herr Oliva rather lost his temper, and looking very sour, started upon a new tack. He said: "To tell the truth, gentlemen, 'vous êtes suspects,' and I must ask you to leave Bosnia by the shortest route, and that is through Zenitzta to Brod."

This was rather depressing news. We were aware that the route to Brod was extremely dull and uninteresting; and we had no wish to go all the way back to Hungary, and be let in for a long and tedious journey round the north coast of the Adriatic. We tried to make the director alter his mind. "If we go by Mostar," we said, "we shall be out of Bosnia in two days and a half, while if we go by Brod, we shall be out of it in two days; so that if your wish is to get us out of Bosnia as speedily as you can, there is no practical difference between the two routes. We should very much prefer the route by Mostar, and it would be much the most convenient for us."

Oliva now looked extremely sour, and in rather a peremptory tone replied—"The fact is, gentlemen, that I cannot sign your passports except for Brod. When the country is more settled, you will be allowed to travel in it as much as you like. But in the present state of affairs I must ask you to proceed straight to Brod."

This put an end to the conversation. We had our passports signed and returned to our inn. One can trace his diplomatic education in the manner of his behaviour towards us. He first tried, by means of what were (to put it mildly) two very gross misstatements, to induce us to give up the route to Mostar of our own free will. Of course this would have been much more satisfactory to him. He would have got his object without the employment of force. It was only when he found that we were not to be taken in, that he came out in his true colours, and let us know that we had no choice in the matter, and that it had been decided from the first to send us to Brod. I may remark that the commissioner of police at Plevlie had praised the beauty of the Mostar route, as a means of inducing us to enter Austrian Bosnia; and that at Gorazda the colonel had told us, in the name of the commander-general of Serajevo, that we were free to go wherever we liked. But all this counted for nothing with Herr Oliva.

We now paid a visit to Mr Freeman, the English consul at Serajevo. He was the first Englishman we had seen for several weeks. We told him what had happened, and that we did not wish to go to Brod; and he said he would do what he could for us. Next morning he paid a visit to the director of police, and tried to induce him to relent; but without success. He asked what charge they had against us. The director replied that our *entourage* was suspicious, and this was all he would say. Our *entourage* could only have meant Matthias, our servant. Mr Freeman explained that we had no further need of a guide, and if Matthias was a bad character, we were quite ready to

part with him, and travel by ourselves to Spalato. The director was now driven into a corner, and could only reply: "The fact is, we don't want any strangers just now in Bosnia." Mr Freeman then went to call upon Count Callay, who at this time happened to be staying in Bosnia; but Callay was ill with a fever, and could not be seen. However, he saw Baron Nicolics, the civil governor of Bosnia, and got him to promise to do his best to induce the Count to annul the decision of the director of police. In the afternoon, as we were sitting talking with the consul in his house, a letter came from the Baron, of which the following is a word-for-word translation. "Dear sir, — I regret infinitely that I am not able to be agreeable, but the decision of the director of police must be maintained.—Yours, &c., Nicolics."

This extremely disagreeable note settled the matter. We started next morning for Brod. The most irritating part of the affair is that there was absolutely no reason at all for sending us to Brod, in preference to Mostar; and it can only have been done to cause us annoyance. Along the whole of the route our steps were dogged and our movements watched by inquisitive *gendarmes*; and it was with a feeling of considerable pleasure that we at length crossed the Save at Brod, and left Bosnia and its suspicious officials behind us. I should add that our servant Matthias, who had been declared to be such an extremely bad character that his mere presence in our company made us seem suspicious characters also, was allowed to return quietly to his home in Belgrade. As soon as they had disposed of us, they never thought anything more about him.

THE NEW LEGAL POSITION OF MARRIED WOMEN.

IF it is a commonplace that legislators rarely foresee the effect of their own legislation, it is a commonplace which seems to have no effect on the mind of the ordinary politician. Voltaire said that doctors poured medicine, of which they knew little, into a body of which they knew nothing; and if this sarcasm is not so completely justified now as when it was first uttered, at any rate it still applies in all its force to the body politic. Thus it comes about that the greatest social changes are sometimes effected by nearly unnoticed legislation. In the midst of all the excitement of last session was passed, almost without discussion, the Married Women's Property Act, 1882. This Act, which came into force on the 1st of January 1883, will probably affect the interests of a greater number of people than any measure which has been passed in the last ten years. Nothing was heard of it while it was under discussion. There was only one debate on it in the House of Commons, and that occupied less than a couple of hours. Yet Mr Warton was not far wrong when he said, in the course of the debate, that the Act would effect "a social revolution." It is true that the revolution worked by the Act was prognosticated by the infinitesimal changes gradually introduced by each generation of equity lawyers since the time of Elizabeth. But these changes only applied to

women who had settlements; and it is a very different thing to insensibly extend the operation of an equitable doctrine which only applied to a limited number of persons, and to make a sweeping legislative change which applies to every future marriage.

Like other experiments in what is now called "sociology," the probable results of the new Act can hardly be even hinted at, and a failure will mean something more than a failure in an experiment in chemistry for instance. In that case an explosion, though it may destroy the operator, will be a warning for the future; but an experiment in legislation may possibly be so disastrous as to preclude any further attempts at amendment whatever. However, as the change has been made and the experiment will have to be tried, we take the opportunity of reviewing the past history of the legal position of married women in England, and of pointing out some possible effects of the new Act, which, we think, have been rather overlooked by its more enthusiastic promoters.

It always raises a feeling akin to pride in an English man or woman to hear that any English institution is unlike the corresponding institution abroad. This feeling has its good and its bad side. Emerson relates a story of an Englishwoman touring on the Rhine, whom a German referred to in her presence as a foreigner,

The Effects of Marriage on Property. By Courtney Stanhope Kenny, LL.M., of Lincoln's Inn, Fellow and Law Lecturer of Downing College, Cambridge. London: Reeves & Turner. 1879.

The Married Women's Property Act, 1882, together with the Acts of 1870 and 1874; and an Introduction on the Law of Married Women's Property. By Ralph Thicknesse, B.A., Christ Church, Oxford, and of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister-at-law. London: Maxwell & Son.

"I beg your pardon," said she, "we are English." But whether the fact will increase the reader's insular prejudices, or heighten his patriotism, it is the fact that the English law has differed considerably from the law in other European countries in its treatment of married women.

In England the status and capacity of married women was deduced from, and hung upon, the doctrine of the Church, "*Eadem caro vir et uxor.*" This doctrine was introduced into English law shortly after the Conquest. It was unknown in the primitive Teutonic or Keltic codes. The Anglo-Saxon wife was a free agent as to her property; the Welsh woman actually acquired, instead of losing, the power of contracting on marriage; and the judges of James the First's time were astonished to find that the Irish wives claimed a possession in their property separate from the possession of their husbands. It is possible that the clerical judges introduced the doctrine of the unity of man and wife into the law court from the offices they were accustomed to read in the church.¹ But that it was not introduced because the judges were ecclesiastics is certain, because the doctrine was unknown abroad. Anyhow, from whatever cause the doctrine was introduced, Glanvil and Bracton both drew their legal conclusions from the teaching of the Church, that man and wife are one flesh.

But high spiritual ideals are not,

without degradation, to be taken as the standards of a legal code. The doctrine of the unity of husband and wife, from a moral and spiritual incentive, was degraded into a legal fiction, which could not be consistently applied. It might be thought that the legitimate conclusion from this proposition would be that husband and wife held their property in common. But this is not so. The doctrine applies to property, undoubtedly; but only to the wife's property. It is at one moment "a mere figure of speech," at another "it must be understood in its literal sense."²

The person of the wife was lost and extinguished on marriage in that of the husband, just as her personal property was lost and extinguished in his. The Church carried out the theory of unity logically enough, and made it clear that in her judgment the property should be held in common, by teaching the man to say to the woman in the marriage office, "with all my worldly goods I thee endow."³ But the lawyer's conclusion was just the opposite. The husband was the only person of which the law took cognisance. The corporate unity of husband and wife was represented in every transaction by the husband. The wife's power and capacity to act were gone as soon as she was married.

Keeping this principle in mind, let us proceed to consider the wife's position as regards—1, Land; 2, Personal property.⁴

¹ The congregation at a wedding were assembled, according to the Sarum Manual, "*ad conjungendum duo corpora ut amodo sint una caro et duæ animæ.*" The York Manual speaks of the "*commixtio corporum per quam efficiuntur una caro vir et mulier.*"—See Kenny's *Effects of Marriage on Property*, p. 13.

² Judgment of the late Lord-Justice Lush in *Phillips v. Barnet*.—*Law Reports*, 1 Queen's Bench Division, 436.

³ There is a story told of a north-country husband who, when he was told to repeat these words, said—"Eh! but that requires a deal o' thowt" (thought).

⁴ It would be impossible within the limits of an article to show how far the old law still applies to women married before the Act. We must refer our readers to

1. The effect of the principle on the wife's land was somewhat modified by feudal ideas. During the marriage her person and property were represented by her husband. He did homage for her land, and enjoyed the revenues of it. But at the time at which the law of husband and wife appears to have become settled, the feudal idea was so strong that the idea of inheritance was almost in abeyance. The heavy exactions which Rufus's ministers wrung from the feudal tenants on succession, showed that the king considered the land, in a literal sense, his own, though hired out to tenants, whose heirs had some right, by favour and custom, to take their places when they died. And this favour was extended to the heir of a married woman rather than to her husband; so that it came to be the law that the husband had an interest in his wife's land only during the continuance of the marriage. This interest was, however, increased by a custom peculiar to England and Normandy, but quite unknown in other parts of Europe, and unknown in England itself till the time of the Norman kings. This custom was called, from this peculiarity, the *Curtesy*¹ of England.

By it, if there is issue capable of inheriting born of the wife, whether the child afterwards live or die,² the husband has a life-interest in the wife's land after his wife's death. This interest is not interfered with by the new Act, except that, if the wife dispose of it by her will, the husband is deprived of his right.

The husband, then, had the possession and management of his wife's land during the marriage. If he survived her, he had it for the rest of his life; but, if she survived him, the land was again as absolutely hers as it was before marriage. The husband could dispose of his life-interest in it without the consent of his wife; and either husband or wife could dispose of the whole property with the consent of the other. In order to protect the wife, and to make certain that her consent to parting with the land was not forced from her, the judges took care that, in the fictitious suit by which the disposition was originally made, the wife should be examined apart from her husband as to her wishes. This practice, which has been continued to the present day, was very near being abolished by an Act of last session.³ It is very doubtful

Mr Thicknesse's note to section 5, 'Married Women's Property Act,' p. 73. Roughly the Act only applies to property acquired by the married woman after it passed; but it also affects property which was her separate property before the Act.

¹ *Curtesy*, *curialitas*, does not refer to "nationis nostræ humanitas," as Spelman thought; but merely to the fact that the husband sat in the lord's court as tenant in his own right—see Kenny, p. 74; or, as Mr Kenelm Digby thinks, because the right was recognised by the courts of England. The last-named author quotes Gunderman as an authority for saying that the same right is also found in some parts of France and Germany.—*History of Real Property*, p. 148.

² Bracton's test of the child having been born alive is the same as the one in the modern Prussian code—namely, that it should have uttered a cry, which, he says, it is sure to do even if it is born deaf and dumb: "Nam dicunt Evel A, quotquot nascuntur ab E v A." As to this, and the curious requirement that the cry should be uttered between four walls, and its probable origin, see Kenny, p. 80.

³ The Conveyancing Act, 1882. In the end one commissioner was substituted for the two prescribed by the Fines and Recoveries Act, 3 & 4 Will. IV. c. 74 § 79.

how far the abolition of this examination of married women would be beneficial to them, though it will undoubtedly lessen the cost of transfer, and so free the sale of land. But no woman married after the new Act will be protected in this way; and so, whether the examination is directly abolished or not, it will every year become less common. In the case of women married before January 1, 1883, the consent of the wife is the more important, because in that case the purchase-money being personalty and not land, belongs to the husband absolutely, as we shall see further on.

In return for these interests in his wife's land, what interest, it may naturally be asked, has the wife in her husband's? In a consistent system of law we should expect to find that the interest gained by the wife on marriage would be an equivalent for the interest gained by the husband. There seems no intelligible reason why one should not be treated in exactly the same manner as the other. But in history and practice this has not been so. The wife acquires by marriage no right in her husband's land as long as the marriage continues; but if she is the survivor, she is entitled to an interest in it called her "dower." Dower dates

from a time before the Conquest,¹ and consists of a right for her life to one-third of the lands which the husband has held during the marriage. This right of the widow is not forfeited by her marrying again; it was not until lately affected by the disposition, by deed or will, of the husband, and was not liable to be interfered with by his creditors. So that the widow of a landed proprietor had a certain provision to look forward to on his death.

But this indefeasible right of the widow to dower manifestly interfered with the free disposition of land. An unwary purchaser might find that a third of his land was saddled with a widow's right. And as married women could not, except by an expensive process, give up their right, dower was always a great bugbear to purchasers and their legal advisers. Many generations of conveyancers exercised their ingenuity to get rid of it,² and at last, in 1833, the old law of dower was for the future abolished. It is open to a cynic to say that the free sale of land never appeared to be so desirable to the Legislature as when only the right of widows stood in the way. The Dower Act, indeed, was unnecessarily hard upon them. It made one concession to them by giving them dower out of equitable pro-

¹ There is a good deal of antiquarian learning on the subject of Dower—see Kenny, Pt. II. ch. i. p. 21. Before the Conquest it was secured to the wife by covenant; and the old English codes provide that if there is no covenant the wife shall be entitled to a third of her husband's land. The covenant for dower was the origin of "church-door dower"—a custom which early fell into disuse, but was not abolished till 1833. The marriage ceremony, or a great portion of it, used to take place at the church door, and here the husband covenanted to give his wife dower. This custom is noticed in the old offices. In the Use of York, the priest is directed to ask what the dower is to be; and there follows a direction, that "if land be given her for her dower, let the woman fall at the feet of the man!"—see Kenny, p. 39. Some women object to the word "obey" in the marriage service—what would they say to this?

² For the history of the uses to bar dower, and a description of the "master-stroke of ingenuity" by which Charles Fearné evaded the law of dower, see Kenny, pp. 55-57.

erty,¹ but it enabled the husband to deprive his wife of dower by a simple declaration, and by any other disposition whatever. It has unfortunately become the custom of conveyancers to insert a declaration to bar dower in every purchase deed. This is not indeed the fault of the Legislature, but the effect of it is most important in case of an intestacy. By inserting this declaration, the husband is made to deprive his wife of her dower in case he dies intestate. This he does most often without having an idea of the effect of his declaration, or even that he has made a declaration at all.

2. But the doctrine of the unity of husband and wife had a greater effect on the wife's personal property. The husband took the whole of the wife's money, securities, investments, and leasehold property; indeed every species of property which, in modern times, most usually falls to the share of a woman. Even her earnings were not her own, and she could not give a valid receipt for them. So that, if the master paid her wages, and got her receipt, the husband might still sue him for them. Here the doctrine of the unity of husband and wife was pushed to its greatest extremity; and it is no exaggeration, but the plain fact, that here the wife was in precisely the position of the Roman or American slave. "I know," said Mr Mundella, in the debate on the Married Women's Property Act of 1870, "scores of cases in which the earnings of poor women are taken out of their hands by their husbands on the Saturday

evening, and spent in drink."² A seventeenth-century wife piteously narrates

"that she put out several sums at interest, which she acquired by her own industry, being a midwife, and bought and sold as a *femme sole* merchant; and that she had not any maintenance from her said husband for above eighteen years, but that she had maintained both him and herself and four children during all that time; and had raised and paid her daughters portions of £400 apiece; and had paid £200 of debts which her husband owed, and discharged him out of prison. And all this out of her own money. And continued to maintain her husband, till lately he broke open her chest, and took away her plate and money, and securities for money."³

He finally conveyed away her whole property. This undoubted hardship was remedied by the Act of 1870.

The wife's personal property became her husband's absolutely, and therefore, if she died before him, remained his. If he died before her, it passed under his will. In case of his intestacy, it went to his relations, and not to hers, and she had only her third share in it. In her husband's personalty the wife had no rights at all, except when he died intestate. Before the Conquest, when the law of land and of money were the same, she had a right to her dower out of personalty as well as land, and the husband could not override her right by his will. But by the time of Henry I. this restriction had passed away, or, if not, was abolished by the celebrated charter of that reign.

¹ This was no great concession. It certainly made uses to bar dower nugatory, but since the Dower Act the equitable property in which the husband had the fee, and out of which the widow could claim dower, cannot have been very great in amount. It would include no property subject to any ordinary settlement.

² Hansard, cci. 891.

³ Finch's Reports, quoted in Kenny, p. 16, note.

This sketch of the common-law rights of husband and wife in each other's property will be more easily understood if we give a few simple illustrations of the working of the law. And the reader must remember that this law still applies to the property of persons married before the 1st of January 1883.

The effect of the old law of land was that a wife could not dispose of her land except by the consent of her husband. And she was expressly forbidden by a statute of Henry VIII. to do so by will. So that, unless husband and wife agreed upon a disposition of her land in her lifetime, and joined in an expensive conveyance, the wife's eldest son, at her death, took the property, to the exclusion of the rest of her children. This might have the effect, in case the mother had no other property, of leaving the younger children entirely unprovided for. Again, the husband was bound to maintain his wife in accordance with her rank; but subject to his doing that, he could squander the income of her land as he liked, as long as the marriage continued, or, if there were children, as long as he lived.

In the case of personal property, the effect of the old law was worse. Some property which, at first sight, one should class as land, is not real property in the eye of the law, and is not governed by the law of land as given above. Most house property is leasehold, and personal estate. So that besides all the commercial and moneyed property in the country, a great deal of valuable land is also governed by the law of personal property; and in value the property called personal exceeds in a very large proportion the property called real. The law of personal property, when it was first formed, was of comparatively little im-

portance; but now it affects the greater part of the wealth of the country. But there is another circumstance which makes the law of personal property more important to women than the law of real property. When a woman has a fortune, it far oftener consists of money than of land. The landed gentry charge sums of money on the land in favour of their daughters. Persons who have both money and land generally leave the land to the son and the money to the daughter. If, therefore, the law of money and of land are not to be the same, it would be fairer to the woman to make the law of money the more favourable to her. The old law was precisely the reverse of this.

The effect of the old law of personal property was that the husband might, as soon as he was married, make away with the wife's property in any way he pleased. Even her wedding-ring was his, and not hers. The moment they were married all was his. He could squander it in riot or fling it away in speculation. It was liable for his debts whether contracted before or after marriage. He not only might, but must, have paid for his first crop of wild oats out of the first-fruits of his wife's fortune; and there was nothing to prevent him from laying up the remainder in the prospect of a second. But take the case of not a vicious, but a foolish or an unfortunate husband. Suppose the husband, through folly or misfortune, became bankrupt. By the fiction of unity his wife's property became his on marriage, and went to his creditors on his bankruptcy. Thus a wife may have brought her husband all he had, yet may have brought it only to lose it. She could not prove amongst his creditors for a halfpenny. She could

claim only the "necessary wearing apparel and bedding" of herself and her children, to a value (including the tools and apparel of the bankrupt) "not exceeding twenty pounds in the whole."¹

Then, again, on her death, the wife could leave none of her property to her children. She could indeed make a will of it with her husband's assent; but this was not often done, as may be imagined, and his assent might be retracted after her death at any time before the will was proved.² With this exception all her property remained her husband's on her death. But worse than this, if the husband died first it did not return to her: He could leave it to any one he chose by his will; or if he died intestate, she got back only one-third of her own fortune. A woman marrying at twenty without a settlement, whose husband died intestate at the end of the year, would be left with one-third of the fortune she married with, and the rest would go to his relations. It might have happened that the husband had laid out his wife's fortune in land. Suppose he had done so, and had died intestate: then if he had a son by a former marriage, and the wife who brought the money had only daughters, the land would go to the son. The husband's conveyancer would probably have put into the conveyance a declaration against dower, and in that case neither the wife nor daughters would get anything. Under the same system of law a father might be tempted to leave the whole, or a very large proportion, of his first wife's fortune to the only son of a second mar-

riage, perhaps buying an estate with it, and attempting to "found a family." This would be, no doubt, a strong temptation to some men, especially if the issue of the first marriage were "only daughters," whose portions would be probably in his mind, as well as, in legal parlance, an encumbrance on the inheritance of the son.

It is not, of course, among the upper ranks of society that this law has worked its full measure of hardship and injustice. As Mr Kenny very happily says, "The English law of conjugal property would have been found intolerable in modern society, had it not been that the upper and middle classes, upon whom its reform depended, habitually evaded its rigour by contracting themselves out of it. Every marriage-settlement was a protest against the law; but every marriage-settlement was a guarantee for the continuance of the law."³ The lower middle class have been the persons to feel how little the law was adapted to the wants of the time. A woman with a little capital was placed in the dilemma of handing it over absolutely to her husband on marriage, or of tying it up as long as the marriage lasted. It is not worth while to settle £500 or £1000. Let alone the expense of the settlement, to settle such a sum would be rather like Sir Anthony Absolute's idea of investing five shillings in the funds, and making his son live on the interest. So the little fortunes of women of that class of life have gone into the hands of their husbands, with, no doubt, occasionally disastrous results.

The history of the growth of set-

¹ Bankruptcy Act, 1869, sect. 15.

² This, I know, seems incredible to the lay mind, but it is good law.—See *Noble v. Willock*, Law Reports, 7 House of Lords, 580.

³ *Effects of Marriage on Property*, p. 15.

lements need not detain us long. It was to remedy the injustice done by the common law, that, to quote the late Lord-Justice James,¹ "the Court of Chancery (a great Court in its day) invented that blessed word and thing, the separate use of a married woman." The separate use first arose in a deed of separation in 1581; and before the end of Charles the First's reign it became common for women to have separate estate.² Ante-nuptial settlements, indeed, came in somewhat later. The common-law theory was, that a covenant between husband and wife before marriage, was rendered void by the marriage. And the same doctrine prevailed in Chancery till 1679. But as soon as this doctrine was overruled in Equity, settlements or contracts before marriage became possible, and were soon very common among the wealthier classes. There was one other doctrine which grew up in Chancery, and which was established, if not invented, by Lord Thurlow. It was found that property, held to the separate use of a married woman, was not safe from the persuasion or intimidation of her husband. He could "kiss or kick" it from her. To remedy this, Lord Thurlow established the practice of "restraining the married woman from anticipation." The effect of this clause against anticipation was to allow the married woman to spend the income of her separate property freely, but to render it impossible that she or her husband should make away with the capital. Thus a married woman with a settlement was rendered quite safe,

either from the rapacity of her husband or her own folly. But this remedy was, by reason of the expense alone, impossible to any but the wealthy. The unwary and the unprotected, as well as the poorer woman, were still left to the tender mercies of the common law.

The first attempt to legislate on the law of married women's property was made by Sir Erskine Perry, who, in 1856, brought forward a motion in the House of Commons to the effect that the common law regarding husband and wife was unjust and contrary to principle. The debate³ which followed is interesting, and in it all that can be said in favour of the proposal to separate the interests of husband and wife in their property will be found. Lord Westbury, then Solicitor-General, and Sir Richard, then Mr, Malins, were the chief opponents of the motion. The former declaimed upon the sanctity and importance of the marriage-tie; and the latter said that, "if it was meant henceforth that the husband should have his establishment and the wife hers, he must regard the proposal as contrary not only to the law of England, but to the law of God." Far from yielding to any extension of the doctrine of separate property, they were both of opinion that the Chancery doctrine had gone too far already.

Sir Erskine Perry followed up his motion by a bill on the subject, which was introduced the next year. The subject was kept alive by the efforts of the present Lord Houghton, Mr Russell Gurney, and others; but it was not till 1870 that

¹ In *Ashworth v. Outram*, Law Reports, 5 Chancery Division, 941, quoted in *Thicknesse, Married Women's Property Act*, p. 5.

² See the old opinion, preserved among the Patrick Papers (vol. xxiii. p. 34) in the Cambridge University Library, quoted in Kenny, p. 100, note.

³ Hansard, cxlii. 1280.

the first Married Women's Property Act was passed. This Act, as it was introduced into the House of Commons, was the same in effect as the measure of last session. But it was reconstructed in the House of Lords, and bears on it indelible marks of this process. Indeed, if it had been intended as a codification of the law, nothing could have been less scientific or complete. Viewed even as an Act, the drafting of the measure does not come up to the standard of recent statutes. It is a monument of the unwillingness of the Upper House to originate a principle which has not received the sanction of the House of Commons. This unwillingness has its bad as well as its good side. The Act of 1870 has been practically beneficent in its operation; but the fact that it was passed, in however modified a form, made it inevitable that its principle for good or ill should be logically carried out by further legislation. In the debate which this Act occasioned in the House of Lords, Lord Westbury again opposed the separation of the property of husband and wife. He went to the root of the matter, and boldly declared that the principle of the measure was a wrong one. He contended that it was not adapted to the exigencies of our social system, and that it was not in accordance with the feelings of the majority of those affected by

it. He recommended instead the system of community of goods which is in vogue in France,¹ and to which we shall have occasion to refer hereafter.

It is not worth while to point out the differences between the Act of 1870 and the Act of 1882. The principle of both is the same. The effect of the new Act is, shortly, to place women married after January 1, 1883, in the position of a woman with a settlement, but without any restraint on alienation. The property of the wife is perfectly distinct from that of the husband. There is no longer any unity of person between them for the purposes of holding property. They are two independent parties. The earnings and acquisitions of the wife during marriage are no longer her husband's, but her own.² The property of any woman married after January 1, 1883, which she has at the time of marriage, remains her separate property. She can acquire, hold, and dispose of it without her husband taking any interest in it whatever.³ She can sue for it by herself; prosecute for a criminal offence against it; and get damages for wrongs done to it. She cannot, indeed, criminally prosecute her husband, except when living apart from him, or when he wrongfully takes her property on deserting her. But husband and wife are no longer one person

¹ The old law of Scotland recognised the community of goods, and was, like that of France, derived from the Roman. It has been altered by recent Acts, the last of which was passed in 1881. By it the wife is entitled to the income of her property independently of her husband; but, unlike the English wife, she cannot dispose of the capital of either land or money without his consent.

² Her earnings by any trade, or the proceeds of her artistic, scientific, or literary skill, have been the wife's since 1870. Her acquisitions by inheritance since the same date. Earnings and acquisitions, and every sort of property coming, after January 1, 1883, to any woman, whenever married, will be her own separate property.

³ That is, beneficial interest; as to whether there is now any legal estate or interest vested in the husband of a woman acquiring property under the Act, there is likely to be some controversy.—See Thicknesse, *Married Women's Property Act*, p. 43.

for the purposes of evidence in a criminal trial affecting the wife's property. They can now give evidence against each other. She can freely contract up to the extent of her separate property, and be sued on her contracts, but it is doubtful at present whether she can be made bankrupt, unless she is trading apart from her husband.

From this broad and somewhat rough statement of the effect of the Act, it will be seen that a married woman will hold her property in future with all the independence of a man. She can sell, invest, speculate, promote companies, "produce" building estates, or do anything else which men do with their property, without her husband being able to interfere. A better aspect of the change is that the instances of hardship given above are rendered impossible for the future by the passing of the Act. A woman can now make a will of her land and her money, and leave them as she considers just. None of her property goes to her husband by the act of marriage, so that he gets no more command over it than she chooses to give him. His ruin does not necessarily imply hers. It is true that he still takes all her money on her death, but she has power now to deprive him of this right by making a will.

But if the married woman has obtained the freedom of the man, she has also undertaken the like responsibilities. Her position is now as independent as any one could desire. Instead of giving her husband her money at the altar, she is now allowed to hold it as long as she is able against his persuasion or threats. Is she capable of undertaking her new responsibilities? Under the old law, a married woman was, for many purposes, treated as a privileged person. She could, by "pleading her coverture," save

herself from all sorts of disagreeable legal consequences to which her acts would have exposed her if she had been single, or a man. It is true, as we have shown, that her position was not a bed of roses; but she has got used to it. She was not allowed to do business without her husband, so she has, as a rule, no business habits or capacities. She handed her property over to her husband in the act of marrying him, so that she had no need for the strength of mind necessary to withhold it from him afterwards. Now she can hand over her property to him as easily as she can hand him a cup of tea. How many brides will be able to resist the temptation of doing so longer than the honeymoon? Few women like having to do with money. Many are afraid to have anything to do with it except spending it. Indeed, from the conduct of some women, one might judge that this is the only idea about it that they have. It cannot be denied that the Act gives women a very independent position, but we have grave doubts whether it will be a benefit to them; and we are quite sure that the present generation of men will very strongly object to their making much use of their powers.

There seems to be a general impression that the Act has done away with the necessity for marriage-settlements. This is a great mistake. The fact is that the necessity for settlements, where they have been necessary before, is just as pressing as ever. Every husband ought now, in his own interest, to insist on a settlement of his wife's fortune; for if his wife chooses to look after her money herself, and keep a separate banking account, what security has the husband that she will not become the victim of bubble companies, speculators, and

every kind of impostor? A recent spiritualistic case must have convinced any one who needed convincing that, rude as it may appear to say so, women are no exception to the rule that fools and their money are soon parted. The man about to marry should remember that, even after his wife has given her money into his charge, it might be possible for her to say that she had only meant him to be her trustee or agent, and to demand it back again. A man, for instance, who gives up his profession on the strength of his wife's fortune, may, unless he has insisted on a settlement, find himself in the position of a pensioner during his wife's life, and may be left with little or nothing to live upon at her death. On the other hand, as we have seen, the Act gives the lady and her friends no security against the husband's undue influence, nor against the ignorance and folly of the lady herself. They must remember that, if the wife has once clearly given her property to her husband absolutely, she cannot, under the new Act, be reinstated in her possession of it. She is no longer a person under disability, to be treated with particular leniency and consideration, she must now stand by her acts like any one else; and nothing but proof of absolute fraud or duress can avail her. To prove that her husband wheedled her out of her property, may prove that she was a woman, but will not be a reason for giving it her back again. And both parties ought to consider whether any disadvantage which may attach to a settlement is not overridden by the advantage of being free from the chance of bickerings, discord, and perhaps legal proceedings between husband and wife, which, if not authorised,

are at least provided for, by the Act.

This brings us to the great objection to the new system and the new Act. If the doctrine that the husband and wife are one produced great injustice, the doctrine that they have entirely separate interests is not without very serious disadvantages. "Between man and wife," said Addison, "separate purses are as unnatural as separate beds;"¹ and most people will be of his opinion. It is true that this separation of property has been the theory of Equity for many years; but in practice it is almost invariably the case that the man takes charge of the wife's money, or receives the income, at any rate, by her acquiescence. It may be said that if this has been the result in the case of settled property, why should it be otherwise in the case of property under the Act? The wife will acquiesce in the husband's possession and management of her property as long as they live together; and if they separate, it is only fair that she should have the complete control over it herself. But the effect of the new Act will be to put an end to the tacit acquiescence in this arrangement of the wife who has a settlement. Women are coming forward in the world, and are beginning to take more interest in public affairs, and to understand more of business than formerly. The circumstance that the new Act puts some married women into a position independent of their husbands, if they have strength of mind to assert it, will tend to make all women dwell more upon their rights, and resent their husband's interference with their management of their property. The effect of the Act will be to increase the independence of women

¹ Spectator, No. 295.

with settlements, and not to lead women marrying under it to follow the conventional ways of married life. It is therefore by no means clear that the confidence of those who declare that the Act will make no difference, will be justified by the event.

The deteriorating effect on domestic manners is the gravest objection brought against the separation of the property of husband and wife in the debates and elsewhere. It is one that is partly justified by the experience of the Roman lawyers, and is certainly not entirely imaginary. If the wife is unfaithful to her husband, and possesses property, there is no reason why she should not leave her husband and children, and apply her separate property to set up a rival household. The innocent husband, it is true, can obtain a rectification of any settlement he has made upon her in the Divorce Court, and an allowance out of her property settled on him at the time of marriage, but he cannot obtain any allowance out of her separate property coming to her under the Act. The power given to the Court to make these allowances out of settlement moneys is a statutory power, and does not apply to any but settled property. It is a grave omission in the Act that the wife is not made liable for the maintenance of her husband and children, except to the guardians, in case they need parochial relief. A husband is liable on contracts made for necessaries by his innocent wife living separately from him by his default. But even a father is not liable on such contracts made for his children's maintenance. In France the act of marriage is held to imply a liability on the part of both husband and wife to maintain and educate

their children; and the wife is liable where the husband has no means.¹ But it is a fact that in England an adulteress, living away from her husband and children, cannot be compelled to maintain them except in the workhouse. The law wants amending in this respect, both as regards husband and wife.

It will be readily agreed on all sides that the custom of settling property on the wife in the past has not had any appreciable effect on morality in the classes where the custom has been general. Undoubtedly now and then a case occurs where the wife, with separate property, has left her husband and children, and lived in adultery on her separate estate. But though not very frequent, these cases must be increased by the new Act, because many more women will have separate property than before, and this fact will add one more temptation to a woman hesitating on the brink of guilt. Any one can see that the fact that the husband possesses all the money, would be an additional security that his wife would not desert him. Against these facts must be placed the cases where husbands, under the old law, have kept mistresses on their wife's money. Lord Houghton quoted one such case, where the husband deserted his wife to live in adultery on the money he had obtained from her on marriage; and to complete his crime left the money on his death to the illegitimate son of her rival. But that this can no longer be the case is not a reason for legislating in the other extreme. That the husband should have had the complete disposition of his wife's property, both during his life and after his death, was very unjust; but that is no reason that hus-

¹ Code Napoleon, Arts. 203, 212.

band and wife should have separate interests while they are living together.

The fact is, that this idea of separating the property of husband and wife has arisen, both in Chancery and in the legislation of recent years, from a necessary reaction, which the injustice of the common law has produced in the minds of most persons conversant with the subject. When the question was first started, some different plan might have had a chance of gaining the public favour. It is now too late for any other proposal, and the experiment of separation of property will have to be tried. But it remains the fact that, in entirely separating the property of a married couple, legislation has most certainly gone some way in advance of the state of public feeling on the matter, and especially the feeling among women. In France, whether under the *régime en communauté* or the *régime dotal*, the husband has the administration of the goods of the consort during the marriage; but he is accountable to his wife for the value of her property. This is what would be felt just in England. Such an arrangement would carry out in law what is carried out in practice by the majority of married couples, where the wife possesses property. The ordinary Englishwoman does not feel it right that she should have the paramount influence in the household, which the management of money must give. It is difficult to impress her with the idea that the parties to a marriage are, or ought to be, on an equality. She does not see any degradation, either in obeying or in promising to obey; though, it must be confessed, that the promise is a good deal more frequent than the obedience. Of course no law, either of Church

or State, can override the law of human nature, which gives the greatest power to the strongest character. The only question is, Shall that power be exercised by women openly, or by a silent and unostentatious influence? We fear that the new Act, though it cannot by itself do much to alter the feeling of women on the matter, will, joined with other influences which are not wanting, have the effect of pushing them forward in a way which we believe the best women would regret.

However this may be in the future, we do not think it probable that married women will at present take much advantage of their new legal position. They will still let their husbands manage their property. If they nominally sue alone in the courts, the husband will be the person to put matters in train, to choose the solicitor, fee counsel, and overlook the bill of costs. Their investments may be in their own names, but will be selected by the husband's judgment; and it is probable that, for a long time, married women will not take frequent advantage of their power to make a will.

But while we acknowledge that the change from day to day will be small, it would be folly or blindness to deny that the Act may have a very great influence on the position of women in the future, or at least that it places no further legal difficulty in the way of their carrying out the most advanced views which have been promulgated of late years. In fact the logical result of the Act is to favour these views. If the husband is no longer the head of the wife (and, as far as property goes, he is so no longer), there seems no reason why wives should not have independent views, an independent profession, inde-

pendent society, and independent interests, just as much as independent property. As for politics, property has always been the English qualification for a vote; and if a woman has separate property, it may occur to her that she ought to have a separate vote also. It is true that the advocates of Woman's Suffrage have for the present limited their efforts to obtaining the spinsters their "rights;" but if the franchise is conceded to them, it is easy to see that the object of the agitation will be transferred to obtaining the "rights" of married women. And the force of the argument furnished by this Act as to the property qualification would in that case be logically irresistible. Under the old law, it was held that a woman who sat as poor-law guardian, as a ratepayer or occupier, became disqualified on marriage, because, on marriage, her husband became in law the ratepayer or occupier. There have been, we believe, several cases where ladies have thus been compelled to resign their seats. But under the new Act, we conclude that the married woman holding separate property will be the legal ratepayer or occupier in respect of that property, and therefore will still be entitled to sit and vote in cases where she could do so as a single woman. If, therefore, the franchise should be conceded to single women, and it should be held that married women are the legal occupiers, in respect of their separate property, it would make a very pretty grievance to bring before the British elector, that married women were iniquitously deprived of their vote.

However, we began our criticism of the Act by remarking that its consequences could not be easily foreseen, and we are by no means

prepared to say that in result it will much favour the schemes of masculine women. The fact is, that women like Lydia Becker are not the ideals of Englishwomen in general; and for our part, we cannot help thinking that it will take more than one Act of Parliament to make them so. With practical work and practical philanthropy Englishwomen are in hearty sympathy. A woman who can manage a hospital, raise the standard of education, or sacrifice herself to do some good, and, it may be, repulsive work amongst our terribly neglected masses, commands their respect and admiration. But they fail to see the use of political agitation, and have little or no sympathy with "advanced views." Nor do we believe that the spread of higher education among women will materially affect these ideas. Well-educated men, as far as our experience goes, are particularly averse to Radicalism; and we see no reason to think that it will be otherwise with well-educated women. On the whole, while it is to be regretted that the new Act did not proceed on other lines, and avoid creating separate interests in conjugal property, the principle upon which the Act proceeded was so old and well known in the case of every marriage-settlement, that it would have been Utopian to expect that any other should have been incorporated in it. That the new Act is an immense improvement on the old law we heartily acknowledge; and though we have pointed out some serious consequences which it may entail, we do not doubt that its operation will be salutary in protecting many unfortunate women who, if it had not passed, would have had to have made the best of a bad system of law, as well as of a bad husband.

SONG OF A GOOD ECLECTIC.

German Air—"Seit Vater Noah im Becher goss."

My creed and my master you wish to learn?
 I really can't answer you so,
 It never gave me grave heart-concern
 My name or my title to know;
 I love all the good and the fair;
 And when prophets come near me
 To warn or to cheer me,
 I take off my hat
 To this one and that,
 But to none in all points I can swear.

You know what the great Apostle Paul
 In his wise Epistle says,
 The body is one, and the members all,
 Have rights in their several ways;
 And to this I am willing to swear
 With head clearly knowing,
 And heart warmly glowing,
 And firm hand to strive,
 Completely alive,
 All good things to do and to dare.

My head I have given, now understand,
 To Aristotle the wise,
 All things to know sublime and grand,
 And scan with critical eyes;
 And like him no labour I spare,
 With fine speculation
 And large tabulation
 To blazon the glory
 Of life's wondrous story
 In the land, and the sea, and the air!

My heart I give, my noblest part,
 To Christ the Lord who gave
 Our faith new scope with the glorious hope
 Of life beyond the grave;
 And no honest labour I spare,
 To stamp on each seal
 The godlike ideal,
 And with triple-mailed breast
 To fight for the best,
 And the load with the laden to share!

My stout right arm to Zeno I give,
Well poised for a weighty blow,
With friends a faithful friend to live,
To foes a fearful foe.
Thus the badge of the Stoic I wear,
Not fretful and tearful
But constant and cheerful,
To do on a plan
The service of man,
And stoutly to bear, and forbear.

Then Epicurus, good easy man,
I really don't wish to exclude;
I give him my left—'tis all I can—
For pleasure is cousin to good;
And surely to banish dull care
With a glass brightly brimming,
And an eye softly swimming,
And a snatch of a song
Can never be wrong,
When wise Moderation is there!

J. S. B.

THE PUERTO DE MEDINA.

MEXICO, as Greece, for many a year has been famous and infamous for its highway robberies.

At the present day these are but the acts of vulgar footpads or marauding bands of revolutionists. But a hundred years ago and more, when the pressure of the Spanish yoke was grinding the souls and bodies of the Mexican Indians to exasperation, and as the first dawn of liberty began to glimmer through the minds of the boldest, there existed a different class of highway robbery, which perhaps might better be described as a guerilla warfare waged against their persecutors, the Spaniard.

Many a place has taken its name from some bold *guerillero*, now forgotten; and the scene of many a deed of daring, many a gallant struggle, is only marked to-day by a little pile of stones by the way-side, its history buried and forgotten.

One legend there is, though, of a spot called the "Puerto de Medina," on the boundary-line of the State of Michoacan, and some two hundred miles from the city of Mexico on the great highway westward, that time cannot obliterate; and even to-day, before entering that steep defile, the rich land-owner motions to his armed servants to close up and keep a bright look-out; the passengers in the jolting diligence look wistfully for their escort; and the master of the pack-train urges his laden mules forward, lest the ghost of old "Juan de Medina" burst from its grave under the cliff and swoop down upon them through the oaks, as he had done so oft in life on the Spaniard.

Few details are known of Medina's life, and all that I have been able to gather only show that the place took its name from him on this wise.

* * * *

I.

Somewhere about the middle of the last century, one steaming May night, a man stood beside the iron-barred windows of a house in the little town of Maravatio, chatting in low tones with a girl inside.

"I tell thee," said the man, "there is no fear; unless, indeed," he added, after a pause, "my Chucha betrays me. Poor little one, but thou wouldst not do that for all the gold of the viceroy?"

"God of my life, no!" sighed the girl; "but, Juan, remember the risks you run coming here so often, though you are disguised, though the Coyotè is all ready saddled in the pasture, some day

you must be suspected; and, when once suspected, you are lost. Colonel Torres has sworn on the altar to avenge his brother; and that affair of the archbishop's money has set all the clergy against you. You are rich, and I have something; let us go from here and live a free life down on the coast."

"No, Chuchita *mia*, no! I must despoil the persecutors somewhat more. There are two *conductas* passing the *puerto* soon, and have them I must. Hist! *adios, vida mia!*" and he slipped away under the half moonlight, almost brushing against two men at the corner.

Keeping well out of sight, they follow him to the edge of the town, where, springing over a stone wall, he whistled up a grey horse feeding in a meadow, and in a moment more was across the river and cantering away through the *mesquite* bushes on the plain beyond.

"*Caramba!* that was he," snarled one of the two; "and that was the Coyotè! So ho, my friend! you are in love with the little Chucha, eh? It's a pity to stop your billing and cooing; but stop it I will before two weeks are out. Ah, Juan Medina, Juan Medina! trapped at last! And now let's off to Padre Hurtado's." In a few minutes the priest's house was reached, and the two were let in by a sleepy porter.

"*Ola, Padre!* Get up and give us a bottle of 'Tinto' for our good news! We've tracked the wolf to his lair and the Coyotè to his pasture! I shall have my revenge for my brother, and you for the fat old archbishop's gold!"

"Peace, my son!—not so loud; the fiend has friends everywhere. I come." And anon the broad figure of the priest steps out of a glass door on to the piazza.

"Estevan! *Tinto y copas,* and some white-fish salad. Ah, gentlemen, I was dreaming I was with Mahomet in Paradise, when your rough voice woke me, Colonel!"

"Or with the houris?" laughed the other.

"Ah, my colonel, what a bad man you are, always to be poking fun at a poor old fat priest! But a light, Estevan, and a table. Sit down, and keep your hats on."

A light and the wine was brought.

"To bed, Estevan. And now for your news, friend colonel."

"Padre," he answered, "Juan Medina has been in town three nights this week, and to-night I found out the petticoat that brings him here. Guess who it is."

"You are more likely to know than I, my friend. Say on."

"Chucha Delgado."

"Chucha?" and the heavy veins of the priest's coarse face knotted up, and he gripped hard at his glass. "The little devil!" he muttered.

"Ho, ho!" laughed the Colonel. "He has touched you near, eh? Well, the easier for my project, which is this: tax her with it in the confessional, and find out everything, under the threat of excommunication. Women can't stand that. And as for the rest, leave it and '*amigo Juan*' to me."

"Drink, drink, my friends!" exclaimed the priest fiercely. "Colonel, in this cup I pledge your revenge, the archbishop's, and, above all, my own. You shall know all to-morrow."

The first two bottles were soon replaced by more, and dawn saw them separate at the priest's door.

II.

At noon a girl was kneeling beside the confessional in a dark side-aisle of the little church, muttering low her tale of life.

A pause.

"Is that all, my daughter?" said Father Hurtado's voice from within.

"That—is—is—all, Padre *mio.*"

"Ah, my daughter, from your tone I know that is *not* all. Better unconfessed than half confessed. How can I absolve what I do not know? How can the most blessed Virgin intercede, when she knows of some secret sin still untold? Damned in this world by the weight of sin, the burden of which

sinks like lead into the soul; and damned in the next for sin unabsolved! Think, think—repent ere it be too late!”

“Oh, Padre,” sobbed the girl, “it is not my secret, it is another’s. If I betray him——”

“Stop, my child,” said the priest. “Betray him you cannot under the seal of confession. Remember what the Church says, ‘Come unto me and I will give you rest’—rest in this life for you, for him, and future glory. Only confess and be absolved.”

And the poor girl sobbed out all her tale of woe,—how she loved Juan Medina; how he had told her of having robbed the archbishop’s gold; how he came to see her; and, in a word, everything she knew of him and his whereabouts, under the searching questions of the cunning priest. Weeping, the girl received the absolution from his hands, covered her face in her shawl, and glided out of the door; while the priest, with a cruel light in his eye, strode through the sacristy and down to Colonel Torres’s quarters.

“Some wine, some wine, friend Torres, to take the taste out of my mouth. Curse the witch! it was hard to do. I almost hate myself for it. Why, kneeling there sobbing, her upturned face in agony looked like that of the Madonna herself. The rounding of her neck and heave of the bosom was enough to make Saint John forswear himself. But I have got all. He has a cave in the Zopilote Cañon, but mostly haunts the cliffs to the left,

just above the *puerto*, and he will be in here again Saturday evening. Post some men on the east side of the *puerto*, so that if he escapes from here a squad can follow him, and he’s sure to go up the cañon, pass the cave, and on to the high ground on the left; and there you’ll have him between the men on the east and the cliff. Give me more wine!”

“All the wine you want, Padre *mio*. And I suppose he always leaves the Coyotè in the same pasture, eh?”

“Yes.”

“Very well; now I know how to manage it. There’s no use in shooting the Indian dog; I want to catch him alive, and then devise some pretty little means of getting rid of him that may be alike objectionable to him and serve as a warning to the rest of these Indian brutes. I don’t think he can get out of town; but if he does, we’ll have him at the head of the cañon. Saturday, the day of the *conducta*, you say? Why, then, he’s certain not to attack it; and I can send on a couple of hundred men the day before to the Jordanna to come back and corral him. A bumper! a bumper, sir priest! Cheer up, man! there’s no one hurt yet; and when the lover’s done for, you may have a chance with the pretty Chuchita.”

“Peace, peace, you fool! I’m in no mood for raillery now. I tell you she has bewitched me,” said the priest, rising. “*Adios*, Colonel.”

“*Adios*, Padre Hurtado. I kiss your hands.”

III.

The morning of the *conducta* came; but, contrary to the expectation of Colonel Torres, Juan Medina, with about forty armed men,

sat awaiting it in a thick clump of oaks on the north side of the *puerto*. A long grass hillside, blooming with begonias from the first May rain,

and studded with oaks, ran down to a little land-locked basin, shut in on one side by the hill on which were Juan and his companions; while on the other the cliffs rose sheer some two hundred feet. At each end of this basin the hill approached the cliff so abruptly and so closely as to form veritable natural gateways, between which crawled a winding, rocky road, dropping on the west and east both suddenly into valleys tributary to the river Lerma. On the west the cliffs turned northward after the gateway, rising higher and higher, until at about a mile away, where a large stream came into the valley, they were full five hundred feet.

"*Caramba!* what keeps them?" said Juan, testily. "*Óla, José!* bring me the horse."

"Why, colonel," said one of a lounging group, "you are riding the red. Why didn't you bring the Coyotè! I am afraid it won't bring us good luck."

"Never fear," replied Juan, as a heavy, thick-set bay, with black points, was led up. "The Coyotè has work to do for to-night, and if the bay cannot carry me, I can go on foot. *Caramba!* a *burro* would be good enough to take in this *conducta*. Only two hundred men! Pshaw! I wonder, though, where that two hundred marched to last night; or rather, where they have gone to this morning. There's no one on the road Ixtlahuaca way, is there?"

"None but ourselves, captain," was the answer, as Juan swung himself into the heavy silver-plated saddle, and turned the bay's head up the slope.

Up and up through the oaks stepped the sturdy bay, unmindful of the weight of his rider, until the bald top of the hill is reached, and Juan throws himself on a rock to con the scene below him.

But no sign is there of the long-expected train of troops and pack-mules.

To the westward, half a mile away and below, is the little white wayside inn—a few wayfarers indulging in a quiet breakfast with the inn-folk; then beyond, the stage-road winding wearily for a couple of miles through the "bad lands," on which points of grey black lava glittered under the sun. Further, a faint cool ripple on the water in the great reservoir of Tepetongo, bedded in waving green corn-fields, mapped out with stone walls.

How cold the grey stone tower of the bath-house, from which a white film of mist is rising, stands out against the ruddy tiles and brick walls of that village—call it not house, though closed in one giant wall it be!

Westward still, over the undulating grass plain, off which broodmares and cattle are lazily wending their way to shelter for the noon-tide to Pomoca, where the mountains shut in the upper and more arid plain, only to open wider again in the greater luxuriance of the Maravatio valley, all abud with rich green growth; far in whose corner, nearly thirty miles away, can Juan discern the Moorish spire of the church—that church in which *she* is worshipping, maybe is now praying for him. But no mule-train yet! and his eye wanders on to the westward, past the town, over chine upon chine, hill upon hill, peak upon peak, dying away indefinitely under the spring haze, save where the bald top of the Capulin rises blue-black under its piny garb. Petulantly he turns to follow up the stream to the southward, to where it is shut in by dark cliffs in which lies the well-known cave; and over the table-land to the eastward, where far, far away, he just can make out

the peak of Xochititlan, raising a sugar-loafed head five thousand feet high out of the fair meads of the broad Lerma valley. "Nothing on the road ahead of us, at any rate," he mutters. But as his eye turns back to the westward, he springs up and forces the bay backwards down the slope they had come up. Scarce a mile away was the pack-train, hidden hitherto in a deep gully—two companies of cavalry in front and three companies of infantry behind. "The idiots cannot have a hundred and fifty men! Can they be going to entrap me? Impossible! Well, at all events, I'll change the order of battle." So saying, he mounted, and sent the bay down the hill at a pace that showed he cared for his own neck as little as for the horse's fore-legs.

A gallant figure he was—his tall form swinging in the saddle with that peculiar loose and graceful Mexican seat; the ends of his gaudy *sarape* streaming out over the horse's quarters; the broad white felt hat heavily garnished with silver, flashing in and out of the dark oak-trees; while the silver buttons on his jaguar-skin overalls tinkled a merry tune.

The rattle of his horse's hoofs had roused the men, who were mounting fast and furious, the gleam of battle in every eye.

"Here, Isidoro," said Medina; "quick to Gabriel, to the east, and tell him to follow down opposite to us; to give the leading companies a volley when he hears the old signal, and then out on them with the *machètes*. Let him leave five men only in the pass to cut off the stragglers. Rafael, go down on foot to Josè, and tell him, the moment he hears us fire, to set half-a-dozen men throwing down the wall above the inn, and come himself up; and we'll drive the whole train down the hill to the

west, and then into the cañon, and have the mules at the coast in three days, and the plunder safe in the Laurelis. Run! run! Follow me down to the right!"

In five minutes they were ensconced in a thick grove of scrub oak, scarce one hundred feet from the road. "Now, men, steady! Remember the old word, 'Death to the Spaniard!' Save all the Indios. We'll let the cavalry get past for Gabriel; and when I give the word, give the infantry the contents of your *trabucos*, and then out on them with the *machètes* and ride them down!"

But many a horse was pawing the ground eagerly; many a man was nervously blowing at his priming ere the helmets of the first few dragoons rose the crest.

Half-a-dozen men riding negligently, chatting and smoking; and then a space of a hundred yards or so to the main body of dragoons, in number some sixty. Then the long line of forty pack-mules; the mules grunting and puffing up the steep—every five with their Indian driver, and each with its little leather saddle-bags, which might contain four thousand dollars in silver, or sixty thousand dollars in gold, who knows? As the dragoons came opposite to the ambushade, the infantry bringing up the rear were just rising the slope a little below where Josè was posted.

The whole thing was over in thirty seconds. A shrill whistle from Juan, a rain of bullets on to both cavalry and infantry. A wild charge, in which the impetus of the horse told more than the *machètes* flickering around their heads. A wild confusion, as the pack-train turns at a lumbering canter down the hill, bursting through the already broken file of infantry below. A few gallant rallies against the inevitable, where three or four Spaniards, back to back, try to

save themselves, although the day be lost,—to no purpose though. The bell-mouthed *trabuco* rains bullets around them, the desperate charge of the horsemen with the *machète* stabbing death, the lasso swinging a more certain death for the fugitives. Spain cannot fight against this odds, and after one look over the field, Medina with a few picked men is so certain of the result, that he is hurrying after the train to stop them ere they shake the bags off their backs or founder themselves.

Over rocks, boulders, and ugly country of all sorts dashes the bay, to be brought up plunging and rearing, as Juan heads the train just at the broken wall, and forces them into the fields; and in two minutes they are steadied down and walking slowly off towards the gorge. Gabriel is getting together the arms and horses of the soldiers above, and Josè with half-a-dozen men is sent down to the little tavern to see that no one plays false there, though little fear there is. Another picket is sent on to the Maravatio road, and Juan with the booty rides slowly onward. Down through the green corn-fields, stopping now and again to throw down the stone walls dividing them, winds the train of mules and horsemen, some of the latter stanching their fresh wounds; anon one or two dropping back to help along a comrade who has had rather more than his share of the fight, and who, with that dogged Toltec courage, or, possibly, want of keen appreciation of pain that more civilised races have, keeps on horseback to the last.

The bottom of the hill is reached, and then they strike a trail winding along the stream up into the cañon.

Even with the sun almost at high noon, how dim and forbidding the gorge looks, scarce one hundred

feet broad at the bottom, enclosed in rugged rock-walls five hundred feet high, which from below look as if they met at the top. The harsh bark of a raven is all the response to the stream cascading down into grey and black pools; the mules, tired with their long morning march, make bad work of it up the rocky trail, and more than one falls and has to be relieved of part of his load.

In about a mile a little grass lawn opens out about a hundred yards across, on the right of which a heavy stone wall covers the entrance of the cave. "Ride on, two of you, to the reservoir, and keep watch the Jordanna way, and get the mules unpacked;—quick, men!" was the order.

The horses were tied up to the trees around, and a man put at each end of the lawn to prevent the mules from straying, and in ten minutes the sacks were brought into the mouth of the cave, and the counting and sharing began. Thirty-nine mules, with four thousand silver dollars each, and one mule with gold ounces that made the men's eyes sparkle—forty-eight thousand was in those two small bags. It was a good haul—better than they had expected.

One-tenth of the whole booty was laid aside for the widows and orphans; and one-tenth for the general fund for keeping up the guerilla system; one-twentieth for Juan and the two lieutenants; and then the rest was equally divided amongst the one hundred and twenty men who had taken part in the raid, giving each about a thousand dollars.

The money in gold for the widows and campaign fund was soon repacked on a couple of the stoutest mules, and five trusty men despatched with it over the mountains to their old treasurer and father-confessor at Laurelis. In a few

minutes more appear Gabriel and his band, with the captured arms and horses. The arms are given to those that want them most; the horses and mules are divided up by lot, and a man sent down to the tavern to recall José. In the whole affair only one man was killed and nine wounded — two badly; while, as Gabriel grimly informs Medina, not a Spaniard escaped.

"Well," said Juan, "we must move from here now. The other *conducta* starts in about three weeks, and we cannot attack it here. All this part will be patrolled. Get to your homes, boys, as quickly and quietly as you can. Mind, no drinking and gambling on the way, and you'll hear from me in two or three weeks. Till then, *adios!*"

And within three hours of the fight all visible traces of the band were scattered on the little mountain-trails to the southward, except Juan Medina and his first lieutenant, who, with two servants, were taking a light breakfast of black beans and red pepper, the sting of which was relieved by lit-

tle flat corn cakes, prepared by the old Indian woman who kept the cave.

"We had better be jogging soon, captain," said Gabriel, as they finished; "it won't be long before this is known, and we had better make for the Laurelis."

"I shall be there to-morrow; you can go on," replied Juan. "I must go to Maravatio to-night to see Chucha."

"What! into the lion's mouth!" exclaimed Gabriel, aghast.

"I'll go up the cañon with you, and up to the cross-roads, and then I will strike down to José's, and wait there till night. The Coyotè is there, you know; but go to Maravatio to-night I must, and that is all," said the other.

To change Medina's purpose Gabriel knew was impossible; so, mounting, they rode up and out of the mouth of the cañon, where it opens into a broad fertile plain two or three miles long. On reaching it they struck up into the hills to the right, and after eight to ten miles, separated at the cross-roads.

IV.

It was nearly two in the morning when Juan was knocking at Chucha's window in Maravatio, cursing the innumerable patrols of cavalry he had been forced to avoid on his way down from the mountains, and wondering how cross Chucha would be at his lateness.

"Chucha, open — it's me," he whispered.

The windows were flung back suddenly; and Chucha, the picture of agonised despair, dropped on her knees by the bars.

"Fly, Juan! fly! — they are watching for you all over the town; they knew you were coming, and you are surrounded."

"*Caramba!* how did they know that?" asked Juan, in surprise.

"Oh my God! my God! it was Father Hurtado; I confessed it to him. Forgive me, forgive me, Juan! I have killed you."

Juan's answer, whatever it would have been, was cut short by the furious gallop of a horse up the street, followed by the jangling of cavalry scabbards. For an instant he hesitated. To kill the crying girl and then himself only needed two dagger-blows. But was she worth it? Ere he could answer, his plan was changed by recognising the Coyotè sweeping up the street towards him. A whistle

brought the horse close to him ; and hurling a curse at the fainting girl, he was into the saddle and away into a cross street at full gallop. "They've left a picket at all the gates ; the best way is to run the gauntlet of the *cuartel* and try the main gate. They won't think I shall dare to try that, and I think the Coyotè can jump it." But the three short turns before he got into the main street kept the pursuers uncomfortably close, as he dare not let the horse out in full running for fear of a slip at the corners ; but when they are passed, and the grey felt the rein slacken, down the street he raced. The "*Halto ahí ! Quien vive ! La Guarda !*" had hardly been challenged in quick rough tones from the *cuartel* (barracks) ere Juan was thundering past it, too fast for the volley the guard gave him. That he felt was the critical time,—for himself he thought not, but for the horse ; and he gave a sigh of relief as the horse neither swerved nor trembled in his gallop when the volley hissed around them. And now for the gate, the pretty white houses all agleam in the brilliant moonlight changed into low hovels, from which the dogs rush out barking in his track ; then the long parapeted causeway, lined with weeping willows, with its low swampy fields of *alfalfa* on each side ; and the gate is before him. No one there ! And he is within fifty yards of it when twenty dragoons form on the outside of it from the roadside. Trapped ! One furious wrench at the heavy Spanish bit brings the grey on to his haunches, and pivoting the horse around on his hind-legs, he puts him boldly at the parapet wall to the right. It's a long drop, some eight feet, but will he clear the irrigating ditch ? And as the horse lunges outwards and downwards a sickening sense of uncer-

tainty comes over him. How long it seemed ere they struck ! Juan seemed to hear the hurried orders of Torres to the dragoons to ride out along the causeway and up the river to cut him off, and hear, too, the "*carambas*" from the troops following him ere the grey crashes into the *alfalfa* below. A deadened blow, a fearful shudder, a mad reel forward, and the Coyotè pulls himself together again, and is away through the deep holding ground of the *alfalfa* patch. If he can get through the river now at some place, Torres and his dragoons have such a long round that they will be too late, and the desultory fire of the troops behind him is not enough to trouble him. A long staggering jump over an irrigating ditch, and then better going, as he keeps close to the edge of the river looking for a ford ; but the banks are too steep. At last, under a willow-tree, three hundred yards below his old fording-place, where he can see a squad of dragoons posted, there is a good place for getting out ; and he turns the grey at another deep drop. This time, though, into water. The plunge fairly rends in twain the little stream, and ere Juan and the grey can see through the dripping water, they are struggling against the opposite bank. He slips off the horse, which crawls out almost as soon as his master, who claws his way up the willow-roots. On to his back and away again, free ! The up-stream squad of dragoons, afraid to cross, or not knowing of his old ford, pepper wildly at him to no purpose. The squad with Colonel Torres are a quarter of a mile away at least, and he pats the horse's shoulder as they sweep out of the low land and on to the firm holding turf above, free ! Stop ! a single horseman is racing up the road to the left to cut him off. Instead of turning short up the

bank of the river with the rest of the dragoons, he has held on up the main road. Only Colonel Torres's black can gallop like that. Yes, the Colonel it is! "Well, we'll try conclusions between the Spanish Colonel and the Indio Medina," says Juan, between his teeth. If both keep their line they must come together in about half a mile; and both do — Torres with his pistol out and Juan with his *riata* (lasso) trailing behind him. When scarce twenty yards apart, the Colonel bids him stand; Juan, who has his grey well in hand, ducks his head and rides strait at the black. Bang goes the pistol, and as Juan passes under the black's stern, the loop of the *riata* settles over the Colonel's shoulders to the waist. A sudden jerk that no horseman can withstand, and Juan is galloping up the road, dragging over its cruel stones a lifeless body. In a hundred yards the end of the *riata* is let go from Juan's saddle-bow, knowing the chase to be too hot to stop and take it off the body; and he settles the Coyotè down into a steady gallop.

It is six miles to the bridge across the "Little river," where there is probably a cavalry picket on the scout for him; the troopers behind cannot live with the grey even at this pace for three miles; so for them he has no care. He has nothing to do but nurse the grey and think. Think? of what? of the past?—perish the thought! He hates the idea of Chucha unfaithful. Of the present? What cares he, with a good horse between his legs and no more danger than in many of his escapades? Of the future? What future? a future without Chucha! There can be no happy future. And he wanders back again to the window scene in Maravatio. How beautiful she had looked amid her tears even! how he had loved her, and did still! But could she

ever be his wife now? The only woman he had ever really cared for, the only one in whom he had confided all,—then to be foiled almost at the last moment by that cursed infatuation all women have for confession; little knowing that the very priest laughs at them for it.

"*Halto ahí!*" challenges the picket upon the "Little river" bridge, which Juan had altogether forgotten in his reverie, and which now loomed up white and cold against a dark bank of trees only some hundred yards away.

To be only a hundred yards from twenty well armed and mounted dragoons who are on the watch for you, would be too close quarters for most men, but room enough for Juan and the Coyotè. In three minutes there were as many large irrigating ditches between Juan and the picket, still craning at the first one. Then across the river at a cattle-ford only known to herdsmen and robbers, and into the road a half-mile beyond. The picket evidently had not seen him come back to the road again, so that he could slacken the gallop down to the Mexican jog-trot, alike so untiring to man and horse. The low grass fields, with willow-fringed irrigating ditches, give way to more broken ground, covered with locust, cactus, agave, and weird grey-stemmed "*huele de noche*" trees, redolent with great white bell-flowers. Ahead loomed up a spur of the mountain-range, along which he must coast until the cañon is reached. A coyotè "yap-yapping" across the road, a "tulliwheeping" flock of curlews over his head, are his only companions. The chase has died away, and the only point to fear is the bridge at Pomoca, five miles beyond. The game is up now, he feels; he must get over to Laurelis as soon as possible. The *conducta* taken in, and Torres, the

best officer of the west, killed all in a day, will be enough to make the viceroy hunt him down like a dog. Chucha—to the devil with Chucha! No use for women in his business, except old Mother Josefa in the cave. Best go there, get her and the money on horseback, and over the hills to Gabriel's. Hurtado probably knew of the cave, and the old woman might be killed if found there.

Pomoca at last! Which road shall he take when he gets to the little farm? Across the bridge, and so past Tepetongo? or along the trail to the right?

A gleam of light from the Magdalena on the opposite hillside shows some early *peons* making ready for the day. How bright the moon was, and how still the night! Twenty yards more and he'll be at the cross-roads. The mares corralled opposite the farm-gate on the threshing-floor, where they have been plodding a ceaseless round, start up and snort as he appears. "*Quien vive?*" rings out from the bride road, and Juan jams his spurs into the grey, dashes past its mouth, and up the right-hand trail, to find dragoons springing up on every side of him, unmounted fortunately, all save one who bars the passage of the narrow trail ahead of him. But the dragoon's horse swerves under the grey's thundering charge, and his master drops heavily on to the lava by the foot-path, under the thrust of Juan's *machète*. The broken ridges of lava, covered with heavy *nopal* cactus, are all that save Juan from the muskets behind. "Fifteen miles from the cave, over a villainous trail, *caramba!* how well Torres took his precautions! I suppose I am free now at all events, unless the grey lames himself in this cursed *malpais*. They'll give up the chase before the cañon, and I'll

have time to get the old woman on to the horse and away, anyhow, before daylight."

"Hold up, Coyotè!" They were now skirting along the edge of the stream, sometimes two hundred feet below them and again at their own level, as they rose and fell on the long veinous ridges of lava, jutting down black and snake-like from the line of craters rising to the right. The chase is soon hull down, and the grey going steadily and well, jogging, walking, cantering, picking his way from stone to stone, anon swinging out into a gallop when he finds good going, as though he, too, was well aware that the safety of his master depended upon his holding together for many an hour yet.

The mists of the valley rise ghostly under the waning moon, the bleat of sheep and low of waking herds from Tepetongo echodown the morning air. The walls of cliff loom and loom up ahead, darker and darker, as the first faint glimmer of dawn struggles to take the place of the day-star above them.

The *malpais* is past, and the trail leads through damp *shaughs* and over grassy meadows a couple of miles, to the face of the wall before him, out of which rills the cañoned stream, which eighteen hours before saw the band ride from victory. How long it seemed ago! what was life to him now, that he could not trust Chucha? And back again with fuller force came the long year-old feeling that he was alone,—an outlaw, an out-cast. True, he might be fighting for his country, but what chance was there? In all the years he had been at it, he had only had some ten men he could rely upon. All of the rest—and hundreds there had been—had, after making a little money, turned either informer or else had left the gang; and now,

after the successful *coup* of to-day, perhaps he should find himself with only twenty men, and without Chucha,—her he could not marry. No, he must be alone, alone always, curse the thought! The gloomy walls of rock fall asunder, and the little glade, half in dense shadow, half in moonlight, is before him.

He calls old Josefa. No answer, and the handkerchief on the eastern end of the wall tells him she is up the valley. A sort of foreboding comes over him that all is not right, and he rides on past the cave; and half a mile from it Josefa shows herself, and in a whisper tells him that the head of the gorge is patrolled by infantry from the Jordanna, and that he had better turn back. But even as they speak, they hear the clank of horses and steel coming up from below. Caught, caught!

"Take the sheep-trail,—quick," says Josefa; "the old horse can make it, and you can get out on the down above, and so away to the northward."

"*Adios*, Josefa! I shall never come back; all my money in the cave is yours if you can save it," said Juan sadly, as he started up the slender path which led on to the high table-land to the left of the cañon, turning short back towards its mouth.

An awful trail it was, giving scarce foothold to the horse. And slowly and painfully Juan struggled up it, till he could see the dragons two hundred feet below, riding slowly up the bottom of the gorge. It was fortunate that their eyes were for things earthly and not ethereal, or Juan would have been discovered. They pass up slowly, and the plateau is at last reached. He mounts and gallops along the edge of the cliff at right angles to the cañon to the northward. By this time the sun is gleaming on

Xochitlan, and in a few minutes more its red disc is heralded on to the plateau by brilliant rays, under which Juan, to his horror, catches sight of a wall of infantry cutting him off. Slowly a dark line of blue-coats is closing in on the north-eastern side of a triangle, the south and western sides of which are sheer cliff. Another look, and he sees escape is hopeless. No chance of breaking through that line of men alive. After all, what need to? better to die; and he pulls up the grey, pats the faithful old horse for the last time, and awaits his fate, *machète* in hand.

Suddenly an officer hails him to surrender; saying that if he does, he will be well treated. He too well knows what Spanish promises mean. What if he and the Coyotè should not die? What if a Spaniard should back Juan de Medina's grey? What tortures were in store for himself if he does not die? A look at the foe;—there are some five hundred of them. A look at the cliff behind;—it is sheer! The horse has been his only true friend,—Chucha might have been, many might have been, but the horse is his oldest and truest and last! They shall die together! and turning boldly, Juan Medina rode the grey out over the cliff, crashing through the oaks on to the cruel stones, four hundred feet below.

* * * * *

"He spurred the old horse, and he held
him tight,
And he leapt him out over the wall;
Out over the cliff, out into the night,
Four hundred feet of fall.

They found him next morning below
in the glen
With never a bone in him whole:
A mass or a prayer, now, good gentle-
men,
For such a bold rider's soul."

FIRESIDE MUSINGS ON SERIOUS SUBJECTS.

I.

It is winter once more, and once again the fireside and the easy-chair allure one from the busy world to repose and reflection. Happy is the man who can now and then steal away from the tumult and the glare of rapid modern life and muse quietly on the doings of the active multitude. Contemplation has in no former age had so broad a field on which to take its pleasure; yet never has the ruthless call to action so enviously interfered with meditation. The temper of the crowd is to push on incessantly. No *siste viator* invites the traveller of the deeply trodden way to take breath or to take thought; he who would do either must refresh himself at the risk of losing his place in the onward rush. Yet it must be good for a man to survey, if but cursorily, the tumult that is going on round about him,—to enter for an hour into his chamber and be still.

I, permitted at length to slip sometimes out of the whirl, and on the hearthstone to ponder the

meanings, the aims, and the values of forces which help to make up the mighty bustle, have been thinking on some subjects on which I desire that other men should think. Hence comes it that I have asked and found on the pages of 'Maga' a tablet whereon to inscribe my thoughts—thoughts which are but crude and discursive, yet which, possibly, may lead other minds into the grooves in which my mind has been running. I am sure that I shall do them no ill by inviting them to so direct their attention, however little I may have contributed to sound opinion or convincing argument. Modern science—of which, during the past autumn, there have been such luminous expositions—has set me ruminating in the first long evenings; and I have been pained to perceive how science inclines now and then to lead away from the old truths which once were generally believed to be vital and incontrovertible.

II.

As knowledge advances, the world appears to grow less devout. The wonders which philosophers continually reveal do not generally increase the reverence which is due to the Author of them. On the contrary, the knowledge which men are acquiring in respect of created things too often only leads them to question the power, the word, and the nature of God. In the pride of their scientific knowledge, accomplished students will allow themselves to criticise the

Divine work, and to question the truths of revelation.

"Full often, too,
Our wayward intellect, the more we learn
Of nature, overlooks her Author more;
From instrumental causes proud to draw
Conclusions retrograde, and mad mistake."—COWPER.

It must often occur to thoughtful men, that before man can form a correct judgment of a being different from himself, he must be at least on as high a level as that being in intelligence and power. And it

should be plain to us, from the discoveries which, with great patience and labour, men of science are enabled to make, how forcibly these discoveries manifest to us the endless powers which lie in the hollow of the Creator's hand. If clearer understanding of the works suggest to some persons ideas inconsistent with the words of Scripture, it must also to candid minds prove our in-

capacity as critics of these works, and bring plainer glimpses of how the Divine power, working by what we choose to call natural means, may achieve results which to an uninstructed view seem far above the ordinary works of nature. From one or two observations of natural things and modern leanings spring the reflections which will be sketched in this paper.

III.

During the present century civilised mankind has busied itself with the improvement of the circumstances amid which it is appointed to live. It has been successful chiefly in inventions for quickening and facilitating intercommunication, and for increasing and making common the comforts and luxuries of existence; while it has not been altogether inactive in discovering destructive agents. And some, if not its chief, attention has been given to sanitary science—the knowledge how to maintain or to produce bodily health, and to prolong life.

The last-named science does not appear to have made so much progress as many others; the reason of which must be, that the powers of man cannot prevail in this province as they do in many another which has less to do with our weal. It may, of course, be said that the desire of gain is in most minds stronger than the desire of health, whether for a man's self or for the community, and that, therefore, greater effort is made for securing material profit than for securing health and strength. But whether this be true or not, it is pretty certain that sanitary science is not a field which promises very grand returns for the labour which may be expended on it. Its chief aim, indeed, seems to be, to let us enjoy the gifts of nature in pure unvi-

tiated condition; it does not aspire to add to those gifts, or to increase their effects farther than by freeing them from all deleterious admixtures. The learned in sanitary research can determine what are pure and natural elements in the atmosphere, and what are foreign and injurious; they can discover, also, the proportions of the natural elements in the atmospheres of particular places, so as to be able to pronounce that the air of this place is good for human beings in one unhealthy condition of body, and of that place for human beings in another unhealthy condition. But it is to be remarked, that they can only send the patient to the air which is considered best for him: they cannot alter the composition of the air to suit the patient. Yet their investigations seem to have assured us of one fact—namely, that there is a great difference in the atmosphere of places,—some being, generally or to individuals, far more salutary than others. Indeed it is a fact recognised by thousands, who know but little of how the air is composed, that a change of air is likely to prove beneficial to the sick and infirm. Thus a man's strength and health are shown to depend in some degree—often in a very important degree—on the air which he may breathe.

Now, although human science can do so very little towards modifying or altering the composition of the air, it is certain that the Creator who made the atmosphere of the earth, could, if He should so will, alter the composition of it, so as to increase or to diminish the stature, strength, and health of living beings. Here, then, is a conceivable manner in which the Creator might bless or punish our race—by which, perhaps, He may already have blessed or punished it,—using only what conventionally we call natural means. We know that other changes are slowly and imperceptibly taking place on the globe; why not, then, changes most important to us in the composition of the air?

Again: although, as has been said, science can exercise little or no influence on the volume of the air, yet it can arbitrarily add to, or take from, small portions of it, so as to materially affect beings who may breathe those portions. It may fill a small space, say a room, with poisonous gases, or it may medically, by introducing gases into a room, cause those who may breathe them to become temporarily unconscious, or to be greatly exalted in mind. So great may be the exaltation that the person experiencing it may, without losing his consciousness, be rendered for a short time quite indifferent to pains or sorrows. With us experiments of this kind can be continued only for a very short time; but they suggest methods by which the Creator, acting

continually on the air in a way which our bodies could bear, might turn our lives into periods of supreme joy, or of the contrary. It may be added, that persons subjected by men to some of the agencies to which allusion has been made, have the time of their subjection extended, to their apprehension, very much beyond the duration of it as measured by persons who are beyond the operation of the agent. For instance, a person who has been a minute or so under the operation of ether has felt, as his senses came back, a consciousness of a most blissful condition of long duration. This helps one to conceive how, by favour of the Supreme Being, creatures constituted as we now are might enjoy great happiness for an incalculable time.

From the above we may readily pass to other kindred ideas, and reflect how, by altering our food, water, soil, climate, the Creator might still, by natural means, immensely add to our happiness or unhappiness. We are continually endeavouring ourselves to alter or adapt these means—viz., food, water, soil, climate—for our advantage, or what we think such; and we find that we can do very little. And, strangely enough, many of those who seem most intent upon gaining the advantages, are very little solicitous to obtain—indeed, only too often they scoff at the idea of obtaining—the favour of that Being, who can, by His Word, give us much more in these respects than we have ever thought of seeking!

IV.

But we may go a little farther in this direction than the conception of benefits to be obtained through alterations in the circumstances amid which our life is passed. We may imagine how we should rise in the

scale of beings if our senses were to be increased in scope, or if we should be gifted with additional senses. Much of our joy we obtain through our senses; and it is easy to suppose that, were our organs sharpened,

and made of greater range, our joy might be augmented. For instance, could we see twice as far as we at present see—could we hear more distinctly, and find greater delight in sounds—could our taste and smell be made keener, and our touch be more distinguishing and more instructive, while at the same time our senses should not be offended so easily as they are now—we should have made a great advance towards a happier condition.

For anything we know to the contrary, our bodies may be capable of owning more than five senses, though we have but five now. Those who believe the Scriptures know that man is made in the image of God: that is to say, in a form somehow resembling the form of God—not a perfect counterpart of Him, but a likeness which is at present undeniable, and which may, and will, at some future time, be largely increased. We should become very different beings from what we are if we were to receive only one additional sense. That we may in some sort estimate the advantage we should enjoy through possession of a sixth sense, it may be well to consider the case of those who have only four senses. Through natural defect, or by deprivation of the necessary organs, many of our kind have, under the existing dispensation, only four senses. We know at what a disadvantage the unfortunate blind or deaf being stands as compared with the race generally; and this notwithstanding the efforts made by the sound part of the community to reduce to minima the effects of individual privations. But imagine a whole community that should be blind or deaf, with no seeing or hearing member to lend aid, and think then in what a degraded condition it would be sunk, as compared with a community in enjoyment, generally,

of the five senses! No comfort, no progress, a faint perception only of things as we know them. Indeed it may be fairly said that a community such as we suppose must be far lower in the scale of being than we ourselves now are. And this great difference would result from our possession of a sense which the other community, by the hypothesis, would not have.

If we suppose a sixth sense conferred upon us, then we must imagine ourselves to be as much in advance of what we at present are, as we, with our five senses, are in advance of a community with only four. In other words, we probably should, if we could be gifted with a sixth sense, rise immeasurably in the scale of beings. We should do this physically, and have, no doubt, greater control of matter, so as to make life more pleasant. But we should also, it is presumed, enjoy an increased moral perception which would enable us to supersede by higher views, the beliefs which we now acknowledge on moral subjects. Our ideas of even moral truths are obtained, as philosophers tell us, through our five senses. We should probably see these truths in different lights if we were enabled to estimate them through the media of six senses instead of five. Our standard of judgment would be altered. What is at present accepted as moral truth might, under the operation of the additional sense, be found to be no longer true in the new and enlightened state.

Should a race of deaf mutes become endued with the sense of hearing, which, as may be supposed, would bring with it the power of speech, it must of necessity make an altogether new estimate of created things. It must also largely extend its moral perceptions, and would undoubtedly

modify its old ideas as to truth and necessity; for now it will have passed the limits of its old field of knowledge, and be no longer confined to the narrow means of judging on which its old conceptions were formed. So we, if we were to be gifted with a sixth sense as instructive as the sense of hearing, would surely change our ideas of all material things; nay, we should in all probability change our views of moral truths, or what we had been accustomed to regard as such. We might come to perceive that two and two do not of necessity always make four, and that it is possible for the same thing to be and not to be; for, be it remembered that what any class of beings may call truth, means simply what to the apprehension and judgment of that class appears to be evident and incontrovertible.

If we only reflect that the axioms and propositions which we regard as absolute and not to be doubted of or disputed, are so only to beings with the same faculties as ourselves, we shall be cautious in what we say of the same things when looked at by beings who have more numerous and more powerful means of viewing them.

Contemplation of this belief will lead to the conviction that our minds and bodies, although they are at present much restricted as to their perception, might be granted far higher powers; and those powers might bring to us happiness or misery to an inconceivable extent; or it might be that the taking away of powers would be the cause of misery. The giant stature and the long lives which were known before the Flood may have been made to cease through a change in the composition of the air, or a change in other circumstances amid which human life is maintained. And if we go back

from before the Flood to before the Fall, we find a still superior condition of the race which was taken away concurrently with, if not wholly by means of, changes in the circumstances of existence. "Cursed be the ground for thy sake." This must mean that the soil of the earth should be so altered that it might no longer contribute to the maintenance of that strength and that exalted condition which had obtained before. What has been may be again; so that one who has studied the Scriptures ought to have no difficulty in imagining how the Almighty might restore to our race its old superiority.

If we add to the thought which has just been suggested, by supposing that our senses might be strengthened, or increased in number, under favourable circumstances, then we may conceive how a higher kind as well as a higher degree of happiness might be bestowed on us; for increase of perception, as it must elevate and ennoble the creature, would in all probability bring happiness with it. That we *know* most imperfectly now must be the conviction of every serious thinker; but that we shall one day know in a more satisfying manner, is the hope of every believer. St Paul says that we know *in part*; but when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away,—done away, however, only in the sense of being eclipsed by the new and greater knowledge, as is manifest from the illustration which he uses to explain his meaning; for he goes on to say,—“When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man, I put away childish things.” The experience and the superior judgment of the full-grown man made

the inferior, and often incorrect, perception of the child give place to it. So will our imperfect knowledge give place when that which is perfect shall have come. The perfect knowledge will be a great

reward; and if it be accompanied by a greatly exalted condition of the body, the state of the recipient of these accessions may be thought of as vastly more desirable than the state in which we now are.

V.

He who has taught his mind to apprehend how the intelligence which made the worlds must surpass that of any inhabitant of this world, not in degree only but in kind also, will readily acknowledge the presumption, the absurdity, of a man passing any judgment upon the creation, or maintenance of the universe, or of any part of it. The Psalmist says, "Thou thoughtest wickedly that I am even such a one as thyself." The Creator is so infinitely beyond us in every way: He looks at His work with an understanding so immeasurably more highly informed than ours, that probably there is not any admitted fact or truth equally apprehended by both sides, so that it may be called *common ground*, fit to be used as the starting-point of such an argument. The same, in another degree, may be said of us in comparison with the beings whom the Creator employs in ordering His work and doing His pleasure.

God, as we are told, can make things that are not as though they were. Again, though certain things may be impossible to men, all things are possible with God. These texts seem to point to the different powers of regarding things, of which mention has been made above. If we

go on to remember how God sentences the heart of a people to be made gross, so that they shall not see with their eyes, nor hear with their ears, nor understand with their hearts, we get evidence that He does choose sometimes to act upon the human powers of perception—in this instance, by restricting them; but in the case of the young man who, at the prayer of the prophet, had his eyes opened that he might see, and who saw sights which, in the ordinary condition of his senses, he could not see, the powers of perception were increased. Further, we have been taught that the light which is in us may be made darkness; which must mean that God, if we deserve it, will take away our power of truly regarding things. So that by effecting a change in our perceptions, He may, to our apprehension, change the whole universe, and may confer much happiness or misery. And a corollary on this is, that scorners who fancy that they can contend with God, can only do so to their confusion; for the very weapons with which they strive—to wit, their perception of facts and truths—are in the power of Him whom they choose to make their adversary.

VI.

Man was commissioned to replenish the earth and to subdue it. As long as he confines his studies, or experiments or speculations, to the sensible things of the world, he

is within his appointed sphere. His subject is such as all his fellow-men may comprehend to the same extent as he, and by means of exactly similar senses and mental percep-

tions. He is, according to human ideas, qualified to deal with it. Man is also, to some extent, permitted to understand the motions, gravity, size, &c., of the other heavenly bodies which form parts of the universe in which our earth has place. These heavenly bodies were to be "for signs and for seasons, and for days and for years." There is our warrant for pursuing the science of astronomy. It is clear that with us this science must be strictly limited.

But once man begins to deal with that which is not of the visible and material universe, he is outside of the scope of his capacity—he is dealing with that of which his senses tell him little or nothing, and concerning which he and his fellow-men have not necessarily a common perception. Any two men in possession of ordinary senses, have probably ideas of a tree or of a hill which, if not absolutely identical, are so nearly the same as to allow of their reasoning accurately on those two subjects, and to allow of the one understanding thoroughly the utterances of the other in regard to the same two. But when they attempt to converse concerning things which their perceptions have never presented to them, and of which, therefore, they can hold

only indistinct, and probably discrepant ideas, their conversation cannot reciprocate knowledge, or prove truths, but must be confusing, and therefore unprofitable.

We mortals cannot form in our minds an idea of infinity. We talk of it, it is true, and may suppose that we know what it means; but a little reflection will show any one of us that it is too much for his mind to grasp. The reason why we use words signifying infinity is probably this—that, as it is incomprehensible to all of us alike, and we are all equally far from the conception of it, no great confusion can arise among us from naming it. But everything that our senses have ever presented to our minds is finite. If we try to contemplate a thing without a beginning, our powers fail us: they are not at present capable of conceiving such a thing. Now it ought to follow from this undoubted truth that we are quite incapable of duly estimating the works, the designs, or the decrees of an infinite being. When at the threshold, as it were, of our reflection, we find that we are balked by the incomprehensibility of the Being whom we would criticise, it seems only prudent to withdraw from attempts at judging.

VII.

If there were no exception to the above proposition concerning man's proper sphere it would go to demonstrate that men have no right, or that it is useless and unprofitable for men, to occupy themselves with ideas or thoughts about God or angels, about heaven or hell. But there are exceptions. Over and above the knowledge which his senses give to nearly every one of us, the Creator has thought fit to give us a limited information re-

garding Himself, and regarding other beings who to our senses are imperceptible. His work, His character, and His intentions have, by revelation, been partially communicated to us. We never could have learned these except they had been revealed; and now that they are revealed, they are independent of the evidence of our senses, and rest entirely upon belief or faith. It is impossible to force this belief or faith upon the mind as one might

force an obvious truth regarding a tree or a hill—that is, by appealing to the senses, or to the maxims on which human minds are known to be agreed; and it is impossible to force it away by human methods from a mind of which it has possession. Concerning these matters,

then, we can know only so much as has been told us; we cannot by the inductive method advance from one proof or fact to another proof or fact, simply because our powers are incapable of dealing with the subjects.

VIII.

But to return to the consideration of our senses. If there be one proposition about which all classes, all sects, and all ages have been agreed, it is that our senses play us false, either because they do not inform us of the whole truth regarding things, or because they give us wrong ideas of them. We like and dislike things on the evidence of our senses, and oftentimes we discover how worthless that evidence was. The correction of an unjust dislike is less remarked than the perishing of an affection and desire; it is this perishing which has brought human minds into consent. The value of those things on which we set our hearts is apt to diminish or to disappear after they have been attained; it lasts only so long as, or a little longer than, they remain beyond our reach. With attainment comes a closer view, and with the closer view disappointment.

“ ’Tis an old lesson, Time approves it true;

And they who know it best deplore it most;

When all is won that all desire to woo,

The paltry prize is hardly worth the cost.”

Either, then, our race was created with very deceitful perceptions, or it has degenerated in this respect. Many will say that the obliquity of our perceptions is an effect of the Fall—part of the “sorrow” in which we have been condemned to eat of the earth’s produce all the days of our life. The teaching of Scripture most decidedly is that we are to distrust and to overrule the promptings of our senses, taking great care how we yield to bodily desires, and controlling all desires within bounds. Now if it should be deemed that our senses should, so to speak, return to their allegiance, and urge us only to what may be of enduring satisfaction, and not followed by disappointment and repentance, we should be delivered at once from a wilderness of pitfalls, and introduced to a state the relief and delight of which it is impossible to measure. Here then, again, is a conceivable method by which the Creator might, if it should so please Him, add immensely to our happiness.

IX.

As has been said above, we devote much of our thought and energy to the science and art of strengthening our bodies and prolonging our lives. Yet many of our most zealous sanitarians would, we fear, be offended if one should

say to them, “If health and length of days be your objects, why not follow directly after eternal life?” The eternal life set before us in the Scriptures would appear to be not exactly what they want. They would like to prolong by a few

years, and to make more healthy while it lasts, the life on this side of the grave—the life concerning which thoughtful men are continually inquiring whether it be worth living! But they would attain their object as the men in the plain of Shinar attempted to attain theirs: they would by their own talents and their own right hands, get control over the days of the years of our pilgrimage. Yet how little they have found themselves able to do for us!

Now it is worth remembering in its simplicity that the offer of the New Testament is in two words—Eternal Life. We say it is worth remembering, because many are apt, as we believe, to be so absorbed in the study of doctrines and of the mysteries of religion that they do not keep their attention with sufficient precision on the great and distinct object which is set before

the Christian world. We are aware, too, that there are many pious persons who think that it is lowering the character of their service to God to suppose it is offered and paid for the sake of reward; and these persons would have us understand that they see in the practice of Christian duties, and in the following of their great example, sufficient attraction without requiring the hope of reward to keep them constant in well-doing. Yet, whatever attraction there may be in holiness itself, certain it is that God has seen fit to hold out eternal life as the reward of men who believe in His Word and live up to their belief. Those who take such pains to prolong this mortal life, act inconsistently if they do not bestow some thought on this subject of a life everlasting, which, unless the Scripture should be untrue, is attainable.

X.

If men would take into serious consideration the immense amount of failure and disappointment which there is in the world, they would be less disposed to exercise their intellects on subjects which lie outside of the world. For the contemplation of our frequent discomfiture, when dealing with things which our minds are able to grasp, ought to show the folly of busying ourselves with speculations and inquiries which extend far beyond the limits to which we have power to pursue them.

One reason why our endless failures do not moderate our investigations and criticisms is, that very many of us think it a wrong and inexpedient thing ever to admit that earnest, energetic, persevering endeavours can result in failure. Accordingly there are teachers who exhort us all to go on, never doubt-

ing, with whatever our hands may have found to do, and assure us that, if we faint not, we must certainly at last conquer success. All who may have failed, as our mentors are able to show us clearly, have done so through some defect of their own, which it was in their power to correct. Some have laid down distinct rules for those who are resolved to succeed: they have only to follow these, and attain the goal of their ambition. Yet those who succeed are very few, and probably but few of those few will be found to have succeeded by following the infallible rules. The circumstances amid which a man may be placed must have much to do with the fruit which his talents may bear. A man of great military capacity could not have been distinguished if he had been a subject of Solomon. Financiers

and preachers, however capable, had little chance of making a name in the days of the French Revolution: a rope-dancer of the first ability would only have been looked upon as an offence and a scandal during the reign of the Puritans in England. But not to speak only of periods wherein, from the condition of the minds of men, particular abilities must be of small account, we may observe how small an accident may, in any time, thwart the best-laid projects or disable the most accomplished person. Something more than ability and prudence is wanted to insure success. The most successful men have always owed something to what many choose to call fortune. But who is Fortune? Fortune surely to modern apprehension means an invisible overruling power which can bring to nought the most promising designs, or can lead inferior designs to good effect,—which can deny the battle to the strong, or give the race to the slow.

An eminent writer has said that the history of our species is made up of little except crimes and errors.¹ If this be true, it does not give much encouragement to them who would like to *command* success. It is undoubted that many a man has acquired great station or great reputation; but how did the acquisition come about?—that is the question. Another question is, For every one who succeeds, how many, equally desirous of success, chance to fail? We have spoken of those who tell us of the sure way to succeed; but we imagine there are tens of thousands who could tell, if they would, of the impossibility of succeeding, toil and ponder as they would. They have risen early, and late taken rest, and eaten the bread of

carefulness; but their labour was in vain. They have seen others prevail without using a tenth of the efforts which they have used, and they have asked bitterly why one man's industry and devotion to his work was not to be repaid as well as another's.

None of us chooses the period at which his earthly career shall be run; none of us can choose the kind of ability which shall be distinguishingly his. The man who happens to live in a generation wherein his special gifts are in demand has a great advantage over the man whose contemporaries happen to be indifferent to his special gifts. So that here are two most important articles nearly affecting his chances of success, with regard to which a man is entirely at the mercy of another power—a power which many a one will call his fortune or his fate. These two articles are cited here as being two which will be readily admitted to be not within one's own control; but there are numbers of other conditions, all beyond a man's choosing, which must exercise a vast influence on his career independently of his abilities and of his industry. For instance, the nation into which he may be born, the means and influence which may be available to gain him education and early encouragement, the guides or the company by which he may be swayed. It is certainly true that some men have risen to eminence in spite of very great disadvantages and difficulties, but it does not follow that they prevailed purely through the strength of their own determination. If they were not endowed with those advantages which most obviously make for success, they must have had in unusual measure patience, energy, fortitude,

¹ Macaulay in his essay on Hallam's 'Constitutional History.'

which were not the product of their own wills.

Seeing, then, that every successful man must be indebted for his success to a power which is beyond his control and his comprehension, would it not be more reasonable and more becoming, to look for assistance in our undertakings other than what we may derive from our own talents or our own exertion? It is not meant by this that we should relax our reasonable endeavours and sit with folded arms waiting for the favours of fortune. That is an extreme attitude, not to be commended any more than one of presumptuous self-confidence. Honest effort is to be encouraged and persisted in; but it is to be encouraged by fair arguments and true predictions. The prediction that any prescribed process will insure success in any walk of life whatever, is one which no mortal should venture to make. At the same time it is known, as

a fruit of experience, that success comes but seldom to the idle and indifferent.

Thus, then, it is plain that a man cannot, try as he may, shape his own career, although the career is of this world, all the products and affairs of which his senses can deal with. If he is thus helpless and uncertain in his own sphere wherein he is experienced, and which he is commissioned to subdue, how can he hope to establish any truth with regard to regions outside of his sphere, and whereof he has no experience? He may make plausible strictures which may seem forcible to some of his fellows whose means of judging are as limited as his own; but how would these strictures appear to beings who may be conversant with worlds beyond the earth and with the world of spirits? Angels, we trow, would not think highly of a man's hints for the better government of the universe!

XI.

To complain of a man's own particular lot, or of the condition of men in general on the earth, is, in a measure, to make suggestions for the better government of the universe. The complainant may stop at his own case, or at the case of his species, and refrain from all meddling or cavilling beyond the things which immediately concern himself or his race. Yet still he is reproaching his Maker, and lamenting that things are not other than they are. It is absolutely useless to say, "Why hast thou made me thus?" And it is worse than useless, because complaint and reproach are more likely to bring further evil than to bring about the removal of the ills that are. Our ignorance here is a bar to just comprehension of our own case as much

as it is a disqualification for judging of things foreign to human nature. We cannot, except by revelation, obtain a clue to the comprehension of our being, how it has become painful, how it might be made less sad. We know that we are in some mysterious manner bound to life—that our nature dreads and abhors the only gate by which we can pass away from our present existence, while at the same time we may be often conscious of an utter weariness and intolerance of the ills belonging to it; but we are quite incapable of determining by what change, great or small, we shall become happier, or less happy, beings than we are. That change can be in the knowledge of only Him who made us. Clearly, therefore, if we would have our condition

changed for a less deplorable one, we should seek the favour of our Maker, not brave and incense Him. But if we do not know Him nor concerning Him? Then the sooner we commence the search for Him

the better. If we fail in our quest, we are only where we were before. If we succeed, we shall have become acquainted with the only Being who can do us any good.

XII.

There are two momentous questions with which men have been, and are, prone to occupy themselves, and the brooding over which has added perplexity and discontent to their inevitable sufferings, and often led them into presumptuous sin. These two are, Why are we condemned to eat of the fruit of the ground in sorrow all the days of our life? and, Why is there such inequality in the distribution of this world's goods? Answers to the two, and especially to the latter, have been forthcoming ever since the youth of the world; they have formed the basis of systems of philosophy; they have inspired dreamers in the art of government; and they have furnished themes in abundance to those thinkers whom we term moralists. To this day a writer who can deal with them in a novel and ingenious style can command a vast amount of attention. And yet we are no nearer to a satisfactory answer than were our ancestors in the first century of man's existence. The amount of attention commanded by every plausible writer who deals with the questions gives proofs of the predominant interest which we feel in the subjects. Baffled a thousand times in our inquiry, we are ready to recommence it whenever a new

guide may offer complete or partial solutions.

Yet, up to the minute of this present writing, the answers are undiscoverable as ever they were. Wisdom, therefore, would seem to counsel a cessation from the inquiry. We must admit that nature is much indisposed to a cessation, and is most easily enticed to return. But then we have learned that there are many tendencies of nature which it behoves us to resist and counteract. There is a moral certainty that we shall never by taking thought find out these secrets, any more than we can add a cubit to our stature or make a hair black or white. And it appears best to accept the truths without filing our minds to ascertain why they are true. For, inasmuch as we shall not satisfy our desire, time will be unprofitably spent in inquiring: and inasmuch as we may grow impatient and presumptuous from meditating these high and mysterious arguments, the result may be worse than mere waste of time and disappointment. Let us be certain that to the end of the present dispensation life will be passed in sorrow; and that we shall know no more than we do now why this is ordained, or why lots of such diverse complexion fall to our kind.

XIII.

We are taught by the prayer which has been given to us that God's will is done in heaven, but that it is not generally done in

earth. Men, as we know, are by nature disinclined to do God's will; and men's disobedience is commonly understood, as we conceive, to

be the thing pointed at in the Lord's Prayer as contrary to it. Men do not usually, when they think of the opposition to, or the non-execution of, the Divine will, attribute the failure to anything except the perverseness of their kind. What the writer means is, that we rarely think of immaterial beings as refusing or neglecting to do the entire will of God. Yet we are nowhere told that men are the only beings who fail to do that will upon the earth; indeed we have distinct information that evil spirits have power to thwart, oppose, and confuse upon the earth, the order which seems good to the Almighty mind. The most fearful instance of this is the temptation which the devil presumed to set before our Lord. It did not show that an evil spirit could assail in the same way any being other than human (because it was His incarnation which laid our Lord open to the temptation); but it did show that there are other beings beside men who are the causes that God's will is not done here. And we must remember that the devil boasted that he was allowed to dispose of those things which to most of us are objects of desire. As long as he has such influence as that, it is impossible that God's will can be done or nearly done—nay, it is impossible but that His will must remain undone.

The history of Job gives the next important account of the manner in which the things of the earth are given up, as it were (at any rate occasionally), to the enmity of the evil one. Satan may be said to have absolutely rioted in the afflictions which he heaped on the patriarch. Untoward accidents, as we call them, may often, in this manner, be the direct work of Satan. It is a fearful thing to think of the manner in which, and the degree

in which, he may punish a man who may be given over to his plagues. Possibly such an opportunity as he got against Job may rarely be accorded to him; yet here is evidence that the best of men are not absolutely safe from his practical enmity. Under what a sentence must, then, the world be labouring, when the devil can work so much evil to its inhabitants!

But even where the agency of devils may not operate, there are still supposable ways in which God's will may be left undone, or may be imperfectly done, even when there is not positive rebellion against it. We are, it is believed, much disposed to assume that all the deeds of spirits who are not devils are perfectly done in entire obedience to the Almighty decrees. This is undoubtedly the case in heaven, at all times, and the case on earth, when Providence is pleased to have it so. But on the earth, where God's will is not everywhere done, we have no warrant for supposing that even the servants of God are invariably faultless, attentive, accurate, and zealous. Nay, it is supposable that here, where everything is so out of its normal condition, orders of angels may be employed who are, like ourselves, capable of negligence, ignorance, error, partiality, want of judgment, and who may thus, without direct evil intention, cause confusion and damage.

We are told that God "chargeth His angels with folly." This charge can hardly be made against those beings who are employed where His will is thoroughly done; but spirits, whose duties are on the earth, may lie open to it. Again, we are told that there are certain things—relating to the times signified in momentous prophecies regarding the redemption—which the angels desire to look into. This shows

that there is a limit to the knowledge even of angels; and that some angels are afflicted with the same curiosity which is such a peril to mankind—they are not contented to be unacquainted with things which it is not given them to know, but desire to look into them. If spirits employed on this globe be indeed incapable in any of the ways suggested, then the cross and vexatious manner in which things are continually falling out is accounted for.

Now, that the spirits who, by God's appointment, have to do with this earth may be imperfect, is evidenced by different Scriptural incidents. We have the record of "a lying spirit" undertaking, and permitted, to persuade Ahab to go up to Ramoth-Gilead to his destruction; and we have the *fracas* which took place in presence of Ahab and Jehoshaphat between the prophets Micaiah and Zedekiah, each of them depreciating the spirit which informed the other. Jonah doubted the spirit which urged him to prophesy against Nineveh; and Obadiah thought that it was unsafe

to tell his master that Elijah was at hand, because the spirit of the Lord might suddenly carry Elijah away, and make it appear as if Obadiah had spoken falsely. It is held by many that individuals have guardian angels; and it is certainly stated in Scripture that certain countries are, or have been, under angelic charge. Thus Persia had its angel; there was an angel that stood for the Jews. Now as men and nations have opposing interests, the angels who may "stand for them," if they have defect of character at all, may often cause complications and quarrels.

It would thus appear that we are in this world subject (with strict limitations probably) not only to the machinations of evil spirits who work directly for our hurt, but also to the errors of careless and ignorant spirits, who may not be in intention hostile, but who are, in fact, sometimes very mischievous. No wonder, then, that misfortunes and perplexities should be so common among us, or that mundane affairs should so often appear to be the sport of blind chance.

XIV.

The amount of sorrow which we see in the world has, to the minds of many men, appeared so appalling as to make them impatient of their lives, to make them open and blasphemous rebels against Providence, or bitter scoffers at all who can see any good in a dispensation which has in it so much that is penal. Nobody can dispute the proposition that we are all born to sorrow; but it is to most of us a sorrow that can be endured for the time that we are called upon to bear with it: and without doubt, it is a sorrow which, by brooding over it, and refusing to look at the portion and the means of happi-

ness which are possible amid all this tribulation, can be very much magnified to our apprehensions. If any good could come of thus dwelling upon the miseries to which we are born,—if we could by taking thought render ourselves less liable to them, or arrive at an understanding of the conditions of that existence which has been hitherto such a mystery,—there might be some excuse for the pessimism which some are so fond of cherishing and teaching. But as there is not the smallest prospect of our finding out the full reason or the remedy while the present dispensation endures, it is surely unwise to make that

which is already painful more painful by looking exclusively at the pains, by fretting ourselves continually with mourning over our evil case, or by growing reckless and defiant from the wrong which we persuade ourselves that we suffer.

Unhappy as our lot must be admitted to be, it is only reasonable that we should take just account of the measure of gratification which, in the cases of most of us, is mixed with the sorrow. The great amount of misery which we may feel or witness is not a sufficient apology for shutting our minds to the many sources of enjoyment which are open to mankind. We English live in a damp uncertain climate, which in many ways mars our plans and our undertakings, and often interferes with our health; but we should think that Englishman unreasonable who, with many means of making life pleasant accessible to him, should refuse to avail himself of any, and give himself up to useless regrets and reproaches on his native air. Most things have a bright side; and to find out the bright sides of those things which concern us is a pursuit which will be found remunerative. It is no doubt for the purpose of correcting despondency, caused by the inevitable sorrow of the world, that the service of the Church of England contains a prayer for a due sense of all God's mercies. It will often be found that the greatest grumblers are not they who have suffered most; and that others whose cup of affliction has been full can be resigned and hopeful. It is neither wholesome nor right to be for ever bemoaning our hard fate as inhabitants of this world. We are here not by our own appointment, but by the will of an irresistible power; our time here is limited, whether we love our life or hate it. The

Power that created us may be made our friend, and a wise man will endeavour to make it so. One can see only folly in separating ourselves from the only Being who can improve our condition, because that condition is not at present altogether to our liking.

It is especially expedient to discipline our minds as above, because many fascinating writers of the present day take great delight in pointing out to us the many forms of misery to which we are born, and complain eloquently of our sufferings—particularly when, to our apprehension, those sufferings seem to be unmerited. It is observable, too, that writers who can ably portray the evils which are inseparable from our existence, and what we suffer from them, meet a ready welcome from very many classes of men. The writings do not, as is always confessed, make the mystery of our condition any clearer; but there would seem to be a pleasure in having our common liability to suffering, and our helplessness and the mystery of our being, set forth pathetically or cynically. The authors strike a chord in our nature which is very ready to vibrate in unison with all they have to say. Most of us who have thought at all have been perplexed by the problems of our own nature, and we greedily give attention to thinkers who are able to show us our own thoughts in clear and agreeable language. As long as that setting forth of our thoughts is calculated to make us wiser, or more prudent, or more contented, there can be no objection to our being entertained therewith; but when it is so coloured as to make us rebellious, or reckless, or callous, it must be productive of much harm. Clever authors, when they are enjoying the gratification of popularity, do not, perhaps, sufficiently consider

that their success has been obtained by unsettling the minds, and embittering the existence, of many who, but for them, would have remained undisturbed in their belief. And readers, if they are wise, will rather forego the pleasure of agreeable and sympathetic reading, than yield to the charms of authors who beguile them of their peace of mind while furnishing amusement for idle hours.

How little real knowledge is lost by refraining from a study of this kind may be learned from the following passage, which we extract from Lord Macaulay's essay on Ranke's 'History of the Popes:—

"Then, again, all the great enigmas which perplex the natural theologian are the same in all ages. The ingenuity of a people just emerging from barbarism is quite sufficient to propound those enigmas. The genius of

Locke or Clarke is quite unable to solve them. It is a mistake to imagine that subtle speculations touching the Divine attributes, the origin of evil, the necessity of human actions, the foundation of moral obligation, imply any high degree of intellectual culture. Such speculations, on the contrary, are in a peculiar manner the delight of intelligent children and of half-civilised men. The number of boys is not small who, at fourteen, have thought enough on these questions to be fully entitled to the praise which Voltaire gives to Zadig: '*Il en savait ce qu'on en a su dans tous les âges; c'est à dire, fort peu de chose.*' The Book of Job shows that, long before letters and arts were known to Ionia, these vexing questions were debated with no common skill and eloquence under the tents of the Idumean emirs; nor has human reason, in the course of three thousand years, discovered any satisfactory solution of the riddles which perplexed Eliphaz and Zophar."

XV.

The stationary condition of human knowledge regarding the great questions above stated in the quotation from Macaulay, does not stand alone as an example of the very limited scope of human intellect—or rather, of human information—when the mind attempts to operate beyond the barriers which have been assigned to it.

There are other inquiries which men have been fond of pursuing, but to which decisive answers are not likely to be found. "Does matter exist independently of the perception of sentient beings, or is it only a presentment of the senses?" There is opportunity for the finest and most ingenious argu-

ments on both sides of the question; but we are unfortunately so in the power of the senses, that we know nothing naturally except what they witness, and if they play us false in this matter, we cannot convict them of doing so. Whichever way the truth may lie, it cannot be of much practical importance, and man can do his duty in this life under the supposition that either side may be right. The best use to make of the speculation is to reflect how closely restricted our intellectual vision is, and how unfit we are to contend with beings of broader ken and higher perceptions.

XVI.

It is possible that hundreds may be reading this winter papers on popular science wherein may occur

sneers at religion, or doubts as to the accuracy of Scriptural statements—to the verification of which

science cannot find its way. It might be useful, and it could be by no means unfair, if a reader who may discover passages of sceptical indication were to consider that the writer who is perplexing him concerning these high subjects cannot tell him any more than a ploughman or a child can—how he exists, by what means he possesses the power of regarding the works of the Creator at all, or whether he may enjoy that power for another minute. Although such a writer may make more ingenious use than an ordinary man would of the means which mortals have of judging of the work of higher beings, yet he can have but a limited—a very limited—view: not his abilities only, but his disabilities—his defect of vision, his ignorance, his brief experience, his human weakness—should be weighed before he is allowed to lead us into his perplexities. The question, asked long ago, *Who art thou that repliest against God?* should be carefully pondered, and judgment reserved until an answer to it can be framed. We know well that persons who get only an imperfect glimpse of a subject are not likely to understand it thoroughly, or even fairly, and that they are incompetent to form conclusions regarding that subject, or to be guides to others as to the same subject. Let them tell us that they have thoroughly examined, and that they comprehend, these

momentous matters before they ask us to concur with them in any opinion which they may chance to have formed.

The field of science is found to expand, not to contract, to our apprehensions the more we study it. Instead of our constant discoveries bringing us nearer to a comprehension of the great whole, they fill us with the conviction that the whole can never be seen. The farther we advance, the farther off is the horizon of knowledge. It is only a modest and a reasonable thought that where so much remains to be learnt, and when we have so little prospect of becoming fully instructed, the very wisest of us is but a sorry guide as to the works or the intentions of superior beings. The discoveries of sages are in reality but the merest scraps of truth; and we know how, in purely terrestrial things, a person who knows only one or two out of many facts concerning a case is apt to be misled. Certainly the wonderful things which science reveals to us year by year should make us only more reverent—more admirers of the Author of the great works, and more distrustful of ourselves.

It will be a pleasure to me if I can believe that men at other firesides have been led into trains of thought by suggestions from this fireside of mine. I have said my say, and have only to add my farewell!

A NEW WINTER RESORT.

HAIFA, PALESTINE,
1st January.

It is only to be expected that, as facilities of locomotion increase, and knowledge extends, the growing requirements of a civilisation for new summer and winter resorts should be met by the discovery of localities expressly adapted for the purpose. Thus, within the last few years, we have seen the Engadine created into a summer sanitarium; and the popularity of Egypt as a winter residence has been steadily growing, and has probably only received a temporary check owing to existing political events. In consequence, no doubt, of the greater numbers in quest of health and rest during the summer, and of the ease with which pleasant spots for the purpose of a *villegiatura* may be discovered, they exist in almost infinite variety, and people may safely be left to themselves to find them. A winter abroad in a warm climate is a more serious matter. It inevitably involves a long journey; and in the degree in which the invalid travels south do the amenities of civilisation cease, and the hardships incidental to comparative barbarism increase. I venture to think, therefore, that whoever contributes a new idea in regard to the advantages held out by localities which are not generally known or recognised as winter or health resorts, may find his justification for so doing in the possible benefit he may be the means of conferring upon some of his fellow-creatures.

On the Mediterranean, as a rule, just in proportion as you get quiet and economy do you get bad accommodation. The objection to Egypt is that, whether you stay in Cairo or go up the Nile, you merely

exchange one very expensive alternative for another. In the former case you have the choice of two, or at most three, hotels, crowded with tourists or visitors; in the latter, of a *dahabeeyah* or Cook's steamer. Lodgings are out of the question, and so is travelling of any kind except by water. In Algiers, to have comfort, you must keep near the principal centre of civilisation. In the towns of Southern Europe the winter climate is generally too cold to meet all the requirements of those in search of a radical change. It has long been a wonder to me that, under these circumstances, the merits of the coast of Syria have not been more generally recognised. It is true that at the present moment there are only two places on that coast which offer the requisite accommodation, and this only on a limited scale; but the supply would meet the demand if a beginning were once made.

These two places are Beyrout and Haifa. At Beyrout there are a couple of excellent hotels. There are now nearly 300 public carriages plying for hire: the neighbourhood furnishes most picturesque drives along good roads. Persons deciding upon spending the winter could find other and cheaper accommodation than that of the hotels. The better class of houses are well built—of stone—and generally situated in a garden. There is a street of European shops, besides a well-stocked native bazaar, where all the necessaries, and most of the luxuries, of life can be obtained; while for those who desire to vary their lives with the excitement of travel and exploration, the valleys of the Lebanon offer attractions unsurpassed by mountain scenery in any part of the world. And

every facility exists at Beyrout for making it the best point of departure for expeditions to all parts of Asiatic Turkey. Those less dependent upon society and the resources of civilisation may, however, find in Haifa the charm which attracted me to that spot in preference to any other upon the eastern shore of the Mediterranean.

Four years ago I arrived here from Nazareth, on my way to Beyrout by land; and struck by the beauty of the spot and the comparative civilisation which had been introduced by the German colony, of which more presently, I was glad of the opportunity which presented itself this winter of choosing it as a winter residence. During the interval which had elapsed since my former visit, there are evident signs of a progress rare among Turkish towns. The streets have been paved, the number of substantial white limestone buildings has increased; and in spite of the obstacles thrown in the way by the Government, the statistics since that time have shown a steadily increasing commerce. Indeed, seen from seaward, or from the low grassy promontory of Ras el Krum, which forms the southwest point of the shore enclosing the Bay of Acre, the town begins to present quite an imposing appearance. The clean well-built stone houses at intervals line the sandy beach, fringed here and there with trees for a mile, and extend up the lower slopes of Carmel, along the flanks of which mountain vineyards and olive-groves rise in terraces. At the curve of the bay, on the eastern margin of the town, the brook Kishon struggles to debouch into the sea. At most seasons of the year, prevented from doing so by sandbanks, it is forced back, forming a small lake, which furnishes a supply of water to the

gardens of oranges, figs, and pomegranates which surround it; while groves of stately date-palms impart a still more oriental character to the scenery. The present town of Haifa is comparatively modern, but the promontory is one to which many historical associations attach; and the traces of the ruins which exist upon it date from a remote antiquity. Ancient Greek and Roman authors mention Sycaminum as a city occupying this position; the name evidently derived from the Hebrew word *Succa*, signifying a "hut." The name "Sycaminum" occurs in the Talmud, as well as "Haifa," as being a town in the neighbourhood of Accho or Acre. It is conjectured by some to be the Biblical Gibeah; but it does not appear in connection with any marked event in history until the year 1100, when it was besieged and taken by storm by Tancred; but after the battle of Hattin it fell into the hands of Saladin. The existing ruins upon the site of the old town consist of a massive piece of sea-wall; of the foundations of a construction of what was apparently a circular fort; of remains of tombs and wells, with here and there mounds, out of which crop fragments of rude masonry. A hundred and twenty years ago the then existing town of Haifa was destroyed by a certain Sheikh Omar el Zahir, who had made himself master of central Palestine, and chosen Acre for his place of residence. For some years the shores of this part of the bay remained abandoned, and the present town only sprang up in the early part of this century, about two miles from the ancient Haifa, at the head of the bay, under rather peculiar circumstances. At this point the hills approach the sea, and here the Crusaders evidently had a stronghold; for there are the

remains of a fortress, since turned into a jail, and a fragment of a wall and archway, which may possibly date from a still more remote epoch. To this strip of land, Abdallah, one of the successors of Sheikh Omar el Zahir, transferred the population of a rebellious village, which he punished by razing their houses to the ground; and on the hill above he put a castle, while he interned the people between it and the sea by means of a wall, thus keeping them, as it were, in prison. This confinement, however, appears not to have lasted very long—possibly because it was expensive, probably also because, on the death of Abdallah, the author of the punishment, the political state of the country changed: the walls were allowed to crumble away; the garrison was removed from the castle, which is already a picturesque ruin; and the people began to forget their history, and to adapt themselves to the conditions which surrounded them.

While the sea-coast town of Haifa was undergoing these vicissitudes, there lived in its immediate vicinity a group of men whose fortunes had been as varying as those of the native population, and who had clung with a pertinacity which has since rendered them celebrated throughout the world, to that sacred mountain whose venerated lanes they had appropriated at the time of the Crusades, and upon which they had built a monastery more than seven hundred years ago. Like the present town of Haifa, the existing monastery of Carmel only dates from the early part of this century; but it is none the less a picturesque feature in the landscape, and in fact forms the chief attraction to the tourist, who seldom does more than ride through Haifa, to pass the night with the Carmelite fathers.

For seven centuries has this pious Foundation represented Christianity in this corner of Palestine; and yet, to judge from the slender influence it has exercised over the fortunes of the inhabitants in the past, we may fairly assume that Haifa would have remained an obscure and insignificant village to the present day, were it not that, fifteen years ago, it was selected as a fitting spot on which to plant a colony, by a body of Germans, chiefly from the kingdom of Würtemberg, who had decided, upon religious grounds, to establish themselves in Palestine.

The founder of the Society, Mr Hoffman, was a clergyman of the Lutheran Church, who had been educated at Tübingen, and was for some years Director of the College of Crischona, near Basle. The rationalistic tendency of German thought, which attained its then culminating expression in the writings of Strauss, found in Mr Hoffman an ardent opponent, and he attributed the force of the movement to the feeble barrier offered by the Church to the progress of scepticism. Mr Hoffman was of opinion that rationalism was to be met not by doctrine but by practice, and that the inherent weakness of the Church consisted in its professing one code of morality and practising another. The anomaly of this inconsistency pressed upon him so forcibly, that he abandoned his charge at Crischona, and founded a college at Salon, near Ludwigsburg. He was shortly after elected to the Diet at Frankfort, where he presented a petition, signed by 12,000 persons, in favour of Church reformation.

At this time Mr Hoffman was publishing a journal in which he elaborated the views which were now formulating themselves in his mind, and his writings began to exercise a considerable influence in

Germany, Russia, Switzerland, and America. The main feature of his teaching was the absolute necessity of endeavouring to embody the moral precepts of Christ in daily life, and by social reorganisation to render possible a higher religious ideal than could be attained in society as at present constituted.

The deduction which he drew from the New Testament, and especially from the book of Revelation, in regard to the second coming of Christ, was that the Messiah could only appear again when a body of people had prepared themselves to receive Him, by a self-sacrificing adaptation of the morality He had taught to their lives: that, in fact, the second advent depended upon somebody having tried to put into daily practice what had been taught at the first; that the spiritual temple had first to be built, and the kingdom created, before the Lord could come to reign—and that the Church was not attempting to do either the one or the other. This brought him into collision with the ecclesiastical authorities, who took another view of the manner in which the Revelation should be interpreted, and he was expelled from the Church, followed by a large gathering of those who had adopted his views, and who were thenceforth known as the "Temple Society." At a meeting of the leaders in 1867, it was determined that the headquarters of the Society should be established in Palestine, as a sort of pivotal centre; about four-fifths of its members, who now numbered over 5000 persons, remaining, however, in the various countries of Europe and in the United States, there, by strenuous moral effort, to bear a witness for the new and higher life which they were struggling to realise. While it was felt that Christ's new kingdom should

embrace all countries and all races, a special significance attached to the land which was to form, as it were, the corner-stone upon which the new spiritual temple was to be built; and it was to the moral and material restoration of that land, in the first instance, that the Temple Society especially addressed itself. The members believed that by setting an example of simple, honest industry to the natives; by applying themselves particularly to the cultivation of the land; by being scrupulously just in all their commercial dealings, and practising to their utmost endeavour the simple Christian virtues,—they could not fail ultimately to make their influence felt. They entirely deprecated any attempt by preaching or dogmatising to convert any to their views, trusting solely that their example would commend whatever of truth they might hold to those by whom they were surrounded. Animated by these sentiments, the leaders started for Constantinople in 1868, and after vainly endeavouring to procure a firman, proceeded to the coast of Syria, where, attracted by the great advantages of soil, climate, and situation, they decided to establish themselves, in the first instance, at Haifa. Here they at once set to work to purchase land and build themselves houses. Believing in the responsibilities of individual ownership, they did not share in any of the communistic views so common in these days; but as the settlers were for the most part men of humble means, with nothing but their trades to depend upon, a loan fund and savings bank were formed, a village laid out, and the work of a permanent settlement seriously entered upon. Under any circumstances the first experiences of settlers in a new home are proverbially attended with great difficulty and discomfort; but in the

case of these German emigrants, the obstacles which they had to overcome were of an especially annoying and perplexing kind. Apart from the fact that they arrived ignorant of the language, methods of agriculture, and habits and customs of the native population, whose primitive and half-savage mode of life it was impossible for the new-comers to adopt, the Turkish Government, strongly averse to the establishment of a foreign colony, set all its machinery in motion to frustrate the attempt. It refused to sell Government land except at exorbitant prices; and in spite of the treaties existing between Turkey and foreign Governments enabling foreigners to purchase land, secure titles, &c., the negotiations for the land they now occupy extended over a period of twelve years, before the titles were satisfactorily and legally completed, even in the case of purchases from private owners. Nor were they allowed during this period to pay their taxes direct to the Government, but were compelled to pay them through the former Arab owners, in whose names the titles still were, and who took this opportunity of assessing them at an exorbitant rate, and putting the balance in their pockets. Since they have secured their own titles, they have discovered that for all these years they had been paying four times as much as they need have done.

Notwithstanding the insecurity of their tenure, the injustice to which they were subjected in the matter of taxation, the permanent hostility of the Government, and the local difficulties with regard to labour, supplies, &c., by which they were surrounded, they persevered, while paying dearly for their experience, and finally succeeded in struggling through the first years

of their existence, their numbers meanwhile being slowly recruited from Europe and America. They were thus enabled to form three other colonies: one in the immediate vicinity of Jaffa; another called Sharon, about an hour distant from that town; and a fourth in the suburbs of Jerusalem, not far from the Jaffa gate. It is here that the founder of the Society, Mr Hoffman, has now taken up his residence. The united population of the four colonies is about 1000 souls: a few families are also settled at Nazareth and Beyrout. The colony at Haifa, numbering a little over 300, consists mostly of Germans, German-Americans, Russians, and a few Swiss. These possess 700 acres of land, of which 100 are laid out in vineyards upon the slopes of Mount Carmel. Besides agriculture, the colonists have gone into trade and manufacture. They make excellent olive-oil soap, the export of which to America is yearly increasing: they have a wind grist-mill, a steam-mill is now in process of erection, and a factory for carving olive-wood. They have opened places of business in Haifa, and deal in merchandise, provisions, and dry goods. They do a good deal of business with Nazareth, now that they have got a road; and all branches of ordinary handicraft are represented in the colony. They have their own skilled physician, an architect, and engineer; while the British, American, and German vice-consulates are all held by members of the colony. Their schools are supported by a two-thirds donation from the German Government, and one-third from the colonists.

If these excellent people can look back only upon struggles, privations, and hardships, they have now the satisfaction of looking round and observing the wonderful change

which their presence has effected upon the neighbourhood. They can point with pride to their clean, trim village, running back in two streets from the sea to the base of Carmel, with its double line of shade-trees, its neat little gardens, and comfortable houses, looking, by contrast with the native bazaar, like some rare exotic transplanted to a foreign soil. They can look at the substantial houses which have sprung up between the colony and the town; as capital has been attracted during the last few years, they can see not only their own land, which they are constantly improving and draining, giving evidence of the care which has been bestowed upon it, and their terraced vineyards and increasing flocks, but they can see that their example is being imitated by the natives, who are adopting their better methods of agriculture. They can point to the fact that land has risen more than three times in value since their arrival; that the statistics of the port show a constantly increasing trade; and that, so far from having excited a feeling of hostility among the natives, they are universally respected, and often co-operate with them in their agricultural labours on terms of perfect harmony. All this has been the work of scarce fifteen years; and when we compare these sound practical results with all that the Carmelites have to show, after a seven hundred years' occupation of the mountain, with all the wealth and prestige of their order and their church behind them, we are enabled to contrast the effects of practice with those of theory, and are driven to the conclusion that a very small amount of ploughing, done from a right spirit, may be worth a good deal of baptism.

But of all the numerous benefits which the German colony has con-

ferred upon the native population, that which has perhaps exercised the most marked influence upon them has been the construction of roads for wheeled vehicles. When they came here, such a thing as a cart of any kind was unknown in the country. Now they are extensively used by the Arabs, and their numbers are constantly increasing. To make the cart before the road seems to be a proceeding somewhat analogous to putting the cart before the horse; and yet there is a wide difference between the performances. Given a horse and cart, and a tolerably level country, your cart becomes your road-maker. You find the line of country offering the least natural obstruction, and you go along it. There is not a vestige of a road from Haifa to Acre—a distance of about ten miles—but there are omnibuses, driven by natives, running almost every hour, who take you between the two places in two hours and a half for a shilling. Sometimes the road is better than any piece of macadamised road in the world; but sometimes it is worse,—very much worse indeed: that depends upon the tide; for in fine weather and low tide it is a continuous stretch of the smoothest and hardest sand imaginable. This is fortunate, as the omnibuses have the barest apologies for springs, though they trundle smoothly along, their wheels just touching the rippling waves, as easily as if one was driving over a damp billiard-table. When the tide is high, and we have to plough through the fine deep sand above, it is a very different matter; or when the Kishon and the Belus, the two streams we have to cross on the way, flooded with winter rains, burst all sandy barriers and rush headlong into the sea: then the journey may be in the highest degree exciting, as the question whether they are fordable

or not becomes problematical, and sometimes the passengers resort to ferry-boats, towing the swimming horses and floating omnibus after them; but these experiences are confined to certain times of the year, and usually the drive from Haifa to Acre along the edge of the waves, with the cool sea-breeze fanning one all the way, is as agreeable as can be imagined. Then there is a carriage-road to Nazareth—a distance of twenty-two miles. This had to be constructed at a cost of about £200, the whole of which expense was borne by the German colony—a fact which does not prevent the natives who contributed nothing towards it, from using it freely. There is, besides, the road which, passing round the projecting promontory upon which the monastery of Carmel is situated—enters the northern end of the plain of Sharon, and extends to Cæsarea; indeed there is no reason, so far as the country is concerned, why it should not extend to Jaffa, a distance of sixty miles. One very important reason for making the cart before the road in Turkey is, that in order to make a road, you must get a concession. But as the Government now refuses to grant concessions for any purpose to any one, limiting itself to taking *back-sheesh* for promises, no sane individual would endeavour to get a concession to build a road; but you do not require a concession to build a cart, and having built it you can drive it at your own risk. You may possibly have to bribe a *caimakam* to permit you to remove stones or other obstacles; and you would get into serious trouble if you tried to build a bridge. But there are various unostentatious ways of opening up the country, developing its resources, and helping the inhabitants, by which the

vigilance of the Government to prevent improvement of any kind may be eluded, and risk of serious penalties avoided. The most effective of all ways really to benefit the country, would be for foreigners to come to it; and the fact that Haifa has just advanced sufficiently in civilisation to make it combine comfort with economy as a winter resort, points it out as the locality especially adapted for a beginning to be made in this direction. There is an excellent hotel, kept by a German, in the colony; while those who prefer it can find board and lodging at the monastery, where the fathers have accommodation for a hundred guests. For my own part, I preferred renting a house in the colony; and though it involved furnishing throughout, the undertaking proved more simple and economical than I could have imagined. Nor could any better evidence be required of the resources of the colony than the fact that I was enabled either to purchase or have made, everything I required to furnish and install myself simply but comfortably in a roomy two-storeyed house. Most of the colonists now speak Arabic, and among the younger members excellent servants are to be found. Mutton, veal, pork, and chickens are the principal articles of meat diet to be obtained; and the native bazaar affords a plentiful supply of fruit and vegetables.

The population of Haifa has now increased to about 6000 inhabitants, and we ride or drive to it from the colony, a mile distant, between high cactus hedges. During the grain season it presents quite a busy aspect: hundreds of camels with grain from the Hauran, are at this time of the year clustered in picturesque groups under the high cactus hedge at the gate of the town, where the principal

warehouses for the reception of their loads are collected. During more than half the year the harbour is seldom without one steamer; sometimes there are as many as four or five loading with barley, wheat, the maize of the country, sesame, carob-beans, and other native products, among which may be mentioned olive-oil, nuts, cheese, colocynth, and, sad to relate, charcoal. There is an express prohibition against the exportation of this article, as it is made at the expense of the remaining woods which still cover Carmel and some of the neighbouring hills. It is painful to see this denudation going on when the urgent need of the country is more wood, and when it is so necessary to prevent its further desiccation; but the most stringent enactments of the Government are always to be overcome by *backsheesh*, and the exportation of charcoal takes place openly under the eyes of the authorities. There can be no doubt, now that it has once fairly made a start, that Haifa is destined to become the most important port in Palestine. Its merits as a harbour, and its capacity for improvement, have already been pointed out in the pages of this magazine. With the vast and fertile plain of Esdraelon as a back country, across which a railroad could be constructed without difficulty to the great grain-producing district of the Hauran, and a sufficient outlay of capital on its harbour, it would be the natural outlet for the chief products of the country.

Its commercial development may be left, however, to the laws which govern trade; it has been rather to the tourist or invalid that I have sought to recommend it, than to the capitalist. It is impossible to conceive a more agreeable climate during the winter months than it offers. From October to January the tem-

perature is generally that of the finest summer weather in England. Then it begins to get a little chilly, and a fire in the evenings is a grateful addition to the natural temperature; but this is only occasionally the case during the rainy weather. The rains of Palestine have become a bugbear, because they prevent travelling in tents, and are relatively disagreeable in a country where the days are invariably fine; but the rainiest winter month here would be considered a fine summer month in England. It does not begin to get really hot till May; and the experience of the colonists, who work out in the fields in all weathers, is, that the climate of Carmel is exceptionally bracing and healthy. But its most powerful attraction is the charming excursions which may be made in the neighbourhood, and the objects of interest which abound within an easy day's drive or ride, to say nothing of its own beauty of situation, and the lovely view of the Bay of Acre which it commands, the fortifications of that town glistening white in the distance, and the circling hills of Palestine, overtopped by snow-clad Hermon, changing in hue with those tender variations of atmosphere which give such an inexpressible charm to Eastern scenery. From these smooth sandy beaches we may bathe at all times of the year without the risk of an impossible temperature; and the conchologist would find in the multitudes of shells with which they are strewn, a never-ending interest and delight. Here are sometimes to be found the *Murex vandarus* and *Murex tremantus*, the prickly shells of the fish which, in old time, yielded the far-famed Tyrian purple. After a storm the beach is strewn with sponges, which are obtained off the coast, and form an article of com-

merce. For those who love sport, the thickets of Carmel contain wild boar; while partridges, snipe, quail, woodcock, and the delicious francolin, are to be found in quantities at the right seasons of the year. The natives despise the fresh-water fish which abound in the Kishon, Belus, and other streams; but they none the less afford fair sport to the unambitious angler who likes variety and quantity rather than quality, and condescends to a worm.

As I have already said, we can drive in three different directions, —either along the beach to Acre, or by the road to Nazareth, or round the promontory of Carmel along the plain of Sharon. Let us choose the last road, which, for the first half-hour, traverses the lands of the colony: it is one of the pleasantest, for it is smooth and stoneless till we reach the curious mound at the base of the cliff upon which the monastery is situated. It is a circular stony tumulus about fifty feet high, washed by the sea, and the rocks bear marks of men's handiwork. Probably excavation would bring to light a ruin; but it is so covered with earth that the Arabs plough over it: it is known by them as Tel-es-Senak. The road passes between it and the base of the steep rocky side of Carmel, which seems here almost honeycombed with caves. These are worth stopping to examine, though they look mere holes in the rock. Some of the apertures are so filled up with *débris* that an entrance is impossible; but if we lie down and peer in, we see the marks of cuttings in the rock, showing that they have been inhabited. Others are larger, and have been carved into rude doorways; and in these, again, are stone divisions, as though the occupant had made himself a stone bed. Some are cut into oblong shapes

resembling sarcophagi, and suggest that they may have been used for tombs. Everywhere the steep limestone rock bears marks of having been much inhabited: flights of steps are cut into it; square cuttings exist where solid blocks have been taken out of it. In one place there is a complete corridor behind a series of flying buttresses of rock, where flocks of goats take shelter now. In the crusading days Carmel must have been a perfect rabbit-warren of hermits if all these caves were occupied—and those I have so far examined certainly have been. There is, however, also a theory to the effect that they served as sentry-boxes to the crusaders. At any rate, not a twentieth part of them have been examined, for they abound all through this limestone mountain, and here alone is occupation enough cut out for the winter resident. From the point where these first caves are situated we have a magnificent view of an unbroken line of beach for about twelve miles, and on a projecting point at its furthest extremity discern the outlines of the noble ruin of Athlit. Skirting the base of the range for half an hour more, we reach a narrow gorge, and in order to explore it, have to leave our carriage, and proceed on foot. So far the scenery has been treeless. Carmel, rugged and barren, has been on our left, and a strip of plain with the sea on our right; but here, to our surprise, pent up between the projecting flanks of the mountain, we come upon a garden of figs, olives, and pomegranates. It is not above a hundred yards across, but it wedges itself up into the mountain till it becomes a strip scarce three trees wide, and then we suddenly come upon the cause of all this fertility. Gushing from a cleft in the limestone rock is a rill of purest water, conducted into a tank about twelve

feet square, hewn out of the solid rock, perhaps by the old monks, probably by men more or less holy far anterior to them; for since the time of Elijah, Carmel has been celebrated for its sacred character, and has been much affected in consequence by devotees. Among the Jews, it takes rank for sanctity immediately after Sinai, being the second most sacred mountain in the world. There is something about this solitary spot, replete with the traces of a handiwork of the remote past, which cannot fail to impress the beholder. But there are other surprises in store for him. Looking up the valley, we perceive that it seems at one time or other to have been spanned by a work of solid masonry. What remains of it projects nearly half across the chasm, and we eagerly scramble towards it. We now find ourselves traversing a smooth white limestone surface, into which, where the ascent is steepest, steps have been cut. On one side of us is a wall of limestone, and from it project layers of petrified twigs and branches of trees. The rock at our feet seems strewn with these stone memorials of a bygone forest, and here people who have a turn rather for fossils than for caves will have their appetite abundantly gratified. Passing beyond the overhanging masonry, we find that it forms a sort of rampart for a little plateau of earth, upon which there is another little garden about a quarter of an acre in extent, the owner of which lives in a hut at the mouth of a cave, and stares at us with astonishment. At the upper end of his little garden is another stone cistern, five or six feet square, fed from a capacious spring in the rock, which has been arched over, the whole embowered by fruit-trees, and forming a cool and most romantic retreat from

the world. So, at least, thought the earliest monks, for here they erected their first monastery, one chamber of which, massively built, is still standing. I am inclined to think, however, that the solid masonry construction is of older date than the Crusades, though it may have formed part of a military as well as a monkish stronghold. There is a wild rocky path, which I have yet to explore, leading further up the glen, by which the ridge may be traversed, and we may drop down upon the plain near Haifa on the opposite side of the mountain. The native name for this spot is *Ain Siah*; and according to tradition, it was on the coast opposite the gorge that the crusading king, "Saint" Louis of France, was wrecked when the monks gave him shelter and hospitality, and in return for it he helped them at a later period to collect funds for the construction of a larger building, which was afterwards erected on the site where the present monastery now stands. Not one, probably, in a hundred tourists who visit that monastery have ever heard of, much less explored, the romantic glen, scarcely an hour's ride distant from it, whose rocky recesses gave birth to the now celebrated order of the Carmelite monks.

Emerging once more on to the plain of Sharon, and continuing southward, we presently find ourselves entering extensive olive-groves. The country we have been traversing is somewhat stony, but so fertile as to have tempted the German colony to purchase a considerable tract of land. They were, however, soon compelled to abandon the attempt to cultivate it themselves, owing to the turbulent character of the population of the village of *El Tireh*, to which the gardens we are now entering

belong. In spite of every effort to conciliate them, it was found impossible to overcome their unruly and thievish propensities; and rather than risk collisions, the land has been let to Arab tenants, who cultivate it on shares. The people of El Tireh are notorious for their bad character all through the country. They are fanatical Moslems, and sufficiently wealthy, when they commit acts of depredation, to bribe the authorities to condone their offence; so they are a terror to their poorer and less influential neighbours. Their village is worth visiting, however, on account of the ruins of an old crusading castle, now converted into a mosque, and of the numerous caverns and ancient rock-hewn cisterns with which the hillside and glens that run back into the mountain abound. I had only time to stay long enough to see that the place was worth another visit; and notwithstanding their evil reputation, I was treated with much civility by the villagers. Once more striking across the plain from the base of the range to the sea, we arrive in little more than half an hour at a low limestone ridge which separates the plain from the beach. The formation of the country here is very peculiar. The plain, which had sloped from the mountains gently towards the sea, now almost takes an opposite incline, so that the winter streams from Carmel, not finding a natural slope seaward, are apt to stagnate in marshes at the base of the range, thus rendering the country to the south of Tireh during the early summer months very feverish. As if still further to render the drainage difficult, there extends parallel with the sea, and a few hundred yards from it, a range of limestone rocks about fifty feet high, here

and there rent into chasms. Skirting these, we suddenly find ourselves at an opening, apparently artificial. It is just wide enough to admit the carriage; and now we perceive the deep ruts of ancient chariot-wheels in the white rock, and examining more minutely, find holes in the entrance-rocks at each side, showing that in old time this passage could be barred. For about fifty yards we traverse the narrow passage. Here and there on the sides we observe steps cut in the face of the rock, the surface of which, in all directions, bears the marks of cuttings. We emerge from this artificial cleft upon a small sandy plain, and find ourselves suddenly in the presence of the ruins of Athlit, the most striking feature of which is a magnificent isolated fragment of wall, some sixty feet high. The carved blocks which formed its external casing have been partially removed, and it looks like some grand skeleton of departed greatness. We enter the ruins by a gateway, in which there are still massive wooden doors, and perceive immediately on our right the traces of three tiers of vaults, one above another, forming possibly the foundations upon which the temple was built, of which the fragment of wall is all that remains. High up on its inner surface we see the spring of three of the arches which probably formed the support of the roof, and which rest upon corbels formed respectively of the heads of a man and a woman and a bunch of acanthus-leaves. Attracted by a hole in the rubbish at our feet, we scramble into it, and find ourselves in a dark vault, the dimensions of which a lighted lucifer-match fails to reveal; but this is only a visit of reconnaissance, so we do not waste time over it, but proceed on our exploration, enabled only to

gather vague ideas as to the former shape and aspect of these massive ruins; for they have been built over by the squalid group of peasantry who have made them their home, and whose huts, nestling into them in every direction, render examination difficult. Then they have for centuries served as a quarry, from which ready-cut blocks of stone could be taken away to build the fortifications of Acre, or construct mosques or public buildings in the towns on the coast. No doubt all that was finest in the shape of columns or stone-carving has long since been removed, but from the fragments that remain we are enabled to form some idea of the past grandeur of the place. Situated on a projecting promontory, washed on three sides by the sea, Athlit was protected by a sea-wall, the massive fragments of which still remain, and which has evidently succumbed to the ravages, not of the ocean, but of man. On the occasion of my visit there was a heavy sea rolling, and the effect was inexpressibly grand. I stood on the edge of the ruin, some fifty feet above the rocks, and watched the breakers swirling over them, and dashing themselves upon the ancient masonry, through the base of which here and there breaches have been made, leaving the upper part of the wall intact, thus forming rude archways through which the breakers swept into the base of the cliff. Following round to the southern side, I again entered a vault, this time sufficiently lighted by apertures to allow me to perceive that it was about 120 yards in length, 30 feet in breadth, and about the same in height. The natives used it for storing their grain. Altogether I know of no more impressive ruin to the west of the Jordan than

Athlit, though it is scarcely ever visited by travellers—probably because no Biblical association attaches to it, and because it, of course, does not compare with the ruins to the east of the Jordan, and with those of other parts of Syria outside of Palestine. The earliest mention of Athlit, so far as I have been able to discover, is in the Talmud and Midrash, where it is called by the name of "Better" (it is known among the Arabs to this day as "Bitter"), in connection with the historical record of that remarkable revolt undertaken by the Jews against the Romans in the year A.D. 130, under the leadership of Simon, surnamed Barcochebas, "son of the star," who was recognised by the celebrated Rabbi ben Akiba as the Messiah, and who succeeded in wresting from the Roman rule a large portion of the ancient Jewish kingdom, and in maintaining his independence during three years and a half. Better was one of the principal strongholds of this short-lived struggle, and is celebrated in Jewish literature as the last spot upon which Jewish national independence was maintained. There can be no doubt, therefore, that prior to this period it was a Roman city of some importance.

It was destined once again to play a prominent part in the history of the country. It became celebrated during the Crusades under the name of *Castellum Peregrinorum*, or the *Château des Pèlerins*. At the beginning of the thirteenth century it bore the name of *Petra Incisa*, probably owing to the rock-cut passage to it, which I have already described. In 1218, the Templars restored the castle and constituted it the chief seat of their order, on which occasion it is recorded that they "found a number of strange unknown coins"—possibly a currency used by Bar-

cochebas. At this time the castle was regarded as an outwork of Acre, which was the chief crusading stronghold. In 1220 it was unsuccessfully besieged by Muazzam, Sultan of Egypt, and it was only abandoned by the Crusaders in 1291 because Acre had been taken, and it remained the only spot still held by the Christians in the country. It has thus had the curious privilege of having been the last Jewish and the last Christian possession in Palestine.

If we have started from Haifa early enough, and not lingered too long on the way, we have still time to reach Tantura, the Biblical Dor, see what there is to be seen, and get home comfortably to dinner. Following the coast-road for five miles more, and passing the obscure ruins of Hadara and Kefr Lam, we observe to the right, standing alone on the seashore about half a mile to the north of the town, another lofty isolated fragment of wall, that from a distance somewhat resembles a lighthouse, but which now turns out to be all that remains of an ancient castle, whose substructures date from a period anterior to the middle ages. The limestone range which we have remarked at Athlit continues to cut off the plain from the sea, and in it are caverns, while near Tantura it is covered with the shapeless ruins of an ancient town. This was probably the part occupied by the Jews, who, we are told in the Bible, were unable to completely drive the Canaanites out of the place, but compelled them to pay tribute while they occupied the upper portion of the town. In former times there must have been a good harbour at Tantura, formed by a chain of rocky islets, upon which are the remains of the old sea-wall, while their sides are hollowed by caverns. Even now,

when the breakers are not too high to prevent the coasting craft from running through, they find here a secure shelter; and there is an attempt at trade on a small scale. But the inhabitants, like those of Tireh, have a doubtful reputation; and though they entertained me hospitably, I met some years ago a party of tourists at Jerusalem who had been robbed by them.

Classical authors mention Dor as having been a Phœnician colony. During the wars of the Diadochi, it was besieged and partly destroyed; but the town and harbour were subsequently restored by Gabinus, a Roman general. It must at one time have been a handsome city; for we read that in the time of St Jerome its ruins were still a subject of admiration. There is a marsh near, where a friend who accompanied me had last year killed a wild boar; and a little below it, a stream which is carried through the limestone ridge by an artificial cutting, and spanned by an old Roman single-arched bridge in good preservation. Below this it expands into a deep, narrow, very sluggish stream, known as the Crocodile river. My friend assured me that the existence of crocodiles is no myth, for he had himself seen the carcass of one not long since, which had been killed by the natives. The Arab tradition as to the origin of these animals in the river is, that there was once a quarrel between two brothers whose properties were divided by the stream, and that one was more powerful than the other, and constantly threatening to annex his property, on which the latter applied to an influential friend in Egypt for help. His friend replied that he was unable to come himself, but sent him instead a brace of crocodiles to put into the dividing river; and by this simple

means he succeeded in protecting his property ever after. I found a very good English-built boat submerged in this stream, and on inquiry was informed that the irrepressible British tourist had contrived to get it here, expressly for the purpose of hunting crocodiles; but I could hear nothing as to his success. The river falls into a large lagoon, which is separated from the sea by a low beach, over which the waves break in a storm. These lagoons extend more or less to Cæsarea; but this would be beyond the limits of a day's excursion from Haifa. There is, however, a spot in the neighbourhood which has recently become interesting, not from its ancient remains—though these exist—so much as from the experiment which is now being attempted by the Central Committee of Roumania, who have chosen it as the site for a Jewish agricultural colony. It is distant about three miles from the sea, and is about four hundred feet above it, on one of the lower spurs of the Carmel range. As the settlers are only just getting into the Arab huts as their first year's lodgings, and as they have not yet begun to cultivate, it is too early to judge of the probable chances of success. Indeed the obstacles thrown in the way by the Government threaten to make it almost impossible for them, unless assisted by foreign influence, even to establish themselves permanently on the land of which they are not permitted to become owners, but where, at present, it is proposed to place them as labourers of a foreign proprietor. From the top of the highest hill of this property, which I visited, a magnificent view is obtained southward over the plain of Sharon as far as Cæsarea, and eastward over the high wooded and undulating

slopes, characterised by Captain Conder, who has done so much excellent work in the exploration of Palestine, as the most available country for colonisation, and known by the natives as "the breezy land;" behind which, still further east and north, rise the higher mountains of Palestine, with the rounded summit of Tabor, backed by snow-clad Hermon in the extreme north-east, while immediately to the north the Carmel range shuts in the view. The more one explores the hills and valleys of all this neighbourhood, the more impressed does one become with the numerous traces which abound of the dense population which must at one time have inhabited all this country. Everywhere among the rocks we come upon steps, or grooves, or cuttings, or other evidences of man's handiwork. Here at this hamlet of Summarin my attention was drawn to the ruts in the limestone formed by chariot-wheels, and I found that they led to the remains of what had once been a town. There were the foundations of the old walls; and at one place the three sides of what had once been a chamber hewn out of the solid rock. Each side contained rows of niches two inches apart—each niche being about a foot high, six inches across, and six inches deep. On the most perfect side there were six rows—each row containing eighteen niches, and they were continued probably below the *débris*, which had partially filled in the flooring. I could only imagine them to have served as receptacles for cinerary urns. The peasantry still occupied the little hamlet, which was now to become partly tenanted by the Roumanian Jews, of whom half-a-dozen were present at the time of my visit, contrasting strangely in their long *caftans* and curled locks with the

swarthy *fellahin*, whose copartners in cultivation they were to be during the early stage of the settlement. The latter showed a considerable repugnance to the prospect of this description of co-operation—not at all upon religious, but upon purely economic grounds. Practically they saw that they were to be the teachers and the Jews the pupils, and they wished this fact to be taken into consideration in the future division of profits. They made high demands in consequence; and as it is not in the Jewish nature to submit to high demands, there was a good deal of warm discussion on the subject. They looked at the weak *chetif* physiques of these immigrants, fresh from the Ghetto of some Roumanian town, with a not unnatural suspicion of their powers of endurance, and indeed it required an effort of imagination to picture them running their furrows at the tail of a plough. However, it is a good sign for the nation that their hearts should be so set upon developing a capacity for agricultural pursuits, and it is one which all well-wishers to the land and its former people, would do well to encourage and aid to their utmost. One of the *fellahin*, seeing my interest in ruins and topographical curiosities, led me to the head of a valley, where he said there was a mysterious rock with a hole in it, where the roaring of a mighty river might be heard. The aperture was a crack in a table-rock of limestone, about three inches by two, its sides were worn smooth by listeners who had placed their ears upon it from time immemorial. On following the example of the thousands who had probably preceded me I was saluted by a strong draught of air, which rushed upwards from unknown depths, and heard to my surprise the mighty roaring sound

that had given the rock its mystical reputation; but I felt at once that no subterranean river large enough to produce the rushing of such a torrent, was likely, for physical reasons, to exist in this locality, for the noise was that of a distant Niagara. I was puzzled till I ascended a neighbouring hill, where the roar of the sea was distinctly audible; and I am therefore disposed to think that the fissure must have led to a cave on the seashore, from which the sound is conducted, as by a whispering gallery, to this point, distant from it about three miles. There was a fine plateau of arable land on this property, while some of the hillsides were fairly wooded, and others covered with a thick underbrush, in which are to be found wild cats, gluttons, porcupines, and other animals. The natives, however, were highly excited, because they had killed the previous day an animal which they all declared they had never seen before. They had attempted to skin it, but had been unable to do so, on account of its odour. On inspecting the carcass, I found to my surprise that it was a fine specimen of what appeared to be an ordinary American skunk,—an animal with which I have unfortunately had reason to be too well acquainted for it to be easy for me to be mistaken in its identity. But if naturalists, who are wiser than I am, deny the possibility of the existence of these animals in Asia, then they have, at all events, far nearer relations in the Old World than I imagined. Had he been alive, and favoured me with a whiff, all doubts would have been at an end. The testimony of the natives was that they had never smelt such a smell before.

From Summarin, we may, if we like, cross the hills, drop into the

plain of Esdraelon, and still reach Haifa the same night; but the excursion is rather too long to be made comfortably in one day, as there are many interesting spots to be visited. I have dwelt upon it at some length, merely as a specimen of what is done in the neighbourhood of Carmel. As for the mountain itself, it is a ten-mile ride along the backbone of the range from one end to the other, at an altitude varying from 1200 to 1800 feet above the sea, intersected by numerous gorges and ravines, all which require exploring, and in regard to which I hope, at some future time, to have something to say. Besides which, there is a romantic mountainous country away to the north-east, where, in spite of the exhaustive survey of the Palestine Exploration Fund, a good deal of interesting work remains to be done; and for this no better central position could be found than Haifa.

A visit to Palestine hitherto has always been inseparably connected in the mind of the traveller with tent-life—and this involves either a very expensive outlay, with all the paraphernalia of a dragoman and his caravan of mules, and extortionate charges—or it means travelling over a certain route fixed by Cook, at £1, 5s. a day, with a miscellaneous herd of tourists. A winter residence at Haifa can be arranged for a much lower sum; and provided the visitor is satisfied with such excursions as I have indicated—not involving more than one night away from home, and therefore rendering a tent equipage unnecessary—he will find plenty of interesting exploration. It is always possible to rough it with native accommodation for one night, so that a dragoman and his

caravan may be dispensed with. A servant, who speaks a little of some tongue besides Arabic, to cook and interpret, mounted on another animal, and carrying some bedding, food, and a change of clothes, is all the caravan required. Those, however, who do not like roughing it, or care for exploring at a distance, will have riding, driving, bathing, and shooting to their hearts' content without spending a night away from a house furnished with all the ordinary comforts of civilisation, in the midst of an honest, industrious, and simple community of Germans, whose work deserves the countenance and encouragement of all who have the welfare of the country they are labouring to benefit at heart. And it ought surely to be no little satisfaction to those in search of health or amusement to feel, that in choosing Haifa as their winter resort, they are contributing indirectly to the prosperity and development of a country to whose restoration so many sacred promises are attached. Haifa may be reached by the Austrian Lloyd's steamers, which touch there once a fortnight, either from Beyrout or from Alexandria. Letters, however, arrive by the land-post every week; and there can be no doubt that if sufficient inducement offered, the Messagerie and Russian boats, which pass it every week on their way from Beyrout to Jaffa and Egypt, would call here. Besides which, the commercial lines of Moss and Ball occasionally look in, and would do so regularly with a very little more encouragement. It depends upon the public to remedy its present comparative isolation, which, however, to many may prove rather an attraction than a drawback.

'JOCO-SERIA.'

THERE lies open on our desk a small, dumpy, parchment-bound octavo, of eleven hundred and odd pages. It is the rare first edition of Otho Melander's 'Joco-Seria,' a favourite book of jest and anecdote in the first half of the seventeenth century with such readers as found themselves able to enjoy a good story told in Latin.¹

The humours of a past age, we cannot help thinking, supply a subject for antiquarian research of not less interest than its customs and costumes. The sources of a man's laughter may, perhaps, tell us as much about him as the cut of his coat or the shape of his hat. Although there is, we suppose, an essential element in the humorous common to all times and countries, there is also a colouring and flavour that is often local and distinctive. One can never be quite sure that what was successful in provoking loud guffaws during one state of human culture will awaken even smiles during another. The differences in the wit of different countries, it is true, have been often grossly exaggerated. The French wits are not without their "pawkieness" (to use a hateful word which some Scotchmen seem to utter with a peculiar relish when characterising the national "wut"). Research shows that Irish "bulls" were to be found upon the soil of ancient Attica, and have bred freely in Great Britain; and Yankee "eye-openers" and

gigantic "crammers" may be discovered among the jocularities of the grave Germans. Yet, after all due allowance made, it is true that time and place leave their signatures on the humorous; and even from the manner of retailing an old story the cultivated virtuoso can sometimes with considerable confidence assign date and locale to this kind of *bric-a-brac*. We may always succeed in getting a glimpse, and sometimes more than a glimpse, of a country's social condition, of its intellectual position, and of the relation of its people to morals and religion, from a knowledge of its current jokes. "Joe Miller" and his kin in all ages offer contributions to sociology that must not be lightly esteemed; and when history comes to be written as the history of the several peoples of the world, and not merely the history of their kings, wars, and political constitutions, a row of jest-books must have their place on the student's shelves, not far from the Statute-books and Calendars of State-papers. Moreover, a new world of discovery lies open to those who, pursuing the methods of "Comparative Politics," "Comparative Mythology," "Comparative Philology," and other such sciences of our day, enter on the study of "Comparative Jocology." But the Jakob Ludwig Grimm of "Comparative Jocology" has yet to appear, and in the meantime the world should be thankful for small offerings.

¹ The first edition is unnoticed by Brunet. Neither title nor colophon gives the year. The place of printing is *Lichæ Solmensium*. The copy now in the possession of the writer was given in 1824 by Sir William Hamilton, of metaphysical fame, to Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, and afterwards passed into the collection of the late Mr James Maidment. Each of its three successive owners in this century could well appreciate its odd humours.

For the study of the history of humour the works of the humorists of greatest genius do not necessarily supply the most serviceable material. In Aristophanes, Cervantes, Shakespeare, and Molière—to name four among the most eminent—the brilliant artistic spirit so thoroughly interpenetrates the humour, that the problem for analysis is complicated and of extreme difficulty. It is a simpler task in the case of the commonplace pleasantries and current witticisms of each age.

Jest-books, it must be acknowledged, do not present a type of literature that supplies a high order of intellectual stimulant. A good joke, indeed, *ex vi termini*, cannot be dull; but a succession of even the best jokes read on end is far from enlivening in its effects. A gentleman of my acquaintance, who is liable to distressing attacks of insomnia, has informed me that he has again and again gained relief by forcing himself, when comfortably settled in bed, to read Mark Lemon's 'Jest-Book.' Before the tenth page is reached he finds himself with just sense and energy enough to put the extinguisher on the candle. We shall not attempt to determine the psychological causes of this result, but the fact is of practical interest. Wordsworth found it unavailing in his sleepless moods to think of—

"A flock of sheep that leisurely pass by
One after one."

We wish we had had an opportunity of advising the poet to try a succession of *facetiæ*. When he had got his night-cap on he might have summoned to his bedside the ever-faithful Dorothy, and requested that he should be favoured with a series of "oldjoes"—"one after one." We believe that wearied nature would have ere long succumbed.

Melander's 'Joco-Seria' is a specimen, in some respects a favourable specimen, of a class of humorous *divertissement* with which scholars occasionally entertained themselves in the days before Latin ceased to be the common language of literary intercourse. Melander in the book before us, which with large augmentations was reissued three or four times in different forms, has happily varied the monotony of endless jests and comicalities by freely interspersing among them anecdotes of a graver kind. Outside the bounds of his professional studies as a lawyer, he seems to have been an extensive reader of miscellaneous literature, ranging from Italian romances to sermons and Biblical commentaries. In all his reading he certainly kept an eye open for an entertaining story. We are reminded of the once popular 'Percy Anecdotes' by the numerous specimens given of the sayings and doings of princes and heroes of the world and of the Church. Thus we find Dionysius of Syracuse, Charlemagne, St Antony, Luther, The Grand Turk Solyman, St Macarius, Charles V., Popes Leo X. and Julius III., Philip of Macedon, Henry VIII. of England, and scores of others, figuring in his pages. Another feature of the 'Percy Anecdotes' we find anticipated in several stories illustrative of the intelligence and affection of animals. Passing by anecdotes of faithful dogs, we come to the delightful old story of Androclus and the Lion, as told by Aulus Gellius. But it is no sooner related than it is capped by the more wonderful history of the grateful Lion, from whose paw the Abbot Gerasimus, a Syrian saint, had extracted a thorn. We learn how the excellent brute, to please his benefactor, became thenceforward a reformed character, and was content to feed

upon bread and boiled beans; how for a time he laboured under the unfounded suspicion of having relapsed into old habits and devoured the abbot's donkey; how, eventually, his character was cleared; and, lastly, how he died of grief upon the grave of his master. That birds are not behind beasts in their thankful recognition of the kindness of man, is illustrated by a stupendous story about an eagle (twin-brother, one cannot help thinking, to Daniel O'Rourke's "aigle") from Ælian's *De natura animalium*; and by a story of more recent date, vouched for by the German juriconsult, Justin Gobler, how a stork made acknowledgment of the security afforded to its nest on the roof by a visit to the master of the house on the day before its autumn migration, and on the day after its arrival in the spring, on one occasion bringing to his benefactor, all the way from the sunny south, a piece of ginger, as a small token of gratitude and esteem. These are specimens of a large number of Melander's *Seria* which, we suspect, a change of sentiment with respect to the nature of evidence may practically transfer for most modern readers into the class of *Joca*. Yet we would hope that with some a sentiment of tenderness and respect towards these beliefs of our ancestors may mingle with the smile of satisfaction with which we are disposed to reflect upon our own superior enlightenment. Now that men of science are making so plausible a case for the orang-outang as "next of kin," and talk of the gorilla as though much in the position of a first cousin once removed—are we really more sympathetic in our dealings with the whole body of our poor relations,—I shall not say than such as St Francis, with the creatures he was fond of calling

"my little sisters, the birds," and "my brother, the ass," but—than those who believed in possible manifestations of at least the natural virtues in the lives of dumb animals?

There is another considerable group of "well-authenticated histories" recorded by Melander, that has shifted its place in the interest of the reader owing to the alteration of the popular belief on the subject of ghosts, witchcraft, demoniacal dealings with mankind, and suchlike subjects. Thus the story of the "Pied Piper of Hamelin," told in clever rhymes by Mr Browning for the amusement of a child, here appears under the title '*De Diabolo horrenda historia*,'—the Piper turning out to be none other than Sathanas himself. Witchcraft, indeed, was for Melander a subject for deep professional study; and we possess a learned Latin treatise of his on 'The Principal Questions involved in the Criminal Process against Witches, together with a new Refutation, Juridical and Philosophical, of the Cold Water Test.' Melander, of course, shared the belief of his age in the reality of witchcraft; he only questioned whether reliance should be placed on the floating of the suspected, when tied in due form, thumbs and great toes together, as establishing her innocence. The treatise was not allowed to go unanswered; and another learned lawyer, Rick by name, replied in a '*Defensio probæ aquæ frigide*.' We know how this test was long a favourite in this country.

All Melander's stories on subjects of this class are told with becoming gravity. Now and then we find instances of good Christian men venturing to "chaff" the devil, or even indulging in railery and

insult. But this, we must remember, was no joke, and had the full approval of at least one school of grave divines.

Melander, or Schwarzmann (as his name ran in its vernacular and un-Grecised form), was both son and grandson of Lutheran pastors; and the family traditions, as well as his own experiences as a listener in church, furnish many stories true, or at all events vouched for with all the particularities of name, time, place, and circumstance, that illustrate the method of the preachers of the day. From this source, and from books of theology, we find some curious examples of special providence. One undutiful son kicks his father, and the guilty leg thereupon withers. Another very wicked youth, "the son of pious parents," though an expert swimmer, is "providentially" drowned when bathing, "doubtless in answer to the daily and nightly supplications" of these good people. A third, who cuffed the parish minister, knocked his father on the head, and threw stones through the windows, died suddenly (though we moderns might not think supernaturally) after having indulged too freely in brandy (*vinum sublimatum*). Several "well-authenticated" instances are given of murderers convicted of their crime by the blood of the victims flowing afresh in their presence. Undevout minds ventured indeed on suggesting "natural and philosophical causes" rather than an immediate divine interposition, but none were so sceptical as to deny the "facts." Instances of corpses bleeding anew, one after eight days, and another on being exhumed after being buried for two months, cease, it must be confessed, to sustain our interest, when we have had clear proof that the hand cut from the body of a traveller

murdered on the highroad, and hung up in the smoke to dry within the town-prison of Itzehoe in Prussia, ten years afterwards began to distil drops of blood on the occasion of the guilty man happening to be brought into the same room. "But why should we wonder at this when we cannot tell why the magnet points always to the north? There are mysteries in nature which we cannot fathom?"

When Melander wrote, the Reformation was yet scarcely consolidated in North Germany. There were still old people who might remember the days of Luther; and a fling at the ignorance, cupidity, and irregular lives of the former clergy was still sure to be acceptable. Hence, in stories of a kind that is familiar enough, monks and nuns, parish priests, bishops, cardinals, and popes figure in a ludicrous light, and, as might be expected, relics and indulgences supply the occasion for some amusing anecdotes. But stories of this kind had been favourites with the people before the Reformation, and several of those told by Melander are derived from an original of much earlier date.

He tells, for instance, and spoils in the telling, a story that may be traced to Poggio two hundred years earlier, of a Tuscan priest giving notice in church of the approaching Feast of Epiphany. "Brethren," he said, "I cannot say for certain whether Epiphany was a man or woman, but, at all events, Epiphany was a great saint and no mistake, so I hope all who can will be present." This reminds us of the young English ritualist keeping the vigil of "O Sapientia" that appears in the Calendar of the Prayer-Book at December 16th.

But Melander, whose family connections placed him in a peculiarly favourable position in this respect,

has also several stories, of a kind less likely to be known or popular in this country, illustrative of the stupidity, ignorance, laziness, and tippling propensities of some of the Protestant preachers that succeeded the ejected Catholic clergy. The Lutheran superintendents were anxious to secure that there should be no foundation for the taunt of their controversial opponents, that moral duties were made little of by the preachers of the new religion. "We trust," they said to a country pastor, "that you instruct your people carefully in the Decalogue." "The Decalogue!" replied the pastor—"the Decalogue! Honoured sirs, that is a new book, and you must excuse me; to tell the truth, I have not yet got a copy." Another country preacher, on seeing in a bookseller's shop, in one of his visits to town, a volume entitled 'De anima libellus Philippi Melancthonis,' burst into tears, exclaiming, "Alas! our great Philip is dead, and I never heard of it, and they have written a book about his soul." A third from the pulpit, commencing a series of lectures on the Prophet Jonas, said, "It is instructive, brethren, to observe the meaning of the Prophet's name. It is derived neither from the Greek nor the Hebrew, but from the German. It is from *Jo*¹ 'thoroughly' and *nass* 'wet,' and it was given the Prophet by anticipation, for, surely, he was well wet before the whale swallowed him."

The intemperance of the clergy, Catholic and Protestant alike, is a frequent theme with the satirists and moralists of that age. The observations of Erasmus are well known. Some of them are reprinted in the 'Joco-Seria.' Melander also prints in full one of the admirable

Latin letters of Olympia Morata, addressed to a tipping German preacher. One would like to know (for it does not appear on the face of the document) how that charming young lady came to take upon herself the disagreeable, but we trust not self-imposed, task of rebuking and warning the old minister. Bullinger mentions a new derivation he has heard for the word "Presbyter"—*præ-bibis-ter*, "You *drink thrice before*, i.e., before a layman can put his cup to his lip."

The wives of the Lutheran clergy figure in some of these stories, and on the whole answer fairly to the desire of the prayer put up by one of them for a wife not without piety, but not too pious:—

"Det Deus uxorem mihi, quæ sit Martha-Maria,
Cui Deus est cordi, cui resque domestica curæ."

Well, who can blame good Master Peter Kind for desiring a Mary-Martha as a wife? Did not even an ethereal poet rejoice when he found that the "lovely Apparition" and "Phantom of delight" turned out, on closer inspection, to be, if—

"A Spirit, yet a Woman too,

A creature not too bright and good
For human nature's daily food."

Class peculiarities, and the peculiar habits and tendencies, weaknesses, and extravagances associated with each several professional pursuit, have in all ages afforded an easily worked material for satirico-comic treatment. Hypocritical divines, charlatan physicians, and knavish lawyers, are the common property of the play-wrights and story-tellers of every period. It is

¹ *Jo* is archaic and provincial for *ja*.

a merit of Melander's that he is sparing of stories of this common type.

It is curious to find so often in these old books stories that do service in our own day, with place and time altered to suit. We meet here the parish pastor who, when he prayed for rain at the request of the graziers, roused the indignation of those of his parishioners who had their land under a corn crop, till at last, addressing the congregation from the pulpit, he told them that he would not for the future pray for *any* change of weather till they agreed among themselves as to what they really wanted. Again, the story that some may remember from the days of our early studies in the First Reading-Book, how "Don't Care" brought "Naughty Harry" to the gallows, may, with the help of Melander, be traced at least as far back as Giovanni Gioviano Pontano, the Italian humanist of the fifteenth century; nor should we be surprised to find it to be of earlier origin. His mother's *ear*, however, which Harry bites off in the modern version, is a refinement on her *nose* in the earlier form.

Often, no doubt, there is no conscious imitation, but in the natural course of events similar oddities of circumstance and character give birth to similar results. A story is told nowadays of a distinguished prelate of the Church of England, who, on first accepting a country benefice in the gift of his College, urged a friend to pay him a visit as soon as he got into residence, and added, in perfect good faith, "I have a nice little green field attached to the rectory. I mean to keep a couple of sheep, and we shall have mutton-kidneys fresh every morning for breakfast." Of another town-bred scholar, also

occupying a place on the English episcopal bench, it is told that he was some time officiating in a country parish before he learned that the smiles that greeted his pathetic reading in church of Nathan's parable were caused by his rendering of the verse, which he read as follows: "But the poor man had nothing save one little *e-wee* lamb," &c. More unfortunate than this was the "learned clerk" brought before us by Melander. In the part of Germany where this good man's cure was situated, sheep's milk was extensively employed in the manufacture of cheese, and for the sake of cleanliness and the convenience of the milkmaids, it was the practice to dock the tails of the ewes, while the young rams were left untouched. The operation of farmyard surgery was performed a few days after the lambs were yeaned, and was quite unknown to the pastor. This worthy man one Sunday in the pulpit, desiring to draw his illustrations from topics familiar to his hearers, declared how often he had admired the marvellous wisdom and design exhibited in Nature producing ewe-lambs with short tails, and thus beneficently providing for the needs and even the convenience of man. This little incident has an air of verisimilitude about it.

While concerned with clerical anecdotes, I may mention that in another Latin jest-book of earlier date, the 'Facetiæ' of Heinrich Bebel (1542), we find an almost complete parallel to the modern story of the young curate, who, on the occasion of the Countess of — coming to be "churched," felt irresistibly impelled to substitute "lady" for "woman" in the versicle "O Lord, save this woman, Thy servant!" to which the parish

clerk, with quick perception, immediately responded, "who putteth her ladyship's trust in Thee!" In Bebel's story, the assistant at mass is so impressed with the newly-acquired dignity of the celebrant priest, who had been lately elevated to the position of Rector Magnificus of the Gymnasium of the town, that for the customary "Misereatur tui," &c., he substitutes, "May the Lord have mercy on your Magnificence, and bring your Magnificence to eternal life." But perhaps the most interesting of these accidental parallels is the almost exact anticipation of one of the most humorous touches in Tennyson's 'Northern Farmer, Old Style.' The dying man inquires—

"Do godamoighty knaw what a's doing
a-taäkin' o' meä ?

But godamoighty a moost taäke meä
an' taäke ma now

Wi' aaf the cows to cauve an' Thurna-
by hoalms to plow !"

In Bebel's collection, already referred to, the priest tells the sick farmer that he ought to prepare for his death, and he replies, "Would that God knew that there never was a more inopportune time for my dying than now: the corn has still to be reaped," &c., &c.¹ This, in all probability, is a purely accidental resemblance. But the genealogy of jests is a subject that would well repay investigation. In part it is obviously a department of the science of folk-lore. And as we sometimes find in the various branches of the Indo-European family folk-tales that are certainly "variants" of a common original, so is it sometimes with jests and witticisms. But conscious

and deliberate plagiarism is very common. This is nowhere better illustrated than in the learned notes with which Dr Hermann Oesterly has adorned his edition of the 'Hundred Merry Tales' referred to by Beatrice in *Much Ado About Nothing*. Imitations are endless, and a good story has a long life.

The stories professedly humorous, related by Melander, are characterised by the singularly direct and open appeal they make to our appreciation of the ludicrous. They proceed on simple lines: comic incidents and grotesque situations are common, and there is an obvious fondness for the burlesque. Nothing seems more funny than the relation of a practical joke. It must be acknowledged these stories assume a considerable flow of high spirits in the reader for their proper enjoyment. To look for much refined wit here would be to mistake the character of the humour of the age and country. To take up Melander in a fastidious mood would be as silly as to be sour at the pantomime over the frolics and fooleries of clown and harlequin and their merry companions. The boys and girls around us in the theatre at Christmas time are certainly indulging in no affected laughter. Fun is there, though some elderly folk of dainty taste may be slow to enjoy it. And it must be admitted that the best specimens of the greatest humourists of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries have a good deal of buffoonery about them. It is certainly true of Rabelais; it is true in good measure of Shakespeare. And Melander as a relater of humorous stories would be but ill satisfied

¹ Students of Tennyson may perhaps be glad to have the exact words of Bebel's story: "Sciat Deus, inquit rusticus, nunquam minori opportunitate nec intempestivius fieri potuisse, quam nunc. Nam messis est, nec mihi adhuc segetes demessæ sunt, pluitque mihi in fœnum per rimosum tectum ut vaccæ nolint attingere."

with smiles that never passed into laughter.

"Cachinnos tibi mille concitabit"

is what he promises for his book in his introductory verses, and broad grins are what he is ambitious of. But it is sufficient to point to the numerous passages of graceful humour quoted from Erasmus, Ludovicus Vives, and Sir Thomas More, to show that if there be mount-bank jokes there is also a good seasoning of "white salt."

Melander's collection is unfortunately disfigured here and there by a grossness too common in his age. Yet in this respect he compares very favourably with several earlier humourists, both German and Italian; and, after due censure of all that could tend to gratify a prurient taste, it is only fair to remark that *indecorum* (as distinct from *licentiousness*) has singularly fluctuating boundaries. They vary from age to age, from country to country, and have little or no relation to morals. Certainly a widespread circle of topics that are regarded as *tacenda* by society is no guarantee of superior virtue, nor indeed, in our judgment, scarcely a presumption in its favour. We wonder is the England of to-day in truth more righteous or more chaste than the England of the more outspoken age of Shakespeare.

An ugly feature of the early humourists is the frequency with which women are held up to open ridicule and scorn. Satire and comedy necessarily fasten on the weaknesses of human character, but these old-fashioned jokers seem to expatiate with delight in the practically illimitable field for epigrams, *bon-mots*, banter, and something more bitter, that lie open in the tempers and the frailties of woman-kind. It is true that a contemptuous regard for women underlies the

prevailing tone of English satirists as late as Samuel Johnson. We can detect it in the kindly Addison; it is palpable and declared in Pope; but we have to go back some hundred and fifty years earlier to understand fully the tone of scornful superiority in which it had been the fashion in all circles of society to speak of those who form the numerical majority of our race, even if they possess no other claims on our consideration. In Melander's collection this feature is the more remarkable as it is not a mere book of jokes. The jealous temper of women, their prying curiosity, their skill in deception, their ever active tongue,—are the commonplaces of all satirists, and offer an inexhaustible fund of material to the play-wrights. But one looks for some set-off against these. Glancing down the index of 'Joco-Seria,' we were delighted to meet one anecdote entitled "Concerning a *veracious* woman," but on turning to the page we found that we had been misled by a printer's error (or was it Melander's little joke?), and discovered that the history was "Concerning a *voracious* woman." "Don't cane your wife" is Melander's advice, but he is careful to give you a list of the authorities that may be cited in favour of the legality of the practice. The old story is repeated (given with more particularity in the 'Hundred Merry Tales') how a wise man, on being asked why he had married a very little woman, answered, "It is the part of wisdom in choosing from among evils to select the least." And the secret of conjugal felicity is hinted at in the epigram of Scheffer, which may be rendered—

"A deaf husband and a blind wife
May perchance be free from strife."

Repartee, which occupies so large a place in the field of modern wit,

is but feebly represented in the early Latin *Facetia*. Even were the Latin tongue better suited than it is for quick verbal fence, in a great majority of instances the charm of the witty reply depends upon some turn of speech that absolutely refuses to be conveyed over into the learned language. But after all due allowance, the fact remains that the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries could enjoy such a humorous exchange of coarse brutalities as would simply disgust us.

We are not disposed to assume the intellectual superiority of the nineteenth century in all the provinces of thought, simply because of our steam-engines, telegraphs, telephones, aniline dyes, and utilisation of sewage; but we are bound to say that, weighing gains and losses, we are thankful for the happy change that has passed over the great region of thought and feeling in which the humorous disports itself.

In attempting to trace the current jokes of the period of the Reformation, one naturally looks for a connection with the humorousness of medieval times. The connections of the modern *jest* with the monkish *Gesta* lie deeper than etymology. Ordinarily the humours of the monks and preaching friars have affected the modern world of thought and feeling most deeply—not directly, but through the Italian *litterati*. In all cases, however, whether the connection be direct or indirect, the endeavour of the religious teachers to spiritualise their comicalities for the purposes of their hearers' edification in piety, was felt to be a ludicrous failure, and was abandoned. The exaggerations of vulgar

gossip which furnishes the point of the story of the "Three Black Crows," so well known, as told in the verses of Dr Byrom (who, by the way, chivalrously drops no hint that the gossip was *feminine* gossip), and which had previously figured in *La Fontaine*, in Gratien Dupont, in the old collection that goes under the name of 'Scoggin's Jests,' and in the entertaining 'Knight of la Tour' (the English version of which has been recently published by the *Early English Text Society*), are professedly of no moment in the story, in its original form, as it appears in the *Gesta Romanorum*. The gentleman's wife, unable to keep the secret, is the first offender; and the story grows in the hands of her lady friends till, with a fine extravagance, it is at length current "quod sexaginti corvi de eo evolassent." The spiritual application of the preacher may not be given here beyond declaring with him, "My dearly beloved brethren, the black crow is sin!"

We have already hinted at the necessity of much caution in assigning a nationality to a joke. A good story is dressed up again and again in fresh costume, and may sometimes deceive even an expert. Readers of the French 'Figaro' will sometimes detect antiquated jests reapparelled in the Paris fashions of the day. Even 'Punch' now and then serves up some palpable "*crambe repetita*." As an example of the danger of trusting to the paternity that may happen to be assigned to a joke, we may notice that in the collection that goes under the name of Archie Armstrong,¹ we read under the title

¹ I quote from the edition of 1636-1640. 'A Banquet of Iests. Being a collection of Moderne Iests, Witty Leeres, Pleasant Taunts, Merry Tales, newly published.'

"Of seeing the Winde" how on "a country fellow" declaring that he had seen a great wind last Friday, his companion exclaimed, "See a winde! I prithee what was it like?" "Like to have blown down my house," replied the first. In "Joe Miller" it has been sought to render the story more entertaining by making the first speaker an Irishman: and this is readily done by a change or two in the vowel-sounds, and the introduction of "By jabers," as the national Hibernian oath. By the way, Sir Edmund Beckett, who has been laughing heartily at St Peter *seeing the wind* in the Revised New Testament (Matt. xiv. 30), has not far to seek for illustrations of that per-

haps incorrect, but still natural and graphic mode of speech. Another example of the danger of too readily assenting to the professed paternity of a joke may be found in 'A C. Mery Talys,' where the joke turns on a Welshman of very bad character, suffering agonies of conscience for having tasted cheese on Friday. The story is to be found in Poggio, in whose pages the Welshman had been a Neapolitan shepherd. And once again, the Irishman who, wishing to see how he looked when asleep, stood before a mirror with his eyes shut, is as old at least as the *'Αστειὰ* attributed to Hierocles. Illustrations could be multiplied, but we must end here.

THE SECRETS OF SALMON GROWTH.

ALTHOUGH the salmon has been asked, again and again, to render up the secrets of its life, it steadily refuses to reveal the number of its days or the time-table of its progress: from the moment it quits its watery nest till the period when it finds an honoured place on our dinner-tables, many of its movements are shrouded in mystery. As was said once upon a time by the Ettrick Shepherd, who was a keen observer of the habits of *Salmo salar*, "Whereabouts it goes to when it is putting on its flesh, or how long it takes to garnish its banes, neither me nor Charley Purdie can tell—it's a problem." And a problem, to all intents and purposes, it still remains. How many are the days of a salmon in the waters, and, to use another phrase of James Hogg's, "How the fish fills in its time" from its cradle to its grave, are still puzzling questions alike to naturalists and fishery economists; whilst to the general public the ratio of growth of that or any other fish is, at all times, as a sealed book. When paterfamilias is selecting the middle cut of a choice 33 lb. fish with which to grace his dinner-table and honour his guests, it may probably occur to him to ask his fish-merchant what the age of that fine salmon perchance may be; but the fish-merchant is most likely as ignorant as himself, and cannot tell him. Notwithstanding that the fact of its outgoings and incomings has been frequently diagnosed, the time-table of salmon life is full of mysterious blanks; it is in vain that men have assiduously watched these fish, and taken note of their growth, and tried to find out at what periods they become repro-

ductive, and at what age they die,—such labours have not added much to the sum of our knowledge.

Taking the salmon with which we have started as a basis of argument—the 33 lb. fish referred to—it would be interesting indeed if its age could be correctly determined. Absurd stories and ridiculous conjectures have, we know, been at various times circulated about the rapid growth of this fine fish, but most of the tales told have required a very large pinch of salt to make them palatable, so manifold are the perplexities which beset the growth of this "monarch of the brook," and so numerous are the dangers which a salmon has to encounter before it attains a weight of 33 lb. avoirdupois! One of the controversies which environed the early life of the salmon has been singularly difficult to "put to silence." The "parr question," as it was called, had lasted and raged for sixty or seventy years, during which period the war of words and letters had been imbued with such a wonderful amount of vitality as to keep all who were interested in the natural and economic history of the salmon in a perpetual state of excitement. The parr question is an old story now, but it is one which will bear to be told in a brief fashion.

Long ago—and to-day as well—many rivers were found at a particular season to be populous,—to swarm, in fact, with a small finger-marked fish, which in Scotland was known as "the parr," but in England was called a "samlet" or "brandling." Sixty years since there were men, naturalists and other experts, who said that these tiny things were "distinct fish,"

and not young salmon! Indeed, some of the more learned of the brethren,—Sir Humphry Davy was one of them, Dr Knox the anatomist was another,—said the parr was hybrid! Mr Yarrell was pretty much of the same opinion, although he was less decided in his utterances than some other naturalists: in one place he states the prevalence of an opinion that parrs are hybrids, and all of them males. His reason for saying that “the parr is not the young of the salmon” is worth stating; it is to the following effect: “That the parr is not the young of the salmon, or, indeed, of any other of the large species of salmonidæ, as still considered by some, is sufficiently obvious, from the circumstance that parr by hundreds may be taken in the rivers all the summer, long after the fry of the year of the larger migratory species have gone down to the sea.” To have said in those days that the parr was the young of the salmon was to court abuse, or at least ridicule; but for all that, there were men of original views who asserted their belief that the little fish which were so plentiful were undoubtedly salmon in an early stage of growth, and that, in time, they would obtain the dignity of scaled fish, and be recognised as smolts—“smolt” being at that date the name given to the recognised young of the salmon. Among those who so believed was James Hogg, to whom reference has already been made; he repeatedly declared, “with all his might,” that he had seen the fish in the very act of changing—in other words, that he had more than once handled parr just as they were becoming smolts. “Have I not held them in these hands many a time,” said the Shepherd, “just as the scales were forming upon them? in fact, I have a hundred

times rubbed off the newly-formed scales, and seen with my own eyes the marks of the parr, and no mistake about it.” The Shepherd certainly shed some degree of light over the darkness which then prevailed, and down to his day had surrounded the salmon. Moreover, the Shepherd was patriotic in his views,—he knew that thousands of the parr were annually captured to fill the frying-pans of Tweedside, and his plea was, “Spare these young ones; let us rather eat them in a year or two, when they have become of an age to afford sport to the angler and food to the people.”

Another person who entered into the parr controversy with enthusiasm, but at the same time with more method than the Shepherd, was Mr Shaw of Drumlanrig, forester to the Duke of Buccleuch. Mr Shaw, being at first a little awkward in his method of manipulation, contented himself with privately gathering salmon eggs from the “redds” on which they had been deposited by the female fish, and placing them in an enclosed place saw that they produced parr; but on announcing his discovery and the method of it to some friends, he was told he had made a mistake, and that his fish were not true parr but young salmon. “They must be young salmon,” was said, “seeing that you got them from the eggs of that fish.” But the Duke’s forester was not to be driven from his purpose; and to make good his discovery he caught one day a few parr—it was on the 11th of July 1833 that he did so—and kept them in a pond till they had changed into smolts, which they did between April and the middle of May 1834. Yet in the face of such a fact Mr Shaw and his “theory” were still discredited. To make sure of his ground, therefore, he repeated his

experiment with a dozen parrs of larger growth, which he took from a salmon-stream (the Nith), and in due time had the satisfaction of seeing them become smolts—the change from parr to that more advanced stage of salmon life requiring a period of two years to accomplish.

On this very remarkable point of salmon biography Mr Shaw met an opponent who traversed his views. Mr Young of Invershin, gamekeeper to the Duke of Sutherland, had also been experimenting on the young salmon, with a view to determine whether or not parr grew into smolt, and at what age the change from the first stage to the second took place. Mr Young said the change took place in a period of twelve months, whilst Shaw maintained that two years elapsed before the parr assumed the scales of the smolt. Curiously enough, both in the sequel proved to be right; but the difficulty which had arisen was not settled till the salmon nursery of the river Tay had been in use for a period of two years. Shaw, when he became thoroughly interested in the experiments he had undertaken, and excited by the opposition which was offered to his conclusions, buckled to his work in such a way as to astonish his opponents. His ultimate triumph was complete in its every detail. "I compelled my enemies to admit," he said, "that I had proved the parr to be the young of the salmon, and the salmon to be the parent of the parr."

It seemed the very irony of fate that Mr Robert Buist—who had been in his day a commercial salmon-fisher in a large way of business, and who had hotly challenged and decried the Ettrick Shepherd's discovery that parr were the young of the salmon—should,

as superintendent of the Tay fisheries, have to proclaim not only that parr were young salmon, but also that of each hatching one moiety became smolts at the end of one year, whilst the other moiety did not assume the scales or become imbued with the migratory instinct till they had attained the age of two years. This point of salmon growth may be held to have been finally settled by the operations conducted at Stormontfield, which began in the year 1853, and are still continuing. No one can explain this peculiar problem of parr life—how it comes that of two eggs deposited at the same time by the same fish, one becomes a smolt and seeks the salt water twelve months earlier than a fish born of the other egg! Various experiments have been tried to find on what principle such an operation of nature has been arranged, but without avail. The young fish which seek the sea at the end of the first year are well mixed, there being a due proportion of males and females—the same holding good of the half of the brood which remain in the ponds. Nor have the size of the salmon from which supplies of ova and milt for artificial spawning are obtained anything to do with the solution of this remarkable problem. A 40 lb. female fish may provide the eggs and a 7 lb. grilse the milt, without affecting the result. None of our fishery experts, nor any of the naturalists of the period, have been able to solve this remarkable riddle in natural history.

For the salmon's first entry in the time-table of its life there now exists reliable data; and to insure precision of statement, we shall enter the figures in their order, which is as follows:—

Salmon eggs taken from gravid fish, let us say from the 11th

November 1862 till the 11th December of the same year, and fertilised with milt obtained in the same manner and at the same time from Tay salmon. These fish came to life in (first egg broke on the 12th) March 1863—the hatching process (it was an open winter) occupying about 115 days; in some years 130 days elapse before eggs hatched in the open air burst and the young salmon are released from their fragile prison. About 10th May 1864 the first division of the crop of young fish (eggs) of 1862 began to leave the Stormontfield ponds as smolts, and the migration continued till about the 25th of the same month.

At the date of their migration these young ones would be, say, fourteen months old.

The other moiety of the fish was left in the pond (or rather would have been left, had not the pond burst and the fish escaped into the river) for another year, and would not change into smolts till they were fully twenty-six months old, being at that time in the river Tay.

To this point the fish can be watched and traced—has been in reality watched and traced for a period of thirty years—with the utmost accuracy; and before speculating further on the salmon's tenure of existence, it may be permitted us to state that the parr cannot exist in salt water, nor can the eggs of the salmon be hatched in the sea, as has been sometimes affirmed; both experiments have been tried and failed. On the other hand, smolts clad in their panoply of scales have been carried from the river Tay to Stonehaven in Kincardineshire, a distance of sixty miles; and upon being placed in a salt-water pond, at once took kindly to their new habitation, and rapidly became of greater size and weight. In about six months

three of the smolts in question were seen, and by that time they had doubled their size!

Among the curiosities of parr life may be mentioned the fact that specimens of these tiny fish have occasionally been taken with their milt well developed. This circumstance was first noticed and tested by Mr Shaw of Drumlanrig, who stated that with the milt of a parr—he it noted a fish about the size of a minnow—he had successfully fructified the eggs of a large salmon; and a similar experiment, with a like result, was tried at Stormontfield. As regards female parr, none have been observed with their roe so developed as to give hope of their being able to perpetuate their kind: by far the greater portion of the females in their first year seem destitute of the most rudimentary signs of ova.

As may be supposed, the operations carried on at Stormontfield were taken advantage of to ascertain some facts as to the rate of growth of the fish. Various modes of marking the departing smolts were at different times adopted, so that, when any of them were caught, they might be recognised. Having some personal knowledge of what was done in the way of marking the smolts, and having more than once been present at the annual exodus of these fish, the writer claims to speak with some little authority upon this matter. First of all, let it be stated that the dangers to which the young fish are exposed are so manifold and regular in their occurrence, that it has been calculated by some fishery economists that not above one, or at the very most two, eggs in each thousand deposited by the female salmon arrive at maturity as table-fish. This is a statement, however, which must be accepted with a considerable degree of reserve. That

a very large percentage of the eggs of all fish are never hatched we know; it is a fate, as will by and by be shown, incidental to the conditions under which the parent salmon and other fish deposit their ova; but to believe that only one or two out of each thousand eggs come to maturity as fish fit for the table, would imply such an enormous number of breeding salmon as no river could well contain, in addition to the growing stock. To provide the salmon stock of the Tay, for instance—from which stream it is necessary every season to take from 70,000 to 80,000 salmon to pay rent of fishing-stations and wages of fishermen, wear and tear of fishing-gear, and interest of capital employed—would require a greater stock of “spawners” and “milters” than its tributaries have apparently room to contain. It is impossible to make up a census of the salmon population of the river Tay, but it is certain that at all periods of the year it must contain probably over a million fish of all ages, from tiny parr—of perhaps 100 to the pound weight—to the comparative giants of the water, which weigh from 25 to 40 lb. In the months of April and May, for instance, there will be in the river at the same time parr about two months old, parr fourteen months old, and parr just changing into smolts, as two-year-olds. There will also be spring salmon, and probably a few grilse, coming up from the sea, while there will be “fish of the salmon kind,” of all ages and dimensions, ascending and descending the river by day and by night; the capturing of marketable specimens for sale will be going on actively as well: so that the timetable of salmon life, as regards the Tay, or indeed any other stream, will be full of the most varied

figures, if one could tabulate them with any degree of accuracy. The annual renewal of the Tay stock, if the estimate referred to were to be adopted, would require between 2000 and 3000 female salmon alone, each weighing 25 lb., and each guaranteed to produce 20,000 eggs; a similar body of male fish would be necessary—although, as a matter of fact, one male will suffice to spawn the eggs of several females—but curiously enough the sexes are far from being equal in number. If we take into account the fish stolen by poachers, the number of breeders indicated would be insufficient.

In consequence, then, of the mortality incident to fish life, a very large number of any particular brood would require to be marked to insure one or two of them being recaptured either as grilse or larger fish; therefore when we say that on one occasion sixty-four smolts were marked by a peculiar cut in the dead fin, and that no less than five of these fish were afterwards identified (in the course of about ten weeks), we believe we are stating that which pretty nearly amounts to an impossibility—namely, that seven per cent of the smolts (70 per 1000) return to their native water as well-grown fish; the inference—a fair one in the circumstances—being that there would be more of the marked fish in the waters than those absolutely caught. If there were other five, that would represent the return of 140 per 1000, which would detract from the value of all previous calculations as to the percentage of destruction. The smolts, when marked, would probably be about five inches in length, and of corresponding girth. The date of the marking operation was 24th May 1863, on which day the smolts were liberated from the ponds, the

periods of recapture being as follows:—

“*Aug. 16.*—A grilse weighing 9 lb. was reported as having been caught, and as having the mark made on it when it was a smolt.

Aug. 20.—Another of the marked fish taken as a grilse, weighing 5 lb. (Both of these fish were identified by Mr Buist and Mr Brown, who performed the operation of marking.)

Aug. 23.—Another marked fish taken, which weighed 2½ lb.

Aug. 26.—A marked grilse captured, but weight not given.

Sept. 19.—A grilse of about 7 lb. taken, also bearing the pond mark.”

The weights of the four fish given show an average growth of something like 6 lb. as having taken place within say a hundred days; in the case of the heaviest fish, within a period indeed of eighty-four days. This rate of growth, too, is wonderful when compared with that of the smolts placed in the salt-water pond at Stonehaven: these fish only doubled their size in six months, when they would be some nine inches long, and about twelve ounces or thereabouts in weight. Verily the quick rate of increase of size in the sea is marvellous as a fact in the natural history of the salmon. The value of this striking change which takes place, as regards the £ s. d. of the question, is also of the greatest importance; it means that, from being an article of almost no money value, smolts become in less than one hundred days fish worth eight or ten shillings each at the wholesale rate. It is not stated whether or not the 9 lb. grilse contained roe or milt, which is to be regretted, because at the weight indicated the fish presumably would be seeking a place in which to repeat the story of its birth; and to add to the curiosity of the situation, these fish might be able to spawn their eggs to be hatched, and the first moiety

of the brood be going to the sea at the same time as their uncles and aunts! Founding on these facts, the time-tables of salmon life now stand as follows:—

Of the same brood, one moiety has remained in the ponds from the date of hatching as parr, weighing probably an ounce; whilst the other moiety, having attained to the scales of the smolt, have gone off to the sea and have returned as grilse of the average weight of 6 lb.!

That the markings of the smolts referred to were carefully made is certain, and that Mr Brown, teacher, Perth, and Mr Buist, superintendent of the River Tay Fisheries, thought the fish which they saw to be the fish marked at Stormontfield, there need be no hesitation in believing. These gentlemen acted throughout in good faith. Our own doubts arise, not so much from the mode of marking which was adopted—marking the dead fin, however, is not always convincing in the event of recapture when a reward is offered, seeing that the mark may be and has been imitated—but from the large percentage of fish retaken,—a number that previously would have been voted as purely imaginative, considering the destruction which takes place among the smolts when they reach the sea. Some naturalists have calculated that not above twenty-five in each thousand of the smolts that descend from the upper waters of a river to the sea will return as living fish. At the mouths of all salmon rivers there awaits the annual advent of the smolts an army of enemies with keen appetites, so that the carnage which takes place is positively dreadful. Moreover, it has been surmised by one or two naturalists that half of the smolts remain in the sea for a year before seeking to return to the place of their birth!

Of the sixty-four fish marked as smolts by Mr Brown, therefore, if half remained in the sea, and none at all fell victims to their enemies either going or coming, five, according to all showing, was an extraordinary number to recapture; and the fact being taken for granted, the question then arises, whether or not the rates of increase will continue—that is to say, will a fish, which adds 6 lb. to its weight in a hundred days, attain a weight of 20 lb. within a year? Should that be so, the 33 lb. fish of our imagination may not have been much above two years of age, whilst its brothers and sisters might still have been parr!

Before going farther, it may be as well to recur in more exact figures than has yet been done to the mortality which, during the earlier stages of its growth, attends the progress of the salmon. Assuming that a 25 lb. female fish of the salmon kind will, in the course of the season, instinctively deposit on the redds 20,000 ova, it becomes of great interest to know how many of these will hatch and yield young salmon, and how many of these young salmon will live to multiply and replenish their kind. Of one hundred eggs deposited under the natural conditions of spawning, it may, we think, be assumed that not more than thirteen will yield fish. The following figures may be accepted as being representative of the position. They are not, the reader may rest assured, taken at haphazard, but after much inquiry and thoughtful consideration of all the circumstances which attend natural spawning.

The eggs being voided by the female salmon in running water, a large percentage in consequence escape being fertilised by the milt of the male fish, which is also, of course, discharged in the running

stream. The number of eggs in each hundred which escape fertilisation may be stated at, say, 52.

Of the fertilised ova, a large percentage is devoured by enemies of all kinds long before it has time to hatch: the number may be put at 15. Again, some eggs prove barren, others produce monstrosities, whilst a great number are washed into places where they cannot hatch, the heavy floods of the winter season so often break up the redds on which the eggs have been deposited. Under this head, then, it will be a fair calculation to put down 20 eggs, making 87 in all, and leaving only 13 in each hundred to become in due time table fish and breeders of the future.

It would be quite possible to present even a darker picture than this of the destruction of salmon ova. A common trout, for instance, has been captured with as many as 700 salmon eggs in its gullet. While the keeper of the ponds at Stormontfield one morning shot "a long-legged heron"—when it was dying the bird vomited fifty of the young salmon which it had been feeding upon. The perils of the parr have been thus related by Mr Buist:—

"When the young fish come to life and burst the shell, they lie in a helpless state for five or six weeks, during which water-beetles, shrimps, and other insects prey upon them unceasingly. After they get into a swimming state, they are devoured by fish of all kinds, and also by sea-gulls and other birds. In the next stage, as fine lively parrs, they are exposed to the ravages of pike, trout, eels, and even salmon themselves. From the stomach of a yellow trout I have seen not fewer than ten full-grown parrs cut out,—the specimens may be seen in the Perth Museum; and we have cut parrs out of the stomachs of every one in a shoal of from forty to fifty pike, captured in the act of devouring them."

Taking note of the 130 fish per thousand, which are all that come to life out of that number of salmon eggs, it will be seen anon how they are disposed of; and the perils to which they are subjected from poachers will be recounted. But to the list of the more common evils which hinder the growth of our salmon—many of them, no doubt, the result of the varied “pollutions” which are permitted to flow into our rivers—falls to be added a new horror. We are alluding to the outbreak of *saprolegnia ferox*—a disease or growth of a fungoid kind, which in a brief period has played such havoc in the waters of the classic Tweed, as to have resulted in the destruction of over 14,000 fine fish of all sizes in the course of a season! Such a number of deaths in so short a period must prove an important factor in all estimates of fish growth, as so large a percentage of mortality must tend, for some years to come, to lower the average weight of the Tweed fish, and also to decrease the value of Tweed salmon both for table use and breeding. No solution of this new problem of salmon life has been yet arrived at, and in consequence no cure has been devised. A Royal Commission, which travelled the country to inquire into the cause of the outbreak, was unable to do more than take evidence—the Commissioners not being able to arrive at any definite conclusion as to a cause, far less to formulate a remedy. It has been actively asserted during the prevalence of the epidemic, that it is a result of the chemical manures which are washed off the adjacent lands in times of flood; but it must not be forgotten that a similar disease is said to have been known sixty years ago, when farmers did not use chemical manures, so that there could be no

wash of the kind alluded to. There are some writers on the subject who believe the disease to result from the over-stocking of the water. But in the days when the Tweed yielded over 200,000 fish in the course of its season, there was no disease—at any rate the disease did not then become epidemic; yet now, when the Tweed is perhaps not yielding a fourth of that number of marketable salmon, and is at any rate presumably not half so populous with fish as it once was, the disease has been much worse in that river than in any other salmon stream—more than half of the big fish in the Tweed having died this season (1881-82) from being attacked by the deadly fungoid growth. In some of the other salmon rivers of Scotland the disease has also proved most fatal. That a considerable annual mortality exists at all times among the adult fish of all salmon streams we know, although the exact extent of it is seldom proclaimed. As a matter of fact, the salmon, from its cradle to its grave, is pursued with the greatest industry by a perfect horde of relentless enemies. But when all is said and done that can be said and done, and all the *pros* and *cons* of the salmon disease have been well discussed, it will probably be found that the severity of the attack is due to the impure condition of the water, or, at all events, is aggravated thereby. There is, we think, evidence that this is so—from the fact that the outbreak of *saprolegnia* has been most destructive in those waters which are most subjected to pollution. In the river Tay the mortality from fungoid growth has only reached 2000 fish—plenty, of course; but, considering the relative magnitude of the streams, far less than in the Tweed. Many opinions have been offered as to the cause

and spread of this fungoid growth, but no two persons are agreed upon the matter. In the columns of our local newspapers, correspondents have fought no end of battles about this dire evil; but it would serve no good purpose to dissect the numerous theories which have been started on the subject. As a step towards a remedy, let us first of all have the purest of pure water, instead of water thick as stirabout, with "matter in the wrong place." When salmon find themselves in a clean, clear-flowing stream, disease of all kinds will assuredly disappear, or at all events greatly abate in its intensity. In the meantime, it is hard that the fishery proprietors of the river Tweed should have been made to lose, in all probability, about a third of their capital stock of fish from this loathsome disease.

The Tweed, too, has an evil odour in another direction: it has the bad reputation of being the "most poached" salmon river in Scotland. Some of those who dwell on the banks of Tweed and on its contributory streams have long been pre-eminent as poachers. As a deceased nobleman used to say, "not all the king's horses and all the king's men" could keep the Tweed free from poachers, who infest both sides of the river, and who, not contented with taking an occasional clean fish, make their greatest efforts when the salmon are on their spawning-beds and in a condition the least suitable for food. No person has been able to guess the number of fish which fall a prey to the Tweed poachers. Over 200 persons are annually convicted of poaching or other offences against the Tweed Acts, and probably more than double that number escape punishment by their superior dexterity in carrying on their

ignoble traffic. It would probably prove a low estimate to say there are 600 poachers on Tweed and tributaries, and that each of them on the average will bag ten salmon per annum, or 6000 fish in the course of the year, which is, perhaps, about a fifth of the entire marketable salmon of the river. The salmon killed by poachers are, of course, all or nearly all prematurely killed. It may be assumed, without any stretch of the imagination, that every one of the poached fish would, under the natural conditions of their lives, have survived, on an average, two years longer; and they would undoubtedly have increased in money value as they increased in weight. In the face of the mortality from disease and the depredations of the poachers, it is very questionable if even $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent of the salmon hatched in the Tweed and its tributary streams ever attain to a fair degree of longevity, or are permitted, as they ought to be, to multiply their kind for a season or two. It is needless to say that a salmon is never more valuable at any period of its life than when it is engaged in repeating "the story of its birth;" and to kill a gravid fish when at work on the spawning-beds is a deed that is abhorrent to all sportsmen. Poaching, even in the most rural districts of Scotland, is no longer a "pastime" that gentlemen dare wink at, but has become a trade of the most mercenary kind—a trade which must be put down with the high hand. An oft-repeated "excuse" of the poacher is, that birds and beasts belong to nobody—that they are here to-day and away to-morrow; but it surely stands to reason that if a partridge or hare is not the property of the person who gives it room to feed and breed, no possible exercise of the powers of

logic can make it out to be the property of the poacher.

Returning, however, to the main question—the growth of the salmon in all its varied stages—we come now to the fish when it is known as a grilse. The principle which regulates the growth of the parr, and admits of one-half of a hatching becoming smolts a year sooner than the other half, has, as we have indicated, never been discovered. Of the rapid growth of the smolts in the salt water, we have already offered what may be termed “staggering evidence”—evidence from which it is difficult to escape, and which, whatever we may think of it, has, at a later stage of salmon growth, been pretty well corroborated by persons whose experiments were conducted with very great care. As we have hinted, it has been asserted that a moiety of the smolts which reach the salt water do not return to the river till the following year, when they are known as spring salmon, and have assumed considerable dimensions, ranging in weight from 6 lb. to 10 lb. : indeed some naturalists have gone the length of saying that none of the smolts return from the sea in the same season as they go there, but that all of them pass a winter in the salt water! From Mr Young of Invershin we obtain, in an incidental manner, the information that grilse of 4 lb. weight are able to spawn! The knowledge obtained by Mr Young in the way of ascertaining the chief facts of salmon life has in part been already detailed: he experimented on the growth of the parr, and proved conclusively that parrs become smolts; but his chief honour, in connection with the setting up of the natural history of the salmon, lies in his having contributed a considerable amount of reliable information as to the ratio of growth of the adult

fish. Mr Young, who had at one time charge of the salmon fisheries of his Grace the Duke of Sutherland, selected for the purposes of his experiments spawned grilse, operating always upon fish of 4 lb. weight, so as to lessen the chances of any blunder being committed. Salmon—a grilse, it is said, becomes a salmon after it has spawned—of that weight were always plentiful, and could be easily enough found on the redds after they had fulfilled the great function of their lives: before it had spawned, the selected fish would probably have weighed 5 lb. At any rate, no fish above or below 4 lb. weight were submitted by Mr Young to the operation of being marked. The identification of the fish was provided for by means of the insertion of rings, formed of copper wire, into certain parts of their fins, which was done in such a manner as not to hurt or incommode the salmon in any way whatever.

The experiments of Mr Young were continued for several years, and always with the same result, of a great addition to the weight of the animals marked. The grilse were, of course, operated upon in the fresh water: they were caught, in fact, while resting after the operation of spawning. On returning from the sea, all those which were captured exhibited a fine healthy appearance, and had acquired a large increment of flesh—the increase in their weight ranging from 5 lb. to 10 lb. There need be no hesitation in accepting Mr Young's facts and figures (he was an exceedingly careful man) as proofs of the rapid growth of the adult fish; and if corroboration of the accuracy of Mr Young's experiments were necessary, it is to be found in the history of the marked fish, manipulated by his Grace the late Duke of Athole, who took much interest

in the rate of growth of the salmon, personally marking some of the fish, and recording the results of some remarkable instances of increase of weight. One of the most noteworthy of the Duke's experiments may be here recalled to recollection. A fish, marked by his Grace, was caught at a place forty miles distant from the sea: it travelled to the salt water, fed, and returned in the space of thirty-seven days. The following is the Duke's entry regarding this particular fish: "On referring to my journal, I find that I caught this fish as a kelt (spawned salmon) this year, on the 31st of March, with the rod, about two miles above Dunkeld bridge, at which time it weighed exactly 10 lb.; so that, in the short space of five weeks and two days, it had gained 11¼ lb." The Duke's plan of marking was by means of tickets attached to the fish, made for the purpose, and numbered for identification, the date of each marking and capture being carefully registered for future reference.

With regard to the mode of marking young salmon, there has, from time to time, been much controversy. Harking back for a moment to the markings made at Stormontfield, it may be mentioned that on one occasion as many as 1250 smolts were marked by cutting off the second dorsal fin; and of these marked fish, 22 are said to have been captured the same season as grilse (weight not stated), which is not, be it observed, two per cent of the number cut. In the following year, 1135 were marked by means of a cut on the tail, and "a few" of these were caught as grilse; at the same time as these smolts were cut in the tail, 300 were marked by means of silver rings inserted in the fins: but not one of these were ever seen again. It was well said by one who knew

a great deal more of the salmon than most other men—Russel of the 'Scotsman'—that no firm faith can be placed in the system of marking by cuts: "any one that, by examining the heaps of fish as they are tumbled from the nets, or by any other means has had an opportunity of observing the great number and infinite variety of marks and maimings, produced for the most part, it would appear, from encounters with marine enemies, will have a strong distrust of any such tests." All the marks which have been tried have each in turn been decried; and in the case of this fish—the salmon, to wit—men have been over and over again invited to doubt the evidence of their senses. They have been asked to believe that a grilse never becomes a salmon, but remains for all time a grilse, and nothing but a grilse. This phase of the salmon question need not, however, be discussed here at present: as Russel said, in reviewing the grilse controversy, "there are men in existence who would deny their fathers." It is passing strange to note that this theory of the non-growth of grilse into salmon, which has been disproved a hundred times, is still occasionally cited in the hot arguments which sometimes occur when discussing the natural history of the salmon.

It is only right, however, to admit that many of the persons who maintain that the grilse is a distinct member of the salmon family are quite able to advance excellent reasons for their opinions, both in the external markings of the fish—as, for instance, in the diamond-shaped scales of the one and the oval-shaped scales of the other—as well as in the more forked cut of the tail, and differences in the number of the fin-rays, as also in its habits

and the less pronounced flavour of its flesh. A fish-merchant of rare intelligence, and who is an occasional contributor to the newspapers on phases of the natural history of the salmon, says he has never had a doubt on the subject, and that a real grilse never becomes what we call a salmon, but remains all its life a distinct and well-marked member of the family; "that," he says, "is my deliberately formed opinion, after an experience of the fish extending over forty years, during which time I have passed many thousands of them through my hands." Although, in the opinion of the present writer, there is a vast preponderance of evidence in favour of the grilse becoming a salmon, he never objects to hear an expression of opinion or fact from others; and it is a *fact* that, on one occasion, as many as 11,000 eggs of a female salmon were fertilised by milt from a grilse—no difference of any kind being observed in the fish so long as they were under observation. This experiment was very successful; only thirty of the total number of eggs were addled. The proper understanding of the natural history of the salmon is still much impeded by unsolved problems; it is a peculiar fish, able to live either in fresh or salt water. Nor do the fish of one stream ever, except by mistake, enter another; nor are the breeders of one tributary water ever found, except from misadventure, in any other affluent. Salmon, it may perhaps be set down, exist in distinct races: a Tay salmon can be easily enough distinguished from one which has been bred in Tweed!

Let us now ask, as we near the completion of our labours, how many of our salmon are spared to die a natural death; or rather, at what period of their lives they

would die of old age, if they could escape from the toils of their most intelligent enemy—man? In considering this phase of salmon river economy, we shall exclude deaths from the mysterious epidemic which has for a season or two been depopulating our rivers of some of their finest fish—*Saprolegnia ferox*. It has already, we will assume, been made sufficiently clear that the greatest mortality among our salmon occurs at a stage when they are least able to fight their battle of life—that is a time when they fall victims to their enemies in countless thousands. As those which live grow older, they become more able to seek their food and to contend with their enemies. Of a hundred fish under 1 lb. in weight, it is certain that about a half will be killed or die of starvation; but of a similar number that have obtained a weight of 6 lb., two-thirds probably will live and thrive for a given period: and so, as the fish grow older and escape the perils of their youth, their chances of life increase. The average weight of the salmon now being purveyed for table use runs from 17 lb. to 18½ lb. The 136 fish captured by anglers in Loch Tay in the beginning of the present season (1882) averaged 19¾ lb.; last year and the year before that, the weight was still higher, the average being 21¼ lb. The heaviest salmon captured in Loch Tay this year was 35 lb. Big salmon are happily nowadays not a matter of great rarity. Every season two or three of these minor monsters of the deep are captured, and this year has not proved exceptional—indeed some very fine specimens have been secured. The writer personally examined, within a week after the opening of the river Tay, a dozen fish, each of which weighed more than 30 lb.; and his oppor-

tunities of observation were confined only to one source of supply from that river.¹ Season after season the average weight of salmon has increased, and is still increasing, although about sixteen years ago the weight of salmon commenced to decrease in a way that gave rise to some alarm, and clearly indicated that the capital stock of fish had been broken upon. At the time indicated all salmon were, so to say, being prematurely killed, the average weight having fallen to a little over 15 lb. — so that, as a rule, the life of a salmon was at that date not a prolonged one; thirty and forty pounders had become exceedingly rare, and in those days there were no giants to delight the ichthyologists; but now, as has already been shown, salmon which weigh from 30 lb. to 40 lb., and even heavier fish, are captured every day during the season. And we know from indications equally unmistakable, that the capital stock of fish in our rivers is undoubtedly increasing — hence the number of large salmon which are recorded as being occasionally captured. It is quite true, however, that both during this season and the two which preceded it, the take of salmon was upon the whole not up to the mark, but that probably resulted from causes other than the scarcity of fish. Upon a late occasion we personally saw, in the course of about twenty hours, some fine fish ascending to the upper waters of Tay, not one of which would be less than 20 lb. in weight. That was after the

nets had been taken off the river: and an old fisherman with whom we conversed, assured us that there was always a fine run of fish as soon as the close time began, “just for all the world as if the salmon had waited till the way was cleared for them.”

No official statistics of the number of salmon which are annually caught in rivers of the United Kingdom are taken, but from the number of boxes of these fish which in the season are sent from Scotland to Billingsgate, a pretty good guess can be made of the total salmon production of the land of “the mountain and the flood.” Thus, in 1881, including fish from the Tweed, there reached the great piscatorial bourse of London 25,724 boxes of salmon, each box of which weighed 150 lb.; and at the low wholesale average of one shilling per pound weight, the sum of money paid by London to Scotland in 1881 for its venison of the waters would amount to £192,930; and taking it for granted that our home consumption of salmon would be equal to about 8000 boxes, a sum of £60,000 would thereby be added, making a total of £252,930 as the annual value of our Scottish salmon fisheries, from which, however, there falls to be subtracted the wages, wear and tear of fishing-gear, and profits to lessees of fishing stations, before the net rental can be struck. The price of a shilling per pound weight, which we have quoted, is probably too low, as at certain seasons of the year salmon in London brings from half-a-crown to seven shillings a pound

¹ At the close of the present season, a 50-pouander was taken in the Tay (by net); and more than one specimen weighing 45 lb. was captured in that river. In Buckland's Museum, South Kensington, may be seen casts of Tay salmon which weighed respectively 70 lb. and 53 lb.; but these are all dwarfed by a giant of the salmon kind which was captured in the nets at Bunaw, and which pulled close upon 80 lb.! This fish was exhibited two years ago in Glasgow by a fish-merchant of that city, and was seen and handled by the writer of this note.

weight. The salmon rental of Scotland, whilst it is undoubtedly more than double that of England, is certainly not half that of Ireland, as the Irish Fishery Inspectors tell us in their reports that the value of the salmon exported every year from Ireland is over half a million of pounds sterling. From these figures it will be obvious that, if by some means we could add a few pounds to the average weight of our fish, it would tend to largely increase the money value of our salmon supply. Assuming it to be possible that four pounds could be added all round to the marketable fish, that would, at the wholesale calculation of a shilling per pound, add four shillings to the price of each salmon, or at a rough guess, increase the value of our Scottish salmon supply to more than £300,000 per annum.

And now to conclude. If the writer were to be asked to say, "on soul and conscience," how old the 50 lb. fish was which was captured this season in the river Tay, he would be loath to commit himself to an opinion, even after thirty years' experience of fish of the salmon kind both on Tay and Tweed. It is one of the misfortunes which attend on salmon biography, that there exists a plentiful supply of figures with which to prove anything about that fish that wants proof! We have already given figures to show that salmon grow at the rate of at least five pounds a season, and that is a rate of growth which we have always found practical fishermen ready to admit. There comes, however, a period in its life, we believe, at which growth either altogether

ceases, or becomes greatly slower than the ratio of increase which is incidental to the early years of its life. Will there be any salmon over twelve years of age? We once handled an 80 lb. fish, but it bore upon it no mark by which we could find out its age; it might, for all that we could see by a careful examination, be twenty years old, or it might only be ten. It will be not a little curious if the problem of salmon growth should ultimately be settled at the antipodes. The salmon has been acclimatised in our Australian colonies. The date of its introduction by means of fertilised eggs is well known, so that when a large fish shall be caught, there will be almost no dubiety as to its age. The salmon, we are told by some experts in fishery economy, never adds to its growth while it inhabits the fresh water—it is in the sea it finds its productive feeding-grounds; it is in the great deep it puts on its annual increments of flesh—"cleeds its banes," as James Hogg used to say—and from which it returns to its native water largely increased in size and greatly enhanced in value. Upon one occasion, when we handled a 33 lb. Tay salmon that had just been netted, we put the question to its captor, an old fisherman, "What do you think its age will be?" and he replied without any hesitation, "I would say, sir, that she's a six-year-old, if she's a day." There is every probability that his estimate was a correct one, and having given his reply, we shall, for the present, take leave of the salmon as an object of natural history.

BISHOP WILBERFORCE.

CANON ASHWELL and Mr R. G. Wilberforce have given to the world, in three bulky volumes, a biography which is of considerable value and interest. The first volume is evidently the work of a skilled and experienced writer. It is no disparagement to the Bishop's son to say that his volumes, in point of literary execution, fall far below the first. But in all three the plan has been adopted of allowing the Bishop's own letters and diary to speak for themselves. In this way the book is largely an autobiography. Mr Wilberforce has been vituperated for what is called serious indiscretion, in regard particularly to various extracts from the diary which are of a personal character, and relate to individuals still living, and who, it is delicately feared, may have "received pain" from the outspoken character of the criticisms which now, for the first time, see the light. There is always an outcry of this kind after reminiscences and diaries of any real public interest are published. The sooner such morbid sentimentality is set at rest and extinguished, the better for all sensible people. Why should a diary or other reminiscences of keen personal public interest be expurgated and cut down to a dull decorous level, till all life and piquancy have disappeared. The notion is, that at least its publication should be delayed until a generation has grown up which will find it of diminished interest. The comments of a prominent actor upon his rivals, and on the course of events, are of far

greater interest to his contemporaries than to posterity, which will have other things to attend to. Probably the subjects of the Bishop's posthumous vituperation have heard it all before, directly or indirectly, and it will do them no harm to be reminded of it long after the occasion which evoked it has passed away. Men who fill a prominent place before the public eye have in this country great advantages and great rewards. They often get disproportioned praise and censure, never indifference, and in the long-run are almost sure to get a just appreciation. They must take the rough with the smooth; and if their serenity of mind is likely to be decisively upset by anything in these volumes, they are not of a calibre fit to endure the perils of greatness. It is absurd to insist that contemporary autobiography is to be placed under a ban because a handful of contemporaries possess a less robust self-esteem than their position requires. Those who are susceptible, and who "receive pain" with great facility, need not, in this instance, look for any mitigation in the reflection that perhaps the adverse criticism represented only "a temporary phase of feeling or transitory impression." If such had been the case, the biographer in his introduction takes pains to assure us it would not have been printed. It is only printed where it is an example of many others in which the same, or almost the same, expressions recur. That is the rule which has been observed with regard to correspondence, and

the same rule would obviously be applicable in a still greater degree to the diary, if consistency is the *forte* of ecclesiastics. The rule in all cases should be to observe good faith. Death does not destroy that obligation. A biographer who prints things which ought still to be regarded as confidential deserves censure, and must share it with the man who writes them in a diary without a word of warning as to the reserve which his successors should adopt. There are many things in this book, especially in the third volume, which ought not to be there—private observations, for example, of the Queen and those in her confidence. Attention has already in many quarters been drawn to them, and the censure which they deserve is of the severest kind.

There is a further blot in a certain carelessness of revision. Still, a good deal may be said in favour of that strict fidelity to the duty of truthfully delineating character, which leads a son to print such a passage in his father's diary as that which, carelessly and erroneously, imputes that a Privy Council judgment distasteful to a certain party in the Church was carried by the casting-vote of the Archbishop of York. If the editor had referred to the easily accessible record of the case, he would have found, as pointed out by the Archbishop in the 'Times,' that there were six judges, and no casting-vote was possible, and that the judgment shows unusual internal evidence of absolute unanimity.

The Bishop's diary is not always to be relied upon in these personal matters. There is an anecdote in relation to the removal of Napoleon's bones, which turns upon what Lord Clarendon did and said as Foreign Minister in the Cabinet of Lord Melbourne!

It seems incredible that a man like Bishop Wilberforce, passing his life in the centre stream of events, should not have known that Lord Clarendon did not become Foreign Minister till the Ministry of Lord Aberdeen was in power; and that the Liberal Ministries of Lords Grey, Melbourne, and John Russell, had only one Foreign Secretary—viz., Lord Palmerston—until within a month or two of the close of the last of those Ministries. Canon Ashwell, too, for the purpose of historical parallel, remarks that Mr Gladstone first entered the Cabinet at the same time that his friend became Bishop at the close of 1845; the fact being that Mr Gladstone had entered the Cabinet long before, as President of the Board of Trade in 1843, and re-entered it at the date referred to.

These volumes have a great deal more than a mere ecclesiastical or Church interest. They are the record of the life of a man who, if he had not been a bishop, must have held the very foremost rank as a statesman or as a judge. He was a man of ardent affections and wide personal sympathies, and the vicissitudes of his private life are the most touching part of the book. A great orator and debater, he could address with equal facility and power an assembly of young children or the House of Lords, a confirmation audience or a conclave of bishops, a university congregation at St Mary's or a stormy meeting at Bradford. His friends, and even Lord Brougham, regarded him as a greater orator than the late Lord Derby. A born administrator, he revolutionised the office of a bishop and the mode in which a diocese should be administered. Of unexampled personal energy and activity, his ubiquitous figure was, to use, as nearly as we recollect it,

a forcible expression of Dean Stanley, met with at every corner, visible at the end of every avenue of social and public life. His hand was felt in every nook and cranny of his diocese; on every question of Church government, or affecting its general interests, he was the acknowledged leader of the Bench, its representative in Parliament and before the country. Besides this, he not merely threw himself with incessant activity into society, into public questions of a social and secular nature, and into a wide personal correspondence, but he devoted himself to the interests of colonial, American, and foreign Churches. His biographer says that the letters which he received on the subjects of the troubles in the Church of South Africa and Honolulu alone could be counted by hundreds. Though never the official leader, such was the force of his personal energy, sympathy, and power, that from all quarters of the world he was regarded at least by his own party as virtually the patriarch of the Church of England. Yet with all these marvellous gifts and achievements, it is an undeniable historical fact that, setting aside his own particular party, Bishop Wilberforce lost, and never regained, the confidence of the Crown and the country. It is equally undeniable that the tone of this book, though written by a devoted friend and an enthusiastic son, is not triumphant, but is often, we had almost said uniformly, apologetic, with a view to clear away misrepresentation. There is a consciousness of failure running through and underlying an almost unbroken series of personal triumphs and successes. It is a life well worth reading, quite as much from the secular as from the ecclesiastical point of view. An enthusiastic ad-

mirer cannot fail to be saddened by it, or even to inveigh against the unpropitious fates which seem to overhang it. An opponent cannot fail to be softened by its sorrow, and fascinated by its sustained and uniform brilliancy. It is a much more difficult task to ascertain the true causes of its comparative failure. Why should a man so intensely devoted to his work, with such unrivalled capacity for performing it, so firm in the devotion and allegiance of numbers with whom he came into direct or even indirect personal contact, have inspired at the same time so much and so general distrust, that he was frequently pursued with obloquy, and his career was never crowned with that public appreciation and official promotion which in so large a degree it would seem, upon the closer inspection which this biography affords, to have deserved? There is not a bishop during this century who has carried to the Bench more varied gifts and powers, or greater devotion to his duties; but there have been many who have reached its highest ranks with far less of natural or acquired capacity.

Canon Ashwell has pointed out that the life divides itself into three obvious and manageable portions, each with a real completeness in it. The first closes with the Hampden Controversy of 1847-48—that “unfortunate” controversy, as his biographer may well term it; the second in 1860; the third with his death. The first may be described as a period of unbroken prosperity, which was suddenly and at the last extinguished. Besides the splendid gifts with which he was endowed, he had the advantage of careful training from his father, who adopted the plan which Lord Chatham and Peel’s father had adopted in the training of their

distinguished sons, of making them habitually reproduce offhand the substance of the speech or sermon to which they had listened. He grew up with brothers and other relatives who earned high academic distinction. The Bishops Sumner were friends of his father, and under some undefined obligations to him. A marriage of early affection was secured for him by the influence and pecuniary and other assistance of his father. Except for the death of his wife, which occurred in 1841, and which inflicted upon him a lifelong wound, the years which passed from his ordination to his episcopate were years of "growing powers, of ripening character, of striking popularity, and of rapid advancement." It was, as regards professional work and success, all sunshine and prosperity. The discipline of struggle and adversity was wanting. Rapid promotion and oratorical triumphs developed his incessant activity and fired his ambition. He was rector at Brighthelm, in the Isle of Wight, at twenty-five; a rural dean at thirty-one; Archdeacon of Surrey at thirty-six; then rector of Alverstoke and canon of Winchester; then chaplain to Prince Albert, and at once in high favour at Court; then for six months Dean of Westminster; and at the end of 1845, while only just forty years of age, Bishop of Oxford. Not merely this, but he was in the full tide of popular favour. His energetic discharge of public duties after he left the Isle of Wight was fully appreciated. His speeches when on a mission for the S.P.G. were the subject of widespread admiration. His sermons before the University of Oxford were eagerly listened to. As regards the effect of his oratory in these earlier years, there are several incidents worth noting. In 1837, when he was

still a rector in the island, a great county meeting was held at Winchester, the memory of which long survived in the neighbourhood. The Duke of Wellington was in the chair, Lord Palmerston was amongst the speakers. As might have been expected of the distinguished statesman, whom Mr Bright in later days denounced for having in one short sentence—"all men are born good"—upset the New Testament and overturned the foundations of the Christian religion, the speech of Lord Palmerston was lax in its Churchmanship. Mr Wilberforce attacked him with eloquence and vigour—in fact, with so much vehemence that some of those present remonstrated with the chairman for having allowed so young a clergyman to proceed unchecked. The Duke excused himself, saying that on looking at the speaker he felt that by interfering he would only have diverted upon himself the stream of his indignant eloquence; and "I assure you," he added, "that I would have faced a battery sooner." His first great appearance in London was in 1840, fresh from the successes of his S.P.G. tour in Devon and Cornwall of the previous autumn. It was in behalf of the same Society, at the invitation and in the presence of bishops. But it was his second appearance, June 1st of that year, which led on to fortune. A great anti-slavery meeting was held at Exeter Hall, at which Prince Albert presided and made his first public speech in this country. If his display at Winchester laid the foundation of a feud with Lord Palmerston, which was maintained all his life, and in later years cost him the Archbishopric of York, his eloquence at Exeter Hall led to immediate Court favour and rapid promotion. "The speeches were dull and wearisome,"—so writes one

who was present,—“when on a sudden a young man got up to move a resolution; and he spoke so much to the purpose, and with so much fire in manner and originality of matter, that the eyes of all were turned upon him, and thunders of applause arose when he sat down.” The Prince inquired his name; and six months later, referring to this very circumstance, appointed him one of his chaplains. At York in 1844 there is this description of his eloquence by Lord Carlisle, no mean judge: “He made a speech of two hours, combining, as I should imagine, the qualities of his father, Macaulay, and Ezekiel. It produced immense effect; and some of its pictures of our national neglect of religion were tremendous. The voice and delivery exceedingly good.” A similar description is given by the same critic of Wilberforce’s sermons as Dean in the Abbey.

The history of his short-lived favour at Court is worth tracing. Following upon his appointment as Court chaplain, all was sunshine, the Queen and Prince showing him, as appears from his letters and diary, every attention. Compliments about his sermons, the Duchess of Kent wishing to be introduced, the Prince showing him the young Duke of Cornwall asleep in bassinet, and writing to the Lord Chancellor for preferment, saying that “his and the Queen’s great reason was a wish to gratify Archdeacon S. Wilberforce, who was, they knew, anxious to secure such a post for his brother.” A handsome silver inkstand, as a Christmas present “from V. R. and Albert,” was followed the next year by increasing favour; and in March 1845, by the Queen’s wish, he was appointed Dean of Westminster. Later on in the same

year, Sir Robert Peel wrote to him that her Majesty had most cordially acquiesced in the suggestion that he was the fittest person for the see of Oxford, “with very kind expressions towards yourself on her part and on that of the Prince.” But four years later there is in his diary this ominous entry, dated November 30, 1849: “Evident withdrawal of Royal favour. G. E. Anson’s death bearing on this. Oh help me to be single-eyed!” That Court favour, once withdrawn, did not return, appears in the sequel. Years later, in 1855, on the fall of his great friend Lord Aberdeen, the Bishop wrote to ask the ex-Premier’s intercession to remove the Queen’s “distrust,” by showing in his conversation with her, “what I believe would be his estimate of me.” “If that honest heart of our Queen could once believe that I would die rather than breathe a dishonest thought, I should be a happier man.” The biographer who printed that, cannot be charged with dishonest suppression of whatever tells against his father’s memory. The tone is not a high one. Lord Aberdeen’s conversation with her Majesty and the Prince ended by the Prince saying, “He does everything for some object. He has a motive for all his conduct,”—to which Lord Aberdeen rejoined “Yes, sir; but when a bad motive?” but apparently got no answer. Some months later, at Balmoral, Lord Aberdeen renewed the conversation, “when it became evident,” says the biographer, “that the cause of Prince Albert’s change of opinion towards the Bishop arose from a suspicion on his, the Prince’s part, as to the Bishop’s sincerity and disinterestedness.” Unfortunately, the nation as well as the Crown shared that suspicion, and Bishop Wilber-

force to the last hour of his life, rightly or wrongly, never recovered from it.

Prince Albert's letter to him on his attaining his bishopric, written as it were by his own consent, is a marked instance of Royal favour, and also an indirect tribute to the unusual powers which it was felt that he brought with him to the Bench. The letter is remarkable as coming from a young man of only twenty-six years of age. The early sequel of events showed that the Bishop could easily do worse than follow it. The recommendations were: 1. Not to mix himself up in politics, or to take part in debates on Corn Laws, Game Laws, Trade or Financial questions, &c. 2. To take an active part in religious affairs as a Christian, and not as a mere Churchman. 3. To avoid calling for new rights, privileges, grants, &c.; but show the zeal and capacity of the Church to be the Church of the people. 4. To lessen political and other animosities, to guard public morality, to come forward whenever the interests of humanity are at stake. The Bishop, however, had, as every man of genius and originality has, his own idea as to his duties, and his own scheme for their performance. He was bent upon reviving in its full force the episcopal office, which it is now generally admitted had fallen into practical abeyance during the latter part of the eighteenth century and the beginning of the present. Although in several dioceses a great improvement had been effected upon the absenteeism and indifference of past years, yet Canon Ashwell claims that Wilberforce's idea of episcopacy, which he consistently illustrated, was essentially his own. According to that idea, the bishop must be the mainspring of all spiritual and religious energy

in his diocese, supplying not merely advice and counsel to his clergy, but also that *momentum* which the sense of real supervision imparts; he must be, and be known to be, accessible to all, and ready to attend personally to everything. He carried that idea into execution with the utmost energy; and his power of organisation, his great personal ability, and his genial yet authoritative manner, enabled him to do so with complete success. Add to that, that he could and did conciliate the territorial laity, and enlist them in Church work in the diocese, securing from them, as well as from his clergy, sympathy and devotion, and we have a picture of administrative success which shows, at all events in a most important department, the Bishop's conspicuous fitness for his post. As regards results, the official records show that during his episcopate 106 new churches were built in his diocese, 15 were rebuilt, 250 restored, while in an equal space of time next preceding his episcopate, the corresponding numbers were 22, 4, and 8. That alone tells its own tale of revived energy and life in the diocese. As regards personal matters, the times were felt to be in marked contrast to those not very distant when a Bishop of Llandaff could reside permanently in the Lake District, when confirmations were few and far between, and when the examination of candidates for holy orders consisted in their being required to write some Latin prose and answer an inquiry as to the health of their fathers or other relations. "I recollect," said a senior member of the university, "when a Bishop of Oxford never drove into Oxford without four horses and two powdered footmen. And what does Sam do? He gets upon a horse, and rides in by him-

self, without so much as a groom behind him!" This vigorous personal administration was continued for a quarter of a century under the eyes of the rising youth of the country, who successively spent their three or four years in the university. It inspired new energy into episcopal work, by raising the standard of public requirements, and of the opinion of that class of the public which was most capable of making its opinion felt.

In his very first session in Parliament, the Bishop took a leading part in four important debates, and stepped into the very front rank as a debater and speaker. Two of them were on ecclesiastical questions—viz., the repeal of certain Acts of Parliament against the Roman Catholics, and the rescinding an arrangement for uniting the sees of St Asaph and Bangor. The other two were on secular questions, in disregard of the letter of Prince Albert, which he had, to some extent, invited: first, the repeal of the Corn Laws; second, the equalisation of the duties on foreign or slave-grown, and colonial or free-labour, sugar. The first was in support of Sir R. Peel's Government, the second was in opposition to Lord John Russell's. In reference to his Corn Law speech, he wrote to Miss Noel:—

"My hope is to be able always to take the line that speech took, of our being there as special guardians of the moral and social wellbeing of the English *people*. But I never mean to *debate* again if I can help it; and I trust, please God, that having once been led by most unwarrantable interruption to show that I could fight with their weapons, I may in future both be more likely to be listened to, and more able to set an example of gentleness, when it is felt not to be the gentleness of feebleness, but of self-command. Still I feel the position a difficult one to fill

just as I would. The Bishops have so allowed themselves (many of the best even) to be nothing more than graceful appendages to Conservatism, to be mere mutes there, to work by a bodily—*i. e.*, an unreal—presence, a great assembly, that it is not easy for one who feels (as a sword in his spirit) that the social and moral evils of his poor countrymen must be witnessed of before princes, to take his place amongst them without doing things most disagreeable to others."

We now come to the Hampden controversy of 1847-48, which was undoubtedly "unfortunate" for the Bishop's reputation, but, as the leading episode in his life, deserves to be studied for the light which it throws upon his character. Dr Hampden was, in November 1847, nominated by Lord John Russell for the bishopric of Hereford. That circumstance created great excitement at the time—a perfect tumult; but notwithstanding that, as Canon Ashwell naively confesses, a brief notice of it would have been all that it was worth, but for the part which the Bishop of Oxford took in it, which was so unfortunately conducted as to obscure the original controversy, and yet so characteristic as to have determined the view of his character which ultimately prevailed. The tumult was occasioned by Dr Hampden's antecedents. Fifteen years before, in 1832, he had preached the Bampton Lectures—on the Scholastic philosophy, considered in its relation to Christian theology. As far as we can make out, he first declared the philosophy to be the parent of our theological language, and then condemned it as raising an "atmosphere of mist" (!) between us and the primitive truth. The style of the sermons was admittedly somewhat obscure, owing to their hurried composition. But it was objected that, even if his religious belief was sound, his method of teaching was

apt to be misleading. In 1833 he had supported the admission of Dissenters into the university. Then, in 1834, he had published a pamphlet, entitled "Observations on Religious Dissent." In that were expressions which, divorced from the context, transgressed, in the opinion of Canon Ashwell, and probably of most of the clergy of the time, to whom the Broad Churchism of a later day was a thing unknown, the limits of orthodoxy.

In 1836 Hampden was appointed Regius Professor of Divinity in the University of Oxford. The fellows and tutors of colleges, to the number of 73, petitioned the king against the appointment. A statute was passed by Convocation declaring that having no confidence in Dr Hampden's "mode of treating" theological subjects, the university could not allow him to judge of the qualifications of the select preachers at St Mary's. In 1842 an attempt to repeal this statute failed, on the ground that however fully Dr Hampden had asserted the orthodoxy of his own personal convictions, he had not explained or retracted the expressions objected to. Canon Ashwell calls this a reaffirmance of the censure of 1836, which otherwise would have been practically obsolete. It is obvious that this was the very lamest case which could possibly be stated against a man, with a view to deprive him of preferment.

It is somewhat difficult to understand now the cause of the tumult, but it must be remembered that all this took place before the controversies respecting the Gorham case, essays and reviews, and general freethought. The difficulty of convicting for heresy had not then been brought to a practical test.

Notwithstanding the excitement, the more wary of the bishops were not eager to move. Bishop Phil-

potts proposed a memorial to the Archbishop, praying him to lay the case before the Queen. One of the bishops (a Cambridge man) suggested that the Oxford bishops "ought especially to move in the affair, and be more prominent in setting it forward." Thereupon application was made to the Bishop of Oxford; Bishop Philpotts insisting that Dr Hampden "is now under the censure of the university for holding and maintaining unsound doctrines, which he has refused to retract"—Bishop Bloomfield more warily remarking that his publications since the censure are perfectly orthodox, but that the appointment was unfortunate. The Archbishop himself seems not to have been very hearty in the movement, and denied having assented to it. He and several other bishops declined to move. It was accordingly left to the management of Bishop Wilberforce, who threw himself into it with all his (at that time undisciplined) energy and spirit. Mr Gladstone was applied to, but he "declined taking any active part in lay proceedings."

There was surely enough in this attitude of influential personages to suggest prudence and circumspection to the youngest of the bishops, and to warn him not to rush in where others feared to tread. A remonstrance signed by thirteen bishops was sent to Lord John Russell. In it the bishops in no way pledged themselves to any judgment of their own as to Dr Hampden's orthodoxy, but they rested their unprecedented proceedings on the "apprehension and alarm" of the clergy, a deep and general feeling on the subject, danger to the peace of the Church, loss of confidence in the exercise of Royal supremacy in that very delicate and important particular—the nomination to vac-

ant sees. If they had been writing a leading article instead of a serious State paper, they could not have been more remarkably vague. Absolute silence would have been better policy, for the author of the disturbance could want nothing better than a dialectic triumph to turn the current of public feeling, which was undoubtedly disposed at the time to censure his proceedings. Lord John Russell immediately pointed out that the rights of the Crown were unaffected by the censure of the University, that the bishops did not censure Dr Hampden's orthodoxy, but required, many of them, certificates of attendance on his Divinity lectures before they proceeded to ordination of Oxford candidates; and that the Archbishop had raised no objection to the appointment when originally consulted. At this stage, therefore, there was, on the one side, a very precise and definite assertion of the prerogative of the Crown; on the other, an attempt to control it, based upon such vague and indefinite statements, that they amounted to nothing more than a statement of personal disapproval of its exercise. The question had put nothing in issue but one between the Crown and its subjects, whether the existing bishops could control the nomination to a vacant see.

It was at this point that the Bishop of Oxford, with incredible rashness, rushed in. Only two years had passed since the Royal supremacy (which he was now resisting) had been exercised in his favour—in that “very delicate and important particular,” the nomination to the see of Oxford. A new Becket had turned against the sovereign who had promoted him. He wrote to the Prime Minister a long letter, the gist of which, when stripped of all its phrases

and involved sentences, was that the Church would not be satisfied unless the Crown called upon its nominee to disprove before a competent tribunal the truth of charges brought ten years before; and that unless this demand was acceded to, the question would be brought *very speedily* to legal issue, “through the agency of my own Court.” The letter alluded to the “tyranny of attempting to thrust on the Church . . . a divine lying under the imputation of unsoundness in the faith,” and asserted that the reports of unsoundness rendered inquiry indispensable. It is absolutely marvellous that the Bishop did not see that in such a letter he was throwing down the gauntlet to the Crown, and asserting a right, on the part either of himself or his brethren, to veto, on the most indefinite grounds, the exercise of royal prerogative. Lord John was responsible to Parliament,—he could not be dictated to or called to answer by the Bishop of Oxford. The Bishop, it seems clear from his letter to Miss Noel, really expected that Dr Hampden would be directed to ask for an opportunity of disproving charges; and he was also alive to the fact that he was forfeiting “that kindly trust of the Queen.” But Lord John declined to have Dr Hampden's opinions tossed about from one bishop to another, “to the infinite amusement of the idle crowd, but to the detriment of the Church and of the Royal supremacy.” And thus, says Canon Ashwell, “the Bishop's first effort to promote the peace of the Church failed utterly.” The Bishop accordingly signed the Letters of Request by which he gave his sanction to the commencement of a suit in the Arches Court, “in which *definite* charges would be brought against Dr Hampden, and full opportunity would be given to him to purge

himself of all suspicion of false doctrine," and wrote to Dr Hampden to tell him that he would now have the means of proving,

"What I know you firmly believe, that your opinions have been misrepresented, and that you have advanced nothing which is contrary to the teaching of the Church of England; or if it should be pronounced that your statements are contrary to the formularies and authorised teaching of the Church of England, it would give you the opportunity of withdrawing what I feel sure you would not then maintain."

This was on the 16th December, and on the very next day he had changed his mind, and wished to recede from his desperate step. Accordingly he had to reopen correspondence with the Prime Minister whom he had threatened, and with Dr Hampden, against whom he had commenced legal proceedings. From the latter he asked a distinct avowal of sound doctrine, and a withdrawal of *suspected* language. There occurs in the letter this remarkable passage,—“believing you to hold the true faith, and believing that you have unconsciously used language at variance with it”—and later on he alludes to “suspicions, well or ill founded.” The “definite” charges here would seem to be whittled away to this, that Dr Hampden had ten years before used language which was suspected, rightly or wrongly, of conveying a different meaning from that which was intended. The Bishop, therefore, as his diocesan, and from an “earnest desire to promote the peace of the Church,” proceeded to catechise the Professor of Divinity upon various points of his belief; and asked him “to consent for the peace of the Church, and in deference to the expressed opinion of your Bishop,” to withdraw the ‘Bampton Lectures’ and the “Ob-

servations on Dissent,” without prejudice, as the lawyers say; litigation to be suspended till an answer was received. He also wrote to Lord John Russell in the same vein, asking for a withdrawal of the passages complained of without prejudice—*i.e.*, admitting nothing thereby. This concession, it was distinctly stated, was “to imply no retractation of doctrine,” and no conscious error now or heretofore. But with strange inconsistency it was declared that opposition to the consecration rested “on a persuasion that the truth of God was at stake.” Lord John utterly repudiated the suggestion. The Professor of Divinity and Crown nominee was not to be interrogated by one of the bishops, as if he were a young student in divinity whose appointment awaited the approval of the bishop; and as for his withdrawal of his Bampton Lectures, &c., he was not to be degraded in the eyes of all men for the sake of a mitre. The Prime Minister pointed out that Dr Hampden had repeatedly declared that he had not intended to profess any doctrine at variance with the doctrines of the Church; that several of the bishops could see nothing unsound in them; that Dr Pusey himself did not consider the opinions unsound, but thought that they led to unsoundness, and were therefore dangerous in a teacher of divinity. The Professor himself answered in a letter which did not meet the Bishop’s views, and was immediately (December 20) informed that the suit would proceed. The next day the Bishop discovered that those old “Observations on Dissent” were no longer being sold with the Professor’s sanction, but against his wish; and says Canon Ashwell, “of course this fact altered the whole complexion of the case.” Accordingly, the

Bishop wrote to Dr Hampden to withdraw the letter of December 20; and he also withdrew Letters of Request from the promoters of the intended suit. He said that he had been reading over the lectures with all the study he was master of, and was convinced that there was "little of anything really objectionable in the intention of the writer, though very much in his language." The Bishop then entered into hurried and unsuccessful negotiations with the Provost of Oriel (Dr Hawkins), the object evidently being to obtain some nominal concession from Dr Hampden which would enable the Bishop to retreat with whatever dignity was left to him from a very false and untenable position.

The tone of the following, for instance, is surely not the tone of a man who ever really believed, to use his own phrase, that God's truth was at stake, and he its appointed champion:—

"Perhaps if Dr Hampden knew, through you, that I do heartily and earnestly desire to smooth his way to the place to which he has been nominated, and that in now desiring communication with him, I wish not to dictate terms as if I were in a hostile attitude, but to use the office of a bishop and my accidental connection with him through Ewelme, for the purpose, first, of obtaining the cordial concurrence of my brethren on the bench, in his consecration (which I think I can do); and secondly, for removing doubts, difficulties, suspicions, and offence, from many of his brother clergy, who have no personal hostility to him, nor any addiction to Tractarian views,—he could make such friendly concessions (and they are not many) as would enable me to take this line. I feel sure that if he would direct Parker to cease selling the 'Observations,' and if, acting on his offer in his letter to Lord John Russell, he would receive from me the list of questions I enclose, and give me his assurance

that these causes of misapprehension should be removed from any future reprint of the 'Bampton Lectures,' in addition to the assurance he has already given me of his personal soundness, and what has already passed between us, I should have influence enough to secure the withdrawal of the Bishop's remonstrance, that I should be able to quiet many minds now greatly disturbed, and I believe that I could prevent all opposition at Bow Church or elsewhere. Will Dr Hampden give me this opportunity? can you suggest how I can most easily approach him? During his silence as to my last letter, I hardly know how to write to him. Can you see him, and endeavour to open such a negotiation?"

The Provost of Oriel, who seems to have taken too sound and sensible a view of the whole position to be able conscientiously to help the Bishop to capitulate with the honours of war, was obliged to point out that Dr Hampden could not enter into any engagement at all with the Bishop, or anybody else, on the subject which had been mooted; though he (the Provost) was ready to do what he could "to smooth the way towards a peaceful termination of this very unhappy affair."

He declined to forward the list of questions. They were "not such a finished document as you would like to put forward on so very grave a subject," and Dr Hampden could not even be asked to subscribe in detail to it. The very sight of them made him congratulate the Bishop on having withdrawn the Letters of Request. It would have been "inexpressibly lamentable" that such high and sacred subjects should be wrangled over in a public court, "fit only for the most reverent discussion of divines, even when they are fit for discussion at all; and our inability to fathom them is not always perceived." The Provost then pointed

out that the Bishop's path of retreat had already been opened, and that he had nothing to do but to use it. Unfortunately it was the very path along which he had advanced. Many publications, said the Provost, showed Dr Hampden's soundness in the faith, which had never been directly impugned. The hope of some concession was held out, but never fulfilled, in the following passage; and the Bishop had to execute his retreat without even that last remaining rag of the honours of war:—

“Should he acknowledge what he has written or said to me, as no doubt he will, you have *facts* to go upon as to the discontinuance of the publication of the ‘Observations,’ and a declaration of his intention to improve the Bampton Lectures given without any threat or dictation, and better therefore than any extorted promise, but still not implying pledges which he could not redeem (and should not therefore give) without a compromise of truth.”

Canon Ashwell complains that, as matter of fact, the Professor never did acknowledge these declarations, and to that extent, he calmly adds, the Bishop's position was weakened,—“inasmuch as he acted upon the supposition that the Professor would have no objection to admit what he had written and said to the Provost.” The Bishop by this time was in as unpleasant a fix as any public man ever found himself. He made one more despairing effort. He wrote to the Provost, pointing out that Hampden's triumph would be one of political power, but that there was still one remaining opportunity by which he might reach his high station with the hearty consent of good men of all moderate parties. “As rector of Ewelme, he *may* stoop to render a friendly explanation of his detailed purposes to

his diocesan,”—adding, as we can well believe, and no truer or sincerer expression of his feelings is to be found in the whole correspondence,—“from my soul I wish that diocesan were any one but me.” But it was all up: Dr Hampden would neither read nor consider his letters, as, in consequence of a suit having been commenced against him, he had taken legal advice. The final outcome of the whole dispute shall be given in the Provost's own words:—

“Even the facts to which I adverted in my conversations with your lordship, I have no permission to repeat *as from him*,—I mean, as to the ‘Observations,’ and his wish to improve the ‘Bampton Lectures.’

“But the fact as to the editions of the ‘Observations’ you may ascertain at once at Parker's shop. You will find, I believe, that he had about fifty copies of the first edition remaining when the second edition came out; that the book was his (Mr Parker's) property, and he (Mr P.) considered himself at liberty to sell them now to meet the new demand (the second edition having been long out of print), and that there are only some six or seven copies now remaining.

“And as to Dr Hampden's intention to amend his Lectures, I have again to regret, as in 1836, that he is under attack, or supposes himself to have been attacked, and therefore, by his lawyer's advice, will *say* nothing. Yet I do not myself doubt that if he has the opportunity he really will desire to reprint his work—avoiding offence. I am very sorry for all this, but I see no remedy. And yet you must not greatly blame Dr Hampden for it. He is, I believe, of a gentle as well as a retired nature, but he resists what he supposes to be attacks. And most persons, when they had resorted to legal advice, would think themselves bound to act as they were directed. I can only hope that many men who have mistrusted him will be led, like your lordship, to study his Lectures with real care and candour; and if they find, as you have done (and I know others of real knowledge and

ability who have done the same), that most, if not all, of those passages which seem at first sight the most objectionable, really do admit of fair explanation, they will allow their opinion to be made known."

It was beyond the reach of human science to get out of all this with credit. The Bishop had rushed forward with all the impulsive ardour of a man accustomed to triumph over obstacles, unused to calculating his moves beforehand and estimating the position in which he is likely to find himself. Dr Philpotts had urged him on. Many of the bishops held back. The Archbishop disapproved his issue of the Letters of Request. He had at last landed himself in this, that having put himself forward as the champion, "with the conviction that the truth of God was at stake," he was obliged either to acknowledge himself defeated, or to represent, as a result adequate to the occasion, his being referred to Parker's shop to ascertain, in regard to the sale of the "Observations," that Parker considered himself at liberty to sell them on his own account to meet the new demand which the occasion had created. He was ready to clutch at any pretext for declaring himself satisfied, but Dr Hampden would give him none—not a word. It was impossible to advance, for he had stopped the suit and thrown away his weapons. He could not retreat, or in terms acknowledge defeat, without forfeiting the confidence of his party, and admitting that he had staked "God's truth," and publicly defied Royal prerogative recklessly and wrongfully. What a really high-minded man would have done under the circumstances it is needless to speculate upon, for a really high-minded man, accustomed to be strictly truthful with himself in thought

and feeling, would never have found himself in such a position. All that can be said is, that the Bishop took the only alternative to acknowledging defeat—viz., he sat down and addressed a long letter to Dr Hampden, in which he strove to demonstrate to himself and to others that he had every reason to be quite satisfied with the turn which things had taken and its results. With reference to this letter, even Canon Ashwell is obliged to admit that "it could hardly be maintained that Dr Hampden had himself given even the moderate measure of satisfaction which the Bishop's final letter strove to exhibit." And he adds, as might have been expected, that a strife of tongues ensued—doubtless a very considerable strife. With regard to Dr Hampden—"His opponents considered Dr Hampden's concessions inadequate. His supporters resented the Bishop's letter as representing the concessions to be greater than had been really made." With regard to the Bishop, it is doubtful whether his friends could have dealt more hardly with him if he had himself exhibited "unsoundness in the faith." For ourselves, reading that letter, we want no further explanation why the Bishop was, in spite of all his splendid gifts, energy, and devotion, and in spite of many admirable qualities, social and personal, specially apt to command the admiration of his countrymen, regarded with distrust. The *sobriquet*, the origin of which is said to be lost in the mists of time; the failure to win public confidence; the general acquiescence in the refusal of successive Ministers to promote him,—are amply justified. The man who could write that letter, or who could drift into such a position as to require that letter, had a streak in his character which

repelled trust. The public felt as Talleyrand felt towards one of his favourites, "It may be difficult to refuse him my favours, but it would be impossible to yield him my confidence."

The Bishop's letter fills more than five imperial octavo pages of small print, and reviews the history of the case, declaring that whilst he at one time denounced the "inconvenience" of the rumoured appointment, he had now before him as bishop of the diocese—"1. Your unqualified declaration of faith on the very points selected by the promoters of the suit as those supposed to be unsoundly treated; 2. The virtual withdrawal of what I deemed especially unsound." With regard to the "Observations on Dissent," he regarded them as virtually withdrawn; and with regard to the 'Bampton Lectures,' he had examined them carefully with the aid of Dr Hampden's explanations, with the result that he was bound to declare his conviction that they "do not justly warrant those suspicions of unsoundness to which they have given rise, and which, so long as I trusted to selected extracts, I myself shared." In other words, he declared God's truth to be at stake without having read the book. He then proceeded to point out the various blemishes, which he partly excused, partly censured, as the cause of "a painful distrust of your meaning." It is a most astounding letter. There is an assumption of ecclesiastical arbitrary authority—of almost papal infallibility—which belongs to an earlier age in the history of the world. The wriggles of a worm on a hook, an eel slipping through your fingers—any simile, in fact, would fail to do justice to it. A mountain had been made of a mole-hill; the "peace of the Church" had been subverted by an unfounded

suspicion; and the man who was responsible for it all, sought to explain matters in a document which the Bishop of Exeter immediately denounced as "painful and surprising," and which his opponents regarded as injuriously reflecting upon his action and motives. Dr Philpott was not the man to let him off easily. He protested, as one of the remonstrant bishops, against the word "inconvenience" as a legitimate ground for the entirely unprecedented interference with the judgment of the advisers of the Crown. "I do not believe," he continued, "that you yourself then deemed that it was an apprehension of inconvenience which arrayed us in an attitude not of hostility, but of friendly indeed, yet earnest, expostulation against a grave and very dangerous act of Ministerial power." And then he recalled the terms of the remonstrance which referred to the anticipated perils of the Church. The issue was not whether Dr Hampden held unsound opinions, but whether he was worthy of confidence as an exponent of Christian truth. It is not at all clear what Dr Philpotts would or could have done, but he wished his colleague to understand that he did not share the discredit of an inglorious retreat. The Bishop himself was anything but happy. "Two whole days in bed, and worn out with Dr Hampden," he writes to his brother. "Write to me soon," he adds, "and tell me I am not a rascal. If your letter comes when the pelting is heavy, it will be quite a refreshment." But he insists that the stir showed great life in the Church, and power of resistance. The ambitious ecclesiastic is shown in this: "I feel sure that if Hampden had been a Socinian, or real heretic, or what not, we should have prevented his consecration. *The Government*

tottered as it was. There is great doubt whether the *præmunire* is in force at all; still more if it could be brought to bear if a canonical objection was urged." Farther on he adds: "I believe myself to have given up all that men call worldly promotion when I signed the remonstrance against Hampden; and now I fear many suppose me, when I was afraid of acting unjustly, to have acted from low cunning or cowardice." From another letter it appears that five only of the remonstrant bishops gave a general concurrence in the course which he adopted.

This is the most important episode in the Bishop's life, to any one who wishes to weigh his character and arrive at an explanation of the distrust with which he was regarded. It must be admitted that he fell into the hands of far abler men than himself in the art of correspondence—Lord J. Russell, Dr Hampden, the Bishop of Exeter, and above all, Dr Hawkins, the Provost of Oriel. If the Bishop could have challenged them to a contest of oratory on a public platform, he might not have been so hopelessly worsted. Canon Ashwell cannot defend the close of it: a Bishop struggling to represent that he had obtained concessions to the truth of God which he had not obtained, in order to cover his retreat from a position which he could not hold. The Canon labours hard to make out that the turning-point of the whole case lies in the fact that the Bishop began litigation under the impression that the duty of issuing Letters of Request was ministerial, not judicial—one as to which he had no option. When he discovered his mistake, he withdrew them. If that was the real explanation of the proceedings, nothing would have been easier

for the Bishop than to have said so at the time. But although the Bishop found out that he had a discretion as to issuing Letters of Request, it did not follow that he had a discretion to revoke them after they had been issued. It is clear that the promoters were nominees of his own, and that his own will was unfettered, whether legally he had a discretion or not. He would not have issued the letters if he had not been so minded; and when he wished to recall them, he did not trouble himself as to whether he had the legal power or not. The promoters were not likely to question his acts either way, and they were the only people who could do so.

The whole transaction shows a man impulsive and combative, eager for power, rash in his appeal to the highest sanctions, and wrapping up his meaning in phrases of awful solemnity whilst he thought he would maintain the upper hand; descending to the most mundane devices when the sole object left to him was to escape an ignominious defeat. The astuteness of his opponents and the weakness of his case left him no alternative but a surrender at discretion. His efforts to hide that result from himself and others gave an impression of double-dealing all the way through, and led to the imputation of dishonourable motives in a way and to an extent which was easily explicable, but wholly unjust. The Bishop never throughout his whole life, to use a Carlylean phrase, cleared his mind of cant. His facile adoption of phrases which had no relation to fact, but expressed in a sonorous way impressions which he wished to produce and to share, reacted, as was inevitable, on his own intellect and morality; and self-deception, rather than conscious insin-

cerity, resulted. It was a compound character: high motives, high ideas, deep devotion to duty, on the one hand; on the other, the habit of justifying to himself both words and actions which a more sternly truthful nature would have recognised as equivocal. The sequel will show many things in which he fell far below his own standard, if not of rectitude, at least of pre-eminent piety. They were mostly in relation to the advancement of his party and himself—of a kind which attract notice and excite animadversion. But in fairness, though they detract from his character, and explain the comparative failure of his life, they ought not to obscure so much, as they probably will, his great qualities and splendid gifts. In spite of his defects, he deserved well of the Church and nation; he justified and deserved the enthusiasm of his party; by far the larger portion of his character and career deserve to be venerated.

The next division of the Bishop's life, still following the biographer's arrangement, includes the years from 1848 to 1860. During that period the only Prime Minister really favourable to the Bishop was Lord Aberdeen, but unfortunately no ecclesiastical preferment fell vacant during his short tenure of office. The Hampden controversy left an impression of "pertinacence" in the Bishop's mind with reference to Lord John Russell. As regards Lord Palmerston, there was a lifelong hostility, combined with mutual dislike and contempt. As regards Lord Derby and Mr Disraeli, the Bishop's relations to the Peelites were too enthusiastic to admit of anything more than temporary coquettings with the leaders of the Conservative party. The Bishop's great achievement during this period was the

revival of Convocation. The vigorous administration of the diocese proceeded. Confirmations occupied him largely; and from the first to the end, they were the occasions upon which he exerted most successfully all his powers of solemn persuasiveness. Instances are given of the striking effect which his addresses on those occasions produced. In the language of his enthusiastic biographer, Canon Ashwell—

"Sympathy with the young was a marked feature in his character, and he felt intensely the possibilities for good which were before the young people presented to him. Then next, it was one of Bishop Wilberforce's peculiar gifts, that when he did thus realise anything very deeply, his whole bearing, voice and gesture, eye and countenance, were, if such an expression be permitted, transfigured by the thought and feeling which possessed him; so that the living man, as he stood before you, was almost without words the expression of that feeling. When, in addition to all this, his power of language is remembered, the energy and deep feeling which were apparent in every sentence and every tone, together with his charm of voice and special fertility and variety of phrase, no one will be surprised at the prodigious impression which his confirmations always made alike upon the young and old."

The Gorham case arose in 1850, but that lay between the Bishop of Exeter and one of his beneficed clergymen, and this time Dr Wilberforce could play the part of critic upon his right reverend brother. Dr Philpotts most certainly set an example of the uncompromising temper which he had previously recommended. The Bishop refused, on account of imputed heresy, to institute Mr Gorham to his vicarage. After long litigation, the Dean of Arches did so for the Archbishop of Canterbury; whereupon Dr Philpotts inveighed against the Primate as a

favourer and supporter of Mr Gorham's heresies, and renounced communion with him. Writing to his brother, Dr Wilberforce observed, in reference to the Bishop of Exeter's printed letter,—

"The Bishop of Exeter's pamphlet will damage our position considerably, showing a temper in churchmen inconsistent, in the eyes of the laity, with the exercise of dispassionate legislation, and, still more, judicial functions. The judgment only affirms that the Evangelical party are not to be expelled."

Evidently these extreme High Churchmen did not always approve of one another's proceedings; and the attempt of men, who, when it came to critical action, had no confidence in one another, to assert clerical or episcopal supremacy, failed. With regard to Dr Pusey, the relations were constantly strained. "I believe," he said, "that Dr Pusey's 'adaptations' have grievously injured our Church. Dr Pusey knows and has known my mind on this matter, and yet has published more." Dr Pusey had the advantage of the Bishop in age, learning, and reputation, and was slow to see the necessity of more than filial submission; and matters came at one time very near to his suspension from all public functions in the diocese.

As regards Convocation, which is of historical interest, the Bishop took an active part in reviving it after 135 years of silence. It appears that Mr Gladstone found great fault with the bishops—not as ruling their dioceses, but as the body which represented the Church in Parliament. The great majority, he complained, including the archbishop, seemed to be utterly indifferent to upholding any dogmatic teaching in the Church. Their incomes, moreover, were too large. He accordingly visited Cud-

desden, and left his views on the situation growing out of the Gorham case, and the declining tone of the episcopal body with regard to dogma,—which "deeply moved" the Bishop, who accordingly determined to make a renewed effort to obtain the revival of Convocation as a synodical body. The Archbishop of Canterbury opposed, on the ground that if Convocation met and debated, dissensions and controversy would be sure to arise. A full account is given of the Bishop's efforts, and of the difficulties which he had to surmount. It was necessary that the consent of the Crown, the Premier, and the Archbishop should be obtained. Lord Derby and the Primate differed, and the Queen sided with the Archbishop. Moreover, the Cabinet was hostile. But very shortly Lord Aberdeen came into power. The Bishop's relations to the Peelites are curiously shown in his letter to Mr Gordon, Lord Aberdeen's son, immediately the accession of the new Premier was known:—

"I have to my closest intimates, for six months past, said that it seemed to me, humanly speaking, that the security of the Church and the throne turned on whether the Queen got Lord Aberdeen or one of the other chiefs of the new Whig party as her Prime Minister, or the certain fall of Lord Derby's Government. I will, God helping me, make it my daily prayer that he may be strengthened for this great sacrifice he is making, and guided in all his ways. Will you, if you find a spare moment, say to Lord Aberdeen, in one word, what I feel on the matter."

All the enthusiasm of a son and biographer is needed in order to regard this as a becoming mode in which to address the incoming dispenser of patronage. There is also an account of how much the Bishop would have preferred the

Duke of Newcastle to Lord Derby as Chancellor of the University of Oxford, and was only deterred from supporting him by the fear of letting in Lord Harrowby or Lord Shaftesbury. It would seem that, so far as his relations with the leaders of the Conservatives were those of friendship, there was a certain hollowness about them which those leaders were not slow to detect. The Bishop gave his unhesitating support to the Canada Clergy Reserves Bill, which was stoutly opposed by the Bishop of Exeter and the Conservatives. It was one to enable the local legislature to sell and secularise the clergy reserves. *A priori*, it would have been supposed that this was a subject on which the Bishop would feel strongly—one savouring of sacrilege and spoliation. On that supposition he had been intrusted by a local archdeacon (Bethune) with a petition against it. Then followed a discussion with Lord Aberdeen as to whether he should return the petition, or whether it would be perfectly upright to present it, and at the same time speak against it. Of course the Premier and the Duke of Newcastle were "sincerely delighted at seeing you thus disposed," &c., and agreed that "it would never do for him to play the part of Balaam, and being called by Bethune to curse his enemies, to bless them altogether." The whole thing may be all above-board and straightforward, but there is a ring of unpleasantness about it. This and other matters led to a considerable breach with his own party in the Church, whilst the 'Record' and Lord Shaftesbury pursued him with the utmost virulence. The Bishop took the step of expostulating in confidence with the editor of the 'Record;' while as regards Lord Shaftesbury, there is this entry in his diary: "Lord

Shaftesbury's 'violent abuse' of me—God forgive him!—disgusted Lord Aberdeen;" and this letter to the Prime Minister's son and secretary:—

"It is very painful to my nature, which craves for sympathy, to be violently abused even by Lord Shaftesbury; but I do truly believe that it is a load (and if so, oh! how light a one) laid on me for faithfulness to the cause of Christ; for I believe that if I had joined their following, they would have lauded me to the skies, and opened easy paths for me to any heights in the Church."

Here again it may be all *bonâ fide*, and without any *arrière pensée* of any kind; but we do not recognise the climate of feeling in which high disinterested and noble natures mature themselves. The bishopric of Durham afforded the only probable chance of Lord Aberdeen securing him promotion, but the vacancy did not actually occur till a year after the fall of the coalition. Meanwhile the Bishop effected his triumph before Lord Aberdeen went out of office, and secured the meeting of Convocation for continuous sittings. Then came the fall of the Ministry and the wail of the Bishop—"the only Government which could or was minded to be fair to the Church overthrown because six miles of road not made from Balaclava to Sebastopol." Those who remember the dire suffering and national loss, and imminence of national defeat and disgrace, which the absence of those six miles of road entailed, are apt to be a little impatient of Church interests and Church promotions being at the moment uppermost in the mind of a patriot. The Bishop was intensely eager to keep Lord Palmerston out. He wanted the Peelites to refuse to join him. He wanted Lord Aberdeen to go to Lord Derby

and propose a coalition, or, better still, that all should fail to form a Government, and office revert to Lord Aberdeen as the only possible Minister, "with the traitor out of his camp." Those who remember public feeling at the time will appreciate this suggestion. The only consolation in party and national adversity which the Bishop could find was, "I suppose Montague Villiers *must* be a bishop. But Palmerston will beware of Shaftesbury, for fear of Gladstone, &c. . . . Palmerston was a great take in, but it was necessary that bubbles should burst." The Peelites, however, soon left the Cabinet; Lord Shaftesbury dominated in the matter of Episcopal appointments; and the Bishop, reduced to a mere *laudator temporis acti*, inscribed in his diary—"Lord Aberdeen had fully proposed to offer me Durham with a view to York. He said 'Why did he go and get made a Bishop? He ought to have been Chancellor in our Cabinet.'" For the present the Bishop could only attend to his diocese, oppose the Divorce Bill, and display his splendid oratory at Bradford, at a meeting which neither his admirers nor his opponents will ever forget. There are some interesting notices in the diary about this time. Lord Brougham considered the Bishop a better speaker than the late Lord Derby. In all Lord Aberdeen's intercourse with her, the Queen was never but once really sharp—when he had made the Bishop of Salisbury. "She acquiesced at once, but wrote to me afterwards as if I had taken her in to make an extreme man." "Further on," says Lord Aberdeen, "people think the Queen altered in her dislike of Palmerston. Not a bit. She dislikes him as much as ever." It appears that the Duke of Wellington took strong likes and dislikes,

regarded as an indignity any notion of his equestrian statue coming down, would resign his commission, &c., even the peerage, but feared he could not. Brougham won upon him by flattering him.

"I believe," said Aberdeen, "I was accessory to the beginning of it. The Duke hated him. But I told him that Brougham had said of his despatches, 'They will be read when we are forgotten.' The Duke said, with the greatest simplicity, 'By — so they will. I cannot think how the — I came to write them.'"

There came in 1860 the question of 'Essays and Reviews' complicated with the Colenso case. Bishop Hampden was on the side of orthodoxy, which had before it troubles compared with which those of 1847-48 were a trifle. This was an unsatisfactory time to the Bishop. Lord Palmerston was again Prime Minister. Mr Gladstone was indeed Chancellor of the Exchequer and member for Oxford University, but was allowed singularly little influence in Church appointments. There is a wail in one of the Bishop's letters to him: "We look anxiously for some help from your presence in a Cabinet which needs some sets-off, for all our high appointments being given to those who have, and because they have, rejected the principles of our Church." The 'Essays and Reviews' question, in which the Bishop took a leading part, was solved by a suit against two of the writers, terminating in an acquittal, and in a Privy Council judgment, delivered by Lord Westbury, which disgusted the party. A censure by Convocation on the book led to a debate in the House of Lords, memorable for Lord Westbury's stinging commentary on its proceedings, not given in this volume, and the Bishop's rejoinder, one sentence of which is printed,—

which evidently delighted his followers, and somewhat compensated for their continuous defeats.

Bishop Colenso's book was to the school of the Bishop of Oxford a stumbling-block, compared with which the writings of Dr Hampden seemed to be unimpeachable orthodoxy. The world had grown in the fifteen years which had elapsed, and a public declaration that some of the books of the Old Testament were forgeries, and others incredible, marked a very different temperament of Episcopal doctrine to those obscure expressions of 1832, of which it was only feared that they might, contrary to the intention of the writer, lead to unsoundness. The Bishop wanted to inhibit Dr Colenso "under a great scandal." A painful meeting of the bishops ensued, at which the discussion waxed so warm, that the Bishop of St Asaph rose and asked the Archbishop to say prayers. "London and York in great passion." Bishop Gray, describing this meeting, says the Bishop of Oxford "burst forth into one of the most eloquent speeches I ever heard from him, which was all the more remarkable from its being addressed, not to a popular assembly, but to thirty grave bishops met together to consider a matter of the deepest moment to the Church." He was eager that Dr Gray should excommunicate the Bishop of Natal. Then came a Privy Council decision that the letters-patent conferred no Episcopal jurisdiction on Dr Gray to depose his brother bishop. The bishops at home would not join in ratifying an excommunication. The whole controversy ended in the majority receding from the Church of England, and forming a new voluntary association called the Church of South Africa. Bishop Colenso remains as the Bishop of the

Church of England. The new association has since been held by a recent Privy Council judgment to be not even in communion with the Church at home, since it has declared that it will not be bound by Privy Council decisions. Another subject in reference to which the Bishop failed was the constitution of an ultimate Court of Appeal in ecclesiastical matters, or rather in matters of doctrine. The chief aim was to at least remove the "spiritual element" from the Judicial Committee. It failed; in 1873 the Bishop managed to introduce a clause into the Judicature Act removing the Archbishop and the Bishop of London therefrom; in 1875 they were again placed on the committee as assessors, but not as judges.

The whole of the period of Lord Palmerston's Ministry (1859-65) was an unfortunate one for the Bishop. The diary and correspondence teem with expressions of the greatest contempt and dislike of Lord Palmerston on the part of the Bishop,—a feeling which was doubtless reciprocated. The Bishop, naturally enough, was keen that Mr Gladstone should be Premier, and as that was impossible, that he should at least assert his influence in Church appointments. In the long, intimate, and friendly correspondence between the two men, the only instance in which there is the slightest symptom of a passing breeze was in 1860, shortly after the new Government was formed. The Bishop wrote on 20th February 1860, urging the injury to Mr Gladstone personally,—*"if your political enemies can taunt us Churchmen with being no better off from having you in Palmerston's Ministry."* He points out that in the event of a dissolution, say on the budget, it would make the difference of a

contest, if not of "your election," whether "your influence had been felt on these Church questions." Mr Gladstone retorted that he was weary and sick of the terms upon which he held the seat, and would be glad to be relieved from it; whereupon the Bishop explained that of course he knew that Mr Gladstone was infinitely above the consideration pointed out, but that he had meant it to be suggested to Lord Palmerston as very likely to affect him. In 1862 the Primate died. York went to Canterbury, to borrow Episcopal language, and Dr Thomson, the Bishop's former curate, went to York. Mr Gladstone did his utmost, but Lord Palmerston was obdurate. The only crumb of comfort to Dr Wilberforce was, that he understood from the Dean of Windsor that if London had gone to York, Oxford would have gone to London. It was hard upon the Bishop; for looking at it from the point of view of splendid gifts and devotion to his calling, he was fully entitled to promotion; and the northern province had great attractions for him. He lost it from his party spirit, his personal antipathies. Owing to that flaw in his character, which inspired so much distrust, the public generally acquiesced; but assuming that there is nothing very unepiscopal in the tone of his letters and intermeddling on the subject of promotion, we cannot avoid a feeling of sympathy and regret.

At this period the Bishop began to draw closer his relations to Mr Disraeli, and in the critical division in 1864, expressing want of confidence in Lord Palmerston's Government, he voted against the Ministry. He wrote to Mr Gladstone to express his sorrow and misgiving; but Palmerston's personal disqualifications and Shaftes-

bury's control,—“a studied and wilful rejection of your influence on Church questions,”—were evidently too much for him. One mitigation to the “pang” of so voting was that “anything which breaks up Palmerston's supremacy must bring you nearer to the post in which I long to see you.” All things, however, come to an end, and even Lord Palmerston must die at last. Next year, Lord Russell became Prime Minister, not Mr Gladstone. He “still alienates every one who can be alienated,” and there was nothing to hope for. In July 1866 there was a prospect of Lord Derby coming in with a pure Conservative Government; and without divorcing himself at all from Mr Gladstone, the Bishop was prepared to hope for the best. “I wish,” he said, writing without any sort of reserve to his son Reginald, “the moribund bishops would arrange their affairs before the Whigs are in again. It would be a grand thing if we could get a few really good men in whilst there is this chance, for no one knows when it may come again.”

The development of the ritual movement now began. There was great difference of opinion amongst the bishops as to how it should be met. Dr Wilberforce was in favour of an increase of ritual in obedience to the moving current of the time, but he desired to guard against any violent innovation in the accustomed service of the Church, in whatever direction it tended, by making the sanction or permission of the bishop necessary in every case. Lord Shaftesbury's idea was to make the 58th canon the absolute and sole rule, “throwing over the rights of congregations, the discretion of bishops, and the liberty of the Church for all future expansion.” “It was exactly the idea,” exclaimed the Bishop, “for

his cramped, puritanical, and persecuting mind." His feeling towards the new Archbishop of York breaks out over this business.

"It is hard," he says, "to convince a person like the Archbishop of York that you do not agree with him: 1. Because his self-importance makes him almost unable to apprehend such a possibility; 2. Because it leads him so perpetually to repeat his own assertions, that it is not easy without a seeming breach of courtesy to force in the mention of your own opinion."

It was decided to proceed by way of Royal Commission rather than by immediate legislation, which was deferred till after the Bishop's death, when the Public Worship Regulation Act of 1874 was carried on the lines of a report to which the Bishop had assented.

There are two imputations from which this biography entirely clears the Bishop. One is, that he had an overweening antagonism to, or at least total want of sympathy for, any party in the English Church but his own. The evidence is, that he strove for the ascendancy of his own, especially in the way of promotion to the best preferments; but he was not hostile or intolerant of those who, acting under him in his diocese, belonged to a different party. Nothing shows his influence and personal supremacy more than that absence of party discord, and even of ritual disturbance, within the ambit of his personal supervision. The other is as to the suspicion which prevailed of his inclinations towards the Church of Rome. Nothing can exceed his hostility to that Church, as it is breathed in his diary and private letters. "As to the Papistry itself, I only more than ever see it to be the great *cloaca* into which all vile corruptions of Christianity run naturally, and loathe it." When his daughter, Mrs Pye, and her

husband, seceded in 1868, the announcement was made in the 'Guardian' and other papers in juxtaposition with the death of the Archbishop of Canterbury, which naturally did not tend to allay his vexation. Weeks previously he had recorded in his diary—

"A terrible letter from H. Pye which almost stunned me. For years I have prayed incessantly against this last act of his, and now it seems denied me. It seems as if my heart would break at this insult out of my own bosom to God's truth in England's Church, and preference for the vile harlotry of the Papacy. God forgive them!"

A cruel fate pursued the Bishop on this subject. He even deliberated, when one of his brothers seceded, as to whether he ought not to resign his see. And it is remarkable how he was separated, through secession to Rome, from *all* those with whom he had begun life. All his brothers, says his biographer,—

"Robert, the Archdeacon of the East Riding, for whom he entertained an almost boundless affection, and who richly deserved it; William, his elder brother, and Henry, his youngest, for whom he had obtained the living of East Farleigh; Archdeacon Manning, and Mr G. D. Ryder, his brothers-in-law; and not these only, his equals in years, but his only daughter also and her husband,—all at one time or another quitted the communion of the Church of England for that of Rome."

A very interesting part of this biography is the state of the Bishop's relations to Mr Disraeli. In the darkest night of the Palmerston Administration the two had been drawn together. But any real approximation was, of course, quite out of the question whilst the Bishop remained the inseparable ally and friend of Mr Gladstone. We think the Bishop must have gone further

in his approaches than was quite warrantable, having regard to the feeling of his party to the great opponent of Ritualism, and the course which the sequel showed that he and they were prepared to take on the question of Irish Church Disestablishment. Readers of 'Lothair' may have a very accurate idea of Mr Disraeli's appreciation of the Bishop. No sort of real confidence was ever established between the two, and the Bishop's wrath at Disraeli's unshaken determination in respect to vacant sees was quite unreasonable. In August 1867, when Lord Derby's public life was drawing to a close, the Bishop writes:—

"The most wonderful thing is the rise of Disraeli. It is not the mere assertion of talent, as you hear so many say. It seems to me quite beside that. He has been able to teach the House of Commons almost to ignore Gladstone, and at present lords it over him, and, I am told, says that he will hold him down for twenty years."

He was inclined to believe that the earlier effects of the Reform Act of that year would be favourable to the Church. He was very sorry (March 1868) that Gladstone had projected his attack on the Irish establishment — and afraid that he had been drawn into it from the unconscious influence of his restlessness at being out of office. Mr Disraeli, however, wrote to him that, "in the great struggle in which I am embarked, it is a matter of great mortification to me that I am daily crossed and generally opposed by the High Church party." To which the Bishop replied that the great body of sound Churchmen were entirely with him, but looked, as it seems they always did, with jealousy and alarm on the distribution of Church patronage. "There is great danger

of your losing their hearty support, unless they see the men who represent them adopted by your administration." Dean Hook was one of the most recalcitrant of this party, but yet wrote in all enthusiasm to a friend on the death of the Primate: "Oxford for Canterbury. He *may* refuse the place, but it ought to be offered to him. It is his due from the Church." If the Archbishop had only lived six weeks longer, and it had devolved upon Mr Gladstone to appoint his successor, there is no saying what might have happened. As it was, the Bishop, after "daily praying that we may have in mercy *the right man*," had a nice letter from Bishop Tait, announcing his acceptance, and records in his diary—"Archbishop of York chagrined manifestly." Then a few days later comes another entry—"Bishop of Gloucester very fierce about ecclesiastical appointments, especially as to Lincoln for London; . . . I trying to discipline myself, but feeling the affront, as dear Randall says." The biographer attributes it all to Disraeli's strong personal antagonistic feeling towards the Bishop, for which he admits, as we think with perfect truth, that there were good grounds.

Then follows a most extraordinary entry in the Bishop's diary, of a conversation with Dean Wellesley, for years the confidential friend of the sovereign, who is represented as talking in this way (according to the Bishop, with great reserve) about the late appointments:

"The Church does not know what it owes to the Queen. Disraeli has been utterly ignorant, utterly unprincipled: he rode the Protestant horse one day; then got frightened that it had gone too far, and was injuring the county elections, so he went right round and proposed names never

heard of. Nothing he would not have done; but throughout he was most hostile to you; he alone prevented London being offered to you. The Queen looked for Tait, but would have agreed to you.

"Disraeli recommended — for Canterbury!!! The Queen would not have him; then Disraeli agreed most reluctantly and with passion to Tait. Disraeli then proposed Wordsworth for London. The Queen objected strongly; no experience, passing over bishops, &c.; then she suggested Jackson, and two others, not you, because of Disraeli's expressed hostility, and Disraeli chose Jackson.

"How can — have got that secret understanding with Disraeli? You are surrounded by false, double-dealing men. Disraeli opposed Leighton with all his strength on every separate occasion. The Queen would have greatly liked him, but Disraeli would not hear of him. You cannot conceive the appointments he proposed and retracted or was overruled; he pressed Champneys for Peterborough; he had no other thought than the votes of the moment; he showed an ignorance about all Church matters, men, opinions, that was astonishing; making propositions one way and the other, riding the Protestant horse to gain the boroughs, and then, when he thought he had gone so far as to endanger the counties, turning round and appointing Bright and Gregory, —thoroughly unprincipled fellow. I trust we may never have such a man again."

All we can say is, that this is a most remarkable entry. It seems incredible that one in Dean Wellesley's position with regard to the Queen should have allowed himself so much latitude even in the strictest confidence; incredible that the Bishop should have regarded it as a manifestation of "great reserve," and committed it to paper with no check on its probable publication; incredible that a biographer should be found who regards it as no breach of faith to give it to the world. But there it stands.

It is probable that the Bishop's wrath really coloured his impressions of what the Dean told him; and the language used is evidently that of the Bishop. Later on, he says in his diary, in reference to Lothair, "My wrath against D. has burnt before this so fiercely that it seems to have burnt out all the materials for burning, and to be like an exhausted prairie fire, full of black stumps, burnt grass, and all abominations." It is with a sense of great relief to read that the Bishop found satisfactory reasons for supporting the disestablishment of the Irish Church, and was enabled to facilitate the progress of that measure; and that in September 1869 came "a most kind letter from W. E. G." "Time come for him to seal the general verdict, and ask if he might name me to the Queen for Winchester." Still there were many drawbacks, and by November 30th he assured Mr Gladstone that it was not the post for which, after so many years of labour and gathered experience, he should have chosen to leave Oxford. "But the voice seemed to me to call me away, and I go." If a similar spirit of resignation had been breathed when he was not called away from his diocese of Oxford, we might have been spared many a racy, not to say equivocal, paragraph in his diary and correspondence.

Very shortly afterwards came the appointment to the see of Exeter of Dr Temple, the author of one of the articles in 'Essays and Reviews.' The Bishop was personally satisfied with the orthodoxy of his opinions, and, taught by his experience in the Hampden case, was not forward to raise a tumult over his mode of treatment leading to unsoundness in the faith, by reason of his essay forming part

of a volume censured by Convocation. He, however, refused to take part in his consecration.

The remainder of his life affords nothing new or striking. His sudden death is too well known to need further comment. The accident probably did not shorten his days to a material extent. He had lived at high pressure all his life, exhausting his nervous and physical energy to the utmost, and there are several indications that the heart was beginning to give way under the strain. There are many who will extol him as an ideal bishop, and it must fairly be conceded to them that in many respects he sustained that character—in the important respects of the control and guidance of his diocese, the spirit which he infused into the work, his eloquence, his wide sympathy, his ardent interest in every sphere of Church work however remote from his own, his powerful vindication of the rights and duties of his order. As Lord Beaconsfield—no mean judge of men—said of him, “There is one thing in the Bishop of Oxford

which strikes me even more than his eloquence: it is the wonderful faculty he possesses of gathering round him so many like-minded with himself.” He failed in those qualities which fit a man to be revered as a leader and guide during a time of religious crisis. He failed also in those qualities which inspire trust in a man’s sincerity and judgment. A convenient facility of self-deception, rather than conscious insincerity, was at the root of these failings: the sonorous phrases in which he habitually indulged, without a severe regard to their meaning, reacted on his intelligence and warped his mind. It is the invariable penalty of what, either in an ordinary demagogue or in a Church of England bishop, must equally be denounced as claptrap. Still, in spite of all his failings, his disappointed ambition, and his posthumous taunts of those who stood in his way, he was a great man and a singularly great bishop, his episcopate marking an era in the history of the English Church.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

THOSE who best loved and best understood Anthony Trollope, find the most difficulty in writing about him; for they are withheld from telling even so much as the bare truth, by their knowledge that one of his strongest feelings was an abhorrence of that eulogium which comes from personal affection rather than from a just estimation of character and work. He was of opinion that there were very few men whose story should be written at all; that their actions and their writings should speak sufficiently for them after their own last words had been spoken; and when he himself undertook the memoir of Thackeray, in which it is impossible not to perceive a manifest constraint, he says "that it is not certainly his purpose to write a *life*, but that he will give such incidents and anecdotes as will tell the reader perhaps all that a reader is entitled to ask." Doubtless there are cases in which the less the reader feels himself entitled to ask the better; far better not to "ravel out a weaved-up folly;" but where we have only to relate the kindnesses, the generousities, the tender mercies of a blameless life, with the sayings and doings of one of the most talented, the most warm-hearted, the most honest man that ever lived, it becomes a simple act of justice to make him known to his readers as he was known to his friends.

One of the things least recognised about Anthony Trollope was his strong political feeling—thinking that, of all studies to which a man and woman can attach themselves, politics is the first and the finest. His ambition was to have become a Member of Parliament; not in the very least a party man—neither place nor emolument were

ever in his thoughts: but the cause that he desired to be supported was the free government of the country by that side in the House of Commons which in truth represents the majority of the constituencies.

In 'Phineas Finn' we have all the details of electioneering business, Cabinet councils, and private schemes; indeed it is a marvel how he contrived to crowd into his life and into his novels so many different experiences, political, ecclesiastical, and above all, long love-ditties, which he describes as having sung until the singing of them had become a second nature to him. His facility of describing to the very life people who could not by any possibility have been his habitual associates, may have arisen from his being so simple and so little exclusive. There was no kindlier or more genial man than Anthony Trollope, no one more hospitable and easy of access. Address him with a friendly word, and after a keen glance through his spectacles, under his heavy brows, you would have of his best in return. He had no idea of keeping his pearls for a chosen companion, but would lavish them freely for the entertainment of the hour and his chance companionships.

He had travelled much, and met with all sorts and conditions of men. He liked to know of what sort of metal they were made. If a man were only true, that was all he wanted of him: from a woman he would put up with something less—having, by means of that faculty which has no other name than genius, become more thoroughly acquainted with the ins and outs of the feminine mind than almost any other author. From, probably, the last letter he ever wrote with his own

hand, may be quoted one of those subtle touches of which so many are to be found in his novels. His correspondent had reproached him for some imaginary neglect, in the words "a worm will turn." And he replied: "A woman will turn, —so will a worm, or a fox, or a politician, but, like the politician, has often no honest ground for turning: the truth is, a woman delights to have the opportunity of turning, so that she may make herself out to be injured."

One of the chief characteristics of his conversation was the vehement enthusiasm he was able to get up with a suddenness which was even startling. He would maintain his own opinion almost with violence; yet no one more thoroughly enjoyed an argument, or put up more delightedly with flat contradiction—so fully able to enter into the other side of the question, that, in the genuine joy and hurry of the fight, he would sometimes forget which was his own. It was seldom that he constituted himself the hero of his own story; but on one occasion, the merits of his novels coming under discussion, and he giving his own verdict decidedly in favour of 'The Last Chronicle of Barset,' one of his friends remarked that, contrary to his usual smooth-going style, he had actually fallen into tragedy whilst describing the death of Mrs Proudie. "Ah, that was not altogether my doing," he replied, jumping up from his chair and putting himself on the hearth-rug, in the attitude which will be so readily recalled by all who knew him.

"This was how it happened. I was writing a note at a table in the Athenæum, when two men came in and settled themselves at each side of the fireplace; one had a number of 'The Last Chronicle of Barset' in his hand, and they began discussing the story. 'Trol-

lope gets awfully prosy,' said one of the critics; 'he does nothing but repeat himself,—Mrs Proudie —Mrs Proudie—Mrs Proudie,—chapter after chapter.' 'I quite agree with you,' replied the other, 'it is Mrs Proudie *ad nauseam*; I am sick to death of Mrs Proudie.' Of course they did not know me, so I jumped up and stood between them. 'Gentlemen,' I said, 'I am the culprit—I am Mr Trollope—and I will go home this instant and *kill* Mrs Proudie.'"

In the very next page, accordingly, the weak and persecuted bishop is made actually to pray for the removal of the masterful partner who has brought so much grief and humiliation upon him; and hardly has the tragic prayer been uttered than he is made aware of its fulfilment.

It is of course a matter of present controversy as to what place Anthony Trollope's work will ultimately take; but it may be at once conceded, that when the last pages of the 'Land Leaguers' were left unfinished, the writer had no living rival.

If now it may be thought he should not stand side by side with Scott, George Eliot, and Thackeray, still, to name him in the same breath with Miss Austen, Miss Ferrier, and Mrs Gaskell, must scarcely be an act of strange injustice. He wrote with that steady regularity which we are told is incompatible with genius; but there are men whose genius has never been questioned whose work has been equally regular and equally steady. He has given us a model of good English prose, clever delineation of character, a fund of subtle humour—an all-through interest felt from first to last. Granted that in no one of his stories is to be found the deep metaphysical acumen with which almost every page of 'Middle-

march' is studded, or any such highly wrought poetic touches as may be found in 'Esmond,' still, on the side of Anthony Trollope, it may be said that there are more minute and carefully sustained delineations of individual character, more steady, equal, and continuous work, and fully as many tender sayings, which, if possessing less artistic finish (since they are put into the lips of ordinary men and women), contain no less spontaneous pathos. Nor only in the happy hunting-grounds of Bassetshire, in series upon series of fiction, where modern society has been acknowledged to be painted more truthfully than by any writer one could name, do we enjoy that correct and graceful writing over which it is a pleasure to linger for the style itself: we find it unaltered in memoirs, in essays, even in history, from whose pages lightness of touch is supposed to take away the strictness and stability of truth. One of the most charming passages in all his works is to be found in the last chapter of his 'Life of Cicero,' where he describes the Roman senator as a man with whom "you can spend the long summer day in sweet conversation."

But let Mr Trollope's works take whatever rank the fashion of the day may be inclined to award them, they can never fail to fill a place of their own; and whatever merit may be given or denied them, they must remain the acknowledged type of that blameless, entertaining, beneficial literature which honours the country and the epoch in which it has been popular.

It would be a work of supererogation to say that not a shadow of envy or jealousy was ever noticed in Mr Trollope's literary career. He was gratified as much by the success of a friend as by his own. But his views of literary probity were no less strict than those he

applied to every other transaction; and what he most thoroughly objected to was any attempt at what he called "underhand approaches"—that is to say, private recommendations to editors or influential friends. His advice when applied to for such assistance was invariably the same: "Stand fast on your own honest ground, and care for nothing beyond, let what will come of it." On one occasion his applicant had the audacity to remark that standing on one's own honest ground was all very well, and a finely sounding phrase, but that "A. T." on a paper enclosing a manuscript from an unknown author would certainly have some weight with an editor. The following letter was received by return of post:—

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—The verses, which are very pretty, I have sent on, withdrawing your note and substituting one from myself. They may not improbably print and publish them; I do not think they will pay for them. But A. T. will neither in one case nor the other have done either good or harm in the matter. If you don't believe in one's own honest ground, what should you believe in? As for favour, you should not condescend to accept it; but there is not much favour in it—though perhaps a little. The owner of the magazine wants to make money, and would sooner have the worst verses a man could put together with Tennyson's name to them, than the most charming poetry from you, because Tennyson's work would sell the periodical. But for you, as for me formerly, there is nothing but honest ground that will do any good, and no good coming from anything else is worth having. —Your most affectionate friend and mentor,
A. T."

His love for poetry was very great—so great that it was a sore point with him that he had never himself attained any success as a versifier. That he had attempted and failed, was his own view of the matter. He would never give fur-

ther explanation; but the rebuff, from whatever quarter it came (it may possibly have been a verdict of his own), was so crushing, that he never tried the poet's flight again. The failure rendered him only the more lenient to other less thin-skinned poets; and it was through his encouragement that many young writers found their way into the light of literary success. He was an ardent admirer of the 'Spanish Gypsy;' and it was in the first numbers of 'St Paul's Magazine,' when he himself was its editor, that Austin Dobson became suddenly and deservedly known. His knowledge of the world, and sound business capacity, rendered his advice to beginners absolutely invaluable. Its substance in all branches of the profession was the same—to take no roundabout way to any goal. On being consulted as to the advisability of an author joining with an actor in bringing out a play, he wrote as follows:—

"Pray, pray do not be tempted to pay money to have your play brought out! It is working the wrong way, and nothing is to be got from it—neither fame nor profit. If the theatres will not take your plays, put up with it—bear your burden of disappointment as so many have to do. Labour on, if you have perseverance and think that there may be a chance of success; but do not be tempted to an attempt to buy for money that which should come in quite a different fashion."

To the very last Mr Trollope accomplished an immense amount of work; but he suffered from writer's cramp, and for some years was unable to use his pen, except for a very short time. His niece was his devoted amanuensis, and wrote silently, faithfully, and untiringly, from his dictation. She was forbidden to make the slightest observation during the many hours expended on her task. However much the horrid sentence might require

correction—however readily her well-accustomed ear might have supplied the happier word in the style with which she was so familiar—she was bound, at all hazards, to preserve the strictest silence, on pain of finding the whole chapter consigned to the waste-paper basket,—a penalty once actually inflicted, when a slight emendation was mildly and respectfully suggested. It was apparently in the full enjoyment of a busy and tranquil life that the ever-active and industrious writer was struck down. There was but little diminution of health and strength, although it may now be gathered that he suffered more than he would allow to be suspected before he would put himself fairly under medical care. As far back as January 1879 he wrote from Montagu Square—

"You sent me 'Balzac,' you say, and a Christmas card,—no doubt meaning them to be incentives to me to do what you were not at the moment minded to do yourself. The Christmas cards, I own, pass by me not unobserved, but with that small amount of attention which is always vouchsafed to one in a crowd; but when I am written to, I answer like a man, at an interval of a week or so. But in truth, I am growing so old that, though I still do my daily work, I am forced to put off the lighter tasks from day to day: to-morrow will do—and to-morrow! I do not feel like that in the cheery morning; but when I have been cudgelling my overwrought brain for some three or four hours in quest of words, then I fade down, and begin to think it will be nice to go to the club, and have tea, and play whist, and put off my letters till the evening: then there is something else, and the letter is not written."

He might then have begun to "fade down," but he was still the gay companion, the sympathetic friend: he rode, he enjoyed his afternoon rubber and his hospitable gatherings, very much as usual; but

one of his last novels gave witness to certain sad reflections which began to pursue him as if against his will. 'The Fixed Period'—published in this Magazine, and purporting to be a laughable description of the laws, systems, and inventions of a model colony—contains many passages which are evidently heartfelt; and when he explains "the great doctrine" which prevailed among the inhabitants of Britannula, it is not difficult to see that, under the guise of an amusing story, he was dealing with some of his own original, sad, and serious convictions.

The advantages of the Fixed Period are described as consisting in the abolition of the miseries, weaknesses, and *fainéant* imbecility of old age, by the *prearranged ceasing to live* of those who would otherwise have become old. Two mistakes, he explains, have been made by mankind in reference to their own race: first in allowing the world to be burdened with the continued maintenance of those whose cares should have been made to cease, and whose troubles should be at an end; and the second, in requiring those who remain to live a useless and painful life. "Let any man look amongst his friends" (the words are put into the mouth of the Speaker of the Parliament of Britannula), "and see whether men of sixty-five are not in the way of those who are still aspiring to rise in the world. A judge shall be deaf on the bench when younger men below him can hear with accuracy; his voice shall have descended to a poor treble, or his eyesight shall be dull and failing; at any rate, his limbs will have lost that robust activity which is needed for the adequate strength of the world. It is self-evident that a man at sixty-five has done all

that he is fit to do. He should be troubled no longer with labour; and therefore should be troubled no longer with life." But the Speaker was overruled, and sixty-seven and a half was at last settled as the "fixed period" at which the resigned inhabitants of Britannula should be led into the college, enclosing them entirely from the outer world, to pass a year's euthanasia, and should then be made *to cease to live*.

It was within a few months of the age thus named, but very far from having done all that he was fit to do, that one of the best and kindest of men was seized with his last illness.

He had the benefit of first-rate professional skill, a devoted personal friend in his physician, and the most unremitting care; but a life of exceptional hard work had fairly worn him out. He had often been obliged to write as much as fourteen hours a-day, producing in a space of forty years an enormous number of novels, besides some travels, memoirs, and essays. But it is upon his novels that his fame will rest. He had taken long journeys (when journeying was no easy matter), chiefly with reference to postal negotiations with other countries; and his chief recreation was taken in the hunting-field. In fact, hard work was a necessity of his nature; and those who know how impatiently he would have borne the captivity of a sick-room—how he would have chafed at restrictions, and how much he dreaded to outlive his usefulness—will not give way to regrets which cannot be otherwise than selfish, saying of him as he himself said of another, that "he was the most soft-hearted of human beings; sweet as charity itself, who went about the world dropping pearls, doing good, and never wilfully inflicting a wound."

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. DCCCIX.

MARCH 1883.

VOL. CXXXIII.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

IN the controversy which Swift's life and character have provoked, it has been extremely difficult hitherto to arrive at any quite satisfactory conclusion. Biographical criticism, like Biblical, is a progressive science. The critical method, which we have brought to comparative perfection, was almost unknown to our forefathers. Johnson's 'Lives of the English Poets' is one of the best books of the time, for his arbitrary dogmatism was controlled and informed by an admirable common-sense; but even Johnson often misleads. We do not speak of his criticism of poetry, for the canon of taste has changed since his day—as it may change again; but the genuine spirit of inquiry is conspicuous by its absence. Even the lives of the men who might almost be called contemporary are treated as if the gossip of the club and the tittle-tattle of the coffee-house were the only available sources of information. Thus, until Walter Scott's memoirs were published, the real Swift was almost unknown. The growth

of the Swift legend was indeed unusually rapid; and if an exacter criticism had not been brought to bear upon it in time, there is no saying to what proportions it might not have attained. The great Dean of St Patrick's was becoming a grotesque and gigantic shadow. Scott was not a critic in the modern sense of the word; but his judgment, upon the whole, was sound and just, and his large humanity enabled him to read into the story much that a stricter scrutiny has since approved. The creative sympathy of genius is seldom at fault; for it works in obedience to the larger laws which govern human conduct, and if its methods are sometimes unscientific, its conclusions are generally reliable.

Scott has been followed by diligent students, and the researches of Mr Mason, Mr Forster, and Mr Henry Craik may be considered exhaustive. All the documents that have any real bearing upon the controversy have been made accessible; and Mr Craik's mas-

terly Life, in particular, leaves little to be desired.¹ Much new matter has been recovered; much that was irrelevant has been set aside; and we think that a portrait, credible and consistent in its main lines, may now be constructed. After all deductions have been made, Jonathan Swift remains a great and imposing personality—as unique in that century as Benjamin Disraeli has been in ours.

The Dean himself is to some extent responsible for the gross caricature which has been commonly accepted as a faithful portrait by his countrymen. The intense force of his genius gave a vital energy to the merest trifles. His casual sayings have branded themselves upon the language. *Only a woman's hair—die like a poisoned rat in a hole—I am what I am—ubi sæva indignatio cor ulterius lacerare nequit*,—these letters of fire may be read through the darkness which has engulfed so much. But a true and complete estimate of a man's disposition and temper cannot be constructed out of scattered and isolated phrases. We must take these for what they are worth,—compare them, weigh them, find out their proper place and relative value in the narrative. The subtler lights and shades of character are necessarily missed in a sketch which busies itself exclusively with the occasional outburst—however vivid and impressive—of passion or remorse. Mr Thackeray seldom hurts our sense of the becoming; but his slight and unconscious treatment of one of the greatest

satirists of the world is, it must be sorrowfully admitted, a wellnigh unpardonable offence.

The leading events of Swift's life fall naturally into four main divisions: 1st, His school and college life; 2d, His residence with Sir William Temple; 3d, His London career, with its social, literary, and political triumphs; 4th, His Irish banishment. He was born in 1667; he died in 1745: so that his life may be said to cover nearly the whole period between the Restoration of Charles II. and the last Jacobite rebellion.

Oliver Cromwell had been only a few years in his grave when Jonathan Swift was born. Swift was an Irishman, in so far as the place of birth determines nationality; but except for the accident that he was born in Dublin, he was, by extraction and temperament, an Englishman. He came of a good Hereford stock, and he was proud of his ancestry. "My birth, although from a family not undistinguished in its time, is many degrees inferior to yours," he says to Bolingbroke—an admission which he might safely make, for St John had a strain of Tudor blood in his veins. The Dean's grandfather had been vicar of Goodrich, and had been distinguished during the Civil War for the heartiness and obstinacy of his loyalty. But loyalty was a losing game in England at the time. So it came about that several of the vicar's sons were forced to cross the Irish Channel, and try their luck in the Irish capital. The eldest, Godwin, through his con-

¹ Mr Forster had only completed the first volume of the Dean's biography before his death; but the materials which he had accumulated, as well as those in the possession of Mr John Murray and others, have been put at Mr Craik's disposal, and his elaborate 'Life of Swift' (London—John Murray: 1882) must for the future be regarded as the standard work on the subject. Mr Leslie Stephen's 'Swift,' published last year, is an acute though somewhat unsympathetic study, in which Swift's great qualities are rather minimised.

nection with the Ormond family, was fairly successful; but the younger brother, Jonathan, when he married Abigail Erick, had still his fortune to make. He died a year or two afterwards, leaving his widow wellnigh penniless. So that when Jonathan the second made his appearance in this bad world on the last day of November 1667, the outlook was by no means bright.

The widow contrived, however, to struggle on hopefully, and indeed remained to the end a bright, keen, thrifty, uncomplaining, capable sort of woman, much regarded by her son. In course of time she was able to get away from Dublin to her native country, where the Ericks had been known more or less since the days of that Eadric the forester from whom they claimed descent, and settled herself in Leicester, where she seems to have been well esteemed, and to have led the easy, blameless, unexciting life of a provincial town for many years. Her son had become famous before she died; but he was always loyal and affectionate to the cheery old lady, though their relations perhaps were never so intimate and endearing as those which united his mother to Pope,—

“Whose filial piety excells
Whatever Græcian story tells.”

But he frequently went to see her,—walking the whole way, as was his habit; and on her death he recorded his sorrow in words so direct and simple that they cling to the memory: “*I have now lost my barrier between me and death. God grant I may live to be as well prepared for it as I confidently believe her to have been. If the way to heaven be through piety, truth, justice, and charity, she is there.*”

Swift was thus cast upon the charity of his friends from his earliest infancy. When barely a year old, indeed, he was secretly taken to Whitehaven by his nurse, who belonged to that part of the country, and who could not bring herself to part from her charge. The little fellow appears to have thriven in that homely companionship. He remained with her for three years; and before he was brought back to Ireland, he could read, he tells us, any chapter of the Bible. Soon after his return to Dublin he was sent by his uncle Godwin to the grammar-school at Kilkenny—the famous academy where Swift and Congreve and Berkeley received their early training. From Kilkenny the lad went to Trinity College,—but his university career was undistinguished: he failed to accommodate himself to the traditional course of study, and it was with some difficulty that he obtained his degree. The sense of dependence pressed heavily upon him; he was moody and ill at ease—at war with the world, which had treated him scurvily, as he thought; and more than once he threatened to break into open revolt.

The Celtic rebellion of 1688 drove him, with a host of English fugitives, across the Channel—not unwillingly, we may believe. He joined his mother at Leicester; but before the close of 1689, he had obtained a post in the household of Sir William Temple. Sir William was living at Moor Park, near Farnham, in Surrey—a wild and romantic district even now, and which two centuries ago was a natural wilderness of heath and furze. In the centre of this wilderness Sir William had created a sort of Dutch paradise,—had planted his tulips, had dug his

canals, had filled his fish-pond. The somewhat ponderous affability of the retired diplomatist was looked upon as rather old-fashioned, even by his contemporaries; and it is not difficult to believe that the relations between him and the raw and inexperienced Irish secretary must have been, at first at least, a trifle strained and difficult. But we are rather inclined to think that the residence with Temple was not the least happy period of Swift's life. He was in his early manhood; he spent much of his time in the open air; he had a plentiful store of books to fall back upon during rainy weather; the first promptings of genius and ambition were making themselves felt; he saw on occasion the great men who were moving the world; and after some inevitable misunderstandings he became indispensable to Temple, who "often trusted him," as he says, "with affairs of great importance." Then there was little Esther Johnson, — the delicate pupil who had already found a soft place in her master's heart, and whose childish prattle has been immortalised in words that are as fresh and sweet to-day as the day they were written. If it is true that 'A Tale of a Tub' as well as 'The Battle of the Books' was composed at Moor Park, the stories of his vulgar servitude and wearing misery are finally disposed of. The glow, the animation, the brightness of the narrative, are characteristic of a period of fine and true happiness — the happiness of the creative intellect in its earliest and least mechanical exercise.

When Swift left Moor Park in 1699, his education was complete. He was fitted by nature to play a great part in great affairs; and besides his unique natural gifts,

he was now in every sense a man of culture and accomplishment. The discipline at Moor Park had been altogether salutary; and we have no reason to suppose that he felt himself degraded by the position which he had occupied and the duties he had discharged. A bitter and dreary childhood had been succeeded by years of dependence and privation; but at Moor Park, for the first time, he entered a secure haven, where, released from the stress of the storm, he had leisure to look about him, and to prepare himself for action.

It was not for some years after Temple's death that Swift became a noticeable figure in the metropolis. He was mostly in Ireland. He had become a clergyman before he finally left Moor Park; and he now held one or two inconsiderable livings in the Irish Church. The congregations were small; the duties were light; and he had a good deal of spare time on his hands. All his life he was a great walker (Mr Leslie Stephen, himself an eminent mountaineer, is ready to fraternise with this possible member of the Alpine Club) — the sound mind in the sound body being with Swift largely dependent upon constant and even violent exercise. At this period — indeed during his whole career, but more especially at this time — these long solitary rambles are a noticeable feature in Swift's life. He walks from London to Leicester, from Leicester to Holyhead, from Dublin to Laracor, — sleeping at roadside taverns, hobnobbing with wandering tinkers and incurious rustics, watching the men at their work, the women at their cottage-doors. He had a great liking for this kind of life, and he loved the country after a fashion of his own: he recalls through the smoke of London the willows of Laracor, and when

he is too moody in spirit to consort with his fellow-mortals, he goes down to the vicarage and shuts himself up in his garden.

It was in London, however, that his true life was passed. There the great game was being played in which he longed to join. He soon acquired celebrity—celebrity that in one sense cost him dear. From the day that ‘A Tale of a Tub’ was published, he was a famous man. But it was a fame that rather scandalised Queen Anne and the orthodox school of Churchmen; and Swift could never get himself made a bishop,—a dignity which he mainly coveted, it is probable, because it implied secular and political as well as spiritual lordship. There is no doubt that Swift was a sincere believer in what he held to be the main truths of Christianity;¹ but his ridicule was terribly keen, and the mere trappings of religion fared ill at his hands. There is no saying now how far his destructive logic might have been carried; there seems indeed to be a general consent among experts that it would have spared little. For our own part, we are not prepared to admit that the corruptions of religion—superstition and fanaticism—cannot be assailed except by the sceptic or the unbeliever. Swift did not attack the Church of England; but *that*, it is said, was only an accident. “Martin is not ridiculed; but with the attacks on Peter and John before us, it is impossible not to see that the same sort of things might be said of him as are said of them, and with the same sort of justice. What a

chapter Swift might have written on the way in which Martin made his fortune by bribing the lawyers to divorce the Squire when he wanted to marry his wife’s maid; how he might have revelled in description of the skill with which Martin forged a new will in thirty-nine clauses, and tried to trip up Peter, and actually did crop Jack’s ears, because they each preferred their own forgery to his!” Well, but suppose Swift had said all this,—would he have said anything more than Pusey, Keble, and a crowd of Church of England dignitaries have been saying now for many years past, without any suspicion of irreligion, or scepticism, or even of dangerous logical insight? In short, the substance of religion is independent of its accidents, which are often mean and grotesque; and the mean and the grotesque, in whatever shape, are fit subjects for satire—which in the hands of a Cervantes, a Rabelais, an Erasmus, or a Swift, may undoubtedly become the most effective of all weapons in the cause of truth and common-sense. “‘A Tale of a Tub,’” Sir Walter Scott remarked very truly, “succeeded in rendering the High Church party most important services; for what is so important to a party in Britain as to gain the laughers to their side?” Mr Leslie Stephen, with unlooked-for and unaccustomed timidity, replies,—“The condition of having the laughers on your side is to be on the side of the laughers. Advocates of any serious cause feel that there is danger in accepting such an alliance.” But Erasmus, who

¹ The prayers composed by Swift for Mrs Esther Johnson on her deathbed are very interesting in this connection, and should be read attentively. They seem to us to show, along with much else, that whatever speculative difficulties he may have experienced, he had accepted Christianity, as a rule of life and faith, with sincere and even intense conviction.

contrived to get the laughs on his side, had nearly as much to do with the Reformation of ecclesiastical abuses in the sixteenth century as Luther or Calvin had. Swift's ridicule may have had a wider sweep, and may have involved even graver issues; but we do not see that it was *destructive*—that is, inimical to and inconsistent with a rational conception of Christianity—in the sense at least that David Hume's was destructive.

Addison's Travels were published in 1705, and he sent a copy to Swift with these words written upon the fly-leaf: "To Dr Jonathan Swift, The most Agreeable Companion, the Truest Friend, and the Greatest Genius of his Age, This Book is presented by his most Humble Servant, the Author." So that even thus early Swift's literary pre-eminence must have been freely recognised—at least among the Whigs, of whom Addison was the mouthpiece. Swift at this time was held to be a Whig; but in truth he cared little for party. He had, indeed, a passionate and deeply-rooted love of liberty,—

"Better we all were in our graves,
Than live in slavery to slaves,"—

but the right divine of the oligarchy to govern England was a claim that could not evoke much enthusiasm. The principles for which Hampden died on the field and Sidney on the scaffold were getting somewhat threadbare; and Swift was too clear-sighted to be in favour of popular rule. "The people is a lying sort of beast, and I think in Leicester above all other parts that ever I was in." At Moor Park, however, he had been under the roof of a statesman who was closely identified with the Revolution Settlement. The king himself

had been a not unfrequent visitor; and it was natural that Swift, when he went out into the world, should take with him the politics of his patron. But they always sat loosely upon him. He did not love to see personal resentment mix with public affairs. So he said at a later period of life; and his earliest pamphlet was an earnest and spirited protest against the bitterness of faction. It recommended him to the Whig chiefs, who were then in the minority, and who were ready to welcome an ally who could prove from classical antiquity that their impeachment was a blunder. But when the victories of Marlborough had restored them to office, it cannot be said that Somers and Halifax exerted themselves very strenuously in behalf of their *protégé*. So late as the spring of 1709 he was able to tell the latter, that the copy of the 'Poésies Chrésiennes' which he had begged of him on parting was the only favour he ever received from him or his party. There were obstacles in the way, no doubt; but it is difficult to suppose that if they had pressed his claims, they could not have made him an Irish bishop or an English dean. The rewards of letters in that age were splendid; and Swift's fame was rivalled only by Addison's. But the truth is, that there was from the first little sympathy between the oligarchy which governed England and this strong and trenchant intellect. Swift, moreover, was an ardent Churchman, who hated fanaticism and the fanatical sects; whereas the Whigs were lukewarm Churchmen, and rather addicted to Dissent. Macaulay says that when Harley and St John succeeded in displacing Godolphin, Swift "rattled." The charge appears to us to be unfounded. Swift had shaken the dust of Whiggery off his feet

before the prosecution of Sacheverell had been commenced. The alienation was even then virtually if not nominally complete. The leaders of the party had treated him badly, and were ready, he believed, to treat the Church badly if they dared. So that for some time before the Tories returned to office in 1710, he had been slowly but surely drifting into Toryism. Harley and St John were resolved to have him at any price,—he was the only man they feared; but they would hardly have ventured to approach him if his Whiggery had been very pronounced. The unconventional habits of the new Ministers were delightful to one who detested convention. They were weighted with great affairs; but he always found them, he declared, as easy and disengaged as school-boys on a holiday. He was charmed by the easy familiarity of the Lord Treasurer; he was captivated by the adventurous genius of the Secretary;¹ and affection and admiration completed what the *sæva indignatio* may have begun. The ill-concealed antagonisms, the long-suppressed resentments, burst out with full force in 'The Examiner.' Nowhere have the narrow traditions of the Whigs been more trenchantly exposed. "They impose a hundred tests; they narrow the terms of communion; they pronounce nine parts in ten of the country heretics, and shut them out of the pale of their Church. These very men, who talk so much of a comprehension in religion among

us, how come they to allow so little of it in politics, which is their sole religion?" "They come," he exclaims in another place—"they come with the spirits of shopkeepers to frame rules for the administration of kingdoms; as if they thought the whole art of government consisted in the importation of nutmegs and the curing of herrings. But God be thanked," he adds, "they and their schemes are vanished, and their place shall know them no more." This is not the language of a deserter who, from interested motives, has gone over to the enemy: there is, on the contrary, the energy of entire conviction.

From 1710 to 1714 St John and Harley were in office. These were Swift's golden years. He enjoyed the consciousness of power; and now he had the substance of it, if not the show. He was by nature a ruler of men; and now his authority was acknowledged and indisputed. It must be confessed—as even Dr Johnson is forced to confess—that during these years Swift formed the political opinions of the English nation.

He was still in his prime. When Harley became Lord Treasurer, Swift had not completed his forty-third year, and his bodily and mental vigour was unimpaired. The man who had hitherto led a life of penury and dependence, had found himself of a sudden in possession of a most wonderful weapon—the sword of sharpness or the coat of darkness of the fairy tale

¹ "I think Mr St John the greatest young man I ever knew: wit, capacity, beauty, quickness of apprehension, good learning, and an excellent taste; the best orator in the House of Commons, admirable conversation, good nature, and good manners; generous, and a despiser of money."—*Swift to Stella*. We do not enter here into the merits of the political measures advocated by Swift, and carried out by St John and Harley; but we cannot say that Mr Craik does anything like justice to St John, whose immense capacity has extorted the admiration of his bitterest critics,—whose foreign policy was approved by Macaulay, and whose "free and noble style" was praised by Jeffrey.

—which made him a match for the greatest and the strongest. It was an intoxicating position; but upon the whole, he bore himself not ignobly. That there was always a certain masterfulness about him need not be doubted; but the roughness of his manner and the brusqueness of his humour have certainly been exaggerated. The reports come to us from those who saw him in later and evil days, when he was suffering from bodily pain and the irritability of incipient madness. But in 1710 the “imperious and moody exile” was the most delightful company in the world. The “conjured spirit” had been exorcised by the spell of congenial work, and its owner was bright, ardent, and unwearied in the pursuit of business and pleasure. Swift had unquestionably that personal charm which is so potent in public life. Men were drawn to him as by a magnet; for women—for more than one woman at least—he had an irresistible attraction. He was not tall; but his figure was certainly not “ungainly,” and his face was at once powerful and refined. There was a delicate curve of scorn about the lips; though he was never known to laugh, his eyes were bright with mirth and mockery,—“azure as the heavens,” says Pope, “and with a charming archness in them.” Poor Vanessa found that there was something awful in them besides; but that was later. Altogether he must have been, so far as we can figure him now, a very noticeable man,—the blue eyes shining archly under the black and bushy eyebrows—the massive forehead—the dimpled chin—the aquiline nose—the easy and confident address—the flow of ready mother-wit—the force of a most trenchant logic: except St John, there was probably no man

in England at the time who, taken all round, was quite a match for the famous Irish vicar.

The death of Queen Anne was nearly as mortal a blow to Swift as to St John. It meant banishment for both. Yet the great qualities of the men were accentuated by evil fortune. “What a world is this, and how does fortune banter us!” St John exclaimed on the day he fell; and a week later he wrote to Swift,—“Adieu; love me, and love me better, because after a greater blow than most men ever felt I keep up my spirit—am neither dejected at what is past, nor apprehensive at what is to come. *Mea virtute me involvo.*” “Swift,” said Arbuthnot, “keeps up his noble spirit; and though like a man knocked down, you may behold him still with a stern countenance, and aiming a blow at his adversaries.”

Swift returned to Ireland in 1714. He had been appointed to the Deanery of St Patrick’s by his Tory friends; and he applied himself, on his return, with zeal and assiduity to the duties of his charge. But though he bore himself stoutly, he was in truth a soured and disappointed man. The company of great friends had been scattered. He was remote from St John, Pope, and Gay. He detested Ireland,—“Thou wilt not leave my soul in *hell*,” he had said to Oxford not long before. But the irony of fate had been too strong for him, and the rest of his life was to be spent among a people whom he despised. He came back under a cloud of unpopularity. He was mobbed more than once in the streets of Dublin. But nature had made him a ruler of men—in Ireland as elsewhere. Soon he rose to be its foremost citizen. The English Whigs had treated Ireland

with gross injustice; and the wrongs of Ireland was a ready theme for the patriot and the satirist. The Irish people were not ungrateful. "Come over to us," he had once written in his grand way to Addison, "and we will raise an army, and make you king of Ireland." He himself for many years was its virtual ruler. "When they ask me," said the accomplished Carteret, who had been Lord-Lieutenant, "how I governed Ireland, I say that I pleased Dr Swift." Walpole would have been glad more than once to punish the audacious Churchman, but the risk was too great. During the prosecution of the printer of the 'Drapier Letters,' the popular determination found appropriate expression in a well-known passage of Holy Writ: "Shall JONATHAN die, who hath wrought this great salvation in Israel? God forbid: as the Lord liveth, there shall not one hair of his head fall to the ground; for he hath wrought with God this day. So the people rescued JONATHAN, that he died not." And when, at a later period, exasperated by a peculiarly bitter taunt, the Minister threatened to arrest the Dean, he was dissuaded by prudent friends. The messengers of the law would require to be protected by the military—could he spare ten thousand men for the purpose? "Had I held up my little finger," Swift said to Walpole's ally, the Primate Boulter, who had been expostulating with him on his violence—"had I held up my little finger, they would have torn you to pieces."¹ Bonfires blazed on his birthday. In every town of Ireland that he visited, he was re-

ceived "as a sovereign prince." When he went from Dublin to the provinces, it was like a royal progress. On his return in 1727 from the last visit he paid to England, the vessel in which he crossed the Channel was signalled in Dublin Bay. "The corporation met the ship in wherries, the quays were decked with bunting, the bells were rung, and the city received in gala fashion her most beloved citizen."

But all was unavailing. The gloomy shadows gathered more closely round him. Vanessa was dead; Stella was dead; one by one the great friends had dropped away. He was tortured by a profound misanthropy—the misanthropy of the man who sees too clearly and feels too keenly. For many years before his death he read on his birthday that chapter of Job in which the patriarch curses the day on which it was said in his father's house that a man child was born. 'Gulliver' is one of the great books of the world; but the hopeless rage against the race of mortals in the closing chapters is almost too terrible. For many years Swift was one of the most wretched of men. The gloom never lightened—the clouds never broke. It must have been almost a relief when total darkness came—if such it was. But that is the worst of madness—we cannot tell if the unconsciousness, the oblivion, is absolute. Behind the veil the tortured spirit may prey upon itself. He had asked to be taken away from the evil to come; but his prayer was not granted. He would have rejoiced exceedingly to find the grave; but he was forced to drink

¹ On another occasion, a great crowd having assembled to witness an eclipse of the sun, Swift sent round the bell-man to intimate that the eclipse had been postponed by the Dean's orders, and the crowd forthwith dispersed.

the cup to the dregs. *For the thing which I greatly feared is come upon me, and that which I was afraid of is come unto me.*¹ During the last four years of his life this famous wit, this prodigious intellect, was utterly prostrated. Only a broken sentence came at long intervals from his lips. "Go, go!" "Poor old man!" "I am what I am." The picture is darker than any he has drawn,—it is a more bitter commentary on the irony of human life than anything that Gulliver witnessed in all his travels. The end came on the 19th of October 1745.

Such is a brief sketch of the chief incidents of Swift's life,—brief, but sufficient perhaps to enable us to follow with sympathy and understanding some of the questions on which controversy has arisen. "Without sympathy," as Mr Craik has well said, "few passages of Swift's life are fairly to be judged." There are a good many side issues that come up incidentally for judgment; but the main controversy, out of which the others emerge, is concerned with the relations which the Dean maintained with Stella and Vanessa.

If we examine with any care the indictment that has been prepared by Jeffrey, Macaulay, Thackeray, and others, we find that the charges against Swift may be stated somewhat thus: He was parsimonious and avaricious, a self-seeker and a cynic, brutal to the weak and abject to the strong, a factious churchman, a faithless politician, coarse in language and overbearing in manner. Some of these allegations have been disposed of by what has been already said: that there was an essential consistency, for instance, in his political opinions, that he did not "rat" in any base

or vulgar sense, seems to us to be incontestable; and it will be found, we think, that most of the other charges rest on an equally slender basis of fact, on equally palpable misconstructions. Indeed, the more we examine the Dean's life, the more obvious does it become that his vices leant to virtue's side, and that the greatness of his nature asserted itself strongly and unequivocally in his very weaknesses.

One initial difficulty there is—Swift had a habit of putting his worst foot foremost. He detested hypocritical pretence of every kind; and in speaking of himself he often went to the other extreme. A subtle vein of self-mockery runs through his letters, which incapacity and dulness may easily misconstrue. Pope understood it; Bolingbroke understood it; but the solemn badinage of his own actions and motives, in which he liked to indulge, when taken as a serious element by serious biographers, has been apt to lead them astray. Swift, in short, was a singularly reticent man, who spoke as little as possible about his deeper convictions, and who, when taxed with amiability, or kind-heartedness, or generosity, or piety, preferred to reply with an ambiguous jest.

The Dean's alleged meanness in money matters is easily explained. The iron had entered into his soul. He had known at school and college what penury meant; and he deliberately resolved that by no act of his own would he again expose himself to the miseries of dependence. But he was not avaricious,—from a very early period he gave away one-tenth of his narrow income in charity. He saved, as some one has said, not that he might be rich, but that he might be liberal. Such thrift cannot be

¹ Job iii. 25.

condemned; on the contrary, it is virtue of a high order—the virtue which the strenuous Roman extolled. *Magnum vectigal est parsimonia*. He went out of his way to help others. His temper was naturally generous. It may be said, quite truly, that he valued power mainly because it enabled him to push the fortunes of his friends. He excused himself indeed in his characteristic fashion. To help his friends was to him so much of a pleasure, that it could not be a virtue.

The charge that he was ready to push his own fortunes by any means however base, seems to us to be capable of even more emphatic refutation. Thackeray says that Swift was abject to a lord. The truth is, that no man was ever more independent. The moment that Harley hurt his sense of self-respect by an injudicious gift, he broke with him. The Treasurer had taken an unpardonable liberty, and must apologise. “If we let these great Ministers pretend too much, there will be no governing them,” he wrote to Stella. He recognised true greatness cordially wherever he found it, and real kindness subdued him at once. But the mere trappings of greatness—the stars and garters and ribbons—had no effect upon his imagination:—

“Where titles give no right or power,
And peerage is a withered flower.”

He loved Oxford; he loved Bolingbroke; but he did not love them better than he loved Pope and Gay and Arbuthnot. He left Somers and Halifax when he thought they were playing the Church false; but the Tory chiefs who had been kind to him, though one was in exile and the other in the Tower, were never mentioned by him without emotion. He offered to share Oxford's imprisonment; and nothing

would induce him to bow the knee to Walpole. He was anxious, indeed, to obtain promotion; he would have been well pleased if his friends had made him a bishop; but the anxiety was quite natural. If there had been any show of neglect, if the men for whom he had fought so gallantly had affected to underrate his services and to overlook his claims, his self-respect would have been wounded. The feeling was precisely similar to that of the soldier who fails to receive the ribbon or the medal which he has earned. But Swift was not *greedy* either of riches or of fame,—so long as he was able to keep the wolf from the door, the most modest competence was all that he asked. He had none of the irritable vanity of the author; all his works were published anonymously; and he manifested a curious indifference to that posthumous reputation—“the echo of a hollow vault”—which is so eagerly and vainly prized by aspiring mortals. Nor did he give a thought to the money value of his work—Pope, Mrs Barber, the booksellers, might have it, and welcome. What he really valued was the excitement of the campaign: in the ardour of the fight he sought and found compensation. “A person of great honour in Ireland used to tell me that my mind was like a conjured spirit, that would do mischief if I would not give it employment.” And he says elsewhere,—“I myself was never very miserable while my thoughts were in a ferment, for I imagine a dead calm is the troublesomest part of our voyage through the world.” These and similar avowals are very characteristic. The cool poetic woodland was not for this man. He could not go and lie down on the grass, and listen to the birds, and be happy like his innocent rustics. One may

pity him, but censure surely is stupidly unjust. Not only were his faculties in finest working order at the supreme and critical juncture, when the fortune of battle was poised in the balance, but the noise of the guns and the shouts of the combatants drove away the evil spirit which haunted him. Absorbed in the great game, he forgot himself and the misery which at times was wellnigh intolerable. For all his life a dark shadow hung over him, and only when drinking "delight of battle with his peers" might he escape into the sunshine. It must never be forgotten that Swift suffered not merely from almost constant bodily discomfort, but from those dismal forebodings of mental decay which are even more trying than the reality.

We need not wonder that such a man should have been cynical. The profound melancholy of his later years was unrelieved by any break of light; but even in his gayest time the gloom must have been often excessive. The scorn of fools,—

"Hated by fools and fools to hate,
Be that my motto and my fate,"—

is the burden of his earliest as of his latest poetry.

"My hate, whose lash just heaven has
long decreed
Shall on a day make sin and folly
bleed!"

Alas! it hurt himself as much as, or even more than, the fools and sinners; so that at the end, when his hand had lost its cunning, as he thought, and the curtain was about to drop, he entreated Pope to give them one more lash at his request. "Life is not a farce," he adds—"it is a ridiculous tragedy, which is the worst kind of composition;" and then (it belongs to the same period, and certainly shows no

failure of power) he proceeds to draw that tremendous picture of the day of judgment, which, if he had left nothing more, would alone prove to us that Swift's intense satirical imagination was of the highest order:—

"While each pale sinner hung his
head,
Jove, nodding, shook the heavens and
said,—
'Offending race of human kind,
By reason, nature, learning, blind,
You who through frailty step'd aside,
And you who never fell—through
pride;
You who in different sects were
shamm'd,
And come to see each other damn'd
(So some folks told you, but they
knew
No more of Jove's designs than you),
The world's mad business now is o'er,
And I resent these pranks no more.
I to such blockheads set my wit!
I damn such fools!—Go, go, you're
bit.'"

Strange as it may appear to some, the man who wrote these terrible lines was a man whose heart was intensely sensitive, whose affections were morbidly acute, who could not bear to see his friends in pain. His cynicism melted into pity at a word. "I hate life," he exclaims, when he hears that Lady Ashburnham is dead,— "I hate life, when I think it exposed to such accidents; and to see so many wretches burdening the earth, when such as her die, makes me think God did never intend life to be a blessing." Little Harrison, in whom he had interested himself, is taken dangerously ill, and he has not the courage to knock at the "poor lad's" door to inquire. "I told Parnell I was afraid to knock at the door; my mind misgave me. I knocked, and his man in tears told me his master was dead an hour before. Think what grief this is to me! I did

not dine with Lord Treasurer, or anywhere else, but got a bit of meat towards evening." When the letter came telling him that Gay was dead, he knew by instinct — "an impulse foreboding some misfortune" — what it contained, and could not open it for days. And when Stella was ill, his anguish was greater than he could bear. "What am I to do in this world? I am able to hold up my sorry head no longer."

And yet at times—it cannot be denied — Swift could be simply brutal. When his passion was roused he was merciless. He struck out like a blind man—in a sort of frantic rage. He raved—he stormed—he lost self-control—he was taken possession of by his devil. The demoniac element was at times strong in Swift: somewhere or other in that mighty mind there was a congenital flaw which no medicine could heal. The lamentable coarseness of much that he wrote is likewise symptomatic of disease. But, as we have said, it is unfair to judge him by the incidents of his closing years. The profound misanthropy grew upon him. At first it was clearness of vision,—at last it was bitterness of soul. But it did not overpower him till he had passed middle life, till his ambition had been foiled, till he had been driven into exile, till Stella was dead, till he was tortured by almost constant pain, till the shadows of a yet deeper darkness were closing round him.

The story of Swift's relations with Stella and Vanessa is one of those somewhat mysterious episodes in literary history which continue to baffle criticism. The undisputed facts are briefly these: That Swift became acquainted with Esther Johnson (Stella) at Sir William Temple's; that he directed the girl's studies; that a romantic

friendship sprang up between them; that soon after Sir William's death she went, on Swift's advice, to reside in Ireland, where she had a small estate, and where living was relatively cheaper than in England; that though they always lived apart, the early attachment became closer and more intimate; that about 1708 he was introduced to the Vanhomrigh family in London; that Hester Vanhomrigh (Vanessa) fell violently in love with him; that she followed him to Ireland; that she died in 1723, soon after a passionate scene with the man she loved; and that Stella died in 1728, and was buried in the cathedral—close to the grave where the Dean was afterwards laid. These are the bare facts, which have been very variously construed by critics, and of which we now proceed to offer the explanation which appears to fit them most nearly. But, in doing so, it is necessary to dismiss at the outset the common assumption that relations of close friendship between a man and woman are abnormal and unaccountable unless they end in marriage. What we assert is, that the devotion of Swift to Esther Johnson was the devotion of friendship, not of love; and that from this point of view only does the riddle admit of even approximate solution.

Swift, as we have seen, had resolved early in life that no temptation would induce him to barter his independence. With the object of securing a modest competence, he practised the most rigid economy. He had no fortune of his own, and his beggarly Irish livings afforded him at most a bare subsistence. A heavy burden of debt—more than a thousand pounds—attached to the deanery on his appointment. Thus he was growing old before, with the views

which he entertained, he was in a position to marry. And he was not a man to whom "love in a cottage" could have offered any attractions. "He is covetous as hell, and ambitious as the Prince of it," he said of Marlborough. Swift was not mercenary as the Duke was mercenary; but the last infirmity of noble minds was probably his ruling passion. The oracle of a country town, tied to a dull and exacting wife, he would have fretted himself to death in a year. He needed the pressure of action to prevent him from growing gloomy and morose. Nor was mere irritability, or even the *sæva indignatio*, the worst that he had to apprehend. His health was indifferent; he suffered much from deafness and giddiness,—caused, it is asserted, by some early imprudence, a surfeit of ripe fruit or the like, but more or less closely connected, it is probable, with the mental disease which seems to have run in the family—his uncle Godwin having died in a madhouse. "I shall be like that tree," he is reported to have said many years before his own death, pointing to an elm whose upper branches had been withered by lightning; "I shall die at the top." Even in early manhood he had confessed that he was of a "cold temper;" and he spoke of love—the absurd passion of play-books and romances—only to ridicule it. His opinion of marriage, in so far as he himself was interested, may be gathered from a letter written when he was five-and-twenty: "The very ordinary observations I made, without going half a mile from the university, have taught me experience enough not to think of marriage till I settle my fortune in the world, which I am sure will not be in some years; and even then I am so hard to please myself,

that *I suppose I shall put it off to the next world.*" This may have been said partly in jest; but a man so situated, and with such antecedents, may very reasonably have asked himself whether he was entitled to marry. Friendship, on the other hand, was a noble emotion; he never wearies of singing its praise. And he acted up to his persuasion: if Swift was a bitter foe, he was at least a constant and magnanimous friend.

Yet, by some curious perversity, the man to whom love was a by-word was forced to sound the deeps and to explore the mysteries of passion.

One of Swift's resolutions, recorded in the curious paper of 1699, "When I come to be old," was, "not to be fond of children, or let them come near me hardy." Esther Johnson, the only child who up to that time had come very close to him, was then just leaving her childhood behind her—she was seventeen years old. The delicate girl had matured or was maturing into a bright and charming woman. It is admitted on all hands that Stella was worthy of Swift's—indeed of any man's—regard. She had great good sense; her conversation was keen and sprightly; and though latterly inclining to stoutness, her figure was then extremely fine. The face was somewhat pale; but the pallor served to heighten the effect of her brilliantly dark eyes and unusually black hair. "Hair of a raven black," says Mrs Delaney; "her hair was blacker than a raven," says Swift. In society she was much esteemed; she had a touch of Addison's courteous and caressing manner, though later on, among her Irish friends, she rose to be a sort of queen, and became possibly a little peremptory and dictatorial. But she seems at all times (in spite

of a brief fit of jealous passion now and again) to have been a true, honest, sound-hearted, modest woman. She herself attributes her superiority to the common foibles of her sex to Swift's early influence; and in one of the latest birthday poems he sent her, he does ample justice to her candour, her generosity, and her courage:—

“Your generous boldness to defend
An innocent and absent friend;
That courage which can make you just
To merit humbled in the dust;
The detestation you express
For vice in all its glittering dress;
That patience under tort'ring pain,
Where stubborn Stoics would complain:
Must these like empty shadows pass,
Or forms reflected from a glass?”

There can be no doubt that for Stella, Swift had a great compassion, a true tenderness. The innocent child had been, as it were, thrown upon his care; she grew up to girlhood at his side; he was her guardian, her schoolmaster, her nearest friend. But so far as he was concerned, there never was any thought of love between them,—a schoolmaster might address a favourite pupil, a father a beloved child, in precisely the same language that Swift addressed to Stella. It was friendship—friendship of the closest and most endearing character, but friendship only—that united them. His tone throughout, from first to last, was perfectly consistent:—

“Thou, Stella, wert no longer young,
When first for thee my harp I strung,
Without one word of Cupid's darts,
Of killing eyes or bleeding hearts;
With friendship and esteem possest,
I ne'er admitted love a guest.”¹

This was the language that he held to Tisdale in 1704, soon after Esther had gone to Ireland; this

was the language he held to Stopford when she was dying. If he had ever thought of marriage, he would have chosen Stella: but “his fortunes and his humour” had put matrimony out of the question; and his experience had been, that violent friendship was as much engaging and more lasting than violent love. Every care was taken to make the nature of the relation clear to the world; and in point of fact, no scandal came of it.

The “little language” in which so many of the letters and journals are written, seems to us to point to the same conclusion. Swift dwells upon Esther's charming babyhood with the sweetness and tenderness of parental reminiscence. That innocent babble—the babble of our children before they have quite mastered the difficulties of speech—had a perennial charm for him, as—through him—it has for us. “I assure zu it um velly late now; but zis goes to-morrow. Nite, darling rogues.” He has as many pet names for Stella as a fond father has for a pet daughter. She is Saucebox, and Sluttakins, and dear roguish impudent pretty MD, and politic Madame Poppet with her two eggs a-penny. How lightly, how delicately touched! *That* is the gayer mood; the more sombre is hardly less striking. In his darkest hours, her pure devotion to him is like light from heaven. She is his better angel,—the saint in the little niche overhead who intercedes for him. “Much better. Thank God and MD's prayers.” “Giddy fit and swimming in head. MD and God help me.” Nothing can be more touching. Some critics maintain that Swift never wrote poetry. It would be truer, we think, to affirm that whenever he uses the poetical form to express

¹ Written in 1720—three or four years after the alleged marriage.

(sometimes to hide) intense feeling, he writes better poetry than any of his contemporaries. When, for instance, he urges Stella—who had come from her own sick-bed to nurse him in his sickness—not to injure her health, the lines seem to us to reach a very high altitude indeed:—

“Best pattern of true friends, beware;
You pay too dearly for your care,
If, while your tenderness secures
My life, it must endanger yours;
For such a fool was never found
Who pulled a palace to the ground,
Only to have the ruins made
Materials for a house decayed.”

How did Stella accept this lifelong friendship, this playful homage, this tender reverence? What did she think of it? It seems to us that a great deal of quite unnecessary pity has been wasted on Esther Johnson. It may be that Swift did not recognise the extent of the sacrifice he demanded; but in truth, was the sacrifice so hard? Is there any proof that Stella was an unwilling victim; or, indeed, a victim at all? She mixed freely in society; she occupied a quite assured position; she was the comforter and confidant of the greatest man of the age. Is there any reason whatever to hold that she was unhappy? On the contrary, did she not declare to the last that she had been amply repaid?

“Long be the day that gave you birth
Sacred to friendship, wit, and mirth;
Late dying, may you cast a shred
Of your rich mantle o'er my head;
To bear with dignity my sorrow,
One day alone, then die to-morrow.”

Vanessa (Hester Vanhomrigh) was a woman cast in quite a different mould. Her vehement and unruly nature had never been disciplined; and when her passion was roused, she was careless of her good name. There can, we think, be

little doubt that Swift was for some time really interested in her. She was an apt and docile pupil; and if not strictly handsome, she appears to have possessed a certain power of fascination—the “strong toil of grace,” which is often more potent than mere beauty. It cannot be said, indeed, that Swift was in love with Hester; but she certainly charmed his fancy and appealed successfully to his sympathies. Stella was absent in Dublin; and the Dean was a man who enjoyed the society of women who were pretty and witty and accomplished, and who accepted with entire submission his despotic and whimsical decrees. Vanessa was such a woman; and he does not, for some time at least, appear to have appreciated the almost tropical passion and vehemence of her nature—dangerous and devastating as a thunderstorm in the tropics,—appears, on the contrary, to have been in utter ignorance of what was coming, till she threw herself into his arms. He had had no serious thought; but the acuteness of the crisis into which their intimacy had suddenly developed, alarmed and disquieted him. Here was a flood-tide of passion of which he had had no experience—fierce, uncontrollable, intolerant of prudential restraints. “Can't we touch these bubbles, then, but they break?” some one asks in one of Robert Browning's plays; and Swift regarded the situation with the same uneasiness and perplexity. He was sorely dismayed—utterly put about—when he discovered how matters stood. It is easy to say that he should have left her at once, and avoided any further intimacy. It is easy to say this; but all the same, the situation in any light was extremely embarrassing. He may possibly for the moment have been rather flattered

by her preference, as most men would be by the attentions of a pretty and attractive girl; and he may have thought, upon the whole, that it was best to temporise. By gentle raillery, by sportive remonstrance, he would show her how foolish she had been in losing her heart to a man "who understood not what was love," and who, though caressed by Ministers of State, was old enough to be her father. But poor Vanessa was far too much in earnest to accept his playful advice. She was peremptory and she was abject by turns. "Sometimes you strike me with that prodigious awe, I tremble with fear; at other times a charming compassion shows through your countenance, which revives my soul." He must marry her, or she would die. And she did die. It was a hard fate. Another man might have been free to woo her; but to Swift such a union was, of course, impossible. Stella stood between them, and behind Stella that gloomy phantom of mental and bodily disease which had haunted him all his life. He was not ungrateful to either of these women; but such a return would have been worse than ingratitude.

Mr Craik is of opinion that there is enough direct evidence to show that Swift was married to Esther Johnson in 1716. We hold, on the contrary, not only that the direct evidence of marriage is insufficient, but that it can be established with reasonable certainty (in so far, at least, as a negative is capable of proof) that no marriage took place.

We have already described so fully the character of the relations between them, that it is only now necessary to say that what may be called the circumstantial evidence—the evidence of facts and circumstances—is distinctly adverse. But

in confirmation of what has been already advanced, we may here remark, that besides the letters and poems addressed to herself (where friendship to the exclusion of love is invariably insisted on), he wrote much about her. In these papers the same tone is preserved,—she is a dear friend—not a wife. One of them was composed, like Carlyle's remarkable account of his father, in very solemn circumstances,—it was written mainly during the hours that elapsed between the day she died and the day she was buried. "This day, being Sunday, Jan. 28, 1727-28, about eight o'clock at night a servant brought me a note with an account of the death of the truest, most virtuous, and valuable friend that I, or perhaps any other person, was ever blessed with." "This is the night of her funeral," he adds two days later, "which my sickness will not suffer me to attend. It is now nine at night; and I am removed into another apartment that I may not see the light in the church, which is just over against the window of my bed-chamber." No record was ever penned in circumstances more calculated to make a deep impression on the mind, and to induce the writer to speak with the most perfect frankness, sincerity, and unreserve; but here, as elsewhere, it is the irreparable loss of her "friendship" that is deplored. Not a word of marriage. Then there is no proof that Stella at any time asserted that she was his wife—the stories of the meeting with Vanessa, and of the death-bed declaration, being manifest inventions. Mr Craik fairly admits that the latter of these is incredible; yet the evidence which he discards in connection with the declaration is almost precisely identical with that which he ac-

cepts in connection with the marriage. Nor is there any evidence to show that they were held to be married persons during their lives,—they had both been dead and buried for years before the rumour of their union obtained publicity. There may be in some contemporary lampoon an allusion to the alleged ceremony: we have not met with it—nor, so far as we know, has it been met with by any of the biographers. Nor can any plausible motive for the marriage be assigned. There was no scandal to silence; the relations between them, which had subsisted for nearly twenty years, appear to have been sufficiently understood. But assuming that there had been scandal, how was it to be silenced by a ceremony, the secret of which, during life and after death, was to be jealously guarded? Was it performed to satisfy Stella? But there is no proof that she was dissatisfied,—she had cheerfully acquiesced in, had loyally accepted the relation as it stood. It could not have been for the satisfaction of her conscience; her conscience was in no way involved: it was never asserted, even by bitterest partisans, that the connection was immoral. Can it be supposed that for some reason or other (to prevent, for instance, any risk of subsequent misconstruction) it was done at the Dean's desire? But if the story is true that it was the Dean himself who insisted that the secret should never be published, what good did he expect it to effect? how could it avail, either directly or indirectly, to avert possible misconstructions? If a ceremony did take place, we are thus entitled to maintain that it was *an utterly unreasonable and unaccountable act—opposed to all the probabilities of the case.* Still, if it were proved by (let us say)

an entry in a register, the marriage “lines,” a letter from Stella, a letter from Swift, a certificate under the bishop's hands—anything approaching either legal or moral proof—we might be bound to disregard the antecedent improbabilities. Nay, even if a friend like Dr Delaney had said plainly that he had the information from Swift himself, then (subject to observation on the too frequent misunderstandings of verbal confidences) it might be reasonable to accept it. But the direct evidence does not amount even to this. It consists of a passage in Lord Orrery's “Remarks” (much that Lord Orrery said about Swift must be accepted with reserve), where, after stating in a loose incidental way that Stella was Swift's concealed but undoubted wife, he goes on,—“*If my informations are right, she was married to Dr Swift in the year 1716, by Dr Ashe, then Bishop of Clogher.*” On this Dr Delaney, in his “Observations,” remarks,—“Your lordship's account of the marriage is, *I am satisfied, true.*” Mr Monck Mason's contention that this is a statement of opinion or belief only, is vigorously combated by Mr Craik. Mr Craik argues that the words “*I am satisfied*” apply not to the fact of a marriage, which was “undoubted,” but to the circumstances of the ceremony. Mr Craik's argument does not appear to us to be successful. 1st, If the ceremony did not take place *then*, it did not take place at all. The belief in any ceremony rests exclusively upon the allegation that a ceremony was performed in the garden of the deanery in 1716; and if that allegation is not somehow substantiated, the case for the marriage must break down. So that it is really of no consequence to which of Lord Orrery's state-

ments Dr Delaney's words apply. 2d, The words "I am satisfied" are unequivocal, and clearly imply that the writer was led to his conclusion by the evidence submitted to him;—that is to say, Dr Delaney's was only inferential and circumstantial belief—not direct knowledge. He had not received his information from headquarters—from Swift or from Stella; he was putting this and that together, and drawing an inference; and as he nowhere asserts that he had recovered or was in possession of any really direct evidence, Mr Mason's conclusion, that even in the case of so familiar an intimate as Dr Delaney the marriage was matter of opinion or conjecture only, seems to be justified.

Lord Orrery's "Remarks" were published in 1752, seven years after Swift's death; and it was not till 1789 that the story received any further corroboration. In that year Mr George Monck Berkeley asserted in his 'Literary Relics' that "Swift and Stella were married by the Bishop of Clogher, who himself related the circumstances to Bishop Berkeley, by whose relict the story was communicated to me." This bit of evidence certainly comes to us in a very circuitous and roundabout fashion. Mr Berkeley was told by Bishop Berkeley's widow, who had it from her husband, who had it from Bishop Ashe. Any one familiar with the proceedings of courts of law knows that evidence of this kind is of no value whatever. The gossip is handed down from one to another,—often in perfect good faith,—yet he who builds upon it builds upon the sand. And when closely examined, it is seen that the narrative is in itself highly suspicious, and open to serious observation. The ceremony was celebrated in 1716; Berkeley was

abroad at the time, and did not return till after Bishop Ashe's death, which took place in 1717. Mr Craik insists that when it is stated that Bishop Ashe "*related* the circumstances to Bishop Berkeley," it is not implied that he did it "by word of mouth." But is there the least likelihood, from what we know of the Bishop, that he would have been guilty of so grave an indiscretion? It cannot be doubted that he had been bound over to inviolable secrecy; and though such a secret might be incautiously betrayed or accidentally ooze out during familiar talk, is it conceivable that a man of honour and prudence could have deliberately, and in cold blood, made it—within a few weeks or months—the subject of a letter to an absent friend?

This is really the whole evidence of the slightest relevancy that has been recovered,—the loose gossip of Sheridan (of whom it will be recollected Dr Johnson said, "Why, sir, Sherry is dull, naturally dull; but it must have taken him a great deal of pains to become what we see him now. Such an excess of stupidity, sir, is not in nature") being very naturally pooh-poohed by the biographers in general, and even by Mr Craik. On the other hand, all those who were closely connected with Swift and Stella in their latter years—Dr Lyon, Mrs Dingley, Mrs Brent, Mrs Ridgeway, and others—deny that any ceremony took place; and almost the last writing which Stella subscribed opens with the significant words,—"*I, Esther Johnson, of the city of Dublin, spinster.*" It is maintained, indeed, that these words are of no consequence, seeing that she had bound herself not to disclose that she was a married woman. Still there is this to be said, that *if* she was married, the

introduction of the word "spinster" was a quite unnecessary falsehood—the testatrix being quite sufficiently described as "Esther Johnson, of the city of Dublin." And when we consider that this can have been only one (though the last) of a long succession of humiliating embarrassments, the question again suggests itself with irresistible force, Why should they have loaded their lives with such a burden of deceit? Where are we to look for the motive that will in any measure account for it? Upon the whole, it seems to us almost inevitable that some such story as Lord Orrery's (however unfounded) should have got abroad. The relations of Swift to Stella were certainly exceptional, and not easily intelligible to the outside world; yet Stella's character was irreproachable, and calumny itself did not venture to assail her. What more natural than that the surmise of a secret union should have been entertained by many, should have been whispered about among their friends even during Swift's life, and should after his death have gradually assumed substance and shape?

After all is said, a certain amount of mystery and ambiguity must attach to the connection—as to much else in the Dean's life. He survived Stella for nearly twenty

years; yet those who assert that a marriage took place, search the records of all these years in vain for any avowal, however slight. "Only a woman's hair"—scrawled on the envelope in which a tress of the raven-black hair was preserved—affords a slender cue to conjecture, and is as enigmatical as the rest. Only a woman's hair—only the remembrance of the irrevocable past—only the joy, the sorrow, the devotion of a lifetime, only that—nothing more.

"Pudor et Justitiæ soror
Incorrupta Fides, nudaque Veritas."¹

Whatever interpretation each of us may be disposed to give them, we shall all admit that there must have been something transcendent in the genius and the despair which could invest these four quite commonplace words with an immortality of passion.²

And this—the most vivid of the Dean's many vivid sayings—leads us, in conclusion, to add a word or two on Swift's literary faculty. These, however, must be very brief; and were it not that a vigorous effort has been recently made to show that, judged by his writings, Swift was not a great, but "essentially a small, and in some respects a bad man," might at this time of day have been altogether dispensed with. For there is "finality" in

¹ "Honour, truth, liberality, good-nature, and modesty were the virtues she chiefly possessed and most valued in her acquaintance. It was not safe nor prudent in her presence to offend in the least word against modesty. She was the most disinterested mortal I ever knew or heard of."—*The character of Mrs Johnson by Swift.*

² Since this article was in type, an acute writer in 'The Pall Mall Gazette' has arrived, by a somewhat similar course of reasoning, at a verdict of "Not Proven." He is prevented from going a step further by attaching a certain amount of credit to what we have called Stella's death-bed declaration. That story appears to us, as to Mr Craik, intrinsically incredible: but we need not discuss it here. The real issue, when divested of all irrelevancies, comes to this, —There being no *direct* evidence of any weight on either side, which view is most natural, most explanatory, most easily reconciled with the undisputed facts, with the character of Swift on the one hand and of Stella on the other?

literature, if not in politics. The writer who undertakes to demonstrate that Homer, and Virgil, and Dante, and Shakespeare, and Rabelais, and Swift were essentially small men, cannot be treated seriously. To say that he is airing a paradox is to put it very mildly; and indeed, the offence might properly be described in much sharper language. A scientific writer who in the year 1883 attacks the law of gravitation is guilty of a scientific impertinence which all scientific men whose time is of value are entitled to resent. Swift's position in letters is equally assured, and as little matter for argument. 'A Tale of a Tub,' 'Gulliver's Travels,' the argument against abolishing Christianity, the verses on poetry and on his own death, are among the imperishable possessions of the world. The entry has been duly recorded in the National Register, and cannot now be impeached. And "the clash of the country" is not in this case a mere vague general impression, but is instructed by the evidence of the most skilful experts. To take the most recent. Scott, Macaulay, Froude, and Leslie Stephen—each in his own department—have acknowledged the supremacy of Swift. Scott regards him as the painter of character, Macaulay as the literary artist, Froude as the politician, Leslie Stephen as the moralist and the philosopher. Scott has pointed out that Lemuel Gulliver the traveller, Isaac Bickerstaff the astrologer, the Frenchman who writes

the new Journey to Paris, Mrs Harris, Mary the cookmaid, the grave projector who proposes a plan for relieving the poor by eating their children, and the vehement Whig politician who remonstrates against the enormities of the Dublin signs, are all persons as distinct from each other as from the Dean himself, and in all their surroundings absolutely true to the life.¹ Mr Froude remarks that Swift, who was in the best and noblest sense an Irish patriot, poured out tract after tract denouncing Irish misgovernment, each of them composed with supreme literary power, a just and burning indignation showing through the most finished irony. "In these tracts, in colours which will never fade, lies the picture of Ireland, as England, half in ignorance, half in wilful despair of her amendment, had willed that she should be."² Mr Leslie Stephen, after admitting that Swift is the keenest satirist as well as the acutest critic in the English language, adds that his imagination was fervid enough to give such forcible utterance to his feelings as has scarcely been rivalled in our literature.³ Lord Macaulay's testimony is even more valuable. Macaulay disliked Swift with his habitual energy of dislike. It must be confessed that the complex characters where heroism and weakness are subtly interwoven—Bacon, Dryden, Swift—did not lend themselves readily to the manipulation of that brilliant master.⁴ Yet in spite of his repugnance to the man, his admiration of the

¹ Memoirs of Jonathan Swift, D. D., p. 439.

² The English in Ireland. By J. A. Froude. Vol. i. pp. 501-503.

³ English Thought in the Eighteenth Century, vol. i. p. 209, vol. ii. p. 375.

⁴ Addison was his literary hero; but surely, in spite of exquisite urbanity and a charming style, Addison, both as man and writer, has been prodigiously overrated by Macaulay. The others had sounded depths which his plummet could not reach, had scaled heights on which he had never adventured. This, to be sure, may have been his attraction for Macaulay, to whom the difficult subtleties of

magnificent faculty of the satirist is emphatic and unstinted. Under that plain garb and ungainly deportment were concealed, he tells us, some of the choicest gifts that have ever been bestowed on the children of men,—rare powers of observation; brilliant wit; grotesque invention; humour of the most austere flavour, yet exquisitely delicious; eloquence singularly pure, manly, and perspicuous.¹ We need not multiply authorities. It must now be conceded, for all practical purposes, that the consent of the learned world to Swift's intellectual pre-eminence has been deliberately and finally given.

It is asserted by the same critic that Swift's reputation has been gained "by a less degree of effort than that of almost any other writer,"—his writings, in point of *length*, being altogether insignificant. To this curious complaint we might be content to reply in Mr Leslie Stephen's words: "A modern journalist who could prove that he had written as little in six months would deserve a testimonial." An age of which Mr Gladstone is the prophet is tender to, if not vain of, verbosity; but the great books of the world are not to be measured by their *size*. Hume's "Essay on Miracles," which may be said to have revolutionised the whole course of modern thought, is compressed into some twenty pages. 'A Tale of a Tub' is shorter than a Budget speech which will be forgotten to-morrow: but then—how far-reaching is the argument; the interest—how world-wide; and the scorn—how consummate! Brief as Swift is, he makes it abundantly clear, before he is done, that there are no limits to

his capacity. He has looked all round our globe—as from another star. It is true that with the most lucid intelligence he united the most lurid scorn. Though he saw them as from a remote planet, he hated the pigmies—the little odious vermin—with the intensity of a next-door neighbour. Yet this keenness of feeling was in a measure perhaps the secret of his power,—it gave that amazing air of reality to his narrative which makes us feel, when we return from Brobdingnag, that human beings are ridiculously and unaccountably small. Swift was a great master of the idiomatic—one of the greatest; but his intellectual lucidity was not less noticeable than his verbal. His eye was indeed *too* keen, *too* penetrating: he did not see through shams and plausibilities only; he saw through the essential decencies of life as well. Thus he spoke with appalling plainness of many things which nature has wisely hidden; and he became at times in consequence outrageously coarse.

Swift, it is said, never laughed; but when he unbent himself intellectually, he was, we think, at his best. The serious biographer complains of the rough horse-play of his humour—of his weakness for puns and practical jokes. The puns, however, were often very fair; and the humorous perception that could meet William's favourite *Receptit non rapuit*, with the apt retort, The receiver is as bad as the thief—or could apply on the instant to the lady whose mantua had swept down a Cremona fiddle, *Mantua, vae misere nimium vicina Cremonæ!*—must have been nimble and adroit. Even the practical

the imagination and the ardent aspirations of the spiritual life were enigmatical and antipathetic,—a riddle and a byword.

¹ History of England, vol. iv. p. 369.

joking was good in its way. The dearly beloved Roger is probably apocryphal,—borrowed from some older jest-book; but the praying and fasting story, as told by Sir Walter, is certainly very comical, and seems to be authentic.¹ Mr Bickerstaff's controversy with Partridge the almanack-maker is, however, Swift's highest achievement in this line. His mirth (when not moody and ferocious) was of the gayest kind—the freest and finest play of the mind. It is not mere trifling; there is strenuous logic as well as deft wit: so that even Partridge has his serious side. Whately's Historic Doubts regarding Napoleon Buonaparte are now nearly forgotten; but they suggest to us what may have been in Swift's mind when he assured the unlucky astrologer that logically he was dead (if not buried), and that he need not think to persuade the world that he was still alive. The futility of human testimony upon the plainest matter-of-fact has never been more ludicrously yet vividly exposed.

The grave conduct of an absurd proposition is of course one of the most striking characteristics of Swift's style; but the unaffected simplicity and stolid unconsciousness with which he looks the reader in the face when relating the most astonishing fictions, is, it seems to us, an even higher reach of his art.

It is quite impossible to doubt the good faith of the narrator; and when we are told that "the author was so distinguished for his veracity, that it became a sort of proverb among his neighbours at Redriff, when any one affirmed a thing, that it was as true as if Mr Gulliver had spoken it," we are not surprised at the seaman who swore that he knew Mr Gulliver very well, but that he lived at Wapping, not at Rotherhithe. How admirable is the parenthetical, "being little for her age," in the account of Glumdalclitch—"She was very good-natured, and not above forty feet high, being little for her age;" or the description of the queen's dwarf—"Nothing angered and mortified me so much as the queen's dwarf, who being of the lowest stature that was ever in that country (for I verily think he was not full thirty feet high), became so insolent at seeing a creature so much beneath him, that he would always affect to swagger and look big as he passed by me in the queen's ante-chamber"! One cannot believe that Swift was so unutterably miserable when he was engaged on 'Gulliver,' or that he wrote his "travels"—the earlier voyages at least—not to amuse the world, but to vex it. This consummate artist was a great satirist as well as a great storyteller; but it is the art of the delightful story-teller, not of the

¹ Scott's Life of Swift, p. 381. The whole note is worth quoting, as containing some characteristic details of manner, &c. "There is another well-attested anecdote, communicated by the late Mr William Waller of Allanstown, near Kells, to Mr Theophilus Swift. Mr Waller, while a youth, was riding near his father's house, when he met a gentleman on horseback reading. A little surprised, he asked the servant, who followed him at some distance, where they came from? 'From the Black Lion,' answered the man. 'And where are you going?' 'To heaven I believe,' rejoined the servant, 'for my master's praying and I am fasting.' On further inquiry it proved that the Dean, who was then going to Laracor, had rebuked the man for presenting him in the morning with dirty boots. 'Were they clean,' answered the fellow, 'they would soon be dirty again.' 'And if you eat your breakfast,' retorted the Dean, 'you will be hungry again, so you shall proceed without it,' which circumstance gave rise to the man's *bon-mot*."

wicked satirist, that makes Gulliver immortal.

Swift's verse, like his prose, was mainly remarkable for its resolute homeliness; but when the scorn or the indignation or the pity becomes intense, it sometimes attains, as we have seen, a very high level indeed. The "Jolly Beggars" of Burns is scarcely superior in idiomatic pith and picturesqueness to the opening stanzas of the "Rhapsody on Poetry":—

"Not empire to the rising sun,
By valour, conduct, fortune won;
Not highest wisdom in debates
For framing laws to govern States;
Not skill in sciences profound
So large to grasp the circle round,—
Such heavenly influence require
As how to strike the muses' lyre.

Not beggar's brat on bulk begot;
Not bastard of a pedlar Scot;
Not boy brought up to cleaning shoes,
The spawn of Bridewell or the stews;
Not infants dropt, the spurious pledges
Of gipsies litt'ring under hedges,—
Are so disqualified by fate
To rise in Church, or law, or State,
As he whom Phœbus in his ire
Hath blasted with poetic fire."

Yet the impeachment of Swift as the *writer* has, after all, a basis of fact. His influence was largely personal. He was greater than his books. It is easy to take up one of his pamphlets now, and criticise the style, which is sometimes loose and slovenly, at our leisure. *But*

it did its work. It struck home. *That*, after all, is the true standard by which the Dean should be judged. He was a ruler of men, and he knew how to rule. If he had been bred to politics, if he had occupied a recognised place, not in the Church, but in the House of Commons, he would have been one of our greatest statesmen. The sheer personal ascendancy of his character was as marked in political as in private life. Friend and foe alike admitted that his influence, when fairly exerted, was irresistible. He was one of those potent elemental forces which occasionally appear in the world, and which, when happily circumstanced—when not chained as Prometheus was, or tortured as Swift was—revolutionise society. The unfriendly Johnson, as we have seen, was forced to confess that for several years Swift formed the political opinions of the English nation; and Carteret frankly admitted that he had succeeded in governing Ireland because he pleased Dr Swift. "Dr Swift had commanded him," said Lord Rivers, "and he durst not refuse it." And Lord Bathurst remarked, that by an hour's work in his study an Irish parson had often "made three kingdoms drunk at once." We cannot be induced to believe by any criticism, however trenchant, that the man who could do all this was not only "bad" but "small."

THE PROGRESS OF THE NEW DOMINION.

" I hear the tread of pioneers
Of nations yet to be,
The first low wash of human waves,
Where soon shall roll a sea." — WHITTIER.

It was an eminent American statesman and orator, Daniel Webster, who gave expression to the finest image that was probably ever conceived of the power of England as shown by the extent of her colonial possessions. Whilst standing on the heights of the old city of Quebec at an early hour of a summer day, he heard the drum-beat which called the soldiers to their duty, and instantaneously there flashed across his mind an idea which he clothed in eloquent words on a subsequent occasion, when he wished to impress an audience with the greatness of the British empire. The place where he stood on that summer morning was associated with many memories peculiarly interesting to an American statesman. The old gates and walls of the fortifications recalled the days of Frontenac and other French viceroys, who were continually threatening the peace of the New England settlements. The quaint architecture of the houses, and the narrow streets running up and down the hills, were so many memorials of the French *régime* which had vanished with the victory on the plains of Abraham, whose green meadows might even be seen from where the American was standing. The black-robed priests, the sisters and nuns in their peculiar garments of sombre hue, hastening to the antique churches and convents, were all characteristic of a town in Normandy or Brittany, rather than of an American city on the banks of one of the great highways of the Western

continent. He might for an instant have thought himself in a town of old France; but he was soon aroused from his reverie as he heard the beat of the morning drum, and saw the flag run up the staff on the citadel which crowns those historic heights. At such a moment, amid such a scene, he might well think of the vastness of the empire of England, even without the possession of the old American colonies. His prescient mind could see in the great north-land, of which Quebec was but the gateway, the rudiments of States as flourishing and prosperous as the American commonwealth, of which he was one of the most illustrious citizens. The ships in the harbour below, so many representatives of the maritime nations, were among the evidences of the growing commerce of half a continent still under the dominion of England. Half a million of French Canadians, even at that day, were dwelling by the side of the St Lawrence and its tributary rivers; whilst away beyond the borders of the French province, stretched a vast territory, already occupied by a thrifty, energetic class of British settlers. As the *reveille* awoke the echoes of the heights, even the American statesman, proud of his own country, and confident of its future, was forced to acknowledge the greatness of a Power "which has dotted over the surface of the whole globe with her possessions and military posts; whose morning drum-beat, following the sun and keeping company with the hours,

circles the earth with one continuous and unbroken strain of the martial airs of England."

But those memorable words were spoken many years ago. Indeed, nowadays, such an idea would hardly recur to the mind of either English or American statesmen standing on the same historic ground. The British garrison has been withdrawn long since from the citadel of the ancient capital, and the martial airs of England are no longer heard in "one continuous and unbroken strain" in the Dominion of Canada. Yet no one can say that this fact is a matter of regret, save to the old inhabitants, who have pleasant memories of the times when society found its greatest charm in the presence of English regiments. The withdrawal of the troops from all the cities except Halifax—and here only one regiment is kept—is in itself an acknowledgment of the progress of Canada in wealth and population, and of her ability to depend on herself entirely in times of peace, and in a great measure in times of war. We now see a city far more busy and prosperous than the Quebec of the days of Daniel Webster—a Quebec which the rough hand of improvement has not, however, been able to divest of its ancient Norman character. On the Atlantic seaboard, on the banks of the St Lawrence and great lakes, in the interior of a region which was a wilderness a few years ago, in the midst of the prairies of the North-west, cities and towns have sprung up with the rapidity so characteristic of American colonisation; and though several of them already surpass the old French capital in size and population, not one possesses the same interest for the European or American traveller. From the lakes to the sea a large fleet is constantly employed in carrying the wealth of

the flourishing communities which have grown up in the West and by the side of the St Lawrence. Railways are stretching across the continent itself, carrying capital and population along with them into the prairie-lands of a region larger than France, whose bold explorers were the first to venture centuries ago into the Western wilderness. In the prosperity, wealth, and contentment of several millions of people, we recognise the results of that wise colonial policy which has given self-government to Canada, and established in that dependency, as in other parts of the colonial empire of England, free parliaments, which follow closely the practice and usages of that great body which has been heretofore the prototype of all deliberative assemblies throughout the world.

It has long been the belief in the parent State that the progress of the Dominion of Canada has been very slow compared with that of the United States, and that the opportunities which it offers for the investment of capital and the acquisition of wealth are very inferior to those of the enterprising rich country to the south. The geographical expression "America," to many Englishmen and Scotchmen still conveys the idea of the United States, though Canada, in reality, occupies the greater part of the continent. I now propose to show, that though Canada is overshadowed in many respects by the great Republic, though her wealth and population are very much inferior, yet she has fairly held her own in certain branches of industrial activity, and can now offer to agriculturists a far larger area of profitable wheat-lands than any actually possessed by her neighbours.

The settlement of Canada was contemporaneous with the colonisation of New England. During the

seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, a few thousand Frenchmen struggled to make homes on the banks of the St Lawrence, and succeeded in founding Quebec and Montreal. These Frenchmen had to encounter innumerable difficulties; all the privations of a life in a new country, the neglect and indifference of their rulers, all the miseries arising from frequent wars with the Indians and the New England colonists. Their very system of government was repressive of all individual energy as well as concerted public action. It was a happy day for the French Canadians when they became subjects of a British sovereign, and were allowed to participate in all the advantages of a liberal system of government. At the time of the conquest of Canada, the total population of the present province of Quebec did not exceed 70,000 souls. It was not until the war of American Independence that Canada received a large accession of inhabitants, historically known as the United Empire Loyalists, probably some 40,000 persons in all, who founded the provinces of New Brunswick and Upper Canada. During the first decades of this century, the immigration into the provinces was but small, though sufficient, with the natural increase, to bring the total population by the year 1840, when the union took place, up to probably 1,250,000 persons, of whom some 900,000 were living in the two Canadas. The years that followed the establishment of responsible government in British North America were remarkable for the rapid increase of population and wealth throughout the provinces, especially in Upper Canada, with its mild climate, its fertile territory, and its energetic, industrious inhabitants. The Irish famine, combined with a greater interest in Europe in the development

of Canada, brought into the country a large number of immigrants during the first ten years following the union: so that by 1851, Upper Canada alone had a population of 1,000,000 souls; Lower Canada, 900,000; and all British North America, upwards of 2,500,000. For the last thirty years the population has not increased in the same ratio as in the decade just mentioned. Yet despite the many advantages offered to immigrants by the United States, the united provinces, now known as the Dominion of Canada, were able in 1881, when the last census was taken, to show a total population of nearly 4,500,000, of whom about 2,000,000 live in Ontario, and 1,500,000 in Quebec. In 1790, the total population of the United States was estimated at about 4,000,000, and in 1880 at over 50,000,000, having increased twelve and a half times in ninety years. Now in 1790 all the provinces of British North America had a population of probably 250,000, who had increased to 4,500,000 in 1881, or eighteen times in less than a century. This population would undoubtedly have been very much greater by this time, had the provinces been able years ago to establish a large manufacturing industry, or had they possessed the North-west Territory, whose value as a field for immigration has only very recently been discovered. Further on, we shall consider the splendid opportunity that the North-west Territory now offers to the Dominion to compete with the United States on something like fair terms for the emigration from Europe; but as it is, the population of Canada is greater than that of Norway, and equal to that of Sweden—neither of which countries has resources capable of sustaining the large population which Canada must have ere long.

It may now be said with truth that there is a Canadian people. If we look closely into the census statistics, we find that, of the total population of the Dominion, nearly 4,000,000 are native Canadians, and consequently attached to the country by all those ties that make home dear to the people. As respects origin, the population is composed of French, Irish, English, and Scotch, besides a large German element in some western counties. The French Canadian comes from a Norman and Breton stock, and possesses much of the thrift and steadiness of his ancestry. The *habitant* may be wanting in energy, but he is conservative in all his tendencies, a lover of his Church, fond of simple pleasures, little disposed to crime or intemperance, a capital worker in mills and factories. The higher class has produced men of fine intellects, who have won distinction in politics, in the professions, and even in French literature. The other elements of the Canadian people display all those energetic and persevering characteristics essential to the foundation of prosperous communities. They possess that spirit of aggressiveness which is a natural characteristic of the Teutonic race, and eminently qualifies them to overcome the climatic and other difficulties of Canadian colonisation. The history of Canada, so far, emphatically proves that the Canadian people possess that stability of character, that earnestness of purpose, and that love of free institutions, which give the best guarantee of their success in laying deep and firm the foundations of a great State to the north of the American Republic.

When, a century and a quarter ago, Canada fell into the possession of England, the French king, basking in the smiles of mistresses, and enjoying all the pleasures of a vo-

luptuous Court, consoled himself with the reflection that he had, after all, only lost a valueless region of ice and snow. That same region now gives homes to nearly a million and a half of the French race, who enjoy an amount of comfort and happiness which they could never have had in old France. We may now travel for days among the wheat-fields and orchards of the colony, so neglected and despised by the king and his ministers. But Canada has extended her boundaries far beyond the limits of the province founded by France. The eastern and western shores of the Dominion are washed by the waves of the two great oceans which separate America from Europe and Asia. The climatic conditions of this vast territory do not vary to any great extent: the cold is intense in winter, and the heat even fierce at times in summer, — British Columbia, with its more equable temperature and mild winters, being an exception to the rest of British North America. Though the climate is rigorous at times, at all events it is bracing and healthy; though the heat is great for weeks, it ripens with remarkable rapidity all those grains and fruits which are at once the life and luxury of man. The natural features of the territory are varied in their character. The Dominion may be divided into certain divisions, having distinct natural characteristics. First, we have the maritime provinces of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, on the Atlantic coast — provinces noted for their large bays and harbours, and their maritime industry. In the interior are fine agricultural lands, producing hardy grains and fine fruit, especially apples. In remote districts there is still some valuable timber; whilst coal, iron, copper, marble, and even

gold, are mined in various places. It is a peculiar feature of these provinces, especially of New Brunswick, that rivers run for many miles from the interior, and practically give all sections connection with the sea. Adjoining these provinces is Quebec, which may be also described as a largely maritime division, since it has a considerable coast on the Gulf of St Lawrence, whilst the river of the same name is navigable for ocean vessels as far as the city of Montreal. The Laurentian hills stretch across the northern section of the province, and give a picturesque ruggedness to the landscape not found in Ontario. The province of Quebec possesses minerals and timber in abundance, whilst large tracts of valuable farming land are found close to the St Lawrence and other rivers which water this section in all directions. All the cereals and roots are grown in profusion, as well as apples, pears, and grapes in favoured localities. Next comes the premier province of Ontario, whose prosperity rests mainly on its agricultural wealth, though it, too, in a certain sense, has its maritime interest, since its internal commerce needs the employment of a considerable fleet of steamers and other craft on the great fresh-water seas which touch its southern shores. Then we leave the country, watered by the St Lawrence and the lakes for a distance of over 2000 miles, and reach that remarkable territory which stretches from Lake Superior to the base of the Rocky Mountains, and which is generally known as the north-west of Canada—an illimitable region of lakes and rivers, and vast stretches of prairie and pasture lands, the great wheat-granary of the future, and the grazing-grounds of millions of cattle. Crossing the Rocky Mountains, we come to British Columbia, with its pictur-

esque hills and table-lands—this, too, a maritime province, indented with bays and ports. Away to the northward of these several countries, comprising an area nearly as large as Europe, are the Arctic Seas, imposing an insurmountable barrier to enterprise and settlement; while to the south stretches the territory of the United States, with its varied climate and unbounded natural resources. But great as are the resources of her progressive neighbour, Canada need not fear the future if she is given a fair opportunity of developing the maritime, mineral, and agricultural capabilities of her extensive territory. We may have an idea of that future by briefly reviewing some features of the progress which Canada has already made, with the assistance of a relatively small population and limited capital.

Living on the threshold of the most productive fisheries of the world, the people of the maritime provinces have necessarily, from the earliest date in their history, drawn a large portion of their wealth from the sea. Basque and Breton fishermen have frequented these prolific waters for centuries, and a small island on the coast of Newfoundland still bears the name of "Baccalaos," or Basque for "cod." Even in these days, by virtue of the Treaty of Utrecht—that much-maligned emanation of the statesmanship of Harley and St John—a large French fleet fishes on the banks of Newfoundland, and finds refuge at need in the port of St Pierre, one of a group of islets still owned by France. The Americans have also access, under the recent Treaty of Washington, to the Canadian fisheries; and consequently, year by year, the fishing-craft of New England, with their trim hulls and white sails, frequent in large numbers the waters of Bay Chaleurs, and other fishing-grounds

of the Dominion. The total value of the annual product of the Canadian fisheries is over three million pounds sterling, of which about one-half the value is exported to other countries, or more than double the export from the United States of the same article of merchandise. It is to the fisheries that Canada owes, to a large extent, the important merchant fleet she now possesses. The little province of Nova Scotia owns more shipping, in proportion to population, than any one of the great commercial States of the American Union. Her ships are seen in every port of the globe; and it was an energetic Nova Scotian merchant who established the first, and most successful, steamship-line between Europe and America. The Dominion is now the owner of between seven and eight thousand vessels, making an aggregate tonnage of over one million three hundred thousand tons, and valued at eight million pounds sterling. This large tonnage enables Canada to occupy the proud position of the fourth, if not the third, maritime State of the world—the United States having only one million tons, and Norway only one hundred thousand tons, more than the tonnage of the Dominion. Nor is the spirit of marine activity confined to the provinces by the sea. Ontario has a marine comprising nearly five hundred steamers, chiefly “propellers.” It says much for the enterprise of the Canadians that they are fast outstripping their American neighbours as a ship-owning, ship-sailing people. Whilst they continue to have this love for the sea, they must sooner or later obtain the maritime supremacy in the waters of the western hemisphere. The same courageous spirit which animated Frobisher and Gilbert, and all the gallant sons of Devon, still exists in its pristine

vigour among the people of the new dominion. That Spain, to curb whose ambition Raleigh devoted his life—that Spain, whose richly laden galleons once crowded the Spanish main, has now only one-fourth of the tonnage of a country which was a wilderness, without a single English settlement, in the days when Virginia, “the Old Dominion,” was founded by the most famous Englishman of his time.

The minerals of Canada are scattered over a wide extent of territory. Gold, silver, copper, iron, and almost every mineral and stone of value to commerce, can be found in some part of the Dominion, though this source of national wealth is still in the early stage of development. The Dominion Government, following the example of the American States, employs the services of a large and efficient staff of geological experts, to explore, year by year, the mineral districts of all sections, and there are consequently fresh and valuable discoveries made from time to time. The coal-fields of Nova Scotia extend over a large area, and are not likely to be exhausted for many centuries, however extraordinary may be the drain upon them. It is worthy of notice, that on the Atlantic, as on the Pacific coast, we find provinces possessing valuable mines of coal to supply the homes of the people with fuel, and to feed the furnaces of the shipping of the empire. Vancouver and Cape Breton, the sentinel islands, as it were, of the Dominion, seem destined by nature to play no insignificant part in the future commercial progress, and perhaps in the defence, of Canada. Coal of an imperfect formation, known as lignite, has also been discovered over a large section of the North-west, and it is quite certain deep borings will bring to light coal of the best

quality. At present Canada exports coal and other minerals to about the value of a million pounds annually—but an insignificant sum compared with the amount that her undeveloped treasures must eventually realise with a greater expenditure of capital, and the more rapid progress of the country from Cape Breton to Vancouver.

The agricultural capabilities of Canada are very valuable, and form the principal source of her wealth. The forests still continue to supply a large amount of timber to the English and American markets—the total annual value of the export being some five million pounds sterling; but the rapid destruction of the pine throughout Canada must in the course of a few years materially diminish the importance of this branch of industry. According as the value of the forest decreases, capital and industry must be devoted to a larger extent than at present to manufacturing pursuits, and consequently give a still greater stimulus to the production of the agricultural districts. In all the provinces agriculture is a profitable pursuit, though in certain parts of the maritime provinces and of Quebec, where the soil is rocky and the climate very variable, the farmer has always led a stern life, though not more stern than that of the people on the bleak hills of Massachusetts and New Hampshire. In the interior of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, by the side of rivers and streams, especially in the valley made famous by the pen of Longfellow, rich farming lands are found to gladden the heart of the industrious agriculturist. The whole of Prince Edward Island has soil fit for a garden, capable of producing all the cereals and roots in abundance—potatoes forming one of the chief exports to the United States and even to England in times of

scarcity. Parts of the old province of Quebec are very mountainous, but even there we find a large area of valuable grazing-land, and literally “cattle on a thousand hills.” The best lands exist in the oldest settled districts, by the St Lawrence, Richelieu, St Maurice, and other rivers, where the traveller may see for miles and miles the innumerable fences of the remarkably narrow lots, stretching to the water-front. This feature naturally attracts the attention of a stranger, and is explained by the fact that the subdivision of the farms among the members of a family, in accordance with the French law of property, has cut up the country so as to present series upon series of parallelograms. Very fine farms exist in the English section, generally known as the Eastern Townships, where some of the finest cattle in the world are raised on large stock-farms, and find sale at enormous prices in the United States. But the province of Ontario surpasses all other parts of the Dominion in its agricultural wealth. With a territory for the most part level, with an extremely rich soil, with a climate less rigorous and more equable than any other section, Ontario has necessarily become the richest province of Canada. Her wheat crop exceeds that of most States of the American Union, and supplies food not only for her own people but for thousands in England. The farmer of Ontario, who is thrifty and industrious, is one of the happiest men in the empire, producing as he can all the necessaries and many of the luxuries of life, and living as he does in a community which affords him the protection of well-administered laws and well-ordered government. However large his surplus crop he need never want a market, either in the many cities and towns which have grown up

with remarkable rapidity all over the province, or in foreign countries, which are always ready to purchase just such articles as he grows. Those who wish to know the origin of the prosperity of this flourishing province, now the home of two millions of people, will have to go back many years ago, and follow step by step the progress of the pioneer from the day he raised his little log-cabin amid the forest, and cleared the acre or two on which he grew his first crop. It was a hard fight for years, but courage and industry triumphed at last; and now the forest has receded to the rocks of Muskoka, or to the remote lumber districts of the Ottawa and its tributary streams. The best evidence of the success that has crowned the efforts of the pioneers, is the fact that Ontario produces more than half of the total export of the produce of the farms of Canada, which may be valued at over twelve million pounds sterling.

As a manufacturing country, Canada has made very considerable progress within the past five years. Whatever may be the opinion of English political economists as to the soundness of the present fiscal policy of the Dominion, there is reason for the statement constantly made by its supporters, now largely in the majority, that it has helped to stimulate manufactures throughout the country. Montreal, Hamilton, and other cities and towns, east and west, have become important centres for the manufacture of sugar, ironware, agricultural implements, sewing-machines, pianos, woollen and cotton goods, and furniture. All over Ontario, wherever there is a valuable water privilege, or a thriving busy community, factories are established from time to time, to give additional employment to population; and a larger market to the farmers. Quanti-

ties of articles, hitherto purchased abroad, are now produced at home,—a fact which helps to make the people of Canada more self-reliant, and independent of other countries. More than that, Canada already manufactures more articles than she requires for her own use, and last year sold in foreign markets a million's worth of her own manufactures—only a small amount, it is true, but sufficient to show the present direction of her energies. Political economists may point out as much as they please the fallacies of the system, but the fact nevertheless remains, that protection in a modified form is likely to be the popular policy for some time to come in Canada. A good deal probably depends on the action of the United States, where protection practically amounts to prohibition in the case of certain classes of foreign goods. If, as will probably occur, the Democrats obtain complete control of the Government, the change of policy will be in the direction of tariff reform rather than in that of free trade as understood in England. The New York 'World,' an influential organ of the Democratic party, speaks authoritatively when it says that "there is no man of weight in the councils of the Democratic party who proposes, in simplifying and remodelling the tariff, to disregard and demolish interests which have grown up under the present tariff." A revenue tariff which will give incidental protection to manufactures will likely be the policy to be adopted sooner or later. And as long as protection exists in any shape in the United States, Canada will not be disposed to alter what her public men call a "national policy." Indeed the present disposition of the dominant party in Canada is to work out, under any circumstances whatever, such a policy as will make Canada as in-

dependent as possible of her wealthy neighbour. A policy of free trade in manufactures would practically make Canada one of the States themselves.

Statistics of revenue and trade very clearly show the national development of Canada. The annual value of the exports and imports—now about equal—is forty-five million pounds sterling, or four millions more than the aggregate trade of Brazil, or of Norway and Sweden; one-third that of the empire of Austria; and greater than that of Spain, still a Power with rich colonial possessions. The revenue of Canada, mostly derived from customs receipts, may be estimated at seven million pounds sterling, or three times greater than the revenue of Denmark, fifteen per cent greater than the revenue of Portugal, and equal to the revenue of Sweden and Norway. The expenditures of Canada are annually large, and a very considerable debt has been created; but the expenditure is now several millions below the revenue, and the debt is represented by public works, absolutely necessary to the development of the internal resources of the Dominion. The debt of Canada may well be paid to a large extent by future generations, since it is for their benefit that Canada is perfecting a system of canals and railways which, year by year, is opening up new sections and adding to the wealth of the country. In the early days of their political history, when the Canadian provinces were poor struggling communities, they commenced the Welland and St Lawrence Canals, so essential to the commerce of the lakes and the rich country to their north and south. By the aid of this fine canal system, that noble artery of Canada, the St Lawrence river, has become navigable for

over two thousand miles, and now gives millions of people in the West direct water-communication with the markets of Europe. This river is controlled by Canada, and the enterprise that has improved its facilities for commerce is an example of the national spirit that animates Canadian statesmen.

The same liberal prescient spirit has been shown in connection with the railway system. Thirty years ago there were only some forty miles of railway in British North America. The Grand Trunk Railway, so fatal to the original bondholders, but now a profitable, well-managed undertaking, was most liberally assisted, year after year, by the Canadian Legislature, which recognised its value to the internal development of Canada. Nearly fifty years ago, the importance of the Intercolonial Railway, from an imperial as well as a provincial point of view, was acknowledged by Lord Durham and other English statesmen; but it was not until the provinces were united in a confederation that this decidedly national project was successfully carried out: and now the people of the Dominion have a continuous rail communication from the upper lakes to the Atlantic seaboard—that is, a communication for at least two thousand miles. Railways, very important as feeders to the trunk lines, have also received liberal subsidies from the several legislatures; and now there are about eight thousand miles of railway constructed throughout Canada, and some two thousand five hundred more in course of building. That is, the Dominion of Canada has already in operation double the mileage of Sweden and Norway, some two thousand more than Italy, and one-half the mileage of France. The Canadian Pacific Railway, now under construction, is a work of

imperial magnitude. Its total length, when completed, will be nearly three thousand miles, and Canada will have an uninterrupted rail communication from Halifax to the Pacific coast. This is an undertaking which might well have obtained practical aid in some shape from the imperial Government, since it gives unity to the Dominion, develops the finest wheat-region in the world, and opens up the shortest route between England and China and Japan. But Canada, a few years ago, assumed all the onerous responsibilities which the construction of so gigantic an enterprise necessarily entails. Her public men have felt the weight of the obligation resting upon them as Canadians and subjects of the empire, and have resolutely set to work to complete this national enterprise with great business tact and energy. The plan on which the road is being built does not severely tax the financial resources of Canada for the time being, but, on the contrary, is calculated to develop the North-west, and bring in capital and population, which otherwise cannot be attracted into the country. By a liberal grant of money and land, capitalists of high standing and great energy have been induced to undertake the construction of the whole road, which is approaching completion with remarkable rapidity. The road, in fact, is being built in a certain sense on the principle of co-operation. The company and the Government are mutually interested in the sale of the lands of the North-west: every acre sold to an immigrant is a positive gain to both, since he contributes to the revenues of each. The great object of the Dominion is to have the road built with as little pecuniary outlay as possible, and to have the country through which it runs settled without delay; and cer-

tainly no more satisfactory scheme could be devised than one which makes the company equally interested with the Government in opening up the wilderness of the North-west.

In fact, on the construction of the Pacific Railway depends the development of that "Great West" where now are centred the hopes of the people of Canada. Up to the present time the relatively limited area of the agricultural lands of the old provinces has necessarily retarded their growth. Though there is still a wide field for the employment of capital and enterprise in those provinces—though agriculturists with more or less means can procure all the good land they want in Ontario on the most satisfactory terms—yet it may be conceded that those provinces of themselves are not able to compete with the Western States for the emigration from Europe, and that their prosperity must mainly depend on the establishment of manufactures and the development of their commerce. The opening up of the North-west at last places Canada on a vantage-ground as compared even with the United States, whose territorial resources are now inferior to those of that vast region as respects the production of wheat and other cereals. The acquisition of that western territory is one of the important national results of the union of the provinces in 1867. For centuries the Indian and the buffalo roamed over the wilderness of this "lone land;" and the sole representatives of civilisation were, till very recently, the traders of the great company of adventurers, who obtained their charter from one of the Stuart kings, always ready to grant principalities to their favourites at one stroke of the pen. Here and there, many hundred miles apart, from Lake Superior to the

Rocky Mountains, from Red River to Hudson Bay, were established little stations, commonly called "forts," but rough buildings and enclosures at the best, where the company's servants passed their solitary lives, only relieved by periodical visits from Indian and half-breed trappers, and by the annual arrival of the "trains" with mails and supplies. Up to the time of confederation this company reigned supreme in a territory of whose vastness and value the world was entirely ignorant. The only settlement was that on the banks of the Red River, the headquarters of the company—the home of a few thrifty, industrious Scotchmen, and a considerable half-breed population. Here several religious denominations had established schools and churches, but above them all loomed the stately Roman Catholic cathedral, whose bells, at the hours for matins and vespers, gladdened the heart of many a wearied traveller as he struggled over the plains.

"Is it the clang of wild geese,
Is it the Indian's yell,
That gives to the voice of the north
wind
The tones of a far-off bell?

The voyageur smiles as he listens
To the sound that grows apace:
Well he knows the vesper ringing
Of the bells of St Boniface.

The bells of the Roman mission
That call from their turrets twain
To the boatmen on the river,
To the hunter on the plain."¹

This North-west Territory, at last reclaimed from the hunter and trapper, is large enough to give Canada half-a-dozen or more provinces as productive as any of the Western States. On its prairie-lands can be raised better wheat and roots than in Illinois and Iowa; this, too, year after year, probably for twenty years, without

the use of manures, as the experience of the old settlers of the Red River valley has conclusively proved. The wheat produces sounder flour than that of Illinois or Indiana, and the soil is easily tilled all over the prairie region. As the tourist travels day after day over these rich lands, his eye becomes perfectly wearied with the monotony of the "endless sea of verdure," only broken at intervals by the muddy shallow streams and lakes that, for the most part, water the region. But monotonous as seems the landscape, it represents to the practical eye a vast heritage of comfort and wealth. Here the settler can, with a very little labour, raise his crops, and avoid all the toil of clearing the forest, which is one of the troublesome features of pioneer life in the old provinces. The most valuable districts of the territory are watered by the Red, Assiniboine, Saskatchewan, and Peace rivers; and many years must elapse before the rich lands can be exhausted, even if the tide of immigration flows into the country with the same rapidity as it has poured for several decades of years into the Western States. Where the prairie-lands end, stretches a rolling country towards and up the slopes of the Rocky Mountains, where herds of cattle can be raised far more profitably than in the States to the south; and there have been already established in that section several large "ranches," the beginning of a productive industry, in view of the yearly increasing demand for animal food for exportation. One fine province has already been carved out of the territory, and others will soon follow as the necessity arises for provincial organisation.

Manitoba has now a population of between eighty and ninety thou-

¹ Whittier—Home Ballads.

sand souls, whose numbers are increasing every summer. The capital, Winnipeg, on the Red River, has already a settled population of over twenty thousand persons, and seems destined, by its natural position, and relation to the country away beyond, to become the Chicago of the Canadian North-west. It must be the emporium of the yearly increasing trade of a country whose natural resources will find their full development with the completion of the Pacific Railway, and its auxiliary lines, tapping the most fertile sections of the territory. Like all new towns in the West, Winnipeg has been hurriedly run up,—though, as its position is now assured, a better class of buildings is yearly erected, and the streets begin to present that substantial appearance which is the best evidence of its prosperity, and of the confidence which its citizens have in its future career. Speculation in land is the favourite employment of all classes of the citizens. Even the hotel barber forgets to extol the merits of his “tonics” and “invigorators,” and suavely directs your attention to the ticket which shows that he, too, has “lots for sale.” A great deal of land has changed hands during the past two years, and sharp speculators have realised handsome sums. Numerous companies have received charters for colonisation on a very extensive scale—the Duke of Manchester, Lord Elphinstone, Mr Tenant, and other capitalists having already made large investments in the territory. So far the history of colonisation in the North-west is that of the Western States. For a century people from the New England and the older States have been moving westward and occupying the new territories. In this way, Illinois, Iowa, and all the great States of the North-west have been settled by the class of

pioneers best suited to a new country. It will be the same thing in the Canadian North-west. Farmers from Ontario, chiefly from the most thickly populated districts, have been pouring into the province of Manitoba and the adjacent territory, and preparing the way, as it were, for the emigrant from Europe. By the time there is a large influx of Old World population, there will also be found, scattered all over the North-west, little settlements of industrious farmers from the older provinces, whose experience and knowledge will be invaluable, and, in fact, absolutely necessary, to the European settler, to whom everything will be at first very strange in his new home. Already throughout that vast region towns and villages are being “located” along the line of railway, and here and there patches of cultivated ground tell of the rapid march of the advance-guard of that army of pioneers already on their way to take possession of the territory. The cabins of these settlers—sentinels, as it were, of civilisation in the wilderness—are but humble homes; their inmates must, for years to come, lead lives of privation. But we all know that the history of Western colonisation is ever the same; that difficulties are eventually overcome—that the rude cabins are, sooner or later, turned into large and comfortable dwellings, and the little clearings lost in wide stretches of fields of ripening grain.

I have briefly reviewed the most noteworthy features of the material development of Canada, so rich in territory, and all those natural resources which create wealth and attract population. The foundations of her prosperity rest on a sound system of popular education, and on those principles of government which, experience has shown,

are best adapted to give unity and strength to a people. No dependency of the empire, not even England herself, has a system of education better calculated than that of Ontario to elevate the masses to a higher degree of culture. The legislatures of all the provinces have, for many years past, largely supplemented the efforts of the people in the various municipal districts to improve the condition of the public schools; and the result is, that the poorest children in the country can receive an education, according to their vocation in life, in common schools, grammar schools, collegiate institutes, agricultural colleges, and universities, some of the latter of a high standard. The progress that has been made within less than half a century may be proved by the fact that in 1840 there were in all the schools of British North America only some 90,000 young people, or about one in fifteen, whilst at the present time the proportion is one in four—about the same proportion as in Massachusetts. With a liberal and thorough educational system, with the rapid development of wealth, the Canadian people have necessarily gained in intellectual culture. The architecture of the churches and public buildings; the taste and even luxury of the homes of the people; the establishment of numerous societies for the promotion of art, literature, and science; the literary ability displayed in the leading journals; the interesting historical, scientific, and other books that are annually published,—all go to prove that the Canadians have long since successfully passed through the rude stages of colonial life, and are slowly but steadily advancing in the direction of that higher culture which can only be expected in communities of mature age and large wealth. It is true

no great poem, no popular novel, no remarkable history, has yet appeared to rival the masterpieces of American literature; but there is nevertheless produced from year to year much meritorious work, especially in science, which augurs well for the future literature of Canada. The remarks of Mr Freeman in a recent work have an application to Canada as well as to the United States, when he says that America strikes him “as the land of the general reader; and that the well-read—not the professed scholars, but the intelligent readers—are a larger proportional class in America than in England.” In every populous centre there are many persons of cultivated, refined tastes; and even now that apostle of culture, Mr Matthew Arnold, may travel in Canada without enduring much mental suffering. In the management of local and municipal affairs, in the work of administering the provincial and Dominion Governments, the Canadians exhibit an amount of constitutional knowledge and executive ability that will account for the large measure of success that has heretofore attended their efforts to govern themselves. The proceedings of their legislative bodies, especially of the Dominion Parliament, are conducted, as a rule, with a regard to decorum, and with an adherence to the great principles of British parliamentary usage and procedure, that may well provoke comparison with the proceedings of the imperial Legislature in these degenerate days, when the *clôture*, as yet unknown in Canada, is forced on a minority. On those occasions, far too rare, when the public men of Canada are called upon to pass beyond the sphere of narrow provincial issues, and to deal with questions of national significance, not a few speeches are distinguished by an oratorical skill and a comprehen-

siveness of knowledge which show that a colonial statesman can rise beyond that "colonial littleness" which the 'Times' very recently went out of its way to describe as the principal characteristic of Canadian public life.

The people of Canada now enjoy a system of government that is in complete harmony with their social and material condition, and fully equal to their wants and necessities for years to come. Representative institutions were established in Canada less than a century ago, and have expanded according to the progress of the country in population and wealth. The inhabitants, in the days of the French *régime*, had no system of local government, and were even restrained from holding public meetings. The government was administered through a few French officials, who derived their instructions directly from the king and his Ministers. Assemblies were given to the provinces of Upper and Lower Canada in 1792, and the people were from that time educated in self-government. The history of the forty years following was one of bickerings and controversies between the governors and the Assemblies. The fatal defect of the early constitutions was the irresponsible character of the executive; and it was not until the ill-advised rebellion of 1837-38 broke out, and the attention of England was necessarily given to the political condition of the country, that British statesmen at last recognised the mistakes of their previous policy, and consented to extend the constitutional liberties of the people of the North American provinces. The immediate results of this wise change of policy were the union of the Canadas in 1840, and the concession of responsible government. This was the commencement of a new era in colonial

history, from which must date the remarkable development of Canada. Concession after concession was made to the colonies by the British Government, until they were finally permitted to manage their own affairs without the interference of the parent State. By the federal union of 1867, the provinces are in the possession of powers almost imperial in their nature. The central Government now has the power to appoint and dismiss the lieutenant-governors of the several sections constituting the Dominion, and to establish new provinces within the vast Northwest Territory, which is exclusively under its control. The constitution also invests the central Government with the right of disallowing the acts of the provincial legislatures whenever they conflict with the powers given, either in express terms or by necessary implication, to the Dominion Parliament. This right of disallowance has been exercised on several occasions, and is likely to prove a source of much controversy from time to time between the several provinces and the general Government. The history of the federal system of the United States shows us very clearly that the various members of the Union must always regard with jealousy and suspicion any interference with their legislative action, and that the central authority is bound to act strictly within the letter and spirit of its constitutional limitations, in order that the federal machinery may move without that friction which, sooner or later, must lead to troublesome complications. At present we only refer to this important constitutional provision as showing the large power given to the Government of Canada under the Act of Confederation. If it were not for the facts that the sovereign is still represented by a Governor-General,

that Canada is not yet allowed to make commercial treaties with foreign countries, and that the people have still a right of appeal to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, the Dominion would be practically an independent State. Even the right of Canada to make her own commercial treaties has been distinctly affirmed by a powerful party in the Canadian Parliament. Indeed the history of the Reciprocity Treaty which existed between Canada and the United States until 1866, and of the Washington Treaty of 1872, sufficiently shows the desire of the imperial Government to meet the wishes of the colonies in all matters affecting their commerce; and the time is undoubtedly near at hand when arrangements will be made to place the commercial relations of the Dominion on a far more satisfactory basis than at present. But, of course, any arrangements that are made must keep in view the interests of the imperial connection.

By the written constitution of the Dominion, each province has a Lieutenant-Governor, and a Legislature of either one or two Houses, and an Executive Council. These provincial Legislatures have the right to pass laws with respect to education, local works, and other matters of a municipal or provincial character. Trade and commerce, the raising of a general revenue by taxation, postal affairs, militia and defence, the organisation of the territories, and all matters of a Dominion or national importance, are within the jurisdiction of the central or federal Government, to which are also reserved all powers not expressly given to the provincial Governments. This system, so far, has worked to the common advantage of the Dominion and provinces, and seems well adapted to con-

serve the varied interests of the several members of the confederation. Like the United States, Canada has a Supreme Court to which cases are brought on appeal from the various provincial tribunals, and which is proving itself a valuable auxiliary to the harmonious operation of the Union by its interpretations of the imperial Act of 1867; and there can be no doubt that, in the course of time, the people will fully appreciate the advantage of having an impartial learned body, removed from all sectional influences, ready to decide important issues of constitutional law. The Governor-General is advised by a Privy Council responsible to and dependent on the support of a majority in the House of Commons; and the same wise principle of responsibility to the people through their representatives in Parliament is strictly carried out in all the provinces. The Civil Service is composed of a permanent body of officials, who hold their positions during good behaviour, and can look forward to public support when old age incapacitates them for work. The judiciary is appointed by the Crown, and no one of its members can be removed except on the address of the two Houses of Parliament. These features of the Canadian system of government are in direct opposition to the principles of the American system, and show the essentially British character of Canadian institutions. A permanent Executive, a Ministry directly responsible to Parliament, a non-political body of public servants, and an independent judiciary, are all absolutely necessary to the healthy political development of a country; and Canadians have never been tempted by American influences to swerve from these wise, conservative methods of government. Indeed

their wisdom is proved by the fact that leading minds in the United States are already prepared to move in the same direction. With a Democratic majority in Congress, there is now reason to hope that the Civil Service of the United States will ere long be placed on a substantial basis, and cease to be used as a mere machine for serving the purposes of unscrupulous demagogues and tricksters. There are also signs that the evils of the system of an elective judiciary are becoming quite apparent to the majority of intelligent citizens in the older States, and that it must, sooner or later, disappear with other creations of unbridled democracy. Thinkers, too, are found to urge the necessity of having in the Legislature some responsible body to control and perfect legislation, as well as to give explanations on public affairs; and it may be, the time is not far distant when Congress will agree to provide a constitutional amendment which will give the President's advisers a seat in either House. In the meantime, Canada can be held out in all these respects as an example to her powerful democratic neighbour.

And here the question will probably be asked—Is there at present a tendency towards annexation among any class of Canadians? In the days, now happily long past, when the Canadian provinces were poor struggling communities isolated from each other, not a few of the people were disposed to contrast their poverty and illiberal system of government with the prosperity and political freedom of the American States, and some men of ability and influence believed that the time was approaching for forming a closer connection with their more progressive neighbours. The Union of 1840 was the turning-point in the political

history of Canada. The healthy development of all sources of prosperity brought content and hope to the people, and created that national pride which is the most effective influence against the progress of an annexation sentiment. Then, a quarter of a century later, came the confederation of the provinces to destroy effectually any feeling that may have existed in favour of a political union with the States. The people, year by year, have seen their territory extended until Canada has assumed the proportions of an empire, and now their aspirations take a higher direction than absorption in the ranks of the American commonwealths.

But in order to understand the sentiments of the great mass of the Canadians on a subject concerning which some misapprehension exists in the parent State, we need only consider the character of the ruling classes in Canada. There are now, within her borders, nearly four millions of native-born Canadians, of whom over a million speak the French language. The French Canadians have always, for the most part, held decidedly monarchical and Conservative opinions. A large proportion of the early settlers came from that section where devotion to the king was a powerful sentiment when all the rest of France was mad with republicanism. Removed from the revolutionary influences of the dark days of France, living under the benign rule of England for over a century, the French Canadians have never ceased to cherish a deep attachment to monarchy, and even now their sympathies are with the Legitimists of the parent State. They are remarkable for their devotion to their Church, and are largely directed in all their affairs, temporal and spiritual, by the priesthood. During the war of

American Independence, when stirring appeals were made to the French Canadians by Rochambeau and Lafayette, the French priest was entirely on the side of England. The rebellion of 1837 had no substantial support among the intelligent majority of the people of Lower Canada: on the contrary, they looked with suspicion on the republican sentiments of some of the revolutionary leaders. It was a French Canadian statesman who declared that "the last shot fired for British rule on the continent of America would be fired by a French Canadian." By the present constitution the special interests of the French Canadians are protected, and their rights expressly guaranteed; and under these circumstances, they are the class least likely to see any advantages in annexation. On the contrary, it conveys to their minds the idea of positive peril to those institutions to which they attach the greatest importance. They believe it really means in the end the destruction of their laws and language, just as the old institutions of the French have been gradually forced to give way in the State of Louisiana.

Among the English Canadians there exists an influence against annexation just as powerful in its way as the attachment of the French Canadian to British connection. This is the influence of the descendants of the old Loyalists who made their homes in Canada in such large numbers during the closing years of last century. The descendants of the forty thousand and more persons who became Canadians at that time of imperial discomfiture now form a considerable portion of the dominant class in the Dominion, and still retain that affection for the parent State which is their natural heritage. They have much more liberal, progressive ideas than had their stern,

uncompromising forefathers. They do not form a distinctive political party, but are found in the Liberal as well as in the Conservative ranks. One, indeed, would forget that these are descendants of the Loyalists in Canada, were it not for crises affecting the honour and interests of the empire, when immediately their attachment to England rises above all minor considerations, and makes its influence felt throughout the Dominion. Indeed, to the silent influences of this class may be attributed in a great measure the fact that there are such striking contrasts in the social life of the Canadians and their American neighbours. We do not notice in Canada the restlessness and want of tone characteristic of the average American citizen. Society in the older cities and towns even yet refuses to be Americanised in thought or speech. The language is that of English society of the better class; the orthography is still English, and "honour" has not become "honor," nor are Canadians in the habit of going to the "theater,"—though it must be admitted that the press and careless writers are working energetically in that direction. The current literature is that of England; and it is a fact that even Howells, James, and other distinguished writers, have fewer readers in Canada than in London. Indeed one may think with reason that there is too decided a disposition among Canadians to ignore American literature, and in fact to look suspiciously at everything that is not English—a decidedly insular trait which Canadians have inherited in a large measure from the Loyalists. Indeed it is to the influence of this spirit that we may attribute the slow growth of a native literature in Canada.

These national influences combine with a strong belief in the

future career of Canada, to prevent the progress of an annexation sentiment in the country. Indeed Canadians have so much practical work on hand for years to come, especially in the North-west Territory, that they have literally no time to devote to theoretical speculations about their future destiny. When the Dominion has a population above 10,000,000—probably by the end of a decade—Canadians may aspire to a higher position among communities. Whether this great dependency will become a more active partner in the empire—in that imperial federation which was foreshadowed by James Otis,¹ and is the aspiration nowadays of not a few far-seeing statesmen,²—is a question which must be left to the solution of time. Canada is pursuing her work of development under the most favourable circumstances. She enjoys all the security and prestige which connection with the empire can give her. She is bound by the closest ties of commercial interest and family affection to the powerful nation on her borders. European complications are not likely to endanger her peace whilst England can perform police duties on the seas. The questions which agitate the public mind are simply ques-

tions of provincial interest which can be easily arranged. It is the hope of the Canadian people, who are making all possible sacrifices, and exerting their best energies to develop the resources of their country, that they will meet with that cordial sympathy from the parent State which will be at once a guarantee of success and a reward for their fidelity to the empire. And when the time comes for solving the question of the destiny of Canada, it will be well both for her and the empire if it be left to the decision of statesmen possessing the foresight and the breadth of view of the late Lord Beaconsfield. Imperialism is a word which certain political critics have been wont to construe only in a derogatory sense; but a Canadian writer may be allowed to say, that a policy which makes England a real influence and power in the councils of Europe, and at the same time promotes the unity of the empire by attaching due importance to the possession of colonies, is, after all, that policy which is deserving of the approval and support of true Englishmen all the world over.

Only a few words in concluding a paper which is necessarily but a brief review of some leading features of the material and political

¹ Bancroft's Constitution of the United States, vol. i. p. 6.

² Since this article was put in type, the principle of colonial federation has received powerful support from a speech delivered at Edinburgh by a distinguished Canadian, Sir Alexander Galt, G.C.M.G., in the course of which he said: "He was quite prepared to say that, as regards everything, there could be no doubt federation would be an unmixed good. It would certainly tend to consolidate the empire, to bring the inherent elements of strength more directly under the control of the principal Government, and increase its influence and strength. The general principle would be simply the consolidation of the general interests which concern us all, whether east or west, north or south—the consolidation of those under one general Legislature, and the localising of the sectional questions which were not imperial. . . . There were certain local questions which they could deal with better than anybody else could; and he believed that as regards the general question, that it would be very much better if they were dealt with by all whose interests were really embarked in it. . . . The truth was the empire was growing beyond the present system; and he hoped that as the necessity for further changes came, those changes might seek a direction which would give vitality and permanence to the British empire."

development of the most important dependency of the empire. It is a country of whose progress every Englishman should be proud. We have seen that it is a country which is rapidly gaining national strength; but it is also a country rich in natural beauty. Where will we see a river which can rival the St Lawrence at once for extent and grandeur—a river ever and anon expanding into great lakes, and broken into picturesque forms by impetuous rapids and cataracts? Where will we find such forests of tall pine as still darken the hills of the Laurentian range—these ancient hills which have existed amid all the earth's changes since times primeval? Where in Europe will we see lakes that may compare with the great inland waters which bathe the shores of the province of Ontario, with its flourishing towns and prosperous farms? The countries watered by these Western seas may have none of the rich historic memories that cling to the shores of the Mediterranean; but still Ontario, tame and uneventful as her history may be, will be always associated with the record of human endeavour and human happiness. Or where will we find a country offering to all the world so vast a territory of rich prairie-lands, purple with wild flowers and grasses, soon to give way to golden grain, to feed millions of people now struggling in the overcrowded Old World? Or where will we see such deep blue skies as canopy the vast region which Canadians call their own? So invigorating and bracing is the Canadian winter, that those who have once breathed its air can never find health or comfort amid the enervating influences of southern climates. The people who live in Canada are deeply attached to their own land. Indeed it is a trait of the people

born under northern skies that they can never find content elsewhere, but that their hearts, like the leaves of the little compass-flower found on the slopes of the Ozark Hills, ever turn towards the north. Canada is a north-land, not of perpetual glaciers; not of gloomy, solitary, fjords; not of bleak, barren hills, where men slave and toil with little rewards: but it is a north-land whose bays teem with fish, whose hills are covered with the finest timber, whose soil is productive for a territory extending over 3000 miles. What the people of this country have already achieved, their present wealth abundantly shows when compared with that of countries which have played no insignificant part in the world's history. A century ago the greater part of Canada was but a remote and unexplored wilderness, and now we find seven provinces—one of them, Ontario, large enough for an empire—teeming with population, and prosperous in all the great concerns of life, in good government, the means of subsistence, and social happiness. The tide of population is overflowing the boundaries of the old provinces, and pressing further and further towards the west. No rivers, or mountains, or seas resist the progress of industry and enterprise. Ere long, from Halifax on the Atlantic to Victoria on the Pacific, for thousands of miles westward from the heights where Daniel Webster stood many years ago, we will find people from all the northern countries of Europe cultivating smiling fields, rearing towns and villages, and cherishing the blessings of those free institutions, under whose wise and fostering influence Canada has already attained so large a measure of happiness and prosperity.

THE LADIES LINDORES.—PART XII.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

It is a strange experience for a man whose personal freedom has never been restrained to find himself in prison. The excitement and amazement of the first day made it something so exceptional and extraordinary, that out of very strangeness it was supportable: and Erskine felt it possible to wind himself up to the necessity of endurance for one night. But the dead stillness of the long, long morning that followed, was at once insupportable and incomprehensible to him. What did it mean? He saw the light brighten in his barred window, and persuaded himself, as long as he could, that it was as yet too early for anything to be done; but when he heard all the sounds of life outside, and felt the long moments roll on, and listened in vain for any deliverance, a cold mist of amazement and horror began to wrap John's soul. Was he to be left there? to lie in jail like any felon, nobody believing him, abandoned by all? He could not do anything violent to relieve his feelings; but it was within him to have dashed everything wildly about the room,—to have flown at the window and broken it to pieces,—to have torn linen and everything else to shreds. He stood aghast at himself as this wild fury of impatience and misery swept over him. He could have beaten his head against the wall. To sit still, as a man, a gentleman, is compelled to do, restraining himself, was more hard than any struggles of Hercules. And those slow sunny moments stole by, each one of them as long as an hour. The sun seemed to be stationary in

the sky: the forenoon was a century. When he heard some one at last approaching, he drew a long breath of satisfaction, saying to himself that now at last the suspense would be over. But when it proved to be Miss Barbara with her arms full of provisions for his comfort, her maid coming after, bearing a large basket, it is impossible to describe the disappointment, the rage that filled him. The effort to meet her with a smile was almost more than he was capable of. He did it, of course, and concealed his real feelings, and accepted the butter and eggs with such thanks as he could give utterance to; but the effort seemed almost greater than any he had ever made before. Miss Barbara, for her part, considered it her duty to her nephew to maintain an easy aspect, and ignore the misery of the situation. She exerted herself to amuse him, to talk as if nothing was amiss. She told him of Tinto's grand funeral, with which the whole countryside was taken up. "Everybody is there," Miss Barbara said, with some indignation,—"great and small, gentle and simple, as if auld Torrance's son was one of the nobles of the land."

"They care more for the dead than the living," John said, with a laugh. It was well to laugh, for his lip quivered. No doubt this was the reason why no one had leisure to think of him. And his heart was too full of his own miseries to be capable of even a momentary compassion for the fate of Torrance—a man not very much older than himself, prosperous and

rich and important—snatched in a moment from all his enjoyments. He had been deeply awed and impressed when he heard of it first; but by this time the honours paid to the dead man seemed to John an insult to his own superior claims—he who was living and suffering unjustly. To think that those who called themselves his friends should have deserted him to show a respect which they could not feel for the memory of a man whom they had none of them respected while he lived! He was no cynic, nor fond of attributing every evil to the baseness of humanity, but he could not help saying now, between his closed teeth, that it was the way of the world.

He had another visitor in the afternoon, some time after Miss Barbara took her departure, but not one of those he expected. To his great surprise, it was the white erect head of old Sir James which was the next he saw. The veteran came in with a grave and troubled countenance. He gave a shudder when he heard the key turn in the door. “I have come to see if there was—anything I could do for you?” Sir James said.

John laughed again. To laugh seemed the only possible way of expressing himself. It is permissible for a man to laugh when a woman would cry, and the meaning is much the same. This expressed indignation, incredulity, some contempt, yet was softened by a gentler sentiment, at sight of the old soldier’s kind and benign but puzzled and troubled face. “I don’t know what any one can do for me but take me out of this,” he said, “and no one seems disposed to do that.”

“John Erskine,” said the old general solemnly, “the circumstances are very serious. If you had seen, as I have seen, a young,

strong man laid in his grave this day, with a little toddling bairn, chief mourner.” His voice broke a little as he spoke. He waved his hand as if to put this recollection away. “And your story was not satisfactory. It did not commend itself to my mind. Have patience and hear me out. I came away from you in displeasure, and I’ve done nothing but turn it over and over in my thoughts ever since. It’s very far from satisfactory; but I cannot find it in my heart to disbelieve you,” the old man cried, with a quiver of emotion in his face. He held out his large, soft, old hand suddenly as he spoke. John, who had been winding himself up to indignant resistance, was taken entirely by surprise. He grasped that kind hand, and his composure altogether failed him.

“I am a fool,” he cried, dashing the tears from his eyes, “to think that one day’s confinement should break me down. God bless you, Sir James! I can’t speak. If that’s so, I’ll make shift to bear the rest.”

“Ay, my lad, that’s just so. I cannot disbelieve you. You’re a gentleman, John Erskine. You might do an act of violence,—any man might be left to himself; but you would not be base, and lie. I have tried to think so, but I cannot. You would never deceive an old friend.”

“If I had murdered poor Torrance in cold blood, and meaning it,” said John, “there is no telling, I might have lied too.”

“No, no, no,” said Sir James, putting out his hand—“at the worst it was never thought to be that; but you have no look of falsehood in you. Though it’s a strange story, and little like the truth, I cannot disbelieve you. So now you will tell me, my poor

lad, what I can do for you. We're friends again, thank God! I could not bide to be unfriends—and my old wife was at me night and day."

"If Lady Montgomery believes in me too——"

"Believes in you! she would give me no rest, I tell you—her and my own spirit. She would not hear a word. All she said was, 'Hoots, nonsense, Sir James!' I declare to you that was all. She's not what you call a clever woman, but she would not listen to a word. 'Hoots, nonsense!' that was all. We could not find it in our hearts."

He was a little disposed, now that he had made his avowal, to dwell upon it, to the exclusion of more important matters; but when at last he permitted John to tell him what his expectations had been, and what his disappointment, as the long, slow morning stole over unbroken, Sir James was deeply moved. "Why did not Monypenny come to me?" he said. "He was taken up, no doubt, with what was going on to-day. But I would have been your bail in a moment. An old friend like me—the friend not only of your father, but of your grandfather before him!" But when he had said so much he paused, and employed a little simple sophistry to veil the position. "The sheriff will be round in the end of the week. I would not trouble him, if I were you, before that. What's three or four days? You will then come out with every gentleman in the county at your back. It's not that I think it would be refused. People say so, but I will not believe it, for one; only I would not stir if I were you. A day or two, what does that matter? *My* pride would be to bide the law, and stand and answer to my country. That is what I would

do. Of course I'll be your caution, and any other half dozen men in the county; but I'll tell you what I would do myself,—I would stand it out if I were you."

"You never were shut up in a jail, Sir James?"

"Not exactly in a jail," said the old soldier; "but I've been in prison, and far worse quarters than this. To be sure, there's an excitement about it when you're in the hands of an enemy——"

"In the hands of an enemy," cried John—"a thing to be proud of; but laid by the heels in a wretched hole, like a poacher or a thief!"

"I would put up with it if I were you. There is nothing disgraceful in it. It is just a mistake that will be put right. I will come and see you, man, every day, and Lady Montgomery will send you books. I hope they will not be too good books, John. That's her foible, honest woman. You seem to be victualled for a siege," Sir James added, looking round the room. "That is Miss Barbara Erskine, I will be bound."

"I felt disposed to pitch them all out of the window," said John.

"Nothing of the sort; though they're too good to fall into the hands of the turnkeys. Keep up your heart, my fine lad. I'll see Monypenny to-night before I dine, and if we cannot bring you out with flying colours, between us, it will be a strange thing to me. Just you keep up your heart," said Sir James, patting John kindly on the back as he went away. "The sheriff will be round here again on the 25th, and we'll be prepared for the examination, and bring you clear off. It's not so very long to wait."

With this John was forced to be content. The 25th was four days off, and to remain in confinement

for four days more was an appalling anticipation ; but Sir James's visit gave him real cheer. Perhaps Mr Monypenny, too, on thinking it over, might turn to a conviction of his client's truth.

While Sir James rode home, pleased with himself that he had obeyed his own generous impulse, and pleased with John, who had been so unfeignedly consoled by it, Lord Lindores and his son were driving back from Tinto together in the early twilight. There was not a word exchanged between them as they drove down the long avenue in the shadow of the woods ; but as they turned into the lighter road, Lord Lindores returned to the subjects which occupied his mind habitually. "That is a business well over," he said, with a sigh of satisfaction. "It is always a relief when the last ceremonies are accomplished ; and though Carry chose to meet me with heroics, it is very satisfactory to know that her position is so good. One could never be sure with a man of Torrance's temper. He was as likely as not to have surrounded his widow with annoyances and restraints. He has erred just a little on the other side now, poor fellow ! Still he meant it, no doubt, for the best." Lord Lindores spoke to his son with an ease and confidence which he could not feel with the other members of his family. Rintoul himself, indeed, had been somewhat incomprehensible for a little time past ; but indigestion, or any other trifling reason, might account for that. "And now that all is over, we must think of other matters," he continued. "This business about Edith must be settled. Millefleurs must have his answer. He has been very patient ; but a young fellow like that knows his own importance, and Edith must hear

reason. She will never have another such chance."

Rintoul made a little movement in his corner, which was all that stood for a reply on his part ; and his father could not even see the expression of his face.

"I can only hope that she will be more amenable to his influence than to mine," said Lord Lindores, with a sigh. "It is strange that she, the youngest of my children, should be the one to give me the most trouble. Rintoul, it is also time that I should speak to you about yourself. It would give your mother and me great satisfaction to see you settled. I married early myself, and I have never had any reason to repent it. Provided that you make a wise choice. The two families will no doubt see a great deal of each other when things are settled between Edith and Millefleurs ; and I hear on all hands that his sister, Lady Reseda—you met her several times in town——"

"Yes,—I met her," said Rintoul, reluctantly. He turned once more in his corner, as if he would fain have worked his way through and escaped ; but he was secured for the moment, and in his father's power.

"And you admired her, I suppose, as everybody does ? She is something like her brother ; but what may perhaps be thought a little—well, comical—in Millefleurs, is delightful in a girl. She is a merry little thing, the very person I should have chosen for you, Rintoul : she would keep us all cheerful. We want a little light-heartedness in the family. And though your father is only a Scotch peer, your position is unimpeachable ; and I will say this for you, that you have behaved very well ; few young men would have conducted themselves so irreproachably in such a sudden change of circum-

stances. I feel almost certain that though a daughter of the Duke's might do better, you would not be looked upon with unfavourable eyes."

"I—don't know them. I have only met them—two or three times——"

"What more is necessary? You will be Millefleurs' brother-in-law——"

"Are you so sure of that?" asked Rintoul. There was something in his tone which sounded like nascent rebellion. Lord Lindores pricked up his ears.

"I do not willingly entertain the idea that Edith would disobey me," he said with dignity. "She has highflown notions. They are in the air nowadays, and will ruin the tempers of girls if they are not checked. She makes a fight to have her own way, but I cannot believe that she would go the length of downright disobedience. I have met with nothing of the kind yet——"

"I think you are likely to meet with it now," said Rintoul; and then he added, hastily, "Carry has not been an encouraging example."

"Carry!" said Lord Lindores, opening his eyes. "I confess that I do not understand. Carry! why, what woman could have a nobler position? Perfect control over a very large fortune, a situation of entire independence—too much for any woman. That Carry's unexampled good fortune should be quoted against me is extraordinary indeed."

"But," cried Rintoul, taken by surprise, "you could not hold up to Edith the hope of what might happen if—Millefleurs were to——"

"Break his neck over a scaur," said Lord Lindores, almost with a sneer. He felt his son shrink from him with an inarticulate cry, and, with instant perception

remedied his error in taste, as he thought it. "I ought not to speak so after such a tragedy; you are right, Rintoul. No: Millefleurs is a very different person; but of course it is always a consolation to know that whatever happens, one's child will be abundantly and honourably provided for. My boy, let us look at the other matter. It is time you thought of marrying, as I say."

Rintoul flung himself against the side of the carriage with a muttered curse. "Marrying!—hanging is more what I feel like!" he cried.

"Rintoul!"

"Don't torture me, father. There is not a more wretched fellow on the face of the earth. Link an innocent woman's name with mine? Ask a girl to——? For heaven's sake let me alone—let me be!"

"What is the meaning of this?" Lord Lindores cried. "Are you mad, Rintoul? I am altogether unprepared for heroics in you."

The young man made no reply. He put his head out to the rushing of the night air and the soft darkness, through which the trees and distant hills and rare passengers were all like shadows. He had looked stolidly enough upon all the shows of the external world all his life, and thought no more of them than as he saw them.

"A primrose by the river's brim,
A yellow primrose was to him."

There had been no images or similitudes in light or darkness; but now another world had opened around him. He had a secret with the silence—the speechless, inanimate things about knew something of him which nobody else knew: and who could tell when they might find a voice and proclaim it to the world? He uncovered his head to the air which blew upon him and

cooled his fever. The touch of that cool fresh wind seemed the only thing in earth or heaven in which there was any consolation. As for Lord Lindores, he sat back in his corner, more angry than concerned, and more contemptuous than either. A woman has perhaps some excuse for nerves; but that his son, upon whose plain understanding he could always rely, and whose common-sense was always alive to the importance of substantial arguments, should thus relapse into tragedy like his sisters, was more than he could tolerate. He would not even contemplate the idea that there was any cause for it. Rintoul had always been well behaved. He was in no fear of any secrets that his son might have to reveal.

“Rintoul,” he said, after a pause, “if you have got into any scrape, you should know well enough that I am not the sort of man to take it tragically. I have no faith in making molehills into mountains. I don’t suppose you have done anything disgraceful. You must be off your head, I think. What is it? You have been out of sorts for some time past.”

These words came like beatings of a drum to Rintoul’s ears, as he leant out into the rushing and sweep of the night air. There was a composure in them which brought him to himself. Anything disgraceful meant cheating at cards, or shirking debts of honour, or cowardice. Practically, these were about the only things disgraceful that a young man could do. An “entanglement,” a heavy loss at cards or on the turf, any other minor vice, could be compounded for. Lord Lindores was not alarmed by the prospect of an explanation with his son. But that Rintoul should become melodramatic, and appeal to earth and heaven, was contemptible to his father. This cool and common-sense tone

had its natural effect, Lord Lindores thought. Rintoul drew in his head, sat back in his corner, and was restored to himself.

“I have been out of sorts,” he said—“I suppose that’s what it is. I see everything *en noir*. All this business—seeing to things—the black, the house shut up——”

“Let me warn you, Rintoul don’t cultivate your susceptibilities,” said his father. “What is black more than blue or any other colour? This sort of thing is all very well for a woman; but I know what it is. It’s stomach—that is really at the bottom of all tragedy. You had better speak to the doctor. And now, thank heaven, this Tinto business is over; we can get back to the affairs of life.”

The rest of the drive passed in complete silence. And all the time they were together Rintoul said not a word to his father about John Erskine. His situation was altogether ignored between them. It was not that it was forgotten. If these two men could have opened Dunnottar jail—nay, could they have swept John Erskine away into some happy island where he would have been too blessed to think anything more about them—they would have done it,—the one with joyous alacrity, the other with satisfaction at least. This gloomy incident was over, and Lord Lindores had no desire to hear any more of it. It was just the end that anybody might have expected Torrance to come to. Why could not the officious blockheads of the countryside let the matter alone? But he did not feel that desire to help and right John Erskine which his warm adoption of the young man to his friendship would have warranted. For why? such an incident, however it ended, would certainly spoil young Erskine’s influence in the county.

He would be of no more advantage to any one. A quarrel was nothing; but to escape from the consequences of that quarrel, to let a man die at the foot of a precipice without sending help to him, that was a thing which all the countryside turned against. It was this that had roused so strong a feeling against John, and Lord Lindores made up his mind philosophically, that though Erskine would probably be cleared of all imputation of blood-guiltiness, yet, innocent or guilty, he would never get over it, and, consequently, would be of no further use in any public projects. At the same time, his own views had changed in respect to the means of carrying these projects out. Lord Millefleurs was a better instrument than country eminence. A seat gained was of course always an appreciable advantage. But it was not certain even that the seat could have been gained; and a son-in-law in hand is better than many boroughs in the bush. The Duke could not ignore Lord Lindores's claims if Edith was a member of the family. This was far more important than anything that could concern John Erskine, though Lord Lindores would have been heartily thankful—now that he was good for nothing but to excite foolish sympathies—if he could have got John Erskine happily out of the way.

Millefleurs had reached Lindores some time before: he had returned direct from the funeral along with Beaufort, who, much marvelling at himself, had stood among the crowd, and seen Carry's husband laid in his grave. The sensation was too extraordinary to be communicated to any one. It had seemed to him that the whole was a dream, himself a spectre of the past, watching bewildered, while the other, whom he had never seen, who was nothing but a coffin, was removed

away and deposited among the unseen. He had not been bold enough to go into the house to see Carry, even from the midst of the crowd. Whether she was sorrowing for her husband, or feeling some such thrills of excitement as were in his own bosom at the thought that she was free, Beaufort could not tell; but when he found himself seated at table that evening with her father and brother, he could not but feel that his dream was going on, and that there was no telling in what new scene it might unfold fresh wonders. The four gentlemen dined alone, and they were not a lively party. After dinner they gathered about the fireplace, not making any move towards the forsaken drawing-room. "This is a sad sort of amusement to provide for you," Lord Lindores said. "We hoped to have shown you the more cheerful side of Scotch life."

"I have had a very good time: what you might call a lovely time," said Millefleurs. Then he made a pause, and drawing closer, laid his plump finger on Lord Lindores's arm. "I don't want to make myself a nuisance now; but—not to be troublesome—if I am not likely soon to have an opportunity of addressing myself to Lady Edith, don't you think I had better go away?"

"You may well be tired of us; a house of mourning," said Lord Lindores, with a smile of benevolent meaning. "It was not for this you came into those wilds."

"They are far from being wilds: I have enjoyed myself very much," said little Millefleurs. "All has been new; and to see a new country, don't you know, is always the height of my ambition. But such a thing might happen as that I wasn't wanted. When a lady means to have anything to say to a fellow, I have always heard she

lets him know. To say nothing is, perhaps, as good a way of saying no as any. It may be supposed to save a man's feelings——”

“Am I to understand that you have spoken to my daughter, Millefleurs?”

“I have never had the chance, Lord Lindores. On the very evening, you will remember, when I hoped to have an explanation, this unfortunate accident happened. I am very sorry for the gentleman whom, in the best of circumstances, I can never now hope to call my brother-in-law; but the position is perhaps a little awkward. Lady Edith is acquainted with my aspirations, but I—know nothing, don't you know?” said the little Marquis. He had his hand upon his plump bosom, and raised himself a little on one foot as he spoke. “It makes a fellow feel rather small—and, in my case, that isn't wanted,” he added, cheerfully. Nothing less like a despairing lover could be imagined; but though he resembled a robin redbreast, he was a man

quite conscious of the dignities of his position, and not to be played with. A cold chill of alarm came over Lord Lindores.

“Edith will return to-morrow, or next day,” he said; “or if you choose to go to Tinto, her mother regards you so much as a friend and favourite, that she will receive you gladly, I am sure. Go, then——”

“No,” said Millefleurs, shaking his head, “no, that would be too strong. I never saw the poor fellow but once or twice, and the last time I had the misfortune to disagree with him; no—I can't convey myself to his house to learn if I'm to be taken or not. It is a droll sort of experience. I feel rather like a bale of goods, don't you know, on approval” he said with a laugh. He took it with great good-humour; but it was possible that even Millefleurs's good-humour might be exhausted.

“I undertake for it that you shall not have to wait much longer,” said Lord Lindores.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Rintoul had bad nights, and could not sleep. He had been in such constant movement that day that he was fatigued, and had hoped for rest; but after tossing on his uneasy bed, he got up again, as for several nights past he had been in the habit of doing, and began to pace up and down his room. The house was all buried in repose and silence—the woods rustling round, the river flowing, the silence outside tingling with the never altogether hushed movements of nature; but indoors nothing stirring—all dark; nothing but the heavy breath of sleep within the thick old walls. The fire was dying out on the hearth; the can-

dles, which he lighted hastily, did not half light the room, but rather cleared a little spot in the darkness, and left all else in gloom. A nervous tremor was upon the young man,—he to whom nerves had been all folly, who had scoffed at them as affectation or weakness; but he had no longer that command of himself of which he had once been proud. His mind strayed involuntarily into thoughts which he would fain have shut out. They dwelt upon one subject and one scene, which he had shut his mind to a hundred times, only to feel it the next moment once more absorbing every faculty. His shadow upon the window paced up and

down, up and down. He could not keep quiet. He did not care to have the door of his room behind him, but kept it in sight as if he feared being taken at a disadvantage. What did he fear? he could not tell. Imagination had seized hold upon him—he who had never known what imagination was. He could not rest for it. The quiet was full of noises. He heard the furniture creaking, as it does at night, the walls giving out strange echoes; and never having kept any vigil before, thought that these strange voices of the night had to do with himself, and in his soul trembled as if he had been surrounded by enemies or spies searching his inmost thoughts.

Thus he walked up and down the room, keeping his face to the door. Did he expect any one, anything to come in? No, no; nothing of the kind. But it is certain that sometimes along the long passage he heard sounds as of a horse's hoofs. He knew it was nonsense. It was the sound of the river, to which he was perfectly accustomed; but yet it sounded somehow like a horse's hoofs. He never would have been surprised at any moment to see the door pushed open and something come in. He knew it was ridiculous, but still he could not help the feeling. And the silence of the house was a pain to him beyond telling. One of these nights one of the servants had been ill, and Rintoul was glad. The sense that some one was waking, moving about, was a relief. It seemed somehow to give him a sort of security,—to deliver him from himself. But while he thus felt the advantage of waking humanity near him, he was thankful beyond description that the society of the house was diminished—that his mother and Edith were away. He

knew that they must have found him out—if not what was in his mind, at least that there was something on his mind. During the last twenty-four hours particularly they would have been worse spies than the trees and the winds. How could he have kept himself to himself in their presence, especially as they would have besieged him with questions, with incitements to do something. They would have assumed that they knew all about it in their ignorance. They! They were always assuming that they knew. There was a fierce momentary satisfaction in Rintoul's mind to think how completely out they would be, how incapable of understanding the real state of the case. They thought they knew everything! But he felt that there was a possibility that he might have betrayed himself in the very pleasure he would have had in showing them that they knew nothing. And it was better, far better, that they should be out of the way.

He did not, however, yield to this fever of the mind without doing what he could manfully to subdue it. He made a great effort now to fix his mind upon what his father had said to him—but the names of Millefleurs and Lady Reseda only swept confusedly through his brain like straws upon the surface of the stream. Sometimes he found himself repeating one of them vaguely, like a sort of idiotical chorus, while the real current of his thoughts ran on. Lady Reseda, Lady Reseda: what had she to do with it?—or Millefleurs, Millefleurs!—they were straws upon the surface, showing how rapidly the torrent ran, not anything he could catch hold of. There was one name, however, round which that dark current of his thoughts eddied and swirled as in a whirlpool—the name of

John Erskine. There could not be any doubt that *he* had something to do with it. He had thrust himself into a matter that did not concern him, and he was paid for his folly. It was not *his* place to stand up for Carry, to resent her husband's rudeness—what had he to do with it? He was an intrusive, officious fool, thrusting himself into other people's business. If he brought himself into trouble by it, was that Rintoul's fault? Was he bound to lay himself open to a great deal of annoyance and embarrassment in order to save John Erskine from the consequences of his own folly? This was the question that would not let him rest. Nothing Rintoul had been a party to had compromised John Erskine. It was all his own doing. Why did he, for his pleasure, take the Scaur road at all? Why did he stop and quarrel, seeing the other was excited? Why rush down in that silly way with his coat torn to make an exhibition of himself? All these things were folly,—folly beyond extenuation. He ought to have known better; and whatever followed, was it not his own fault?

Along with this, however, there were other thoughts that flashed at Rintoul, and would not let him carry on steadily to the conclusion he desired. There are some things that are permissible and some that are not permissible. A gentleman need not betray himself: it is not indispensable that he should take the world into his confidence, if any accident happens to him, and he gets himself into trouble; but he must not let another get into trouble for him,—that comes into the category of the "anything disgraceful" which Lord Lindores was assured his son had never been guilty of. No! he had never done anything disgraceful. How was he

to escape it now? And then, looking back upon all the circumstances, Rintoul sadly perceived what a fool he had been not to put everything on a straightforward footing at once. He reflected that he could have given almost any account of the occurrence he pleased. There was nobody to contradict him: and all would have been over without complication, without any addition from the popular fancy. It seemed to him now, reflecting upon everything, all the details that had filled him with an unreflecting panic then, that nothing could have been easier than to explain the whole matter. But he had lost that good moment, and if he made the confession now, every false conception which he had feared would be realised. People would say, If this was all, why make any mystery about it? Why expose another to disgrace and suffering? Rintoul had not intelligence enough, though he had always plumed himself on his common-sense, to thread his way among those conflicting reasonings. He grew sick as the harpies of recollection and thought rushed upon him from all quarters. He had no power to stand against them,—to silence her who cried, "Why did you not do this?"—while he held at bay the other, who swooped down upon him, screaming, "How could you do that?" When it grew more than he could bear, he retreated to his bed, and flung himself exhausted upon it, throwing out his arms with the unconscious histrionic instinct of excitement, appealing to he knew not what. How could he do this thing? How could he leave it undone? Rintoul in his despair got up again and found an opiate which had been given him when he had toothache, long ago, in days when toothache was the worst torture he knew. He swallowed it, scarcely taking the trouble to mark how much he

was taking, though the moment after he took a panic, and got up and examined the bottle to assure himself that all was right. It was nearly daybreak by the time that this dose sent him to sleep,—and he scarcely knew he had been asleep, so harassing were his dreams, till he came to himself at last, to find that it was eleven o'clock in a dull forenoon, his shutters all open, and the dim light pouring in. The horrors of waking when the mind is possessed by great misery is a well-worn subject,—everybody knows what it is to have Care seated by his bedside, ready to pounce upon him when he opens his eyes; but Rintoul had scarcely escaped from that dark companion. She had been with him in his dreams: he felt her grip him now, with no surprise, if with a redoublement of pain.

It was nearly mid-day when he got down-stairs, and he found nobody. His father was out. Millefleurs was out. His breakfast was arranged upon a little table near the fire, his letters laid ready, the county newspaper—a little innocent broadsheet—by his plate. But he could not take advantage of any of these luxuries; he swept his letters into his pocket, flung the paper from him, then reflected that there might be *something in it*, and picked it up again with trembling hands. There was *something in it*. There was an account of the private examination before the sheriff of Mr John Erskine of Dalrulzian on suspicion of being concerned in the death of the late lamented Mr Torrance of Tinto. “From circumstances which transpired,” the sheriff, the newspaper regretted to say, had thought it right to relegate Mr Erskine to Dunnottar jail, there to await the result of a more formal inquiry, to be held on the 25th at Dunearn. “We have little

fear that a gentleman so respected will easily be able to clear himself,” it was added; and “a tribute of respect to the late Patrick Torrance,—a name which, for genial *bonhomie* and sterling qualities, will long be remembered in this county,” wound up the paragraph. The greater portion of its readers, already acquainted with the news by report, read it with exclamations of concern, or cynical rustic doubt whether John Erskine was so much respected, or Pat Torrance as sure of a place in the county’s memory, as the ‘Dunearn Sentinel’ said; but all Rintoul’s blood seemed to rush to his head and roar like a torrent in his ears as he read the paragraph. He could hear nothing but that rushing of excitement and the bewildered half-maddened thoughts which seemed to accompany it. What was he to do? What was he to do?

There was a little interval, during which Rintoul literally did not know what he was doing. His mind was not prepared for such an emergency. He tossed about like a cork upon the boiling stream of his own thoughts—helpless, bewildered, driven hither and thither. He only came to himself when he felt the damp air in his face, and found himself setting out on foot on the road to Dunearn: the irregular lines of the housetops in front of him, the tall tower of the Town House pointing up to the dull skies, standing out from the rest of the buildings like a landmark to indicate what route he was to take. When he caught sight of that he came violently to himself, and began at once to recover some conscious control over his actions. The operations of his mind became clear to him; his panic subsided. After all, who could harm John Erskine? He had been very foolish; he had exposed himself to

suspicion; but no doubt a gentleman so respected would be able to clear himself—a gentleman so respected. Rintoul repeated the words to himself, as he had repeated the names of Millefleurs and Lady Reseda the night before. And what would it matter to John Erskine to put off till the 25th his emancipation and the full recognition of his innocence? If he had a bad cold, it would have the same result—confinement to the house, perhaps to his room. What was that? Nothing: a trifling inconvenience, that any man might be subject to. And there could be no doubt that a gentleman so respected— There would be evidence that would clear him: it was not possible that any proof could be produced of a thing that never happened; and the whole county, if need be, would bear witness to John Erskine's character—that he was not quarrelsome or a brawler; that there was no motive for any quarrel between him and—

Rintoul's feet, which had been going rapidly towards Dunearn, went on slower and slower. He came to a pause altogether about a mile from the town. Was it necessary to go any farther? What could he do to-day? Certainly there would be no advantage to Erskine in anything he did to-day. He turned round slowly, and went back towards Lindores. Walking that way, there was nothing but the long sweep of the landscape between him and Tinto, to which his eyes could not but turn as he walked slowly on. The flag was up again—a spot of red against the dull sky—and the house stood out upon its platform with that air of ostentation which fretted the souls of the surrounding gentry. Rintoul could not bear the sight of it: it smote him with a fierce impa-

tience. Scarcely conscious that his movement of hot and hasty temper was absurd, he turned round again to escape it, and set his face towards the emblem of severe justice and the law, the tower of the Town House of Dunearn. When this second monitor made itself visible, a kind of dull despair took possession of him. His steps were hemmed in on every side, and there was no escape.

It was while he was moving on thus reluctantly, by a sort of vague compulsion, that he recognised, with amazement, Nora Barrington coming towards him. It was a piece of good fortune to which he had no right. She was the only creature in the world whose society could have been welcome to him. They met as they might have met in a fairy tale: fairy tales are not over, so long as people do meet in this way on the commonplace road. They had neither of them thought of any such encounter—he, because his mind was too dolorous and preoccupied for any such relief; she, because Rintoul seldom came into Dunearn, and never walked, so that no idea of his presence occurred to her. She was going to fulfil a commission of Miss Barbara's, and anxious if possible to see Edith, which was far more likely than Edith's brother. They were both surprised, almost beyond speech; they scarcely uttered any greeting. It did not seem strange, somehow, that Rintoul should turn and walk with her the way she was going, though it was not his way. And now a wonderful thing happened to Rintoul. His ferment of thought subsided all at once,—he seemed to have sailed into quiet seas after the excitement of the headlong current which had almost dashed him to pieces. He did not know what it meant. The storm ended,

and there stole over him "a sound as of a hidden brook, in the leafy month of June." And Nora felt a softening of sympathetic feeling, she did not know why. She was sorry for him. Why should she have been sorry for Lord Rintoul? He was infinitely better off than she was. She could not account for the feeling, but she felt it all the same. She asked him first how Lady Caroline was—poor Lady Caroline!—and then faltered a little, turning to her own affairs.

"I hope I shall see Edith before I go away. Do you know when they are coming back? I am going home—very soon now," Nora said. She felt almost apologetic—reluctant to say it,—and yet it seemed necessary to say it. There were many people whom she might have met on the road to whom she would not have mentioned the fact, but it seemed incumbent upon her now.

"Going away! No, that you must not do—you must not do it! Why should you go away?" he cried.

"There are many reasons." Nora felt that she ought to laugh at his vehemence, or that, perhaps, she should be angry; but she was neither the one nor the other—only apologetic, and so sorry for him. "Of course I always knew I should have to go: though I shall always think it home here, yet it is not home any longer. It is a great pity, don't you think, to live so long in a place which, after all, is not your home?"

"I cannot think it a great pity that you should have lived here," he said. "The thing is, that you must not go. For God's sake, Nora, do not go! I never thought of that; it is the last drop. If you knew how near I am to the end of my strength, you would not speak of such a thing to me."

"Lord Rintoul! I—don't understand. What can it matter?" cried Nora, in her confusion. She felt that she should have taken a different tone. He had no right to call her Nora, or to speak as if he had anything to do with her coming or going. But the hurried tone of passion and terror in his voice overwhelmed her. It was as if he had heard of the last misfortune that could overwhelm a man.

"Matter! Do you mean to me? It may not matter to any one else; to me it is everything," he said, wildly. "I shall give in altogether. I shall not care what I do if you go away."

"Now, Lord Rintoul," said Nora, her heart beating, but trying to laugh as she best could, "this, you must know, is nonsense. You cannot mean to make fun of me, I am sure; but—I don't know what you mean. We had better say no more about it." Then she melted again. She remembered their last interview, which had gone to her heart. "I know," she said, "that you have been in a great deal of trouble."

"You know," said Rintoul, "because you feel for me. Nobody else knows. Then think what it will be for me if you go away—the only creature whom I dare to speak to. Nora, you know very well I was always fond of you—from the first—as soon as we met—"

"Don't, don't, Lord Rintoul! I cannot get away from you on this public road. Have some respect for me. You ought not to say such things, nor I to hear."

He looked at her, wondering. "Is it any want of respect to tell you that you are the girl I have always wanted to marry? You may not feel the same; it may be only your kindness: you may

refuse me, Nora; but I have always meant it. I have thought it was our duty to do the best we could for the girls, but I never gave in to that for myself. My father has spoken of this one and that one, but I have always been faithful to you. That is no want of respect, though it is a public road. From the time I first knew you, I have only thought of you."

What an ease it gave him to say this! All the other points that had so occupied him before seemed to have melted away in her presence. If he had but some one to stand by him,—if he had but Nora, who felt for him always. It seemed that everything else would arrange itself, and become less difficult to bear.

As for Nora, she had known very well that Rintoul was, as he said, fond of her. It is so difficult to conceal that. But she thought he would "get over it." She had said to herself, with some little scorn, that he never would have the courage to woo a poor girl like herself,—a girl without anything. He had a worldly mind though he was young, and Nora had never allowed herself to be deluded, she thought.

"Don't you believe me?" he said, after a moment's pause, looking at her wistfully, holding out his hand.

"Yes, I believe you, Lord Rintoul," said Nora; but she took no notice of his outstretched hand, though it cost her something to be, as she said to herself, "so unkind." "I do believe you; but it would never be permitted, you know. You yourself would not approve of it when you had time to think; for you are worldly-minded, Lord Rintoul: and you know you ought to marry—an heiress—some one with money."

"You have a very good right to say so," he replied. "I have always

maintained that for the girls: but if you had ever taken any notice of me, you would have found out that I never allowed it for myself. Yes, it is quite true I am worldly-minded; but I never meant to marry money. I never thought of marrying any one but you."

And now there was a pause again. He did not seem to have asked her any question that Nora could answer. He had only made a statement to her that she was the only girl he had ever wished to marry. It roused a great commotion in her breast. She had always liked Rintoul, even when his sisters called him a Philistine; and now when he was in trouble, under some mysterious shadow, she knew not why, appealing to her sympathy as to his salvation, it was not possible that the girl should shut her heart against him. They walked on together for a few yards in silence, and then she said, faltering, "I had better go back now—I—did not expect to—meet any one."

"Don't go back without saying something to me. Promise me, Nora, that you will not go away. I want you! I want you! Without you I should go all wrong. If you saw me sinking in the water, wouldn't you put out your hand to help me!—and that is nothing to what may happen. Nora, have you the heart to go back without saying anything to me?" cried Rintoul, once more holding out his hand.

There was nobody visible on the road, up or down. The turrets of Lindores peeped over the trees in the distance, like spectators deeply interested, holding their breath; at the other end the long thin tower of the Town House seemed to pale away into the distance. He looked anxiously into her face, as if life and death hung on the de-

cision. They had come to a standstill in the emotion of the moment, and stood facing each other, trembling with the same sentiment. Nora held back still, but there was an instinctive drawing closer of the two figures—irresistible, involuntary.

“Your father will never consent,” she said, with an unsteady voice; “and my father will never allow it against his will. But, Lord Rintoul——”

“Not lord, nor Rintoul,” he said.

“You never liked to be called Robin,” Nora said, with a half malicious glance into his face. But poor Rintoul was not in the humour for jest. He took her hand, her arm, and drew it through his.

“I cannot wait to think about our fathers. I have such need of you, Nora. I have something to tell you that I can tell to no one in the world but you. I want my other self to help me. I want my wife, to whom I can speak——”

His arm was quivering with anxiety and emotion. Though Nora was bewildered, she did not hesitate—what girl would?—from the responsibility thus thrust upon her. To be so urgently wanted is the strongest claim that can be put forth upon any human creature. Instinctively she gave his arm a little pressure, supporting rather than supported, and said “Tell me,” turning upon him freely, without blush or faltering, the grave sweet face of sustaining love.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Rolls disappeared on the evening of the day on which he had that long consultation with Mr Monypenny. He did not return to Dalrulzian that night. Marget, with many blushes and no small excitement, served the dinner, which Bauby might be said to have cooked with tears. If these salt drops were kept out of her sauces, she bedewed the white apron, which she lifted constantly to her eyes. “Maister John in jyal! and oor Tammas gone after him; and what will I say to his mammaw?” Bauby cried. She seemed to fear that it might be supposed some want of care on her part which had led to this dreadful result. But even the sorrow of her soul did not interfere with her sense of what was due to her master’s guest. Beaufort’s dinner did not suffer, whatever else might. It was scrupulously cooked, and served with all the care of which Marget was capable; and when it was all over,

and everything carefully put aside, the women sat down together in the kitchen, and had a good cry over the desolation of the house. The younger maids, perhaps, were not so deeply concerned on this point as Bauby, who was an old servant, and considered Dalrulzian as her home: but they were all more or less affected by the disgrace, as well as sorry for the young master, who had “nae pride,” and always a pleasant word for his attendants in whatever capacity. Their minds were greatly affected, too, by the absence of Rolls. Not a man in the house but the stranger gentleman! It was a state of affairs which alarmed and depressed them, and proved, above all other signs, that a great catastrophe had happened. Beaufort sent for the housekeeper after dinner to give her such information as he thought necessary; and Bauby was supported to the door by her subordinates, exploring her all the way to keep up

her heart. "You'll no' let on to the strange gentleman." "Ye'll keep up a good face, and no' let him see how sair cast down ye are," they said, one at either hand. There was a great deal of struggling outside the door, and some stifled sounds of weeping, before it was opened, and Bauby appeared, pushed in by some invisible agency behind her, which closed the door promptly as soon as she was within. She was not the important person Beaufort had expected to see; but as she stood there, with her large white apron thrown over her arm, and her comely countenance, like a sky after rain, lighted up with a very wan and uncertain smile, putting the best face she could upon it, Beaufort's sympathy overcame the inclination to laugh which he might have felt in other circumstances, at the sight of her sudden entrance and troubled clinging to the doorway. "Good evening," he said, "Mrs ——" "They call me Bauby Rolls, at your service," said Bauby, with a curtsy and a suppressed sob. "Mrs Rolls," said Beaufort, "your master may not come home for a few days; he asked me to tell you not to be anxious; that he hoped to be back soon; that there was nothing to be alarmed about." "Eh! and was he so kind as think upon me, and him in such trouble," cried Bauby, giving way to her emotions. "But I'm no' alarmt; no, no, why should I be," she added, in a trembling voice. "He will be hame, no doubt, in a day or twa, as ye say, sir, and glad, glad we'll a' be. It's not that we have any doubt—but oh! what will his mammaw say to me," cried Bauby. After the tremulous momentary stand she had made, her tears flowed faster than ever. "There has no such thing happened among the Erskines

since ever the name was kent in the countryside, and that's maist from the beginning, as it's written in Scripture." "It's all a mistake," cried Beaufort. "That it is—that it is," cried Bauby, drying her eyes. And then she added with another curtsy, "I hope you'll find everything to your satisfaction, sir, till the maister comes hame. Tammas—that's the butler, Tammas Rolls, my brother, sir, if ye please—is no' at hame to-night, and you wouldna like a lass aboot to valet ye; they're all young but me. But if you would put out your cloes to brush, or anything that wants doing, outside your door, it shall a' be weel attended to. I'm real sorry there's no' another man aboot the house: but a' that women can do we'll do, and with goodwill." "You are very kind, Mrs Rolls," said Beaufort. "I was not thinking of myself—you must not mind me. I shall get on very well. I am sorry to be a trouble to you at such a melancholy moment." "Na, na, sir, not melancholy," cried Bauby, with her eyes streaming; "sin' ye say, and a'body must allow, that it's just a mistake: we manna be put aboot by such-like trifles. But nae doubt it will be livelier and mair plesant for yoursell, sir, when Mr John and Tammas, they baith come hame. Would you be wanting anything more to-night?" "Na, I never let on," Bauby said, when she retired to the ready support of her handmaidens outside the door—"no' me; I keepit a stout heart, and I said to him, 'It's of nae consequence, sir,' I said,—'I'm nane cast down; it's just a mistake—everybody kens that; and that he was to put his things outside his door.' He got nothing that would go against the credit of the house out of me."

But in spite of this forlorn con-

confidence in her powers of baffling suspicion, it was a wretched night that poor Bauby spent. John was satisfactorily accounted for, and it was known where he was; but who could say where Rolls might be? Bauby sat up half through the night alone in the great empty kitchen with the solemn-sounding clock and the cat purring loudly by the fire. She was as little used to the noises of the night as Lord Rintoul was, and in her agony of watching felt the perpetual shock and thrill of the unknown going through and through her. She heard steps coming up to the house a hundred times through the night, and stealing stealthily about the doors. "Is that you, Tammass?" she said again and again, peering out into the night: but nobody appeared. Nor did he appear next day, or the next. After her first panic, Bauby gave out that he was with his master—that she had never expected him—in order to secure him from remark. But in her own mind horrible doubts arose. He had always been the most irreproachable of men; but what if, in the shock of this catastrophe, even Tammass should have taken to ill ways? Drink—that was the natural suggestion. Who can fathom the inscrutable attractions it has, so that men yield to it who never could have been suspected of such a weakness? Most women of the lower classes have the conviction that no man can resist it. Heart-wrung for his master, shamed to his soul for the credit of the house, had Rolls, too, after successfully combating temptation for all his respectable life, yielded to the demon? Bauby trembled, but kept her terrors to herself. She said he might come back at any moment—he was with his master. Where else was it likely at such a time that he should be?

But Rolls was not with his master. He was on the eve of a great and momentous act. There were no superstitious alarms about him, as about Rintoul, and no question in his mind what to do. Before he left Dalrulzian that sad morning, he had shaped all the possibilities in his thoughts, and knew what he intended; and his conversation with Mr Monypenny gave substance and a certain reasonableness to his resolution. But it was not in his nature by one impetuous movement to precipitate affairs. He had never in his life acted hastily, and he had occasional tremors of the flesh which chilled his impulse and made him pause. But the interval, which was so bitter to his master, although all the lookers-on congratulated themselves it could do him no harm, was exactly what Rolls wanted in the extraordinary crisis to which he had come. A humble person, quite unheroic in his habits as in his antecedents, it was scarcely to be expected that the extraordinary project which had entered his mind should have been carried out with the enthusiastic impulse of romantic youth. But few youths, however romantic, would have entertained such a purpose as that which now occupied Rolls. There are many who would risk a great deal to smuggle an illustrious prisoner out of his prison. But this was an enterprise of a very different kind. He left Mr Monypenny with his head full of thoughts which were not all heroic. None of his inquiries had been made without meaning. The self-devotion which was in him was of a sober kind, not the devotion of a Highland clansman, an Evan Dhu: and though the extraordinary expedient he had planned appeared to him more and not less alarming than the reality, his own self-sacri-

fice was not without a certain calculation and caution too.

All these things had been seriously weighed and balanced in his mind. He had considered his sister's interest, and even his own eventual advantage. He had never neglected these primary objects of life, and he did not do so now. But though all was taken into account and carefully considered, Rolls's first magnanimous purpose was never shaken; and the use he made of the important breathing-time of these intervening days was characteristic. He had, like most men, floating in his mind several things which he intended "some time" to do,—a vague intention which, in the common course of affairs, is never carried out. One of these things was to pay a visit to Edinburgh. Edinburgh to Rolls was as much as London and Paris and Rome made into one. All his patriotic feelings, all that respect for antiquity which is natural to the mind of a Scot, and the pride of advancing progress and civilisation which becomes a man of this century, were involved in his desire to visit the capital of his own country. Notwithstanding all the facilities of travel, he had been there but once before, and that in his youth. With a curious solemnity he determined to make this expedition now. It seemed the most suitable way of spending these all-important days, before he took the step beyond which he did not know what might happen to him. A more serious visitor, yet one more determined to see everything and to take the full advantage of all he saw, never entered that romantic town. He looked like a rural elder of the gravest Calvinistic type as he walked, in his black coat and loosely tied white neckcloth, about the lofty streets. He went to Holyrood, and gazed with reverence and pro-

found belief at the stains of Rizzio's blood. He mounted up to the Castle, and examined Mons Meg with all the care of a historical observer. He even inspected the pictures in the National Collection with unbounded respect, if little knowledge, and climbed the Observatory on the Calton Hill. There were many spectators about the streets, who remarked him as he walked about, looking conscientiously at everything, with mingled amazement and respect; for his respectability, his sober curiosity, his unvarying seriousness, were remarkable enough to catch an intelligent eye. But nobody suspected that Rolls's visit to Edinburgh was the solemn visit of a martyr, permitting himself the indulgence of a last look at the scenes that interested him most, ere giving himself up to an unknown and mysterious doom.

On the morning of the 24th, having satisfied himself fully, he returned home. He was quite satisfied. Whatever might now happen, he had fulfilled his intention, and realised his dreams: nothing could take away from him the gratification thus secured. He had seen the best that earth contained, and now was ready for the worst, whatever that might be. Great and strange sights, prodigies unknown to his fathers, were befitting and natural objects to occupy him at this moment of fate. It was still early when he got back: he stopped at the Tinto station, not at that which was nearest to Dalrulzian, and slowly making his way up by the fatal road, visited the scene of Torrance's death. The lodge-keeper called out to him, as he turned that way, that the road was shut up; but Rolls paid no heed. He clambered over the hurdles that were placed across, and soon reached the scene of the

tragedy. The marks of the horse's hoofs were scarcely yet obliterated, and the one fatal point at which the terrified brute had dented deeply into the tough clay, its last desperate attempt to hold its footing, was almost as distinct as ever.

The terrible incident with which he had so much to do came before him with a confused perception of things he had not thought of at the time, reviving, as in a dream, before his very eyes. He remembered that Torrance lay with his head down the stream—a point which had not struck him as important; and he remembered that Lord Rintoul had appeared out of the wood at his cry for help so quickly, that he could not have been far away when the accident took place. What special signification there might be in these facts Rolls was not sufficiently clear-headed to see. But he noted them with great gravity in a little note-book, which he had bought for the purpose. Then, having concluded everything, he set out solemnly on his way to Dunearn.

It was a long walk. The autumnal afternoon closed in mists; the moon rose up out of a haze—the harvest-moon, with a little redness in her light. The landscape was dim in this mellowed vapour, and everything subdued. The trees, with all their fading glories, hung still in the haze; the river tinkled with a far-off sound; the lights in the cottages were blurred, and looked like huge vague lamps in the milky air, as Rolls trudged on slowly, surely, to the place of fate. It took him a long time to walk there, and he did not hurry. Why should he hurry? He was sure, went he ever so slowly, to arrive in time. As he went along, all things that ever he had done came up into his mind. His youth-

ful extravagances—for Rolls, too, had once been young and silly; his gradual settling into manhood; his aspirations, which he once had, like the best; his final anchorage, which, if not in a very exalted post, nor perhaps what he had once hoped for, was yet so respectable. Instead of the long lines of trees, the hedgerows, and cottages which marked the road, it was his own life that Rolls walked through as he went on. He thought of the old folk, his father and mother; he seemed to see Bauby and himself and the others coming home in just such a misty autumn night from school. Jock, poor fellow! who had gone to sea, and had not been heard of for years; Willie, who 'listed, and nearly broke the old mother's heart. How many shipwrecks there had been among the lads he once knew! Rolls felt, with a warmth of satisfaction about his heart, how well it was to have walked uprightly, to have "won through" the storms of life, and to have been a credit and a comfort to all belonging to him. If anything was worth living for, that was. Willie and Jock had both been cleverer than he, poor fellows! but they had both dropped, and he had held on. Rolls did not want to be proud; he was quite willing to say, "If it had not been for the grace of God!—" but yet it gave him an elevating sense of the far superior pleasure it was to conquer your inclinations in the days of your youth, and to do well whatever might oppose. When the name of Rolls was mentioned by any one about Dunearn, it would always be said that two of them had done very well—Tammis and Bauby: these were the two. They had always held by one another; they had always been respectable. But here Rolls stopped in his thoughts, taking a long breath.

After this, after what was going to happen, what would the folk say then? Would a veil drop after to-day upon the unblemished record of his life? He had never stood before a magistrate in all his days—never seen how the world looked from the inside of a prison, even as a visitor—had no-thing to do, no-thing to do with that side of the world. He waved his hand, as if separating by a mystic line between all that was doubtful or disreputable, and his own career. But now——. Thus through the misty darkening road, with now a red gleam from a smithy, and now a softer glimmer from a cottage-door, and anon the trees standing out of the mists, and the landscape widening about him, Rolls came on slowly, very seriously, to Dunearn. The long tower of the Town House, which had seemed to threaten and call upon Lord Rintoul, was the first thing that caught the eye of Rolls. The moon shone upon it, making a white line of it against the cloudy sky.

Mr Monypenny was at dinner with his family. They dined at six o'clock, which was thought a rather fashionable hour, and the comfortable meal was just over. Instead of wine, the good man permitted himself one glass of toddy when the weather grew cold. He was sitting between the table and the fire, and his wife sat on the other side giving him her company and consolation,—for Mr Monypenny was somewhat low and despondent. He had been moved by Sir James Montgomery's warm and sudden partisanship and belief of John Erskine's story; but he was a practical man himself, and he could not, he owned, shaking his head, take a sensational view. To tell him that there should have been just such an encounter as

seemed probable—high words between two gentlemen—but that they should part with no harm done, and less than an hour after one of them be found lying dead at the bottom of the Scaur—that was more than he could swallow in the way of a story. To gain credence, there should have been less or more. Let him hold his tongue altogether—a man is never called upon to criminate himself—or let him say all. “Then you must just give him a word, my dear, to say nothing about it,” said Mrs Monypenny, who was anxious too. “But that's just impossible, my dear, for he blurted it all out to the sheriff just as he told it to me.” “Do you not think it's a sign of innocence that he should keep to one story, and when it's evidently against himself, so far as it goes?” “A sign of innocence!” Mr Monypenny said, with a snort of impatience. He took his toddy very sadly, finding no exhilaration in it. “Pride will prevent him departing from his story,” he said. “If he had spoken out like a man, and called for help like a Christian, it would have been nothing. All this fuss is his own doing—a panic at the moment, and pride—pride now, and nothing more.”

“If ye please,” said the trim maid who was Mr Monypenny's butler and footman all in one—the “table-maid,” as she was called—“there's one wanting to speak to ye, sir. I've put him into the office, and he says he can wait.”

“One! and who may the one be?” said Mr Monypenny.

“Weel, sir, he's got his hat doon on his brows and a comforter about his throat, and he looks sore foughten, as if he had travelled all the day, and no' a word to throw at a dog; but I think it's Mr Rolls, the butler at Dalrulzian.”

“Rolls!” said Mr Monypenny.

“I’ll go to him directly, Jeanie. That’s one thing off my mind. I thought that old body had disappeared rather than bear witness against his master,” he said, when the girl had closed the door.

“But oh, if he’s going to bear witness against his master, it would have been better for him to disappear,” said the sympathetic wife. “Nasty body! to eat folk’s bread, and then to get them into trouble.”

“Whesht with your foolish remarks, my dear: that is clean against the law, and it would have had a very bad appearance, and prejudiced the Court against us,” Mr Monypenny said as he went away. But to tell the truth, he was not glad; for Rolls was one of the most dangerous witnesses against his master. The agent went to his office with a darkened brow. It was not well lighted, for the lamp had been turned down, and the fire was low. Rolls rose up from where he had been sitting on the edge of a chair as Mr Monypenny came in. He had unwound his comforter from his neck, and taken off his hat. His journey, and his troubled thoughts, and the night air, had limped and damped him; the starch was out of his tie, and the air of conscious rectitude out of his aspect. He made a solemn but tremulous bow, and stood waiting till the door was closed, and the man of business

had thrown himself into a chair. “Well, Rolls—so you have come back!” Mr Monypenny said.

“Ay, sir, I’ve come back. I’ve brought you the man, Mr Monypenny, that did *yon*.”

“Good Lord, Rolls! that did what? You take away my breath.”

“I’ll do it more or I’m done. The man that coupit yon poor lad Tinto and his muckle horse ower the brae.”

Mr Monypenny started to his feet. “Do you mean to tell me—Lord bless us, man, speak out, can’t ye! The man that—Are ye in your senses, Rolls? And who may this man be?”

“You see before you, sir, one that’s nae better than a coward. I thought it would blow by. I thought the young master would be cleared in a moment. There was nae ill meaning in my breast. I did the best I could for him as soon as it was done, and lostna a moment. But my courage failed me to say it was me—”

“You!” cried Monypenny, with a shout that rang through the house.

“Just me, and no other; and what for no’ me? Am I steel and airn, to take ill words from a man that was no master of mine? Ye can shut me up in your prison—I meant him no hairm—and hang me if you like. I’ll no’ let an innocent man suffer instead of me. I’ve come to give myself up.”

CHAPTER XL.

“DEAR MR ERSKINE,—I do not know what words to use to tell you how pained and distressed we are—I speak for my mother as well as myself—to find that nothing has been done to relieve you from the consequence of such a ridiculous as well as unhappy mistake. We

found my brother Robin as anxious as we were, or more so, if that were possible, to set matters right at once; but unfortunately on the day after, the funeral took up all thoughts: and what other obstacles intervened next day I cannot rightly tell, but something or other—I am too im-

patient and pained to inquire what—came in the way; and they tell me now that to-morrow is the day of the examination, and that it is of no use now to forestall justice, which will certainly set you free to-morrow. Oh, dear Mr Erskine, I cannot tell you how sick and sore my heart is to think that you have been in confinement (it seems too dreadful, too ludicrous, to be true), in confinement all these long days. I feel too angry, too miserable, to think of it. I have been crying, as if that would do you any good, and rushing up and down abusing everybody. I think that in his heart Robin feels it more than any of us: he feels the injustice, the foolishness; but still he has been to blame, and I don't know how to excuse him. We have not dared to tell poor Carry—though, indeed, I need not attempt to conceal from you, who have seen so much, that poor Carry, though she is dreadfully excited and upset, is not miserable, as you would expect a woman to be in her circumstances. Could it be expected? But I don't know what she might do if she heard what has happened to you. She might take some step of her own accord, and that would be not prudent, I suppose; so we don't tell her. Oh, Mr Erskine, did you ever think how miserable women are? I never realised it till now. Here am I, and, still more, here is my mother. She is not a child, or an incapable person, I hope! yet she can do nothing—nothing to free you. She is as helpless as if she were a baby. It seems to me ridiculous that Robin's opinion should be worth taking, and mine not; but that is quite a different matter. My mother can do nothing but persuade and plead with a boy like Robin, to do that which she herself, at her age, wise as she is, good as she is, cannot do. As you are

a man, you may think this of no importance; and mamma says it is nature, and cannot be resisted, and smiles. But if you suppose she does not feel it!—if she could have been your bail, or whatever it is, you may be sure you would not have been a single night in *that* place! but all that we can do is to go down on our knees to the men who have it in their power, and I, unfortunately, have not been brought up to go down on my knees. Forgive me for this outburst. I am so miserable to think where you are, and why, and that I—I mean *we*—can do nothing. What can I say to you? Dear Mr Erskine, our thoughts are with you constantly. My mother sends you her love.

EDITH."

Edith felt perhaps that this was not a very prudent letter. She was not thinking of prudence, but of relieving her own mind and comforting John Erskine, oppressed and suffering. And besides, she was herself in a condition of great excitement and agitation. She had been brought back from Tinto, she and her mother, with a purpose. Perhaps it was not said to her in so many words; but it was certainly conveyed to the minds of the female members of the family generally that Millefleurs was at the end of his patience, and his suit must have an answer once for all. Carry had been told of the proposal by her mother, and had pledged herself to say nothing against it. And she had kept her promise, though with difficulty, reserving to herself the power to act afterwards if Edith should be driven to consent against her will. "Another of us shall not do it," Carry said; "oh, not if I can help it!" "I do not believe that Edith will do it," said Lady Lindores; "but let us not interfere—let us not inter-

ferre!" Carry, therefore, closed her mouth resolutely; but as she kissed her sister, she could not help whispering in her ear, "Remember that I will always stand by you—always, whatever happens!" This was at Lindores, where Carry, pining to see once more the face of the outer world since it had so changed to her, drove her mother and sister in the afternoon, returning home alone with results which were not without importance in her life. But in the meantime it is Edith with whom we have to do. She reached home with the sense of having a certain ordeal before her—something which she had to pass through, not without pain—which would bring her into direct antagonism with her father, and convulse the household altogether. Even the idea that she must more or less vex Millefleurs distressed and excited her; for indeed she was quite willing to admit that she was "very fond of" Millefleurs, though it was ridiculous to think of him in any other capacity than that of a brotherly friend. And it was at this moment she made the discovery that, notwithstanding the promises of Rintoul and Millefleurs, nothing had been done for John. The consequence was, that the letter which we have just quoted was at once an expression of sympathy, very warm, and indeed impassioned—more than sympathy, indignation, wrath, sentiments which were nothing less than violent—and a way of easing her own excited mind which nothing else could have furnished. "I am going to write to John Erskine," she said, with the boldness produced by so great a crisis; and Lady Lindores had not interfered. She said, "Give him my love," and that was all. No claim of superior prudence, or even wisdom, has been made for Lady Lindores. She had to do the best she could among all these im-

perfections. Perhaps she thought that, having expressed all her angry glowing heart to John, in the outflowing of impassioned sympathy, the girl would be more likely, in the reaction and fear lest she had gone too far, to be kind to Millefleurs; for who can gauge the ebbings and flowings of these young fantastic souls? And as for Lady Lindores's private sentiments, she would not have forced her daughter a hairbreadth; and she had a good deal of pain to reconcile herself to Millefleurs's somewhat absurd figure as the husband of Edith. But yet, when all is said, to give your child the chance of being a duchess, who would not sacrifice a little? If only Edith could make up her mind to it! Lady Lindores went no further. Nevertheless, when the important moment approached, she could not help, like Carry, breathing a word in her child's ear, "Remember, there is no better heart in existence," she said. "A woman could not have a better man." Edith, in her excitement, grasped her mother's arms with her two hands; but all the answer she gave was a little nervous laugh. She had no voice to reply.

"You will remember, Millefleurs, that my daughter is very young—and—and shy," said Lord Lindores, on the other side. He was devoured by a desire to say, "If she refuses you, never mind—I will make her give in;" which indeed was what he had said in a kind of paraphrase to Torrance. But Millefleurs was not the sort of person to whom this could be said. He drew himself up a little, and puffed out his fine chest, when his future father-in-law (as they hoped) made this remark. If Edith was not as willing to have him as he was to have her, she was not for Millefleurs. He almost resented the interference. "I have no doubt that Lady Edith and I will quite under-

stand each other—whichever way it may be,” Millefleurs added with a sigh, which suited the situation. As a matter of fact, he thought there could not be very much doubt as to the reply. It was not possible that they could have made him stay only to get a refusal at the end—and Millefleurs was well aware that the girls were very few who could find it in their hearts to refuse a future dukedom: besides, had it not been a friendship at first sight—an immediate liking, if not love? To refuse him now would be strange indeed. It was not until after dinner that the fated moment came. Neither Lord Lindores nor Rintoul came into the drawing-room; and Lady Lindores, having her previous orders, left the field clear almost immediately after the entrance of the little hero. There was nothing accidental about it, as there generally is, or appears to be, about the scene of such events. The great drawing-room, all softly lighted and warm, was never abandoned in this way in the evening. Edith stood before the fire, clasping her hands together nervously, the light falling warm upon her black dress and the gleams of reflection from its jet trimmings. They had begun to talk before Lady Lindores retreated to the background to look for something, as she said; and Millefleurs allowed the subject they were discussing to come to an end before he entered upon anything more important. He concluded his little argument with the greatest propriety, and then he paused and cleared his throat.

“Lady Edith,” he said, “you may not have noticed that we are alone.” He folded his little hands together, and put out his chest, and made all his curves more remarkable, involuntarily, as he said this. It was his way of opening a new subject, and he was not carried

out of his way by excitement as Edith was.

She looked round breathlessly, and said, “Has mamma gone?” with a little gasp—a mixture of agitation and shame. The sense even that she was false in her pretence at surprise—for did she not know what was coming?—agitated her still more.

“Yeth,” said Millefleurs, drawing out his lisp into a sort of sigh. “I have asked that I might see you by yourself. You will have thought, perhaps, that for me to stay here when the family was in—affliction, was, to say the least, bad taste, don’t you know?”

“No,” said Edith, faltering, “I did not think so; I thought——”

“That is exactly so,” said Millefleurs, seriously. “It is a great bore, to be sure; but you and I are not like two nobodies. The truth is, I had to speak to your father first: it seemed to be the best thing to do,—and now I have been waiting to have this chance. Lady Edith, I hope you are very well aware that I am—very fond of you, don’t you know? I always thought we were fond of one another——”

“You were quite right, Lord Millefleurs,” cried Edith, nervously; “you have been so nice—you have been like another brother——”

“Thanks; but it was not quite in that way.” Here Millefleurs put out his plump hand and took hers in a soft, loose clasp—a clasp which was affectionate but totally unimpassioned. He patted the hand with his fingers as he held it in an encouraging, friendly way. “That’s very pleasant; but it doesn’t do, don’t you know? People would have said we were, one of us, trifling with the other. I told Lord Lindores that there was not one other girl in the world—that is, in this country—whom I ever could wish to marry but you.

He was not displeased, and I have been waiting ever since to ask; don't you think we might marry, Lady Edith? I should like it if you would. I hope I have not been abrupt, or anything of that sort."

"Oh no!—you are always considerate, always kind," cried Edith; "but, dear Lord Millefleurs, listen to me,—I don't think it would do——"

"No?" he said, with rather a blank air, suddenly pausing in the soft pat of encouragement he was giving her upon the hand; but he did not drop the hand, nor did Edith take it from him. She had recovered her breath and her composure; her heart fluttered no more. The usual half laugh with which she was in the habit of talking to him came into her voice.

"No?" said Millefleurs. "But, indeed, I think it would do very nicely. We understand each other very well; we belong to the same *milieu*" (how pleased Lord Lindores would have been to hear this, and how amazed the Duke!), "and we are fond of each other. We are both young, and you are extremely pretty. Dear Edith—mayn't I call you so?—I think it would do admirably, delightfully!"

"Certainly you may call me so," she said, with a smile; "but on the old footing, not any new one. There is a difference between being fond of any one, and being—in love." Edith said this with a hot, sudden blush; then shaking her head as if to shake that other sentiment off, added, by way of reassuring herself, "don't you know?" with a tremulous laugh. Little Millefleurs's countenance grew more grave. He was not in love with any passion; still he did not like to be refused.

"Excuse me, but I can't laugh," he said, putting down her hand; "it is too serious. I do not see the

difference, for my part. I have always thought that falling in love was a rather vulgar way of describing the matter. I think we have all that is wanted for a happy marriage. If you do not love me so much as I love you, there is no great harm in that; it will come in time. I feel sure that I should be a very good husband, and you——"

"Would not be a good wife—oh no, no!" cried Edith, with a little shudder, shrinking from him; then she turned towards him again with sudden compunction. "You must not suppose it is unkindness; but think,—two people who have been like brother—and sister."

"The only time," said Millefleurs, still more seriously, "that I ever stood in this position before, it was the relationship of mother and son that was suggested to me—with equal futility, if you will permit me to say so;—brother and sister means little. So many people think they feel so, till some moment undeceives them. I think I may safely say that my feelings have never—except, perhaps, at the very first—been those of a brother,—any more," he added in a parenthesis, "than they were ever those of a son."

What Edith said in reply was the most curious request ever made perhaps by a girl to the man who had just asked her to marry him. She laid her hand upon his arm, and said softly, "Tell me about her!" in a voice of mild coaxing, just tempered with laughter. Millefleurs shook his head, and relieved his plump bosom with a little sigh.

"Not at this moment, dear Edith. This affair must first be arranged between us. You do not mean to refuse me? Reflect a moment. I spoke to your father more than a week ago. It was the day before the death of poor

Mr Torrance. Since then I have waited, hung up, don't you know? like Mahomet's coffin. When such a delay does occur, it is generally understood in one way. When a lady means to say No, it is only just to say it at once—not to permit a man to commit himself, and leave him, don't you know? hanging on."

"Dear Lord Millefleurs——"

"My name is Wilfrid," he said, with a little pathos; "no one ever calls me by it: in this country not even my mother—calls me by my name."

"In America," said Edith, boldly, "you were called so by—the other lady——"

He waved his hand. "By many people," he said; "but never mind. Never by any one here. Call me Wilfrid, and I shall feel happier——"

"I was going to say that if you had spoken to me, I should have told you at once," Edith said. "When you understand me quite, then we shall call each other anything you please. But *that* cannot be, Lord Millefleurs. Indeed you must understand me. I like you very much. I should be dreadfully sorry if I thought what I am saying would really hurt you—but it will not after the first minute. I think you ought to marry *her*——"

"Oh, there would be no hindrance there," said Millefleurs; "that was quite unsuitable. I don't suppose it could ever have been. But with you," he said, turning to take her hand again, "dear Edith! everything is as it should be—it pleases your people; and it will delight mine. They will all love you; and for my part, I am almost as fond of dear Lady Lindores as I am of you. Nothing could be more jolly (to use a vulgar word—for I hate slang) than the life we should lead.

I should take you *over there*, don't you know? and show you everything, as far as San Francisco if you like. I know it all. And you would form my opinions, and make me good for something when we came back. Come! let it be settled so," said Millefleurs, laying his other hand on Edith's, and patting it softly. It was the gentlest fraternal affectionate clasp. The hands lay within each other without a thrill in them—the young man kind as any brother, the girl in nowise afraid.

"Do you think," said Edith, with a little solemnity, from which it cost her some trouble to keep out a laugh, "that if I could consent (which I cannot: it is impossible), do you think it would not be a surprise, and perhaps a painful one, to—the other lady—if she heard you were coming to America *so*?"

Lord Millefleurs raised his eyes for a moment to the ceiling, and he sighed. It was a tribute due to other days and other hopes. "I think not," he said. "She was very disinterested. Indeed she would not hear of it. She said she regarded me as a mother, don't you know? There is something very strange in these things," he added, quickly forgetting (as appeared) his position as lover, and putting Edith's hand unconsciously out of his. "There was not, you would have supposed, any chance of such feelings arising. And in point of fact it was not suitable at all. Still, had she not seen so very clearly what was my duty——"

"I know now," said Edith; "it was the lady who—advised you to come home."

He did not reply directly. "There never was anybody with such a keen eye for duty," he said; "when she found out I hadn't written to my mother, don't you know? that was when she pulled me up. 'Don't

speak to me,' she said. She would not hear a word. I was just obliged to pack up. But it was perfectly unsuitable. I never could help acknowledging that."

"Wilfrid," said Edith, half in real, half in fictitious enthusiasm, —for it served her purpose so admirably that it was difficult not to assume a little more than she felt, —"how can you stand there and tell me that there was anything unsuitable in a girl who could behave so finely as that. Is it because she had no stupid little title in her family, for example? You have titles enough for half a dozen, I hope. Are you not ashamed to speak to one girl of another like that——"

"Thank you," said Millefleurs, softly, —"thank you; you are a darling. All you say is quite true. But she is not—exactly a girl. The fact is—she is older than—my people would have liked. Of course that was a matter of complete indifference to me."

"O—oh! of course," said Edith, faintly: this is a point on which girls are not sympathetic. She was very much taken aback by the intimation. But she recovered her courage, and said with a great deal of interest, "Tell me all about her now."

"Are you quite decided?" he said solemnly. "Edith, —let us pause a little; don't condemn me, don't you know? to disappointment and heartbreak, and all that, without sufficient cause. I feel sure we should be happy together. I for one would be the happiest man——"

"I could not, I could not," she cried, with a sudden little effusion of feeling, quite unintentional. A flush of hot colour ran over her, her eyes filled with tears. She looked at him involuntarily, almost unconscious, with a certain appeal, which she herself only half understood, in her eyes. But Mille-

fleurs understood, not at the half word, as the French say, but at the half thought which he discovered in the delicate transparent soul looking at him through those two involuntary tears. He gazed at her for a moment with a sudden startled enlargement of his own keen little eyes. "To be sure!" he cried. "How was it I never thought of that before?"

Edith felt as if she had made some great confession, some cruel admission, she did not know what. She turned away from him trembling. This half comic interview suddenly turned in a moment to one of intense and overwhelming, almost guilty emotion. What had she owned to? What was it he made so sure of? She could not tell. But now it was that Millefleurs showed the perfect little gentleman he was. The discovery was not entirely agreeable to his *amour propre*, and wounded his pride a little; but in the meantime the necessary thing was to set Edith at her ease so far as was possible, and make her forget that she had in any way committed herself. What he did was to set a chair for her, with her back to the lamp, so that her countenance need not be revealed for the moment, and to sit down by her side with confidential calmness. "Since you wish it," he said, "and are so kind as to take an interest in her, there is nothing I should like so much as to tell you about my dear Miss Nelly Field. I should like you to be friends."

Would it were possible to describe the silent hush of the house while these two talked in this preposterous manner in the solitude so carefully prepared for them! Lord Lindores sat breathless in his library listening for every sound, fixing his eyes upon his door, feeling it inconceivable that such a simple matter should take so long a time to ac-

accomplish. Lady Lindores in her chamber, still more anxious, foreseeing endless struggles with her husband if Millefleurs persevered, and almost worse, his tragical wrath and displeasure if Millefleurs (as was almost certain) accepted at once Edith's refusal, sat by her fire in the dark, and cried a little, and prayed, almost without knowing what it was that she asked of God. Not, surely, that Edith should sacrifice herself? Oh no; but that all might go well—that there might be peace and content. She did not dictate how that was to be. After a while both father and mother began to raise their heads, to say to themselves that unless he had been well received, Millefleurs would not have remained so long oblivious of the passage of time. This brought a smile upon Lord Lindores's face. It dried his wife's eyes, and made her cease praying. Was it possible? Could Edith, after all, have yielded to the seductions of the dukedom? Her mother felt herself struck to the heart by the thought, as if an arrow had gone into her. Was not she pleased? It would delight her husband, it would secure family peace, it would give Edith such a position, such prospects, as far exceeded the utmost hopes that could have been formed for her. Somehow, however, the first sensation of which Lady Lindores was conscious was a humiliation deep and bitter. Edith, too! she said to herself, with a quivering smile upon her lips, a sense of heart-sickness and downfall within her. She had wished it surely—she had felt that to see her child a duchess would be a fine thing, a thing worth making a certain sacrifice for; and Millefleurs had nothing in him to make a woman fear for her daughter's happiness. But women, everybody knows, are inaccessible to reason. It is to be doubted whether Lady Lindores had

ever in her life received a blow more keen than when she made up her mind that Edith was going to do the right thing, the prudent, wise thing, which would secure family peace to her mother, and the most dazzling future to herself.

When a still longer interval had elapsed, and no one came to tell her of the great decision, which evidently must have been made, Lady Lindores thought it best to go back to the drawing-room, in which she had left Edith and her lover. To think that Edith should have found the love-talk of Millefleurs so delightful after all, as to have forgotten how time passed, and everything but him and his conversation, made her mother smile once more, but not very happily. When she entered the drawing-room she saw the pair at the other end of it, by the fire, seated close together, he bending forward talking eagerly, she leaning towards him, her face full of smiles and interest. They did not draw back, or change their position, as lovers do, till Lady Lindores, much marvelling, came close up to them, when Millefleurs, still talking, jumped up to find a chair for her. "And that was the last time we met," Millefleurs was saying, too much absorbed in his narrative to give it up. "An idea of duty like that, don't you know? leaves nothing to be said."

Lady Lindores sat down, and Millefleurs stood in front of the two ladies, with his back to the fire, as Englishmen love to stand. There was a pause—of extreme bewilderment on the part of the new-comer. Then Millefleurs said, in his round little mellifluous voice, folding his hands,—“I have been telling dear Edith of a very great crisis in my life. She understands me perfectly, dear Lady Lindores. I am very sorry to tell you that she will not marry me; but we are friends for life.”

CONTEMPORARY ART — POETIC AND POSITIVE :

ROSSETTI AND TADEMA—LINNELL AND LAWSON.

THE Royal Academy, the Grosvenor Gallery, and the Burlington Fine Arts Club have done well, in accordance with a growing custom; to give something approaching to exhaustive expositions of certain artists of whom the world has heard much and desires to know more. Dante Gabriel Rossetti, the "poet-painter"; Alma Tadema, the antiquary and realist; John Linnell, a sort of nature's psalmist; and Cecil Lawson, whose early death and something more than promise might win him Chatterton's distinctive epithet of the "wondrous boy,"—are severally, though in different ways, representative artists. Their pictures, occasionally not a little abnormal, stand as autographs of character, testaments of schools, badges of parties. The biography and history of contemporary art are written in these records, and as signs of our times the works now collected have peculiar interest and value.

That the public should evince unusual curiosity concerning Dante Gabriel Rossetti and his life-works was but natural. His poems had been subjected to severest criticism, his pictures had divided the world into hostile camps, and fiercest controversies ensued between friends and foes. A sensitiveness to attack, which even in the experience of poetic temperaments seems to have been excessive, transformed a genial painter into a hermit; and the seclusion he sought for himself environed his works. Comparatively few had access to the old slumbrous tenement on the Cheyne Walk; and though London artists

as a rule welcome visitors pretty freely, only once, over an interval of years, when happily "Dante's Dream" was on the easel, can we recall the pleasure of a visit to Rossetti's studio. Pictures bearing signs of ardent thought and anxious labour passed quietly into private collections, were there sought out and much talked of; and so a reputation grew, and commissions multiplied beyond at last the power of accomplishment.

The artist was of that order of mind which is known to shrink from the rough ordeal of public exhibitions: never but once, when some association was formed in Liverpool congenial to the Pre-Raphaelite Brethren, have we encountered his pictures in public galleries. A not distasteful sphere, it was thought, might be found on the formation of the Grosvenor Gallery; but a letter was received assigning reasons why the painter should make himself conspicuous by absence. Subsequently the hope—ending again only in disappointment—was entertained that a separate exhibition might be set on foot. And thus it happened that to the outer world the painter and his works remained to the last comparatively unknown. For some time before the end, ill health had clouded the ways of life: it was the old story of the sword eating into the scabbard. At last shadows of death thickened, the stage was darkened ere the curtain fell. All disclosures of a mind which held in spell those who came close enough to scan its meaning, the public, always eager for sensation, seized on with craving appetite. And beyond

question, the two hundred pictures and drawings now for the first time collected, quite apart from their art merit or demerit, afford abundant theme for psychological speculation.

Dante Gabriel Rossetti was born in London on the 12th May 1828, and his parentage and early tuition were a fitting prelude to his art. His father was the well-known Italian patriot, Gabriele Rossetti, whose inflammatory songs had driven him an exile from Naples; his mother, still living, was the daughter of Signor Polidori, secretary to Alfieri, and sister of Dr Polidori, travelling companion of Lord Byron. The father, who became Professor of Italian at King's College, occupied his leisure and beguiled his exile by studies of Dante which gained him literary distinction. And thus a Dantesque spirit possessed the family. The painter bore the poet's name; his brother, the critic, translated "*L'Inferno*" into English blank verse; and his sister Maria elucidated the plan of the divine poem. Dwelling as he did in this highly charged Dantesque atmosphere, it is less matter for surprise that '*La Divina Commedia*' and '*La Vita Nuova*' for a quarter of a century flowed as continuous inspiration through the painter's art. A critical Memoir which Dr Francis Hueffer pens as the introduction to a volume of the artist's Ballads and Sonnets, furnishes some interesting incidents. "According to trustworthy information," it appears that the boy "used to draw at the age of five. It seems, indeed, to have been always an understood thing in the family that Gabriel was to be a painter." At the age of sixteen he entered Cary's drawing-school, and a year later obtained "admission to the antique class of the Royal Academy, where he remained for a short time, with-

out, however, deriving much benefit from such tuition as was obtainable in those days. As a painter, Rossetti was essentially an autodidact: the only artist who had perceptible influence on his work was Mr Madox Brown, in whose studio he worked for some time." His first oil-picture, painted at the age of nineteen, was the portrait of his father—a man, like the son, of capacious head, imaginative brow, and penetrative eye. Two years later was finished, with the simplicity and tentative care of student days, the early work with which the collection in the Royal Academy opens, "*The Girlhood of the Virgin Mary*." The artist, who adds to his name "*P. R. B.*," letters signifying "*Pre-Raphaelite Brother*," introduces, according to old Italian custom, members of his family: *St Anna* is the portrait of his mother, and the *Virgin* was drawn from his sister, the poetess *Christina*. The *Pre-Raphaelite Brethren*, it is known, were averse to the use of paid models; and they not unnaturally believed that higher types might be obtained within their own circle.

The impress of *Pre-Raphaelitism* is but too apparent in the first period of Rossetti's work. Regret for the past, disgust at the present, and aspiration for the future, may be supposed to have been the feelings that prompted the formation of the famous Brotherhood, of which the painter Rossetti was not the least illustrious member. This free fraternity of kindred spirits numbered *Holman Hunt*, *Madox Brown*, *Millais*, *Woolner*, *James Collinson*, *F. G. Stephens*, and the brothers *Rossetti*, all of whom contributed either by pen or pencil to the party oracle '*The Germ*.' Among the contributions of *Dante Gabriel*, we observe an essay bearing as its characteristic title, "*Hand and Soul*," also "*Sonnets*

for Pictures;” “Songs of one Household,” likewise “The Blessed Damozel,” and “Pax Vobis.” The date is 1850, and the teachings, professedly “thoughts towards nature,” we should now in more advanced days account somewhat juvenile. The precise creed of the Brotherhood was very possibly unknown to themselves; however, if not too presumptuous, we might venture to formulate it somewhat as follows: First, that the whole world for at least three centuries downwards from Raphael had gone wrong. Second, that the early Pre-Raphaelite painters were animated by a truth, simplicity, and sincerity which, though not to be slavishly imitated, might with advantage be freely emulated. Third, to quote from ‘Modern Painters,’ that “the young artists of England should go to nature,” “rejecting nothing, selecting nothing, and scorning nothing.” Fourthly, that the painter must be true to his own convictions; that he must never assume what he does not feel, nor add ought for vain show. These axioms approach too nearly to truisms to make it worth while in these latter days to renew controversies which long ago proved tedious and interminable. The only question at present is, What has been their bearing on the pictures before us? At the outset it will strike every one that the prescribed Pre-Raphaelite path was far too narrow a way for Rossetti to walk in. Yet it is equally evident that the painter’s works came in strongest protest to the modern art which lay around him. The exhibitions of the day must indeed have needed reformation if we are to accept the following description in the pamphlet on “Pre-Raphaelitism;” “Behold the ‘cattle pieces,’ and ‘sea pieces,’ and ‘fruit pieces,’

and ‘family pieces;’ the eternal brown cows in ditches, and white sails in squalls, and sliced lemons in saucers, and foolish faces in simpers.” Now, to whatever censure Rossetti may be fairly subjected, at any rate he did not lay himself open to this satire. His art, as here unfolded, if not prophetic of the future, was so far retrospective of the past, as to have been a reversal of the present.

A critical classification of the 200 pictures now on view, might with advantage be made on the bases before indicated. The complex and abnormal phenomena arrange themselves into successive and distinctive periods, of which the Pre-Raphaelite naturally takes the lead as prelude. This early series may be traced back fitly to a small pen-and-ink drawing contributed by Mr Millais — “The First Anniversary of the Death of Beatrice,” date 1849, and bearing the inscription, “Dante G. Rossetti to his P. R. Brother, John E. Millais.” To the same year belongs the before-mentioned “Girlhood of Mary Virgin,” signed “Dante Gabriele Rossetti, P. R. B.”: austere simplicity, and ascetic negation, not unlike the modern religious art of Germany, mark the manner. A little later follow two renderings of the “Annunciation,” wherein becomes apparent the approaching transition from austere medievalism to a more florid and fanciful romanticism. The Academy, as if intent on marking this change, hangs next to the “Annunciation of the Virgin” “Salutatio Beatricis,” date 1859: nine years, it is true, intervene between the two, and the time sufficed to bring the artist into the style nicknamed “intense.” Examples perplexing to the critic follow, with the mingling or overlapping of opposing manners, the blending

together, not without dissonance and incongruity, of spiritualism and naturalism, of things sacred and secular, of treatments literal and symbolic.

The pictorial phenomena presented are, as we have said, complex and even contradictory. They possess autographic problems not easy to solve, they reveal conflicts of mind and changing phases of character, almost without parallel in the history of art. The "Head of Christ," profile with nimbus, might be the outcome of the purest and most impressive periods of Christian art. The change which checkers the dual development receives illustration by two strongly contrasted treatments of the same theme—the one early, the other late. "Sanct Grael" belongs to the purist and spiritual period; while in contrast "The Damozel of the Sanct Grael," date 1874, is a picture of passionate womanhood. Three renderings of the story of St George remain true to the spirit of legendary art; yet romance colours medievalism, while nature enters with the artlessness peculiar to the early masters. Surprise from strangeness in unexpected conjunctions seldom permits interest to flag. "The Rose-Garden" might have been inspired by Fra Angelico, were it not for passion which recalls Boccaccio. Usually colour lustrous and joyous comes as an echo to the sense. Here are drawings glowing as missals, and gem-like as painted windows. And yet it is said, and we can well believe it, that Rossetti in his later days laughed at this his Pre-Raphaelite period.

Rossetti hardly ranks among religious painters, though he concerned himself from time to time with religious themes. A man many-sided, emotional, and inquiring, could not exclude from his

vision the religions of the world; a mind given to poetic narrative and prone to dramatic situations could not prove insensible to the scenic incidents and the drama of Christianity. The painter's religious works were small in scale, and, as might be anticipated, early. By far the most considerable is the large triptych, "The Altar-piece of Llandaff Cathedral." This picture we know, from personal observation, holds with dignity and power its sacred position within the cathedral, and scarcely suffers by comparison with the many great altar-pieces with which we are acquainted throughout Italy. This fulfilment of its function—this accord with architectural and ceremonial surroundings—is in great degree due to obedience to ancient precedent and conformity to the practice of the old masters. The style is far removed from that modernism which proves fatal to sacred art. The colour is deeply intoned as Gregorian chants; the forms and composition have strength and compactness as monuments which endure. The painter's knowledge of the great schools of religious art enabled him to conform to these essential conditions. The composition is arranged as a triptych: the Adoration of the Magi occupies the centre; David as a shepherd with crook and sling, the left wing; and David as king, clad in armour and playing on a harp, the right wing. The treatment, though solemn, is decorative; colour, as usual, dominates. The painter would seem to have been here as elsewhere possessed by the spirit of Sandro Botticelli—specially in quaint and plebeian angels, unearthly and yet unheavenly. If, indeed, we were asked to what school did Rossetti at this period belong, we should say, not to the Umbrian nor to the earliest Flor-

entine, but to the later group of Naturalisti represented by Filippo Lippi and Sandro Botticelli. We see in him a like turbulence and unrest—a certain chaotic compromise between nature and the supernatural, and a groping in semi-darkness after a greatness which eluded grasp.

Rossetti, by right of race, had Italian art for his inheritance. Not quite so direct was his relationship to nature. That his name is not once mentioned by Mr Ruskin in 'Pre-Raphaelitism,' may be accounted for by the purpose then being to preach implicit allegiance to nature. Certain it is, the text before quoted, that "the young artists of England should go to nature," "rejecting nothing, selecting nothing, and scorning nothing," had not been accepted by the most gifted of disciples. The probable explanation of this is, that Rossetti felt an innate repulsion towards common nature; and that he could not have made himself a Hogarth, even had he wished, is sufficiently clear from his failure to do justice to "Dr Johnson and the Methodist Ladies at the Mitre." In truth, his aspirations prompted to the building up from the actual of an ideal. And this process of growth is to be accounted among the most significant outcomes of his Italian parentage. It is never to be forgotten that he was radically Italian and only accidentally English. Thus alone shall we learn to interpret aright southern products—ardent in colour, hot in passion—which sickened under, and even to the last were hardly acclimatised to, our stern climate and sunless atmosphere.

The works before us afford data, though somewhat scattered, whence the painter's habits of nature-study may be inferred. It becomes evi-

dent that, with some signal exceptions, he did not set himself to transcribe literally the individual model before him: insensibly he imbued the outward form with his own inward consciousness, and thus nature, passing through a coloured imagination, was transmuted. The process is familiar, but perhaps never before has obtained such ultra manifestations. German philosophers would say that "the subjective" dominated over "the objective," and possibly they might presume to formulate the products as "nature plus Italian art plus self-consciousness," but in the order of art-evolution perhaps the last should be put first. Such speculators have indeed gone so far as to assert, that even portrait-painters endow their sitters with their own idiosyncrasies; and the theory might gain credence from the pictures before us. Probably the reason why the artist failed in Shakespeare dramas was that he threw into the characters too much of himself. To put the matter in a different way, we would suggest that Rossetti had, like Raphael, floating in the mind ideal forms to which he bended the actual life. Raphael complains that beautiful women were so scarce that he had been driven to fashion in his mind an ideal which might serve him in painting. The chalk heads now exhibited, especially those in the Burlington Club, indicate in their supreme beauty how much the actual life owed to the painter's ideal. Rossetti, however, could be literal whenever he chose; witness the trenchant heads of his mother and of his sister Christina: nature was not transcribed with more unswerving truth by Masaccio or Dürer. In the history of art the best ideal has always lain close upon the real.

That Rossetti would have been better for more severe study from

the life and from the antique, not even his apologists will question. The early Pre-Raphaelite painters, to whom at the outset he was committed, relied on sentiment: their study of form, with an echo of the sentiment in the colours, seldom extended beyond heads and hands; and mastery over the figure, especially under movement, they had next to none. And almost in these very terms may be designated the art of Rossetti in its strength as in its weakness. And it is a noteworthy fact that the English brethren have among their divergences manifested all art-elements but one,—they have character, expression, feeling, colour,—but none have proved mastery over the figure in difficult attitudes and foreshortenings, or under rapid or violent action. Hence refuge, almost without a single exception, has been taken in repose. Looking round these rooms, nowhere do we encounter compositions bearing the most distant relation to Signorelli's "Resurrection" or to Michael Angelo's "Last Judgment," with figures struggling into life or hurled headlong to destruction. It is evident that wanting the absolute command which comes of severe and protracted training, an artist is debarred from essaying boldest flights of imagination; the wings are clipped, and instead of soaring mid-heaven, safety is sought in nestling near the ground. Hence it was that Rossetti found his limits when grappling with 'La Divina Commedia.' His position was comparable to that of the early masters in Sienna: he could endow Dante with dignity, he was able to clothe Beatrice in beauty; but he had to leave to the scholastic draughtsmen of France, his inferiors in imagination and colour, the agonies of the Inferno and the raptures of the Paradiso. Equally does Rossetti's masterpiece,

"Dante's Dream," suffer by comparison with Botticelli's famous illustrations to the Hamilton copy of the poet, now in Berlin. Yet we need hardly suppose that our Dantesque painter dwelling on the Thames had an imagination less copious or wild than the vision-seeing artist on the Arno, only was wanting the technical instrument needed for adequate expression. Hard drudgery alone can gain access to high art, and these pictorial phantoms reverse the words of Michael Angelo: "I owe all to labour, nothing to genius!"

Rossetti's proclivities to the romantic schools of literature and art almost of necessity plunged him in the hot blood of manhood into the passion of Venetian art. The medievalism and asceticism of Pre-Raphaelite periods proved, as already indicated, too narrow and severe, while on the other hand a Greek classicism might be somewhat too exact and cold. The transition which came over the mind and art of the poet-painter finds analogies in the world's history; it is comparable to the Renaissance in Italy, that new birth wherein medievalism, quickened with romance and classicism, was clothed with voluptuousness; it is kindred to the outburst into song in the time of the Troubadours, inspired by chivalry, the love of beauty, and the devotion depicted in the "Dream of Fair Women" by Alfred Tennyson. A strict analysis, as we have said, of the life-work of Rossetti, is the more difficult from the intermingling and overlapping of divers styles; yet a career which, though fragmentary, stands almost as an epitome of Italian art, divides itself with tolerable distinctness into two epochs—the earlier, as we have seen, personified by Botticelli and Filippino Lippi, the later by Giorgione and Titian. History,

is peculiarly intent on repeating herself in art-spheres; and how closely, in spite of incompleteness, Rossetti replicates the masters of Venice, may be judged from Dr Kugler, writing as far back as 1837. Titian is described as free in manner and serene in beauty, conveying a pleasing and noble idea of nature. Indeed we might almost fancy the critic endowed with prevision of Rossetti's voluptuous types and sumptuous adornings, when he proceeds to describe the creations of Titian as "beings possessed of high consciousness and the full enjoyment of existence; the bliss of satisfaction, so like, yet so different from, the marble idealisations of Grecian antiquity—the air of a harmonious, unruffled existence—seem to characterise them all. These beautiful forms have little relation to spiritual or un-earthly conceptions: they represent a life in its fullest power—the glorification of worldly existence, the liberation of art from the bonds of ecclesiastical dogmas." This partial apologist might have guarded his readers against the passion into which Titian occasionally fell: such warning it were well had Rossetti heeded betimes.

Rossetti, his friends, and disciples, suffered under severe attack: their poetry and art were denounced as "the Fleshly School." Without now attempting their defence, it may be pleaded in extenuation that considerable liberty passes unchallenged in the public picture-galleries of Europe; and that admiration is not withheld from great masters when they depict Danae and the Shower of Gold, Io and the Cloud, and Leda with the Swan. Works of this pronounced class, let it be remembered, never once issued from the studio in Cheyne Walk. And now that the worst is at last fully re-

vealed, the public may better understand why the painter was so deeply pained at the gravity of the charges widely circulated. Varied are the subjects and styles of these pictures: some, as we have seen, are sacred, others romantic, and at least a few voluptuous and passionate, but none will be found impure. A tolerably wide experience enables us to say that great painters have a reverence for art which preserves their works from viciousness. A full confession being now made by these exhaustive exhibitions, the public have judged for themselves. Opinions necessarily differ on comparatively minor points of taste or sentiment; but among the multitudes passing through the galleries, the prevailing feeling has been that of respect for aspirings which the artist would have been the first to acknowledge never found adequate fruition.

The walls of these galleries attest to the persistent effort to perfect an ideal type of female beauty: and herein the painter gives yet one more proof of his Italian lineage. Hardly a great artist can be named without some favourite type. Pre-Raphaelites such as Fra Angelico, Perugino, and Francia, fixed upon forms uniting into one the true, the beautiful, and the good; Leonardo da Vinci in the head of *Mona Lisa* wrought a loveliness akin to subtlest sensibilities; Michael Angelo, inspired by Vittoria Colonna, passed from beauty into grandeur; while Titian in *La Bella*, Parma Vecchio in *St Barbara*, and Giorgione in *Muse-like daughters of song*, dilated into the beauty of more sensuous form. Rossetti, ever in transition, might seem in the many heads before us to have fallen into these diverse phases successively. Of his latest form, oft repeated—the lips pout-

ing, the elongated throat abnormally swelling, the hair weighted as a mane, and crowning the facial façade as a massive overhanging pediment—few could be enamoured but the painter himself. Yet the majority of people do not fail to find subtle and sumptuous types of womanhood in “Beata Beatrix,” “Monna Vanna,” “Proserpine” (314), “The Damozel of the Sanct Grael” (311), and “The Beloved, or the Bride.” In the last especially, form is heightened by colour; the fair ladies, set off by contrast with a negro boy after the manner of the Venetians, belong to a race emotional and sensuous. Such canvases glow with fire: they contain, as the saying is, imprisoned sunbeams; the beings are all sunshine. For the most part, the heads find response in rhythmical hands, elongated in the fingers, pendent at the wrists, as portrayed on Greek vases, and pronounced for tragic action, as in the designs of Michael Angelo. In “Bella Mano,” indeed, late and showing signs of decline, the forms of Michael Angelo glow with the colour of Titian, as if the painter had written over his studio door the well-known maxim of Tintoret. Yet the union of the Roman and Venetian schools here proves, as probably it ever will remain, an unsolved problem. The painter loved to revel in decorative splendour; indeed “The Blue Bower,” flesh golden, the mantle green, the hair red, the background blue gemmed by passion-flowers, becomes absolutely oriental. The transition, in fact, from Venice to the East, was but natural, as the going back to first origins,—for Venice decked her daughters from spoils of “the exhaustless East.” But history teaches that inebriate art is near an overthrow. Form has always melted under hot colour; and thus

the latest rendering of the “Blessed Damozel”—date 1876-77—becomes formless: the picture is fashioned, in fact, as a decorative tapestry. Much of the censure under which the painter fell was due to the growing mannerism of his last decade.

The position which Rossetti will ultimately hold with posterity must greatly depend upon the verdict passed on the series of pictures inspired by Dante. The painter for more than a quarter of a century was possessed by the spirit of the poet. In 1852 we have the comparatively early water-colour, “Giotto Painting the Portrait of Dante;” and one year later, a drawing seldom surpassed in *technique*, composition, or simplicity of narrative, “Dante on the Anniversary of the Death of Beatrice.” In 1859 what may be termed romantic medievalism triumphs in the diptych, “Salutatio Beatricis.” In 1863 symbolism obtains sway in the death of “Beata Beatrix”: death has fallen on the sensitive form of youth and beauty as a sleep or trance: the pictorial dream is akin to the visions of Blake, or to so-called “spirit-drawings.” Seven years after, the ruling passion culminates in “Dante’s Dream.” Lastly, in 1880, came “the Salutation of Beatrice,” a picture left unfinished and marked by waning powers.

“Dante’s Dream,” of which it was our privilege in 1870 to receive from the artist the interpretation, is usually accounted the painter’s masterpiece. The scene, taken from the ‘Vita Nuova,’ is described in the Academy Catalogue in Rossetti’s own words. The spectator is bid to look into “a chamber of dreams, strewn with poppies, where Beatrice is found lying on a couch as if just fallen back in death: the winged figure

of Love leads by the hand Dante, who walks conscious but absorbed as in sleep." "Love bends for a moment over Beatrice with the kiss which her lover has never given her, while the two green-clad dream-ladies hold the pall full of May blooms suspended for an instant before it covers her face for ever." The opinions passed on this remarkable picture have necessarily been as various as the moods of mind. Indiscriminate laudation we pass by. True criticism discovers that Rossetti here, as elsewhere, found his strength and his weakness in being at once the poet and the painter, with so much of the amateur in each as not quite to reach the professional expert in either. The poet's conception is noble, but the painter's knowledge inadequate. This falling short of completeness in the carrying out may arise partly from the unwonted scale, also from insufficiency in preliminary studies, likewise from a possible hesitation whether the theme should be treated as a reality or only as a "dream." The difficulties involved were perhaps insurmountable. Dr Hueffer, the artist's friend, writes: "The beauty of this large and elaborate composition, the grief in Dante's face, the loveliness of the dead Beatrice, the glow of colour, the significance of the accessories, it would be impossible to describe." Sir Noel Paton, with uncritical extravagance, confesses: "I was so dumfounded by the beauty of that great picture of Rossetti's called 'Dante's Dream,' that I was unable to give any expression to the emotions excited—emotions such as I do not think any other picture, except the 'Madonna di San Sisto' at Dresden, ever stirred within me. The memory of such a picture is like the memory of sublime and perfect music: it makes any one who feels it fully,

silent. Fifty years hence it will be named among the half-dozen supreme pictures of the world."

No greater mistake can be committed than either to praise or to censure Rossetti as a whole: no artist was ever more unequal; much always remained unfulfilled and unaccomplished, and misunderstanding has come from want of frank concession that a great deal in his late work was absolutely wrong. Ill health preyed upon his art, and, as with Turner, compositions grew scattered, forms broken, and colours incoherent. Unfortunately it always happens, when admiration waxes into worship, indiscreet friends insist on praising to the skies what it were wise to commit to oblivion. In the present case it is more than usually difficult to separate the wheat from the chaff, but annotations we have with some care made in the Academy Catalogue bring out the following results: Two compositions we should place in the first rank—"The Altarpiece, Llandaff Cathedral," and "Dante's Dream." Among very many canvases, inspired, as is supposed, by the "Worship of Beauty," some nine will fairly obtain votaries; of these "Beata Beatrix," "The Beloved, or the Bride," "Monna Vanna," and "The Blue Bower," may be held supreme. About five studies reach a grand type, conspicuously "Proserpine" (1874), and two chalks, "Silence," and "The Lady of Pity." Then may be reckoned some nine heads, more or less mannered: the favourite type becomes specially obnoxious in "Mariana" (1870), "Pandora" (1871), and "The Blessed Damozel" (1876-77). Lastly, the period of determined decadence is read in the lineaments, the colour, and handling of some half-dozen products, among which unmistakable are "A Vision of Fiammetta"

(1878), and "La Pia" (1881). The last is of the year preceding the artist's death—indeed, as usual, the chronology of the life affords a true index to styles.

Technical skill, or the power of realising the poetic conception, is, as may be supposed, of the utmost diversity of merit; and, contrary to a natural presumption, the masterpiece, "Dante's Dream," falls short of the finest quality. A greater contrast it were impossible to imagine, did not Mr Millais afford a parallel, between the severe drawing and miniature detail of the Pre-Raphaelite manner, and the large handling of the later time. This period of thirty years is marked half-way by "The Blue Bower" (date 1865), wherein the execution and capacity to reach the painter's ideal leave little to desire. Also the best of the chalk drawings are wellnigh faultless in manipulation. To sum up the whole matter, Rossetti's genius is expressed in three words—imagination, beauty, colour.

Had the whole of Europe been searched, two stronger opposites could not have been discovered than Dante Gabriel Rossetti and Alma Tadema. The one is Italian and ideal, the other Dutch and his art Dutch-built; the one is of imagination all intense, the other of observation wholly cold; the art of one is as a dream undefined, as a vision highly coloured—the art of the other stands as a reality lit by the light of common day. The history of art has been startling in contrasts. Dürer from the cold North encountered Titian under the sunshine of Italy, and a Frenchman has depicted the bland Raphael braving the scowl of Michael Angelo in the approaches to the Vatican. "Imaginary conversations" have been penned between men of mark; but few meetings,

whether feigned or actual, could be more suggestive of speculation than a discourse on the banks of the Thames or in St John's Wood, between the ideal Italian, whose art was born of intuition, and the literal Dutchman, who, as an antiquary, constructs pictures from museums. Could we but unite the two, the perfect artist the world has long sought were at length found.

Hardly less striking or instructive is the contrast between the pictures of Alma Tadema, R.A., now in the Grosvenor Gallery, and the collected works of G. F. Watts, R.A., exhibited a year ago in the same place. And we deem it among the most hopeful signs of the times that arts so diverse in aspiration and fulfilment can obtain unimpeded development in the same land. It was fortunate for our native school that Alma Tadema, among the capitals of Europe open to his choice, gave preference to London. His special walk of art, though not so original as commonly supposed, came as a novelty in England. On the Continent others before him had set the example of reanimating the life and restoring the habitations of classic days. On the death of Ingres, his collected works showed how much detail he had rehabilitated the life of the old Romans. Other French painters, such as Hamon and Coomans, followed in the same steps, choosing *Lesbia* and her Sparrow, and like congenial themes. In Germany the classic revival took a similar turn, and omitting less illustrious examples, we may quote Anselm Feuerbach and his "Banquet of Plato," now in the Berlin National Gallery, a master-work which secured to the painter a first rank in European art. Neither must be forgotten the Pole Henri Siemi-

radzki, and his tragic tableau, Nero and the Christians martyred by fire.

Between Alma Tadema and these illustrious contemporaries is at least one marked distinction: his brethren on the Continent have the advantage of complete mastery of the human figure; they can throw the torso and limbs into action; they raise the dead into life again, and bring humanity foremost as chief factor in history. Turning to Tadema, we find it is true human anatomies, but they are often used as little more than pegs to hang clothes upon. In all that pertains to the materialism of art he has indisputable advantages. Neither Teniers nor Terburg could paint a pot or a tapestry more illusively, and the marvel is that history is made to stand out with a veracity not surpassable, even had shorthand reporters been present in the Roman Senate, or photographers had set up cameras in the Forum. Alma Tadema has fashioned a style in keeping with the realistic taste and tendency of our times. Dr Ebers, the antiquarian novelist of Leipsic; M. Zola and M. Daudet, the naturalistic romancers of Paris,—have, by satisfying such cravings, reaped profitable harvests. The popularity of such manipulation, whether of the pen or the pencil, is assured; the senses are the first faculties to awaken: to satisfy the eye is to gain the multitude. The old Greek artist, it will be remembered, did more: his grapes were so real as to attract birds!

Alma Tadema within his specialty has been long recognised supreme expert. A gallery of his pictures will recall mornings in the Vatican, on the Capitol, or at Naples. We recognise the seated mother of Nero, sundry well-known bronzes, multitudes of Neapolitan lamps, even the treasures of Hildesheim, now at Berlin. With

allowable licence he masses into one composition works which by no possibility could ever come together; more questionably he transmutes into silver the familiar marble of a little girl frightened by a serpent. Neither is his chronology always above suspicion; he usually, however, avoids startling anachronisms, by choosing some late period when palaces and baths had received accumulated spoils from distant lands and ages. He affects no purity of historic style; terracottas of Tanagra nowhere carry the spectator to the age of Pericles; and when for once he comes in contact with "Phidias and the Elgin Marbles," the figures might be mistaken for stone-masons, and the colouring has a crudity more Gothic than Grecian. The time and style for which his taste has most affinity are not of the Republic but of the Roman Empire, and an age of luxury and an art of decadence find literal transcript.

Naturally enough the paramount motive is to gain, though at the sacrifice of purism, utmost pictorial effect. Yet swift movement, or intensity of tragic action, from want of ready command of the figure, would seem beyond reach; thus the festival of "The Vintage" falls short of a saturnalia; the intoxication of the vine does not convulse torsi or limbs with madness, as in classic reliefs; the dance is not wild in movement as the revel of Mænads by Gleyre; the bacchanalia has none of the abandonment of Couture's great picture, "L'Orgie Romaine," in the gallery of the Luxembourg. Equally disadvantageous were a comparison between "Ave Cæsar! Io Saturnalia" and Roman scenes as depicted by Gérôme or Decamps. Favourably exceptional, however, is the "Pyrrhic Dance," wherein the fine assailant attitude of war-

rior-clad figures with upraised shields, would seem to have been borrowed to advantage from marble statues of gladiators. Wholly satisfactory, also—because in part struggling against no complex difficulty in action or composition—is the “Audience at Agrippa’s,” to which “After the Audience,” painted four years later, comes as a second-best sequel. Admirable are the dignity, the ceremony and pomp, which here fittingly environ the palace. And rising to a tragedy little short of sublime is the scene of the Emperor Caligula lying murdered on the ground, while the Prætorian guard pay mock homage to Cladius, found agonised with terror behind a curtain. The painter’s realism here serves him well. Less naturalistic artists may suggest and shadow forth; but in this terror-moving situation the eye looks on the very deed.

The Egyptian resuscitations are hardly so satisfactory as the Roman. Artists who concern themselves with the old world fall perhaps unconsciously into the not unnatural fallacy of supposing that their pictures must look old as the history. Others, on the contrary, paint antiquity span-new. It is the misfortune of Alma Tadema that while his architecture and decorations are smart as the courts of the Crystal Palace, his figures are of dull earth as terra cottas, and dreary as if raised from tombs. In dealing with ancient Egypt, the artist insensibly merges into the antiquary. It becomes indeed peculiarly puzzling to animate types and attitudes which remained in unchangeable petrification over thousands of years, or to endow with life mummies handed down to our times in death’s cerements. How indifferently well these difficulties have been dealt with be-

comes but too apparent in the pre-eminently impressive “Death of the First-born.” The dead and the living, hardly to be distinguished, lie huddled together as in a tomb: King Pharaoh is seated like a statue of flesh, yet is immobile as stone. Again, the “Juggler” is uncomfortably suggestive of a mummy: indeed, on the banks of the Nile generally, humanity has to all appearance passed through museums, and ranks among curiosities—all lives save man. Human life, in short, shares the lot of goods and chattels, and exists only as “still life.” The queenly “Cleopatra,” more than once brought upon the scene, barely escapes the common doom; the spectator is not spell-bound under beauty, but with cold curiosity counts up the details, admires accessories, and stands wonderstruck at the painter’s cleverness and sleight of hand. The comparative position of these works in the contemporary work of Europe may not unfairly be measured by contrast with such direct opposites as the Cleopatra pictures of Hans Makart, the Paul Veronese of Vienna. Neither the colour nor the passion of the Venetian school would appear compatible with a materialism which outrivals the Dutch.

Just in proportion as the public delight to watch page after page of ancient history transcribed upon canvas, does the disappointment grow that the narrative stops short of the culmination in Greece. The reason, however, of the incompleteness is not hard to find. The artist’s works are concretions,—they are wrought as mosaics out of infinite *tessera*. Accordingly they come, not as visions of the mind, or as offsprings of the imagination: they do not live as the issues of ideas taking ideal form. That the mental conditions and art-phases

imply modes of nature-study directly contrary to the Greek, is exemplified by the treatment of the nude. Take as an example a "Sculptor's Model," and compare the ungainly nudity with a Venus by Cabanel or Bougereau. How immeasurable, then, must be the distance from the Venus of Milo ! This woman is as Eve after the Fall,—she is ashamed to find herself naked. With what different feelings did we, a year ago, on the same wall, view Mr Watts's Daphne and Psyche ! Greek art and its modern derivatives are pure,—what is gross in the actual model has been eliminated ; and the high type which nature always aims at in the race, but often misses in the individual, is so exalted that the spectator stands awed in the presence of supreme beauty. With no such feelings of reverence for ideal creations can we look on the nude girl outstretched, "After the Dance ;" or the naked woman in "Summer," cooling herself in a tub !

Yet a great artist can be judged fairly only by his successes, not by his failures ; and it must be frankly admitted that but one painter in Europe could turn out of hand "The Sculpture-Gallery" and "The Picture-Gallery." Absolutely illusive in its realism is the studio of the sculptor. Here sits, in marble, the mother of Nero ; we recognise the bust of Pericles, and the infant Hercules strangling serpents ; Pompeian lamps hang from the ceiling ; around are decorative reliefs ; and in the midst stands a basalt tazza, rotated by a workman, before wondering visitors. As usual, the inanimate marbles and metals, painted to perfection, are more living than flesh and blood ; and some might object to the huddling together into one studio of plastic works belonging to distant epochs

and the products of divers lands. But a painter, provided only he constructs a good picture, is by common consent allowed considerable licence. The artist's masterpiece, we incline to think, is "The Picture-Gallery," wherein a well-known picture-dealer, standing in the midst, figures as proprietor or cicerone. As usual, the archæology is boldly defiant of critical doubts. A panel-picture rests on an easel in no way differing from nowadays constructions ; and the walls are hung like a modern picture-gallery, from the ceiling downwards, as if, in ancient as in present days, artists painted pot-boilers for the dealers. The manipulation throughout is, as a matter of course, consummate : a silk cushion, used as a footstool, wins admiration from the ladies. Such, indeed, is the renown acquired by the painter, that it is said commissions now include the proviso that the composition must contain a piece of silk or tapestry, a marble or a mosaic !

But we incline to the opinion that Alma Tadema, like his predecessors in Holland, is best on the scale of miniatures. Almost priceless are the small gems which answer to the cabinet Dutch panels formerly called Bank-notes. And our modern Dutchman gains certain qualities wanting in his ancestors : he can finish as with a needle's point, like Gerard Dow ; he can paint a satin with the lustre of Terburg ; he can polish a copper pan as Ostade, or make a piece of armour sparkle with the high lights of Teniers. These characteristics, and something more, we recognise in adroit pieces of workmanship, such as "Quiet Pets," "The Convalescent," and "The Departure,"—the last lent by the artist's friend, Professor Ebers. Mechanism here melts into jewel-like lustre, and literalness warms

into ardour akin to poetic feeling. In its way we have never seen surpassed "The Harvest Festival." Colour, which is not the painter's forte, is forced up to highest pitch in a golden corn-field set against an emerald sea; and action, which commonly is halting, bursts into jubilant movement in the dance of the Mænad-like girl. Alma Tadema, if not precisely a poet, has moments of poetic thought when he combines with happiest effect the ancient sense of line and form with the modern love of landscape. And if we have used the free pen of criticism, we should show injustice to ourselves and him alike did we deny him a high position among the few really great painters of Europe.

Two painters so essentially English as John Linnell and Cecil Lawson furnish timely counterpoise to Rossetti and Tadema, the products of foreign schools. In these cosmopolitan days, fortunately the exclusiveness formerly attaching to nationalities has widened into international relations; and thus in art, as in the world of politics, the time comes when jealousies of race may fitly be laid aside. Still the love of a large humanity should not, as too often happens, induce the neglect of the next-door neighbour. English art has been, and the works now exhibited show it is likely to continue, true to our English homes and homesteads. Foreign art may take a wider range and higher flight—snowy Alps, sandy deserts, stone-pines, cypress and olive groves extend our knowledge of the wonders and beauties of creation; but still the love of country remains warm in the English breast. The country field, the country lane, are dear as the home fireside; and such scenes, when put with simple truth on canvas, awaken sympathies which alien art and foreign artists

fail to touch. Moreover, those who know their native land best—artists who, season after season, return to favourite sketching-grounds in North Wales, Scotland, Yorkshire, Devonshire, or Surrey—cherish the belief that our small island, practically speaking, serves as an epitome of the large kingdom of nature. So, indeed, England was found to be by such essentially English landscape-painters as Gainsborough and David Cox, John Linnell and Cecil Lawson.

The Royal Academy makes generous, though tardy, amends for long neglect: John Linnell had for twenty-one years knocked in vain at the Academy door for entrance, and when at length Associateship was offered, he declined the honour. Two rooms are now devoted to 161 works, fairly exhaustive of the artist's varied though somewhat circumscribed manner. A protracted life of ninety years, yielding no less than three-quarters of a century of actual labour, witnessed many changes among contemporaries: Linnell throughout preserved his individuality, and his strongly pronounced art remained to the last singular in its unbroken unity.

An artist independent as Linnell stands somewhat dissevered from historic pedigree, and yet he is not without allegiance to the old masters. His pictures in composition show indebtedness to the Poussins, and in colour they share ardour with Titian and Rubens. On the other hand they have little in common with the flat horizons, serene distances, and silvery skies of Claude. The points of contact with the Dutch landscape-painters are too few to be worth mention, and the analogies with Constable are for the most part remote. Also far-fetched were any fancied similitude with Turner. Apparently the Norwich School under Crome and

Cotman might furnish, in subjects, modes of composition, and keys of colour, closer comparison. Yet Linnell may be best characterised as a simple child of nature, like a shepherd tending his flock, or as a sylvan bard tuning a song.

Numerous sketches from nature, ranging from Hampstead to the Edgware Road, and from Hyde Park to the Eel-Pie House, Twickenham, have no very distinguishing traits. The young artist would appear to have begun just in the usual way: his early studies are careful, simple, and literal, without, strangely enough, any attempt at either colour or composition. Now and then we are reminded of other masters—thus, in the "Shepherd tending his Flock," the sheep recall Cooper, and the shepherd Mulready; yet such resemblances naturally attach to contemporaries. Neither can much be made of any supposed connection between Linnell and the Pre-Raphaelites. The veteran who died last year at the age of ninety, had half a century on his shoulders by the time this modern school began, and he lived to see its dispersion. All that was worthy of survival he had quietly made his own before the Brethren were born; from the first, again to quote 'Pre-Raphaelitism,' he had gone "to Nature in all singleness of heart, walking with her laboriously and trustingly, having no other thought but how best to penetrate her meaning." Nothing in the way of tree trunks, stems, and foliage, can be more conscientious and true than the study "Near Windsor Forest," or "The Timber-Waggon:" nothing more literal as a geologic formation than "The Sand-Pits." The chief distinction between Linnell and the Brethren was, that while they were scattered, fragmentary, and chaotic, he preserved the relation of parts to the

whole, knew how to subordinate the smallest detail to the general effect, and observing the laws as well of mind as of matter, learnt the secret of making art and nature one. His labour was not only of the hand, he was not a slave even to the eye; but he brought reason to the interpretation, and imagination to the still fuller comprehension of nature. Thus, we repeat, nature and art are not severed in his work, but become inseparably one.

The distinctive fact in the painter's career is that portraiture was the prelude to landscape. As a student of the figure he was enabled, in common with Nicolas Poussin, Rubens, and Titian, to people woods and fields, to endow nature with human interest, and thus to build up heroic and historic landscape. And herein we have one more exemplification of the axiom that the grandest landscape has always been the outcome of the human figure. Not that we can accept as wholly satisfactory ambitious efforts beyond the painter's knowledge and power, such as "St John the Baptist Preaching in the Wilderness" (1828-33), or even "The Disobedient Prophet" (1854). In the last, "the prophet lying between the ass and the lion," sinks subordinate to the "rocky gorge crowned with pine-trees." Like subordination is found in Gaspar Poussin; and we recall a grand landscape in a Florentine palace by Salvator Rosa, "The Preaching of St John," wherein the wide wilderness has wellnigh swallowed up the all but invisible Prophet. And yet the presence of the human figure is felt in earth and in sky, as in Titian's "Peter Martyr," articulating tree trunks and branches, and animating as with dramatic action the strife of the

elements. Francis Danby and John Martin were of this dramatic—not to say melodramatic—school; both took for a subject the Deluge, and thus come into close relationship with their contemporary the painter of “The Eve of the Deluge,” now exhibited. Linnell’s figures here rise to the grand style—they comport with the rocky heights, they are dramatic as the storm-gathering sky; the whole composition fills the imagination with awe befitting a lost world. Even when figures are not actually introduced, the style bears their impress; rocks stand as personalities, trees bend with grace, and clouds move onward in processional array. In short, the landscapes of Linnell are built up as figure compositions; in other words, their lines and masses have dignity, proportion, symmetry. Some years ago we were seated among the students of the Royal Academy, listening to a lecture on historic painting. The lecturer, himself an Academician, having properly insisted on the paramount necessity of drawing, ended sarcastically, “but if you cannot draw, you must take to landscape-painting.” Linnell, when a youth, gained as student of the Academy a premium of £50 over the head of John Chalon, afterwards R.A. He could draw, and yet he took to landscape-painting!

Whether John Linnell could ever have achieved greatness in the figure, evidence is wanting to prove. As a portrait-painter, he appears of more than usual inequality: his miniatures, for which he had renown, fail of finest quality; and some of his life-size oils barely escape conventional commonplace. Yet admirable for drawing and character, and of a detail and surface-texture rivalling Denner, is the “Portrait of William Bray, trea-

surer of the Society of Antiquaries, and editor of ‘Evelyn’s Memoirs.’” Linnell, a man of intellectual tastes, was favoured with gifted sitters; and among heads which might find a fitting place in the National Portrait Gallery are Thomas Carlyle (1844), John Loudon (1801-41), Sir Augustus W. Callcott, R.A., Thomas Phillips, R.A. (1835), Sarah Austin (1840), Rev. T. R. Malthus, and, lastly, a miniature of William Blake, the artist and poet, to whose mysticism and spiritualism Linnell had close affinities. Blake, indeed, addresses Linnell as his “dearest friend;” and the literature of the time gives interesting revelations of a spiritual or mystic brotherhood, numbering Blake, Linnell, and Samuel Palmer, with the addition, at a later day, of Dante Gabriel Rossetti. That Gilchrist’s ‘Life of Blake’ should be indebted to the sympathetic labour of Rossetti, will be recognised as natural; that one poet-painter should assist in editing the works of a brother poet-painter, was indeed most fitting. Linnell became a diligent collector of the visionary drawings of his friend Blake, and both might find a place in the history of religious enthusiasm. An artist has just told us, that calling on Linnell, he found him seated at a table, intent on the translation of the Bible. “This,” he observed, “is the serious labour of my life;” then pointing to a landscape on the easel, he added, “that is but my recreation!”

That Linnell suffers, as we think must have been generally felt, under this plenary exposition, extending over the walls of two rooms and the sides of two screens, is due to the limitation of his art. That his materials are circumscribed, that his ideas are few and oft repeated, and that his principles of composition are of the simplest,

now becomes but too apparent, more particularly if comparison be made with Turner's exhaustless stores and wily stratagems. Linnell's pictorial properties may be briefly summed up as follows: hills, sand-pits, woods, timber, timber-waggons, wood-cutters, harvest-fields, reapers, sheep, shepherds. It is not clear whether the painter ever saw the ocean, a lake of large dimensions, or a mountain above the altitude of 3000 feet. But if his knowledge of the physical geography of our globe were circumscribed, at all events much might be accomplished by the adroit manipulation of the materials to hand. His methods, however, were but rudimentary; his mode of composition may in the general be stated thus: in the first place, he made sure of his centre, and focussed the attention on some telling point near the foreground; then he led the eye pleasantly into the distance; with care he balanced the sides of his picture on either hand, and carried his composition into the sky, the clouds repeating the lines, or playing an accompaniment to the doings on the ground below. Now no one can take positive objection to arrangements so rigidly exact, and yet as problems in art or science it is hard to conceive anything more elementary. In contrast, observe Turner's rivers of France, or his scenes in Switzerland or Italy, usually complex as problems in Euclid, yet made clear by solution, intricate as Beethoven's sonatas, and altogether as harmonious. Linnell's pictures as dramas become tedious by repetition of worn-out plots; or viewed as ballads, in the movement they hang fire. We pass through these rooms as we wander over Wordsworth's "Excursion," and we would gladly abridge the painter's canvases just

as we might with advantage curtail the poet's prolix excursion into a pleasant morning's walk.

Linnell's revelations of nature can only occasionally be accredited as veritable inspirations. His visions, though intense, were seldom sensitive in emotion or subtle in insight. His pigments lay on canvas too heavily for delicacy, while his colours at times degenerated into a violence defiant of harmony. The earth, scorched as in a furnace, finds no relief in cool greys as with David Cox; and though the clouds are laden with rain, no moisture gladdens the arid ground, not a drop of dew freshens the parched grass. We miss, too, the half tones which veil, yet respond to, sentiment; the tender shades which induce repose; the sensitive chords which touch the heart to pathos. Hence it were almost impossible to conceive of a greater contrariety than that between the styles of John Linnell and George Mason. Yet, perhaps, the pre-eminently English painter was right not to permit the intrusion of Italian romance or beauty into his native art.

Assuredly the art is sustained by constant access to nature. We remember the time when Linnell purchased the estate in Surrey, which for many years was his secluded home. His solicitor told him the price asked by the vendor was extravagant. "Never mind," replied the purchaser, "the land will prove a good investment; it will give me foregrounds—indeed most of the materials I need for my pictures." Possibly this nearness to hand tempted to repetitions which in the end grew wearisome, if not to the artist, at least to the public. Linnell, however, by thus living continuously in the midst of Nature, became her confidant, sharing, as a close companion, her ways

and workings. Seldom, indeed, have we recognised such absolute knowledge of the anatomy of trees, or of the geology of gravelly and grass-grown foregrounds. Equal also is the familiarity with skies. Linnell had almost a sculptor's eye and hand for the scenery of cloud-land; he knew, moreover, how to throw the forms at least into linear if not always into atmospheric perspective. Neither are these skies without movement: cumuli clouds, as ships under snowy sail, float across the zenith; while flocks of cirri, like birds in flight, bend their way towards the distant horizon. And though these landscapes be not endowed with magic spell, they are not wanting in healthful, hearty sentiment. As pastorals, they speak like poems: if not quite idyllic or lyric, they reveal a happy and plainly honest life. The peasants who till the ground and reap the golden harvests are sharers in the bounty of nature; and the painter, if prone to the prosy and prolix, enjoyed moments of rapture, specially when approaching religious themes. On these occasions he speaks like the seers of old, and carries the mind back to the age of miracle, to the sphere of the supernatural, when earthquakes shook the hills and fires consumed the sky. Here are scenes that might serve as accompaniments to the Hailstone Chorus. But such extravagance is exceptional: seldom does imagination run into riot; for the most part, indeed, the art of Linnell is the faithful mirror held up to nature. On the whole, we are happy to differ from critics who have denied him a foremost rank.

The Grosvenor Gallery, a counterweight to the Academy, has from time to time done good service to artists with a grievance, or in possession of a genius too erratic to conform to academic

order. In its rooms the rules of art and even the laws of nature have been so far suspended that painters find the happiest freedom in throwing off the freaks of fancy or the fermentations of passion. On these walls Mr Whistler has been afforded favourable opportunity of displaying formless "arrangements" of colour, which might appear to belong to those early days of creation ere light was divided from darkness, or the waters were gathered together, so as to let the dry land appear! Among the artists, either rising or already risen, to whom like kindness has been shown, the late Cecil Lawson was one of the most conspicuous. The career of this young painter, cut off in the midst of promise, is interesting and instructive by way of encouragement and caution. The story, though sad, is unfortunately by no means exceptional: we encounter accustomed precocity; an anecdote is told of the boy of six arranging his colour-box, posing his sitter, and with grave dignity painting a portrait! The youth appears to have been wilful, and in his habits of study wayward; he declined to enter schools or academies, and with characteristic ardour and self-confidence undertook the task of educating himself. His efforts were not without success; his pictures, though from first to last tentative and immature, were received with more than indulgence. The Academy, notwithstanding bitter complaints, which in such cases are almost matters of course, had given to more than one picture good hanging; and the Grosvenor, with a liberality not to be forgotten, afforded ample opportunity of showing the painter at his very best. But nothing would satisfy the coterie by which it was the misfortune of the ambitious aspirant

to be surrounded. And thus we have to listen, at least once too often, to the wail like that raised over poor Keats,—Who killed Cecil Lawson? We, said the Academy, “savage and tartarly:” we killed poor Lawson!

It has seldom been our lot to enter on a more melancholy exhibition: we come upon genius ill directed and failing of its goal; we find undaunted enthusiasm making rash onslaught upon nature and missing the mark. It were no disparagement of obvious talent to say, as indeed under all the circumstances might be anticipated, that the sketches are better than the pictures; thus the “Sketch for the Hop-Garden” has indications which on canvas failed to be carried out. Here, too, are studies which, though mostly slight, might almost pass under the name of Müller or Cox, and indeed certain drawings of “Still Life” are known to have been surreptitiously signed when in the hands of dealers, and then passed off as originals by William Hunt. Had the artist's life been prolonged, it is more than possible that like closeness of study and mastery of manipulation might have gained for large, ambitious pictures that thoroughness and completeness which they now lack.

An artist beating about nature incontinently, and occasionally losing his way, wisely, year by year, took counsel of great masters who might be supposed to have fastened on guiding truths. And among the enigmas here startling the spectator is this: that a painter, eminently original, should from time to time make unconditional surrender to others. It might indeed be said of Cecil Lawson as of William Müller, that he suffered under perpetual transition; thus he transformed his styles to the varied manners of the masters who successively made

appeal to his sympathies. “Yorkshire Pastures” are suggestive of Titian. Linnell evidently was present in his mind when he painted “Blackdown,” yet solidity and unity are absent. “The Valley of Desolation,” black with a vengeance, may recall Constable's “Greatcoat Weather;” while “The Pause in the Storm” were wholly Turner-esque, had but method ruled the madness: the fevered heat of colour intrudes strangely on the prevailing solemnity which shadows surrounding scenes. It becomes indeed but too evident, notwithstanding protests to the contrary, that the landscape-painters of France, specially Corot, cast gloom and hazy indefiniteness over landscapes which loom on canvas as little more than vague rubbings in: trees are indicated by mere scratches, and forms blurred by smudges of the brush. Any one acquainted with the history of landscape-painting, or cognisant of the laws which determine its structure, will at once see that in much of this work knowledge is wanting to deal rightly with ideas and materials, often huddled together in incoherent confusion.

Cecil Lawson's strength lay in a scenic vision of nature. Nothing trivial entered into the largeness of his conceptions; and occasionally his breadth and force, with wide sweep over earth and heaven, reach positive grandeur. The tumultuous skies, for which the artist had a gift, are eminently dramatic. “The Pool” is grand in gloom: “Twilight Grey”—tranquillity resting over river and valley, a flock of birds athwart the clear round moon—is a veritable poem. “The Morning after the Storm”—the clouds torn to tatters—might be inspired by Shelley's ode to “The Wild West Wind.” “Twixt Sun and Moon” bears the burden of

that æsthetic melancholy which the Chelsea school affected. An Ossian-like lament tones down these works to the depths of "joy in sorrow," and "pleasure in pain!" The artist is at his best, notwithstanding a certain slovenly grandeur and scorn of painstaking, in "Marsh Lands." Knowledge of nature, and skill in art, combine for once in this impressive pastoral. The whole outcome of this gifted mind has special value as a sign of the times: it is welcome as a protest against what has been literal and trivial, and makes a manly stand for art as the manifestation of motives and ideas.

Our English school is under process of transition, and the diversity of the materials, and the contrariety of the forces brought into play, render any prediction of the immediate future peculiarly hazardous. But at any rate, the four painters in the preceding pages passed under review, severally and collectively cannot fail to shape the generation that will next come upon the stage. Already literalness in the reading of nature is on the wane; and John Linnell and Cecil Lawson, though divergent, leave behind them the teaching in common that art is not the transcribing, but the interpretation of

nature. Thus landscape-painting has open before it a wide field for development: the ideas struck out by Turner await fruition; and one of his devoted disciples, Mr Alfred Hunt, has by precept and example shown how imagination which creates, and observation that accumulates, may work together in the building up of an ideal landscape. In figure-painting like problems approach solution, and the two artists this season brought prominently into view stand as leading representatives of the counter-agencies long at work. Alma Tadema the realist has through the sense of observation accumulated vast material; in contrast, Dante Gabriel Rossetti by intuition and gift of imagination led with faltering steps the way to ideal beauty. The hope of the future may be near accomplishment when these conflicting forces shall coalesce; when on the one hand materialism becomes penetrated by imagination, and on the other, ideal forms shall be moulded more closely on the actual. Like laws govern man and nature, therefore the conditions of growth in landscape and figure painting if not identical are cognate: the facts of the senses when fused by imagination become art.

TERRY WIGAN.

FROM THE NORWEGIAN OF HENRIK IBSEN.

A STRANGE and grizzled man once dwelt
 On yonder outmost isle;
 By land or sea he never dealt
 A human being guile:
 But at times came an ugly gleam in his eye,
 When the weather wasn't good,
 And then they thought he was mad thereby,
 And then few men would dare go nigh
 Where Terry Wigan stood.

I saw him myself a single time,—
 He lay with his fish by the pier:
 Though his hair was flecked with a foamy rime,
 Gay was his voice and clear.
 With a quip and a jest the girls he cheered,
 With the village lads made fun;
 He waved his sou'wester, and off he sheered,
 Then up with his stay-sail and home he steered,
 Away in the setting sun.

I'll tell you now of Terry's tale,
 Whatever I have heard;
 And if at times 'tis dry and stale,
 There's truth in every word.
 I heard the story from those whose place
 Was with him when he died;
 Who watched by his bed at his decease,
 And closed his eyes to the sleep of peace,
 High up on yon hillside.

In his youth, a wild dare-devil Dick,
 He gave his folk the slip,
 And bore with many a monkey trick
 As the youngest lad in the ship.
 Then at Amsterdam away he ran,
 For his home-love urged him sore,
 And returned in the "Union"—Captain Brann;
 But at home there were none that saw in the man
 The little boy of yore.

For he'd grown to be dapper and tall and red,
 And was rigged out tight and trim:
 But his father and mother both were dead,
 And all that were dear to him.

He mourned for a day—ay, maybe two,
 Then rose from sorrow free:
 With earth at his feet no rest he knew;
 It was better, he said, to have to do
 With the broad and boisterous sea.

In a year from then was Terry wed,—
 It came about in haste,
 And he rather repented a step, folk said,
 That kept him firmly placed.
 So beneath his roof in idle play
 The winter slowly sped,
 Though the windows shone like the brightest day,
 With their curtains small and their flower-pots gay
 In the little cottage red.

When fair winds broke the ice-lumps through,
 With the brig was Terry gone:
 When the gray goose in autumn southwards flew,
 He met it half-way flown.
 Then a gloom like the shade of the coming night
 Clouded the sailor's brow:
 He came from the land of the sunshine bright,
 Astern lay the world with its life and light,
 And winter before the bow.

They anchored, and his mates betook
 Themselves to their carouse;
 He gave them just one longing look,
 As he stood by his quiet house.
 In at the lattice he peeped. Not one,
 But two in the room were they;
 His wife sat still and linen spun,
 While in the cradle, full of fun,
 A rosy lassie lay.

By that one glance was he inspired
 With a resolution deep:
 He toiled and moiled, and was never tired
 Of rocking his child to sleep.
 Of a Sunday night, when the dances gay
 Were heard from the homesteads there,
 He'd sing his merriest songs and play,
 While in his lap little Anna lay
 With her hands in his auburn hair.

So the weeks went by till the war broke out
 In eighteen hundred and nine:
 The troubles still are talked about
 That then made the people pine.
 Every port was blocked by English crews,
 Inland there was famine sore;

The poor had to starve and the rich to lose,
 And two strong arms were of little use
 With plague and death at the door.

Terry mourned for a day or two,
 Then rose from sorrow free ;
 He thought of a friend that was old and true,
 The broad and boisterous sea.
 There's a western rhyme that still gives life
 To his deed as thing of note :—
 "When the winds were loud with storm and strife,
 Terry Wigan rowed for his child and wife,
 Over seas in an open boat."

His smallest skiff was chosen out,
 To Skagen he must go :
 Mast and sail he did without,
 For he thought it safer so.
 He knew the boat could bear him far,
 Howe'er the sea might chop ;
 The Jutland-reef was a ticklish bar,
 But a worse was the English man-o'-war
 With a watch on the mizen-top.

So he seized the oars and gave his fate
 Over to Fortune's care,
 And, safe at Fladstrand, did but wait
 To ship his cargo there.
 Not much of a freight, Lord knows, he drives,—
 Three kegs with oats high piled ;
 But he came from a country where poverty thrives,
 And aboard of his boat he'd the savin' o' lives,
 And it was for his wife and child.

Three nights and days to the thwarts bound close,
 Strongly and brave he rowed :
 When next the morning sun arose,
 A misty line it showed.
 It was no cloud that met his view,
 But land before him lay ;
 The Imenaes Saddle, broad and blue,
 Stood out, the peaks and ridges through,
 And then he knew his way.

He was near his home, and he had just
 To bear a short delay ;
 His heart swelled high in faith and trust,
 He was near about to pray.
 'Twas as if the words had stopped frost-bound—
 He gazed, and in his track,
 Through the fading fog that upward wound,
 He saw a corvette in Hesnaes Sound
 That pitched as she lay aback.

The skiff was seen, the signal passed,
That way was blocked outright ;
But the west wind veered, and Terry steered
Towards the west his flight.
Then they lowered the yawl—as the ropes uncoiled,
He could hear the sailors shout :
With his feet on the frame of the boat he toiled
At the oars, till the water foamed and boiled,
And the blood from his nails oozed out.

Gaesling's the name of a sunken shoal
To the east of Homburg Sound :
There's an ugly surf and the breakers roll,
And two foot down you're aground.
There are white spurts there and a yellow slough,
Though the sea hasn't even rippled ;
But, although the swell be never so rough,
Inside it is calm and smooth enough,
For the force of the current's crippled.

There Terry Wigan's skiff shot through
Over the foam and sands :
But in his wake behind him flew
The yawl and fifteen hands.
It was then that he cried through the breakers' roar
To God in his bitter dread :—
"On yonder famine-stricken shore
Sits my starving wife at my cottage door,
And waits with her child for bread."

But the fifteen shouted louder then,
'Twas the same as at Lyngor—
The luck is ever with Englishmen
When they plunder Norway's shore.
When Terry touched on the sunk reef's top,
The yawl too scraped the cliff :
From the stern the officer sang out, "Stop !"
Then he heaved up an oar, and he let it drop,
And he thrust it through the skiff.

The thrust made a burst of frame and plank,
The sea rushed in at the chink ;
In the two foot o' water his cargo sank,
But his spirit didn't sink.
He fought himself free from the armèd men,
Their threats deterred him not :
He ducked and swam, and he ducked again ;
But the yawl pushed off, and there flashed out then
Cutlass and musket-shot.

They fished him up and aboard the craft,
 The sailors gave three cheers;
 The commander stood on the poop abaft,
 A boy of eighteen years.
 Terry's boat was the first prize e'er he made,
 So he struts with a proud stiff neck:
 But Terry's mind was now dismayed,
 The strong man lay and wept and prayed
 On his knees on the vessel's deck.

He bought with tears and they sold him smiles,
 They paid him scorn for prayer:
 An east wind rose, and from out the isles
 Seaward the victors fare.
 'Twas done: not a word had he to say,—
 He would bear his sorrow now;
 But his captors—it was strange, thought they,
 How a something stormy passed away
 From the vault of his cloudy brow.

In prison for many a year he lay,—
 Full five long years, say some;
 His back was bowed, and his hair grown grey,
 With dreaming of his home.
 He would think in silence, and never cease,
 Of a joy his heart waxed big at:
 Then 1814 came with peace,
 And the captives Norse on their release
 Sailed home in a Swedish frigate.

He stood on the pier by his home anew,
 Made a pilot since the war;
 But the grizzled man was known to few
 As the sailor lad of yore.
 His house was a stranger's—God him save
 From the fate his darlings found!
 "When the husband left," was the tale they gave,
 "They starved, and got a common grave
 From the parish in pauper's ground."

The years went by, and the pilot dwelt
 On yonder outmost isle;
 By land or sea he never dealt
 A human being guile:
 But at times came an ugly gleam in his eye,
 When storms by the reef were brewed,
 And then they thought he was mad thereby,
 And then few men would dare go nigh
 Where Terry Wigan stood.

The pilots were roused one moonlight night,
 When the breeze was landward borne;
 An English yacht beat into sight
 With mainsail and foresail torn:
 From her foremast top the red flag spoke
 Her need without a word;
 And a small boat tacked where the breakers broke,—
 It fought through the storm-waves stroke by stroke,
 And the pilot stood aboard.

He seemed so safe, the grizzled man,
 And he gripped the tiller so
 That the yacht lunged forth, and seaward ran,
 With the skiff behind in tow.
 A peer with his child and his dame demure
 Came aft, as pale as a ghost:
 "I'll make you as rich as you now are poor,
 If you bear us safe from the waves and sure!"
 But the pilot left his post.

He paled at the mouth, and a smile he found
 Like a smile of power long sought.
 Over they bore, and high aground
 Stood the Englishman's splendid yacht.
 "Take to the boats! In the breakers wild
 The yacht will splintered be.
 My wake will guide to a haven mild:
 My lord and my lady and the little child
 Shall come in the skiff with me.

The wild fire flamed where the skiff flew along
 Toward land with its cargo rare;
 Aft stood the pilot, tall and strong,
 His eye had an eerie glare.
 Leeward he looked at the Gaesling's top,
 And windward at Hesnaes cliff;
 Then he left the helm, and he sang out, "Stop!"
 Then he heaved up an oar, and he let it drop,
 And he thrust it through the skiff.

In swept the sea, the foam flashed by,
 On the wreck there raged a fight;
 But the mother lifted her daughter high,
 Her terror turned her white.
 "Anna, my child! my child!" cried she:
 Then quivered the grizzled man;
 He gripped the sheet, set the helm to lee,
 And the boat was 'most like a bird to see,
 As through surf and foam it ran.

It struck, they sank ; but beyond the flood
 All quiet was the sea :
 A ridge lay hid, and there they stood
 In water to the knee.
 "The ground gives way!" the peer cried out,—
 "It is no rocky prow!"
 But the pilot smiled: "Nay, tremble not ;
 Three kegs of oats and a sunken boat
 Are the ground we stand on now."

A light of the past that long had slept
 Gleamed out at Memory's beck,
 And the peer knew the man that had lain and wept
 On his knees on the vessel's deck.
 Then Terry: "All that was dear to me
 You crushed without remorse ;
 Now shall the retribution be——"
 Then the English noble bowed the knee
 Before the pilot Norse.

But Terry leant on the shaft of an oar,
 Erect as in the past ;
 His eye had a gleam of boundless power,
 His hair streamed on the blast.
 "You sailed at your ease in your big corvette,
 My little skiff I steered ;
 I toiled for my own till my strength was let,
 You took their bread, and without regret
 My bitter weeping jeered.

"Your rich lady is fair and grand,
 Her hand is silky fine :
 Coarse and hard was my wife's hand,
 And yet that hand was mine.
 Your child has blue eyes and golden hair,
 Like a little child o' God :
 My lass didn't look much anywhere ;
 God better it, she was pale and spare,
 Like the child of a common clod.

"Well, these were my kingdom on the earth,
 They were all the good I knew ;
 I thought them a treasure of mighty worth,
 But they weren't much to you.
 But now is the time of reckoning nigh,
 And you with an hour shall cope
 That'll well make up for the years gone by
 That have bowed my back and dimmed my eye,
 And ruined all my hope."

He raised the child in his powerful grip,
 His arm round the lady coiled :
 "Stand back, my lord! A single step
 Will cost you wife and child!"
 Then up the Briton leapt in scorn,
 But was far too weak to fight ;
 His breath was hot and his eyes were worn,
 And his hair, as they saw by the light of the morn,
 Turned grey that single night.

But Terry's brow has lost its frown,
 Freely his breast expands ;
 He sets the child full gently down,
 And tenderly kisses its hands.
 He breathes as freed from a prison's pains,
 His voice is calm and still :—
 "Terry Wigan his better self regains ;
 Till now the blood was dammed in my veins,
 Revenge was in my will.

"The long, long years of a prison's woes
 Had wrought my heart amiss :
 Since then I have been as a pine that grows
 Looking into a wild abyss.
 But that is past : our debt is scored,
 And I am not to blame.
 I gave what I could—you took my hoard,—
 If you think you're wronged, appeal to the Lord
 Who made me what I am."

All were at daybreak saved. The yacht
 Safe to the haven came :
 Though the tale of the night they whispered not,
 Yet wide went Terry's fame.
 His dreams like storm-clouds swept away,
 Nor left the smallest speck,
 And the head arose erect and gay
 That was bowed yon day he wept as he lay
 On his knees on the vessel's deck.

The peer was come, and his lady as well,
 And many more were come
 To bid good-bye, and their God-speeds tell,
 As they stood in his little home.
 They thanked him that saved from the stormy press
 Of reef and breaker wild :
 But Terry said, with a kind caress—
 "Nay, the one that saved in the worst distress
 Was none but this little child."

When the yacht was bearing off Hesnaes Sound,
 They hoisted the Norse ensign ;
 A little to the west there's a foam-hid ground,
 Where they fired a salvo fine.
 A tear in Terry's eye then shone,
 As out from the cliff he gazed :—
 " Much have I lost, but much have I won ;
 It was best, maybe, that it should be done,
 And so may God be praised ! "

It was thus that I saw him a single time,—
 He lay with his fish by the pier :
 Though his hair was flecked with a foamy rime,
 Gay was his voice and clear.
 With a quip and a jest the girls he cheered,
 With the village lads made fun ;
 He waved his sou'wester, and off he sheered,
 Then up with his stay-sail and home he steered,
 Away in the setting sun.

I saw a grave by Faroe Church
 On a plot of grass and moss :
 It wasn't tended, and sank with a lurch ;
 But it had its blackened cross.
 There "Thaerie Wiighen" stood in white
 With day and month and year :
 He lay where the sun and the storm could light,
 And that's why the grass was so coarse and tight,
 With a blue-bell there and here.

RECENT FRENCH NOVELS.

WE cannot say that fiction in France seems to flourish in the free air of the Republic. Not that novelists are not numerous as ever; while the circulation of the more successful works would seem to be enormous. We are not in the secrets of the publishing trade, nor do we know how far successive issues may be illusory; but it is nothing unusual to see a book of a few months old run to its thirtieth, fortieth, or even fiftieth edition. All allowances made, we may assume that a great number of copies must be sold of the neat little volumes stitched in white or orange. So far the authors should have no reason to complain, and it may be inferred that they hit off the popular taste. But the quality of the books that make a reputation or a fortune is another and a very different question! It strikes the foreigner that a new school is in the ascendant, which, setting considerations of morality aside altogether, is governed by peremptory laws, and works within the narrowest limits. Generally speaking, everything is sacrificed to realism of the most vulgar and trivial kind. The very sentiment is steeped in the spirit of worldliness; it is introduced almost apologetically by practical men, who, attributing it to the most ingenious of their heroines or to eccentrics who are destined to make shipwreck of their careers, regard it at best with disdainful tolerance. As for the ideal, it is banished to spheres as remote as those

in which Jules Verne launches his fancies; and the *verve* of the most spiritual efforts is *matérielle*, as M. Adolphe Belot rather prettily puts it. The subtle instincts of Balzac took the whole of human nature for their range, and his searching analysis went as deep as his canvas was comprehensive. In the novel and on the stage, Dumas exhibited his men and women in most dramatic action, describing historical and social scenes with such vivid picturesqueness as might have inspired the ambitions that he loved to depict. In the wildest rhapsodies and the most grotesque personages of Victor Hugo there is something of the impressive grandeur of the epic; while the extravagances of George Sand are invariably artistic. Or passing to another vein, we used to welcome such sparkling and delicate wit as that of Edmond About, who happily still survives, although we have reason to regret that he has abandoned fiction. But the most brilliant of the old traditions, which, in the height and breadth of their aspirations, might surely have served the men of the day for models or examples, would appear to be ignored or forgotten by almost all. The Bourse, the Bourgeoisie, the Boulevards; "nos paysans," who trick and scrape; the politicians who play fast and loose with honour and conscience; the women who actually sell themselves, or who are ready to be bought for a price,—are the inspirations of the popular novelists of

L'Évangéliste. Par Alphonse Daudet. Paris: E. Dentu.

Le Million. Par Jules Claretie. Paris: E. Dentu.

La Petite Sœur. Par Hector Malot. Paris: E. Dentu.

L'Abbé Constantin. Par Ludovic Halévy. Paris: Calmann Levy.

the Republic. And when the popular novelist has pitched upon a questionable subject, he proceeds to treat it according to arbitrary rules in the most uncompromisingly realistic fashion. He takes the men and women of a class, precisely as he might find them in the sordid turmoil of pleasure or business. He tries to photograph the thoughts of their melancholy moments of leisure, very possibly upon the data he draws from his inner consciousness; and he cynically lays bare those hidden springs of action, of which the worst of us have generally the grace to be ashamed. So that in spite of any brightness in the style, or any redeeming graces of the fancy, the absolute impression is depressing in the extreme; and the book which was bitter in the mouth is likely to be poisonous in the digestion.

We merely state indisputable facts; and it is not our province to apportion the blame. We can hardly expect those who write for the society and the "citizens" of the Paris of to-day, to adopt ideal views of the dignity of the novelist's mission, and to lay themselves out to elevate the popular taste for the benefit of generations of unborn authors. These purveyors of fiction write for a name; they write for money; and they write in business-like relations with very capable publishing houses. Moreover, one of the elementary conditions of literary success is to form a definite notion of your personal capacities. It is idle for the clever little champion of the light weights to attempt the feats of a ponderous athlete; and the most versatile artist, with the best intentions, is foolish if he "goes beyond his last," and attempts to describe what he neither knows nor feels. Genius or grand talent is one thing; neatness of thought and expression, or quickness of commonplace ima-

gination, is quite another: we cannot expect a Flaubert, a Belot, or a Goncourt, to risk the independent self-assertion of a Balzac, who can form a taste by force of individuality. So French fiction goes revolving in a vicious circle, in which the entertained and the entertainers seem altogether worthy of each other. We are far from saying—as our opening sentence might seem to indicate—that the fault must be in republican forms of government. French taste had already made rapid progress in debasement, with the looseness and the luxury of the second Empire; while even under the constitutional *régime* of the eminently respectable citizen-king, the show in the booksellers' windows in the Palais Royal was a scandal. But we do say, and we challenge anybody to deny it, that the reign of republican light which replaced the Empire, has utterly failed to redeem its promises. After the catastrophe of Sedan and the collapse of the Buonapartes, the novelists assumed unusual licence, and were sympathetically reassured by political sentiment. They figured as the honest satirists of that Imperial corruption which had been tainting the very life-blood of the nation. If they stripped vice bare, it was because overfastidiousness was out of place when they were teaching great social and moral lessons. They gave themselves *carte blanche* in colouring malicious scandals, when nothing was too black or too incredible to be believed. M. Zola, who loves to achieve literary labours on an immense scale, set the example with a whole library of his historico-romantic satires, advertised to appear in annual issues. That may have been all very well from the points of view of the new censorship; and heaven knows there were scandals enough under the Empire to form a substantial basis of fact

for the most extravagantly sensational embroideries. But though the causes of those very disagreeable books have passed away, their consequences have remained; and the novels of the day tell us, what we had every reason to suspect, that there has been an accelerated decline in social morality. For the novelists who had started by satirising the past, are become servile photographers of the manners of the present; and were manners to be reformed, we suspect they would lose their popularity, if they hesitated to paint them as far worse than they were.

Of course, any novel that is to deserve a permanent success must deal more or less with the ideal. But the ordinary contemporary French novel, when it leaves what we may assume to be solid ground, dwells on the ideal of the vicious instead of the virtuous. The figure on which the author has expended his ingenuity is pretty sure to be a monster of refined depravity; and it is there that the apostle of realism tries to sparkle. In selecting a few of the recent French fictions for review, we are certainly not going to notice the scandalous 'Pot-bouillie,' or even that comparatively decent group of commonplace stories which M. Zola has more lately reprinted for his admirers. But we are bound to give M. Zola this praise in passing, that he is not altogether so much of a materialist as he professes to be. He not unfrequently invents, and to very profitable purpose; or if he does not draw liberally on his imagination, we would almost as soon have lived in the cities of the plain, as in the Paris which it pleases him to paint so minutely. It is impossible that our fallen nature in the French capital can be absolutely so vile as M. Zola depicts it; and were French society altogether so rotten at the core, the

days of Victor Hugo's 'Light of the World' would be numbered. We say it to the credit of M. Zola's talent for romance, that we believe him to be an inveterate and ingenious calumniator of his countrymen: his women are decidedly worse than his men, inasmuch as their weakness takes refuge in a more profound hypocrisy; his peasants cultivate in a kindly soil the baser forms of villany that flourish luxuriously in great cities; while the sole idea of his statesmen of *élite* is to serve themselves and their families at the cost of their country. Whether M. Zola believes in his own pictures, or whether he does not, we do not envy him a shameful or a dismal reputation; for that is the dilemma to which he is reduced. And we express ourselves the more frankly on the subject, that we are very far from contesting his strength. We take the 'Assommoir' to be his most powerful novel; at all events, we own that it has made much the deepest impression upon us. We read it with a horrible attraction, and laid it down with an attracting disgust. Zola seems a *bourgeois* Juvenal in his dismal visions of the depths to which decent human nature may be debased. And if it be so, it is difficult to overestimate the influence for evil of a writer who prostitutes talent approaching to genius to the artistic execution of the most repulsive photography.

Personally, and for our pleasure in reading his books, we greatly prefer Daudet. He goes to Parisian life for his studies, but he sees good in some things and in certain people. When he can be conscientiously consistent with his satirical pictures of manners, he flashes in fitful glances of light, very much to the advantage of those pictures. For example, in his 'Froment Jeune' there is one woman, or perhaps two, whom we

can really love and pity. Although his 'Nabab' is, as he is meant to be, almost a brutal type of humanity, yet all along we feel more irresistibly inclined towards the man, who is rather the victim of his circumstances than of his vices, or even his weaknesses. But M. Daudet, who is very much less prolific than Zola, has just produced another story, which is in very different vein from any he has previously written. We think there can be no question that the 'Evangéliste' is greatly inferior in artistic merit to any one of the three works which have made M. Daudet's reputation. The reason lies on the surface, and in the essence of the subject; while the very excitement with which the book has been expected, goes far to account for a comparative failure. 'L'Evangéliste' is a novel with a purpose; and the purpose, moreover, is to make a savage attack on one of the sensational movements of the day. It has been rumoured, with what truth we cannot pretend to say, that M. Daudet felt personally aggrieved by the proceedings of certain of the proselytisers, who are the French counterparts of the leaders of our Salvation Armies. It has been said that his feelings had been outraged by an incident within his personal knowledge, of a young woman *détournée* from her duties and affections by an immoral abuse of spiritual terrorism. And even if the report be false, it might very naturally have suggested itself to any one who casts a glance through M. Daudet's pages. He evidently writes with intense bitterness. His hand trembles so visibly with suppressed passion, that he has lost much of his habitual delicacy of touch; and figures which have been outlined at first with much of his accustomed firmness, gradually become

blurred, confused, and distorted. As we are discussing his book purely on artistic grounds, we are in no way concerned here with the honesty or the discretion of "salvationists" of any type. We are willing to concede, for the sake of argument, that they may be all that their worst enemies represent them. But we submit that, even from a polemical point of view, abuse is not argument—as assuredly it is not art. A forcible indictment may be founded on the baldest statement of damning facts; but the most eloquent fiction fails of its object, because we can never be certain as to how much we may believe, and because we more than suspect that the writer's imagination has flown away with him. So that M. Daudet seems to draw extravagantly on our credulity, when he seeks the motives of his most soul-stirring episodes in almost impossible inconsistencies of character. It is hard to imagine that passionately enthusiastic and self-denying women can reconcile it with a living faith in revelation and futurity, to doom living hearts to the most exquisite tortures, as if they were vivisectionists or inquisitors of the school of St Dominic. It is harder still to believe that they would consciously imperil their salvation by tricks of the basest kind, that bring them within reach of the criminal tribunals. But perhaps it is most hard of all to be persuaded that any exertion of moral pressure could have swayed M. Daudet's cherished heroine into acting as she is supposed to act. Before the most loving of daughters could have been brought to the brink of deliberate matricide, her brain must surely have given way in the wild turmoil of her emotions.

The beginning of the story is almost worthy of M. Daudet at his best: the opening chapters are

nearly as simple and as charming as anything he has ever written. He seems by an exertion of self-control to be keeping his temper, that he may depict the happy home which is to be ruthlessly broken up. Madame Ebsen, a Danish widow, with her daughter Eline, are settled in peace, though in poverty, in Paris. A sorrow has fallen upon them, but it has come in the course of nature, for they have just buried the aged grandmother they adored. Eline is the most dutiful and devoted of daughters; and so far as we can judge, she appears to be reasonably strong-minded. At all events she is the stay of her feeble mother; she works cheerfully to keep the little household in comfort; and she is ever ready to do a kind action to her neighbours. Be it remarked, too, that Mademoiselle Ebsen's religious upbringing has predisposed her neither to mysticism nor to superstition. She belongs to one of those Protestant sects which tend to foster more robust and independent belief; and she has always lived in friendly confidence with the venerable pastor of her communion. The girl is the fondest of daughters, and she has the tenderest instincts of maternity as well. We see it when the Ebsens, as Parisian neighbours will do, form an intimacy with a family who come to reside in the same house. M. Lorie, as he is first presented to us, is excellent; although afterwards M. Daudet half forgets or neglects him. *Ex-sous-préfet* of a district in Algiers, the story of his life is the story of a failure. An official to the heart's core, he has lost his place: an affectionate husband, he has lost his wife. Come to Paris with a couple of children and an attached domestic, the luckless little family are almost starving. The Ebsens succour the children in illness; Eline

becomes a mother to the little girl. So strong indeed is the tie between the two, that Eline, in the bare apprehension of a separation, is led to give her assent to a marriage with the father. What seemed in the beginning to be a marriage *de convenance* is likely to turn out a very happy one. Eline is a reasonable girl, hitherto heart-whole; while M. Lorie, although something of a prig, is a good fellow and devoted to her: they have influential patrons to help them to a livelihood, and the prudent Madame Ebsen is entirely satisfied.

It is then that the scene changes, and we and Eline are brought into contact with the demon of the novel, who masks herself in the guise of an angel of light. M. Daudet has bestowed considerable pains upon Madame Autheman; but in painting a mystery of mystic fanaticism, he has made a monster. Madame Autheman had felt spiritual longings from her childhood: in her maidenhood she seemed to have found her affinity in a manly young theological student, to whom she was engaged. Unhappily her parents are ruined, and she is jilted. Thenceforward she resolves to make religion her vocation; and apparently determines at the same time to take her revenge by outraging all those worldly affections that have been disappointed in herself. The first step in that direction is characteristically inconsistent. Without an idea of paying him with either love or duty, she weds a wealthy young Jewish banker, that she may use his wealth for her purposes. Treating him as her banker, but never as her husband, she abuses her paramount influence over him to compel him to change his creed. We may remark parenthetically that, when the unhappy man—turned renegade for the love of a woman

who has always been ice to him—is ultimately driven to suicide by her austerity, she can spare his memory neither a tear nor a regret. The great wealth of Madame Autheman enables her to keep a staff in her pay, who are all of them either blind enthusiasts or black hypocrites. They are bound by the tenure of their service to be unscrupulous as their mistress; and their mistress has neither conscience nor remorse. Circumstances induce her to make the conquest of Eline, and she begins by terrifying the girl as to the fate of her dead grandmother. She persuades her that, as the worthy old lady has died without declaring her “saving knowledge” of the Redeemer, there can be no possible redemption for her. The doom of the departed is fixed beyond recall; but happily there is time to rescue the living. And the imminent danger to herself and those dearest to her, which must be averted at any cost, is the machinery Madame Autheman sets in motion to mould Mdlle. Ebsen to her will. Going further than any Jesuit in the practice of the doctrine that an end may justify any conceivable means, the essence of her proceedings is deceit and secrecy. Madame Ebsen sees her daughter slipping from her, without being able to assign a cause, or win her child to an explanation. Finally the girl is persuaded to leave her mother’s roof, and take refuge under the wings of her patroness. The mother follows the fugitive in vain. She is met at every turn by lies, or baffled by those mysterious social and legal influences which the wealthy banking house has been at pains to cultivate. We may remark, that the possible influences of what was at best but a second-rate financial establishment, have been grossly and outrageously exaggerated, to the discredit

of French institutions. Finally, by a refinement of meanness and cruelty, when it appears that a judicial scandal is wellnigh inevitable, Eline is sent back to her mother for a time, simply that she may be represented as a free agent. A free agent she is in a bodily sense; but Madame Autheman has succeeded in trammelling her soul effectually; and when the time is expired, and when a satisfactory defence has been established, she leaves her broken-hearted mother with scarcely a tremor. Even admitting the credibility of all the rest, we maintain that a prolonged ordeal of the kind, practised on such a girl as Eline was represented, would have been absolutely impossible to feeble human nature.

Of course M. Daudet must always be bright, and frequently brilliant. We have already praised the beginning of his book, and we are far from denying that there is much that is moving in it. If Madame Autheman were not so inconceivable, she would be imposing. Even within the limits of the credible, she is made to show an extraordinary force of will; and we are left to surmise the volcanic agencies and internal convulsions which may be smouldering and working under that impassible exterior. Nothing can be more dramatic than the scene, with its prologue and its epilogue, where her pastor is brought to denounce the sinner from the pulpit. The old Aussandon is a pious divine, but poor and henpecked, and something of a time-server. He would have openly championed the cause of Eline’s afflicted mother, but fear of his wife and his worldly interests have restrained him. But the old man’s heart has been burning within him; his conscience is perpetually reproaching him for his timidity; and in the temporary absence of his better half he summons

courage to do his duty, and to dare the consequences. He launches the solemn thunders of the Church at the wealthiest member of the congregation; and all his hearers are shaken except the object of his pointed censures. The sacrament is to follow, and the anonymously denounced offender dares to draw near to the sacred table. He makes his whispered warnings more solemn and direct, but with her cold audacity she joins the communicants. His duty has been discharged; he is absolved from his responsibility; and the reaction follows on his effort of heroism. We see the very servants of the "temple" shrink from the man who has challenged the enmity of the all-powerful Madame Autheman, and his heart sinks within him when he forecasts the meeting with his wife. But then that worthy woman throws herself into his arms, remembering her marriage vows in impending adversity, and proud of the husband who has risked all for his conscience. Very excellent, too, are the faithful servants who have followed the declining fortunes of the unlucky M. Lorie; and very pretty are the descriptions of the little children, left motherless in the care of a devoted maid. But any interest in the novel is merely casual or ephemeral; and, for the sake of the author's reputation, it had far better be forgotten.

Following one of the most distinguished novelists of the day, we are glad to be able to select three very favourable specimens of work by men of lesser note, though still of considerable reputation. Had we merely gone by notoriety and popularity, we could not have omitted two novels by Adolphe Belot, and one of them would have been an unexceptionable example in vindication of our severest strictures. As for the 'Fugitives de Vienne,'

it is deceptive in its title, and so harmless that M. Belot feels bound to apologise. It is but a reprint of articles contributed to Viennese journals, and has nothing to do, as might have been confidently expected, with the lives and loves of the Viennese ladies. As for his other book — which, for obvious reasons, we decline to advertise by name—we can only say that he may safely rest such credit as he has upon it. There is no denying its cleverness, and perhaps he has been never so wantonly offensive. So shameless is it, that it has evidently been borne in upon him that even the author of 'Mademoiselle Giraud' and of 'La Femme de Feu,' is constrained to make elaborate apology. And we may say that it is one of the worst signs of the times; that an author enjoying so wide a reputation can care, in the maturity of his age and powers, to put his name to a masterpiece of sensuality. But to return to the books which we mean to notice, all the three have a double recommendation. They are clever stories by practised authors; and they are safe reading for respectable households, inasmuch as there is nothing more *risqué* in any one of them than may be found in three out of four of the fictions of our own lady-novelists. We give the preference to a tale by M. Jules Claretie, although perhaps it is scarcely equal in merit to M. Malot's 'Petite Sœur.' But then the 'Million' is possibly of more general interest; and M. Claretie appears ordinarily to occupy a middle place between the authors we have unhesitatingly condemned and those we can honestly admire. And there is little or nothing in his latest work to which we can reasonably take exception on moral grounds. M. Claretie has always submitted somewhat reluctantly to the exigencies of a dissolute public,

while his inclinations seemed to draw him in the opposite direction. He loves what is good; he appreciates delicacy of sentiment; and, nevertheless, his novels are essentially worldly. The 'Million' is distinctly a case in point. We are carried along in the whirl of frivolity and speculation: his heroes are chiefly men who have battled on the Bourse, or merchants who have struggled unsuccessfully in commerce; and his men and his women, for the most part, worship either Mammon or Fashion before all things. Yet he can sympathetically sketch subordinate characters, who attract us infinitely more than others who thrust themselves more conspicuously forward. His imagination can rise to ideals of disinterestedness which approach the heroic, notwithstanding their surroundings; and instead of gloating over the blighting of some promising life, where sin has almost consciously been working for retribution, he loves to let good triumph over evil, and to teach that the gravest faults may be atoned by genuine repentance. Some of his critical French contemporaries have objected to M. Claretie that he has too many literary irons in the fire ever to take rank as a leading novelist. They admit that he was a writer of great possibilities; but they maintain that the novelist must concentrate himself upon his work, that he should leisurely develop his fancies in an undistracted brain; and they cite the faults of Claretie's fictions in support of their theories. He is too active as a journalist—so they say—to do himself justice as a novelist; his plots are carelessly conceived, and slovenly worked out. Even if the principle they lay down be generally sound, our English experience must convince us that there may be exceptions to it. Hitherto,

however, so far as M. Claretie is concerned, we have been inclined to agree with them; but it strikes us that 'Le Million,' to say the least of it, marks a great advance upon his former work. The plot is strong and solid. Incidents that must have been long foreseen are made to dovetail into each other ingeniously, from the first chapter to the last; and striking situations arise out of circumstances which could only have been reconciled and arranged by forethought. And we have a similar sense of a well-reasoned consistency in his characters, even when their conduct surprises us or baffles our anticipations.

We have said that 'Le Million' is of the world and worldly, notwithstanding its glimpses of nobler things; and M. Claretie is invariably and intensely Parisian. Thence perhaps his success, in spite of occasional carelessness. He is none of those novelists, like André Theuriet, who have settled down in the colony of artists at Fontainebleau, and can dash you off a simple idyl of the woods and streams, that gains favour with artificial folks from the inherent graces of the sentiment. M. Claretie lays his hand on the pulses of the city in which he has lived and moved and had his aspirations. In his more earnest moments he expresses his sympathies with the men who are most painfully conscious of the trivialities that occupy and intoxicate them. 'Le Million' opens in an *al fresco* café of the Champs Elysées—chez Ledoyen, as we may suppose, from the green sauce served with the salmon—one of those touches of contemporary realism which the frequenter of Paris should recognise. It is the grande fête-day of the *vernissage*, when all Paris with any pretensions to fashion or taste, has been crowding the galleries of the Art

Exhibition for the coming season. Louis Ribeyre, who has invited a little family gathering as host, is a genuine Frenchman and Parisian down to the tips of his varnished boots. But besides that, there is a strong dash of Bohemian blood in his veins; he has all the Bohemian gaiety of heart, and he affects the Bohemian liberty of speech. Differently connected or associated, he might possibly have been a great imaginative painter; more practical, he might have made a fortune by limning fashionable portraits. Knowing what we know of him, the latter possibility seems to be indicated by the mocking jealousy with which he remarks the portrait-painter the most in vogue, who is displaying his graces at a neighbouring table. As it is, Louis appears to have money enough to live comfortably, or he would not figure as Amphitryon on such an occasion; and a competency has encouraged him in his natural indolence and in his caprices, which unfit him for making serious exertions. He is *lié* by his relationships with capital and trade; and we suspect from the first that there is unacknowledged envy in the indifference he professes to riches and luxuries. It is a happy thought which groups all the leading characters of the story, and groups them naturally, round one little table in the opening chapter. We feel that each of the painter's guests must more or less have a marked individuality, and that the contrast or conjunction of their very different natures may lead them through a series of exciting experiences. The meeting is a reflection in miniature of middle-class Paris, sprung from the people, aspiring to the plutocracy, and given over to feverish excitements in one shape or another. Most boisterous, and forcing himself most conspicuously upon our

notice as on that of his neighbours, is Emile Guillemard, one of the celebrities of the Bourse; a broker and speculator, who can trade upon the invaluable capital of a reputation for succeeding in everything he attempts,—a man who has seldom a minute he can call his own, and who has condescended as a very exceptional favour to make a dash at the *déjeuner* of his cousin the painter—for even a *boursier* must eat somewhere, and his carriage awaits him outside. He is a vulgar good fellow, whose head has been heated by his good fortune; who accumulates money by strokes of audacity; whose heart may still possibly be in the right place—which is a point that is to be settled in the course of the story; but who rattles his moneybags obnoxiously in your face, and whose company would be intolerable to what we call a gentleman. A veritable type of his class in Paris; in England we should indicate this M. Guillemard as an overprosperous commercial traveller. His daughter is precisely what we should expect, considering that she has good looks, and is superficially brilliant. When we say that she is the idol of her father, we have shown how she has been spoiled. Indeed, as it is, taking her disadvantages into account, Raymonde Guillemard must have had a deal of the angel in her. We cannot expect to find refinement in the petted darling of the vulgar capitalist. *La Cousinette*, as Louis Ribeyre playfully calls her, can literally throw millions away on her fantasies. It is her father's boast that he fills her purse so fast, that nothing which the giddy spendthrift can do can drain it. And though he has provided her with an imperturbable Englishwoman for *chaperon*, Raymonde is a girl who will take the bit in her teeth. As she does what she pleases, so

she says what she likes; nor does she scruple to turn the conversation to one of the most notorious of the venal beauties in the Bois who happens to resemble her in person and in face.

In contrast with the prosperous Guillemard and his heiress, are Victor Ribeyre and his only daughter. While Raymonde, so far as wealth goes, should have the world at her feet, Andrée Ribeyre is likely to inherit nothing. That is her father's second greatest grief, while he has been succumbing to the anxieties of a struggling business. Andrée, we must say in passing, is relatively insipid, because she is the incarnation of generous simplicity and disinterestedness; although the simple-minded devotion she feels for her father is sure to cause her trouble when she comes to fall in love. A more interesting personage is Madame Ribeyre, who naturally claims the first place in her husband's anxieties; who is little older than her stepdaughter, and even more beautiful, though in a different style. In the first place, Victor Ribeyre is desperately in love with his wife; in the second place, in spite of himself, he misdoubts her. The beautiful Genevieve is more Parisian than Guillemard; more Parisian even than her cousin Louis. Like Solomon's virtuous wife, she would be a crown to a wealthy husband, but she was never made to share the sorrows of a poor man. She had more than enough of sordid anxiety as a girl, when she saw her father being driven foot by foot towards bankruptcy. She loves money and admiration in an honest way, but for admiration and money she has irrepressible longings. Moreover, she has much of that sentimental sensuousness of the creole, which George Sand exhibited so effectively in 'Indiana.' She loves her

husband as yet, but her domestic anxieties irritate her beyond endurance: already they are telling on her health and looks; and she feels that relief at any price would be cheaply purchased. Guillemard is not subtle enough to read her mind, nor does he pride himself on personal fascinations. But he is quite shrewd enough to see that she is dazzled by his millions, and he can heartily pity and sympathise with her in her distaste for poverty. He places himself and all he has at her disposal—as a cousin; and should his liberality lead on to anything serious, why, *tant pis pour le cousin Victor*. He will not tell himself coldly that he would seduce his cousin's wife; but property has its privileges as poverty has its penalties. It would be a kindly action to give Madame Genevieve all she desires, and the consequences may be postponed for after-consideration. So that the virtue of the beautiful Genevieve trembles in the balance of the future; and if she were in the hands of M. Zola or even of M. Daudet, we should predict pretty confidently that her fall was predestined.

This sketch of the characters who give its marked features to the story shows that there is the material for an ingenious plot; and M. Claretie makes the best of them, with a delicacy and even a tenderness to which Parisian novelists have seldom accustomed us of late. The pivot of the dramatic action is the capricious testamentary disposition of an uncle who was many times millionaire. Old Ducrey, who is only left too much in outline, might have been a study for Balzac, and has very probably been borrowed from him. A *roué* in his youth, the old man would be a miser in his age, but for a solitary taste in which he is profuse. Leading a lonely life with

a single housekeeper, he crowds his rooms with miracles of artistic furniture, and rests his posthumous reputation on the excitement that will be created by their sale. He passes his time, to the very last, in devising fresh financial combinations. There is a very powerful scene when Victor Ribeyre pays him a visit, in the desperate hope of obtaining an indispensable advance. He sees the avaricious old skeleton, with death in his face, sitting under the shadow of an exquisite crucifix which Ducrey had bought for the sake of the carving, and with a fading light in his eyes, that is only rekindled by the prospective gains of some rascally transaction. Desperate as are his financial extremities, the honest Victor dare not prefer his request; and it was just as well that he did not provoke a certain refusal. Having led a godless and conscienceless life, Ducrey leaves a legacy of mischief behind him. He revokes what would have been a natural will by a codicil embodying the most capricious conditions, and conveying away his property from his natural heirs. Hence the complications which give their interest to the story, and the ordeals to which the frailties of Ducrey's relatives are subjected. The will has been acted upon before the codicil is discovered, and the brothers Ribeyre have been suddenly enriched. To Victor the accession of wealth brings inexpressible relief. Not only is he released from a life of anxiety, but the wife that he had trembled to lose is secured to him. It is true that the announcement of his fortune came somewhat too late; for his Genevieve had broken down only the evening before, and revealed to him in a passionate outbreak the longings she had hitherto kept concealed. In the revelation he learned that he had been losing his hold on his idol,

and his vague suspicions of Guille-mard were taking tangible shape. With wealth, his wife has really become an honest woman again; and her reviving love was unmistakably genuine. While as for the careless Louis, who had always scoffed at the sorrows of the rich, he has taken more kindly than Victor to his novel circumstances.

When the brothers learn that the money they have been enjoying was never really meant for them after all, they behave according to their different natures. The clever and reckless Louis finds specious arguments why they should not be victimised by an old tyrant's crotchets. The honest Victor would wash his hands at once; but then his affection for Genevieve is artfully wrought upon. Will he lose her love by renewing her anxieties? Will he condemn her again to the misery that was making shipwreck of her health, and which will plunge her back in temptations which may prove irresistible? During the year through which the brothers guard their guilty secret and keep their ill-gotten wealth, we may conceive the sufferings to which the susceptible Victor is condemned. Aided by circumstances, however, his probity reasserts itself at last; and then the problem that chiefly interests us is, how Genevieve may take the disclosure. M. Claretie's treatment of the difficult situation is bold, and, we may add, doubtful. It seems to us that Genevieve is saved, and that the forebodings which had beset her husband are falsified, at the cost of probabilities. The woman who was nearly selling herself for the pleasures of the world, has been morally regenerated by her temporary immersion in them. It is not that she has tasted their bitterness; on the contrary, she enjoyed them heartily. But having enjoyed

them for a time, her longings have been satisfied; and now she is content to resign herself to destiny and duty. The dying Victor finds her a devoted nurse, and he dies as sure of her devotion as of that of his unworldly daughter. As for Louis, the effect upon him is more natural. He had been carried off his legs in the sudden overflow of a Pactolus, and having no firm principles to support him, had gone with the golden stream, and even found eloquence to turn tempter to his brother. But his wants are really few; his tastes were naturally simple; he had been becoming *blasé* on everything, when he found his occupation as an artist gone; and he is consoled besides by the love of the *cousinette*, who has proved that her giddiness was only skin-deep by giving him a marvellous proof of disinterestedness. And Louis, again, in the days of his wealth, had given her a characteristically Parisian proof of his admiration. When he fancied the *cousinette* would never care for him, he had paid his court to one of the most brilliant types of the *cocotte*, because in hair, and looks, and perhaps in *étourderie*, that brilliant being reminded him of Raymonde. In the persons we have sketched, such as they are, with the exception of the weak but well-meaning Victor, we see the darker or more frivolous side of Claretie's pictures of Parisian life. Contrasted with them are others who rise to sublime and almost Quixotic heights of self-sacrifice—such as Olivier Giraud, the confidential clerk, who is almost savagely aggressive in his proud independence; and Mademoiselle Andrée Ribeyre, whom he ultimately marries. But we are sorry to repeat, that notwithstanding their nobility of nature, these models of the virtues are relatively tame. They make all the difference, how-

ever, to the morality of a story in which vice is punished and virtue rewarded; and M. Claretie deserves all possible credit for the virtues which he may have exaggerated, but which he praises and admires; while the sentiment of his story is relieved and enlivened by those battles on the Bourse to which we made allusion, in which M. Guille-mard is driven to the wall, to be saved by a miracle of fortune.

M. Malot, if he seems scarcely so much a man of the world as M. Claretie, has perhaps more delicate perceptions of human nature in general, and a warmer sympathy with its softer side. 'La Petite Sœur' is meant as a companion study to 'Sans Famille,' which we reviewed in the Magazine some years ago; and it reminds us of the other in many respects. It is almost equally sensational, but the sensations are of a different kind. We have no little vagabond roughing it barefooted on the highways, alternately bullied and petted by the wandering mountebanks who seek to make a profit of him. In place of a friendless orphan boy, we have a little girl with a home and an affectionate mother. None the less is the life of Mademoiselle de Mussidan made exciting in the extreme. For although she may always count upon the most tender watchfulness—though she has a mother who idolises and a lover who adores her; yet, after all, her fate is in the hands of a father who is only to be moved by considerations of self-interest. So that Genevieve de Mussidan's future altogether depends on the circumstances that become too strong for the perverse selfishness of her father, and which are incidentally evolved in the course of the story.

The plot that sets the characters in action is an ingenious one; but it supplies another example of what we have just asserted—that

the most objectionable characters in a novel are usually the most artistically interesting. The mother of "the little sister" is admirable, notwithstanding the single slip from virtue which gives all the colouring and interest to what must otherwise have been a commonplace life. She is a cheerful, kindly, hard-working woman; she would have been a most loving wife had she met with a decent husband; and maternal affection arms her with the courage to flutter like the hen-partridge in defence of her little ones. But it is her husband, scamp as he is, who deservedly attracts our attention. The story opens in a way to which we have been accustomed in scores of familiar French novels by Paul de Kock and others. The life in single rooms in one of the great Parisian rookeries, brings next-door neighbours into close relations, sometimes to their satisfaction, but more often to their sorrow. In one of these lodging-houses a certain M. Passeron becomes an object of general gossip. There is a mystery about him, with a grand distinction of manners. His stock of linen is as scanty as his visible resources, but it is whispered that the linen is embroidered with a coronet. He holds himself civilly though almost superciliously aloof. Mademoiselle Angélique, who lives in the next room, has an opportunity of rendering him a service. It is nothing less than saving him from death, when he was on the point of expiring of starvation. That extremity, from which he was so opportunely rescued, marks the eminent inconsistencies of M. Passeron's nature. He is a probable enough Parisian type, although almost impossible in most other capitals. M. Passeron is the vainest and meanest of mankind. He is really

the Count de Mussidan, chief of an ancient family, who has already "eaten" two great fortunes and is holding on in expectation of a third. Being reduced to humiliating straits of economy, he has suppressed his name and eclipsed his existence. He sleeps and starves in a bare garret, rented at a few francs the month; and promenades the Boulevards every afternoon, exchanging salutations with some of their most brilliant *habitués*. Rather than beg of his humble neighbours, he had resigned himself to die of inanition. But when Mademoiselle Angélique, who would have been called a *grisette* a generation ago, helps him into her room and feeds and warms him, all the nobility of his lofty nature revives. Hardly is he able to steady himself on his legs than he imposes with his grand manner on his benefactress. Condescending gracefully, with the hereditary distinction of his race, and reassuring her with the gentleness of his insinuating gratitude, he incites her to fresh acts of benevolence. While she is feeding and warming him day after day, both of them feel that she is the obliged party. He shows himself capable of the most sublime self-sacrifice—all the more sublime, that she is not in the secret of it. She spends her hard-earned savings in spreading a comfortable board for him. While he, *en galant homme*, sits down to "cooking that is more than primitive" without a grimace; and swallows her tough cutlets without audibly breathing a sigh for the banquets of Bignon's and the Café Anglais. And there are some admirable little touches which illustrate his autocratic selfishness, as when he repels the familiarities of her favourite cat, and finally has that hitherto petted animal banished to a *pension* in the suburbs.

A *liaison* that was innocent at first has almost necessarily its natural consequences. Angélique slips and falls; and it is difficult to blame her. Crushed under the disclosure of the personality of the Count of Mussidan, she persuades herself that their marriage is only a question of time, and that she is bound to consult her condescending lover's convenience. That the selfish Count should ever have "made an honest woman of her," may seem extravagant enough. But there the dramatic machinery is brought into play, which gives its main interest to M. Malot's novel. M. de Mussidan is moved entirely by self-interest, and a wealthy old spinstress aunt is the absolute mistress of his future. Should he succeed to her immense fortune, he will be himself again. Old Mademoiselle de Paylaurens is excessively tantalising. A confirmed invalid, she will defer her death; while she persists in telling him that he is irrevocably disinherited. But it would appear that, according to the French law, such a threat must be accepted with modifications, so long as the disinherited heir has children. The Count has a right to the enjoyment of the revenues of any fortune that may be left to minors. And M. de Mussidan has a couple of scapegrace boys, besides their "little sister" born to him by Angélique. Mademoiselle de Paylaurens, whom he perpetually abuses, is really a model of benevolence, and a most sensible woman to boot, though somewhat eccentric. She has kept her eye on the father of the grandchildren whose extravagance has disappointed her, and she has learned the truth as to his relations with Angélique. She appreciates the devotion of the confiding girl he has betrayed, and puts pecuniary pressure upon her nephew

to marry her. And having brought the marriage about by working upon the Count's cupidity, she builds her last hope on the little sister.

Mademoiselle Genevieve's story continues chiefly to interest us as it develops the peculiarities of her disreputable parent. The little girl inherits the sweet dispositions of her mother; and yet the self-seeking of her father might possibly warp them. Here again we are brought face to face with a struggle between the contending influences of good and evil. The hands of the submissive mother are in a manner tied; and the arbitrary father would have it all his own way, had not his rich aunt come to the rescue. Spending the allowance that is made to him on his personal amusements, he leaves his wife to work herself to death to meet the household expenses, and would willingly let his daughter do the same. Happily, however, for the child, his interests are bound up in her longevity. And there is delightful irony in the care the father bestows upon the health which is literally so very precious to him. He sacrifices himself to promenading her on the Boulevards, having previously seen that she is suitably dressed. And subsequently, when she has made a sensation with her enchanting voice, he stoops his pride to letting her sing in public, and condescends to flatter the journalists he despises, that she may be duly puffed in the press. Yet even then he displays his irrepensible habits of self-indulgence, by airing his pride at the expense of his pocket. Self-exaltation is one of the luxuries he cannot deny himself, cost what it may. He will *chaperon* his daughter to the entertainments where she is professionally engaged; and there he will offend her most liberal pa-

trons by insisting on the precedence due to his rank. Had he been less short-sighted, and carried himself more modestly, he might have lived in comfort on the genius of Genevieve: as it is, he is once more reduced to such narrow circumstances that Mademoiselle de Paylaurens can constrain him for Genevieve's good.

The rest of the story turns upon Genevieve's love affairs, and M. de Mussidan, although he has necessarily much to say upon the subject, withdraws to the background. The girl has fixed her affections on a rising young journalist and dramatist, who, except in birth and social position, is in every way worthy of her; but she has been driven at last to seek shelter under the roof of her grand-aunt. And Mademoiselle de Paylaurens, although she proves to be the best and most generous of women, prides herself on her family, is suspicious of modern journalism, and detests the stage. Nothing could secure the happiness of the anxious Genevieve but the antagonistic antipathies of her father and grand-aunt. Mademoiselle de Paylaurens is wrought upon through her strongest feelings—love for her niece and regard for the fortune, which she knows her grand-nephews would lavish in prodigalities. By a heroic act of justifiable deception, when stretched upon her deathbed, she imposes on the spendthrift, who has been counting her days; and she makes his covetousness the instrument of its own disappointment. So that M. Malot has worked out his clever plot with an interest which is ingeniously increased to the last moment; and perhaps he has never succeeded better in a study of character than in the egotistical hypocrisy of the Comte de Mussidan.

M. Ludovic Halévy is a writer

who, like M. Claretie, might have made a greater name had he turned his attention exclusively to fiction. He has written charily, but he has written well: and by far the cleverest of his books is the most discreditable. His 'Madame et Monsieur Cardinal' may be classed with the infamously graceful masterpiece of Theophile Gautier. Its style is admirable; it is as delicately and we had almost said as diabolically suggestive. Not that there is any very great harm in it, according to the standard of the French novel-reader; but that it makes vice most coquettishly and gracefully suggestive. Therefore, in the almost general declension of tone in fiction which we have been lamenting, we are the better pleased to give a welcome to a work of repentance. It is a case of surprise over a Saul among the prophets when M. Halévy offers us compensation for his *égarements de plume* by writing a novelette so innocently charming as 'L'Abbé Constantin;' all the more so, that he shows that humour and gaiety need not necessarily be wedded to provocations to vice. The little book is nearly perfect in its unpretending style. Its scenes are laid in a remote rural parish; and although a reflection of the lights of Paris falls almost necessarily across the pages, yet it is flashed from a distance, and comes in by way of contrast. M. Halévy sets himself to glorify the virtues in all classes, while he gives free play to the passions in almost primitive simplicity. The story opens in the brooding of a storm over the quiet little parish of Longueval. Its great domain with the ancestral chateau is going to change hands, and the purchaser is to be decided by the hazards of an auction-room. The Curé, L'Abbé Constantin, is in great trouble. He is sorry for himself, since he

was the old friend of the family that goes away; but he is still more anxious for his unfortunate poor. They have lost a liberal and tender benefactress, and whom are they to find in her place? What man can do has been done to avert the calamity he dreads. A combination has been formed to keep the property in the county; but that combination has been defeated. The chateau has gone to a stranger—to a foreigner—to an American—to a heretic. The poor will starve—the Curé will be thrust aside—and the end of all things is evidently approaching.

But it always seems darkest the hour before day, and the good Curé's lack of faith is rebuked. On a day immediately following the sale he entertains a visitor to dinner in his little "presbytery." The presbytery is not a palace, as M. Halévy explains, but its occupant loves to practise the pleasures of hospitality: and this time his guest is his godson and favourite, Jean Reynaud, captain in a regiment of artillery which is quartered in the neighbouring town. Jean is the only son of a freethinking country doctor, who had been adored by the pious priest for his large-minded liberality; and who, after giving his life for his country in the Franco-German war, had bequeathed a handsome sum of money to his heir. Jean had carried disinterestedness to the point of dividing his inheritance with the widow and the orphan. Consequently he has always found a second father in the worthy Curé; and that sublime disinterestedness of his strikes the key-note to the story, which is a signal example of virtue bringing its reward. The priest is pouring out his griefs upon Captain Jean's sympathetic bosom, when a modest knock comes to the presbytery door. M. Constantin receives

a most unexpected visit, and entertains a pair of angels unawares. For his visitors are no other than Madame Scott, the wife of the American millionaire, who has purchased Longueval, with Mademoiselle "Bettina" Percival, her sister. The sisters are enormously rich co-heiresses; they are genuine Parisiennes, though of Canadian extraction; and they have dazzled the fortune-hunters and the high society of the French capital with their beauty, their style of living, and their exquisite taste. They are all the more *piquante* that they use the privileges of their wealth without abusing them, by a certain transatlantic freedom of speech, which expresses precisely what they think. The pair of provincials are taken aback by the radiant apparitions; but the unaffected simplicity of these ethereal beings soon places them at their ease. The Curé learns to his delight that they are dutiful daughters of mother Church; and they leave him substantial proofs of their respect for her in the shape of sundry *rouleaux* of napoleons. They promise, besides, a monthly revenue, which surpasses all his most magnificent dreams; and we may remark parenthetically, that M. Halévy's ideas of beneficence are altogether opposed to the principles of the Charity Organisation Society.

As for Captain John Reynaud, he is fascinated, blinded, and dazzled. His safety so far is, that in this vague and preliminary stage of an overpowering passion, he is equally taken by the two sisters, and is more puzzled as to awarding the prize than Paris among the goddesses on Mount Ida. But as he is too honest a man to make love to a married woman, we know beforehand how the balance must incline. Of course we see that the barrier which looms between him and the

bewitching Bettina, consists in the enormity of that young woman's wealth and expectations. But inviting opportunities offer irresistible seductions. Their first friend in the country is urged by the ladies to make himself at home in their chateau, along with his spiritual father and sponsor. Wherever Bettina goes or turns she hears the Captain's praises sounded in her ears by the peasantry; and while the handsome young officer escorts her in her forest-rides, she is getting glimpses at the beauties of his noble nature. The result is clearly foreseen from the first, but the successive stages through which it is reached are made none the less interesting. Bettina's bright and instinctive frankness explains what would otherwise be unmaidenly forwardness. Persecuted by men who had marked her down for her money, she had despaired of the disinterested love of which she had dreamed. Here she has the very object she has been hoping for,—a man who, as the French say, has made his proofs of disinterestedness; who has sacrificed himself to be the Providence of his less fortunate neighbours; who is vouched for by the saintly old clergyman who has known him and loved him from boyhood. And yet she sees her hopes of happiness slipping through her fingers. Jean loves her far beyond all earthly things, but then he will never sell himself for money. So she determines to "take her courage in both hands," and do as her sister had done before her. As the mountain will not come to her, she resolves to go all the way to the mountain. She drops down upon her lover at the presbytery, when he is on the eve of a despairing flight, and insists upon confessing herself to the Curé before him. She states her case exactly as we

have told it, in an extremely pretty and touching scene. The presence of the good father sanctifies the explanation, and Jean, who regards her as an angel, never questions her purity or sincerity. The marriage is arranged, with all regard to his scruples; and the wealthy American heiress, having found more than she had hoped, bestows her hand on the hard-working soldier, who means still to make his way in his profession.

But our slight sketch of a very *spirituelle* story can give but a faint idea of its beauties and graces. It is lively from the beginning to the end; there is quiet humour in abundance; but the chief claim is in the refinement and elevation of the tone. M. Halévy does his country-people the infinite service of showing that morality and innocence may be made as attractive as fashionable vice. Bettina Percival is literally a child of nature, who is scared instead of being attracted by sin, and who flutters naturally like a frightened dove to the bosom of the strong man who she feels can protect her. The old Curé is as natural as she—a venerable recluse, or rather secluse, who has realised the happiness of living for other people, and who yet has some slight taint of humanity. He "makes his follies" in the way of being absurdly charitable; and moreover, though a recluse, he is no ascetic. He has no dislike to his creature-comforts; he is a good deal of an epicure in a quiet way; and it is a real pleasure to him to drop to sleep in a comfortable *salon*, lulled by the strains of cultivated music, after a long day of hard duty in his parish lanes. Altogether we may cordially congratulate M. Halévy on a book which, as we may hope, will be a new point of departure.

EUROPE IN STRAITS :

COMMERCE AND WAR.

WE lately called attention to the "Omens of Trouble" manifest in the remarkable change which, increasing year by year, has come over the nations of Europe, whereby the panoply of war has succeeded to and displaced the almost Quaker-like habits of peace which prevailed at the middle period of the century. We showed how every country in this respect has fared alike, and that nowhere is the war-change more conspicuous than in our own pre-eminently peace-loving isles of industry and shopkeeping; and we asked, Whence and whither? How is it that this extraordinary change has supervened, and what does it forebode? Are the nations of a whole continent gone mad? or is there really some Great War "in the air," which human instinct scents from afar, and whole peoples are almost unconsciously preparing for?—hardly any one thinking of creating a war, but each careful to see that its weapons of defence lie ready at hand.

In considering whither Europe is drifting, we certainly shall not assume to don the prophet's mantle, but simply desire to place before our readers some of the peculiar aspects of the times,—out of which the Future is likely to shape itself; the Present being ever to the Future what the child is to the man. Now, Europe at present exhibits a very peculiar aspect indeed,—one which, from the beginning of time, it has never presented before; and also one which, once established, *must go on*,—unless our whole present order of things,

society and civilisation, are to come, be it suddenly or slowly, to an end,—whether by some vast catastrophe of war and revolution, or by the gradual wasting of declining energy and decay.

In one respect, no doubt, this aspect or general condition of Europe (our own Isles included) is of itself a happy result of recently acquired powers,—of powers but for which a great European crisis must already have been undergone, and our continent would ere now have been distinctly on the wane,—not at all mysteriously, but as a result seemingly as certain as that of human existence itself. In a recently published work,¹ a thoughtful writer has traced the uprise and progress of "Internationalism"—of the various facts and causes which, after the peace of Waterloo, and as a pressing necessity, began to widen the sphere of individual and national enterprise, alike in commerce and finance; and the final outburst of European enterprise and capital all over the world, which came with the advent of railways and oceanic steam-navigation,—making Europe as truly the heart and headquarters of the civilised globe, as Italy was of the Mediterranean world under the sway of Rome.

But for these and other co-operating causes, it is an unquestionable fact that ere this the European continent, and England first, would have reached its limits of general greatness. There must either have been a full stop in the growth of population, or else, as natural pas-

¹ 'The New Golden Age.' By R. H. Patterson.

sion never yet took such warning in time, Europe would have been landed in a crisis—a wider and direr 1848—produced by starving poverty, in evil conjunction with the “dangerous classes” which exist largely in even the most fortunate countries. For years past, our own people have become dependent for one-half of their food, and also of their employment, upon foreign countries. It is beyond our present purpose to speculate whether the cataclysm above referred to is not being approached anew, despite the immense advantages which in recent times have been placed at the disposal of civilised mankind. But, speaking solely of existing circumstances, we desire to call attention to the condition in which our continent now stands, and the natural influence which such a position exerts upon national life and interests—an influence which is distinctly visible in the policy of European States, whether they be kingdoms or republics; and which, as it grows, must more and more affect the *haute politique* of Europe and the imperial fortunes of all the leading nations of the Old World.

Let us observe some of the obvious facts and warning lessons of the times. In all directions human power has widened vastly within the last half-century; and whether in peace or in war, combinations of States and peoples now possess a potentiality of magnitude previously undreamt of. Moreover, strange and startling, possibly even unnatural, as it may seem, the very civilisation of Europe has engendered wants which, however unconsciously, are prone to create within the bosom of peace the circumstances of war. Every country in Europe—even Russia—has become too small for its people; not a few of them are actually

inadequate for the sustenance of their inhabitants,—the domestic food-supply is insufficient, and all of them too small of themselves to supply their people with the scale of comfortable existence which, in many respects happily, has become a common or wellnigh universal expectation. The nations of Europe have entirely ceased to be self-sufficing. They desire and demand foreign trade; new markets for their ever-increasing industry,—for the produce of that ever-growing work of Manufacture which is the only expansible employment for a population which has become too numerous for its soil. Nay more, beyond foreign trade, not a few of our nations imperiously desire foreign settlements. Besides the knowledge that “commerce follows the flag,” and that the surest basis of a foreign trade is colonies and dependencies—a dependent empire,—in some cases there is a desire, born of an actual want, for “fresh fields and pastures new,” to provide new homes for their ever-growing numbers. In truth, even Russia, with her vast forests and thinly peopled steppes, desires new territory for agricultural settlement, for a population which has little taste and equally small opportunity for manufacturing industry.

This view of the case, this new aspect of the European continent, has not yet been adequately conceived. We are all more or less alive to the fact that our own islands are, and in reality have long been, insufficient for their inhabitants. First, about the beginning of the present century, a portion of our people became dependent for employment upon other countries. Our stores of coal and iron, together with the then recent inventions in textile machinery, had begun to furnish a new source

of employment alike for capital and labour, provided other countries supplied us with a portion of the raw materials, and with markets for the manufactured articles. And these things we had obtained, almost without noticing the fact. Thanks to the sagacity of Pitt, we had acquired a splendid colonial empire, simply, as it were, in the course of waging the great war against France and her allies. And thus, as both our wealth and our population augmented beyond the limits of investment and of employment within the area and upon the resources of our own little islands, we launched forth under the most favourable conditions upon that career of Internationalism, alike in commerce and finance, by means of which both our population and our wealth have acquired unparalleled proportions relative to the size and natural resources of our country. Indeed so vast have our national requirements now become, that despite our magnificent and far-spreading empire—a marvel of the world!—we have at length reached a stage at which we are critically dependent upon foreign tariffs and commercial treaties with the world at large. In a proud self-reliance (whether wisely or not), we cut ourselves adrift from Pitt's grand scheme of a British Zollverein,—we preferred not to rely upon the smaller but safe world of trade be-

tween a mother-country and its dependencies, and to aim at and trust to a manufacturing and commercial supremacy in the world at large. To obtain this, we had to abandon the "differential duties,"—the commercial league with our colonies. And now we have manifestly reached a critical stage, when that commercial supremacy is becoming endangered, partly by a growing rivalry of other nations in manufacturing industry, and partly from the operation of their hostile tariffs. Certainly, we do not despair of our commercial fortunes; but that our position is becoming critical must be recognised by every one who adequately considers the enormous extent, hitherto unparalleled in the world, to which the fortunes of our people have become dependent, not merely upon the integrity of our vast empire, but upon our relations with that vaster outer world, between which and ourselves there exists no relationship save that of a self-interest which is as often rival as mutual.

We refer to this matter, not for discussion, but in illustration, or for instructive comparison. What we desire to call attention to is, that these conditions of national existence which, since the beginning of the century, have become so imperative in our own country, are gradually becoming imposed upon the other States of Europe,¹ and are already most perceptibly

¹ The flight of population from Europe is at present greater than ever—the immigration into the United States alone amounting to three-quarters of a million annually. The 'Daily News' correspondent at New York states that the immigration for the past year (1882) "was the largest in the history of the country. The grand total will be about 735,000, against 719,000 last year. This estimate is based on the official Government figures for all the months except December. The different nationalities are divided as follows: England and Wales, 81,000; Ireland, 70,000; Scotland, 17,000; Germany, 232,000; Sweden, 59,000; Norway, 27,000; Canada, 89,000; all other countries, 160,000. Germany maintains the lead, sending nearly a third of the entire number. The quality of the arrivals has been good, the vast majority of them going west, and becoming producers and useful citizens almost immediately."

affecting their imperial policy. The grand toast of our fathers, "Ships, Colonies, and Commerce," is in one form or other becoming a fixed object of policy with nearly all the States of the Continent. It is a necessity for them. Germany, it is true, which for a while contemplated an oceanic extension of her empire (chiefly by making settlements in the Pacific Archipelago), still refrains from such a diffusion of her power and population—temporarily submitting to the growing discontent of the latter, rather than lose the services of her soldier-sons until the period of war-crisis at home has ceased or been victoriously surmounted. But France, Italy, Spain, Russia: is it not to foreign extension, territorial aggrandisement with commercial influence, that the imperial policy of each of these States is directed? For this object, France sacrifices even the high idea of a Latin Confederation, whereby alone southwestern Europe could make itself a match for the now unified central States, or rise to a level of power with the Muscovite colossus. France has quarrelled with Italy for the sake of appropriating Tunis, and snarls at England for the sake of Egypt. In turn, Spain watches France with jealous and half-angry eyes, because suspecting that Gallic ambition would fain seek new fields in Morocco, which the Span-

iards have marked out for their own spoil. Balked in Tunis by the prompter and more daring policy of France, Italy still throws a covetous glance southward to the African seaboard, hoping to anticipate France in Tripoli; and while looking now almost hopelessly at the "Italian" valleys of the Tyrol, the Italian Government watches with feverish anxiety the eastern coast of the Adriatic, where the martial hand of the Turk is losing its hold upon that region of wild mountain tribes. According to a newly issued report upon the Crown-lands in Italy, upwards of sixty thousand small proprietors have been dispossessed—in our phrase, "evicted"—on account of inability to pay the taxes,—a state of matters which seems to rival the crushing poverty of the rural districts of Italy under the later Roman Emperors. Several Deputies, in consequence, have prayed the Minister of Finance to bring forward the Bill for the abolition of the *quote minime* of the property tax.¹

Further, and more formidable of all, there is the mingled commercial and territorial ambition,—the combined land-and-trade hunger both of Austria and Russia in northern Turkey and the valley of the Danube. Apart from the momentous objects of political power and racial ascendancy,

¹ Italy is certainly not one of the most densely peopled portions of Europe; yet, at the end of last year, the British Consul at Naples reports "that the tide of emigration to both North and South America from the Italian provinces of the interior is assuming quite alarming proportions. The poverty and misery endured by the Italian peasantry have been shown of late in many authoritative publications to be almost without parallel; and it appears that their helpless and apparently hopeless condition has begun to have its natural effect in stimulating the desire to try their fortunes in other lands. The number embarked on board British vessels in the port of Naples during the first three months of the present year equalled the total for the previous twelve months. The emigrants belong almost entirely to the peasant class; and it is not unusual, we are told, for the inhabitants of an entire village to sell off their small properties and take passage in these emigrant ships. The provinces which give the largest contingent are those of Abruzzi and Calabria."

which so visibly centre in South-eastern Europe, the line of the Danube is indispensable to the Germanic States as a commercial highway and outlet; while, in the lack of transmarine settlements, it is in the fertile alluvial plains of the Lower Danube that the Germans must seek an emigration-field for their steadily increasing numbers. *There* lies a lasting "bone of contention" between the Germanic States and Russia, with *her* growing population, which already feels cribbed and starved upon the bleak Northern steppes, and who are ready to fight "to the last man and the last musket" rather than remain shut out from the blooming gardens and genial climate of the South.

Lastly, there is the vast field of Upper and Western Asia, into which the European race seems bent upon overflowing, alike by land and by sea; and where, while Russia already marks for her own the chief region occupied by the falling Ottomans, the maritime nations of Europe, especially the British and French, will be drawn towards an occupation of the southern—at least, of the isthmal portion of the great continent, extending between the Mediterranean and the Indian Ocean.

We are apt to underrate or wholly overlook an urgent necessity which at present lies upon the Russian empire—upon that vast mass of semi-barbaric population which still lies beyond the pale of civilised Europe, and which resembles, to a greater extent than we readily realise, the swarm of half-starving hordes which lay of old beyond the frontier-wall of the Cæsars and their imperial successors.

Eighty millions of human beings occupy the great Sarmatian plain from the Vistula to the Caspian (a

westward extension into Europe of the steppes of Upper Asia), and such a mass of humanity is no easy burden for the earth to support. Sparsely though the soil be occupied, the Russian peasantry find a great difficulty in extracting from it a bare subsistence. Lying inland from the sea, those semi-Asiatic plains suffer the extremes alike of summer heat and of winter cold. The succession of crops and the almost ceaseless labours of agriculture which are possible under the "open winters" of our islands, and which mitigate our lack of cultivable area, are unknown on the Russian steppes, where the soil is frost-bound for wellnigh half the year; and the peasants, condemned to idleness, huddle and muse round the wood-fire in their smoky cabins—rejoicing, too, whenever they can afford it, in *vodki* and intoxication. And this population, sluggish though it be, still grows, while the steppes and the climate remain as before! In this unprovided-for increment of population Nihilism finds a favourable field; while the vaguely dreamy temperament of the Slavonians, and especially the proneness to Communism (to which they are bred by their immemorial "village-communities"), make them ready believers in a socialistic millennium, to arise upon the swept board of the world.

Again and again has the Russian Government desired to remove portions of this population by emigration into its Asiatic territories; and here and there small Cossack communities have been planted therein. But in his present stage of development—and largely, apparently, by racial sentiment—the Russian peasant clings to the soil like a limpet to the rock. His village-community is his world; his sole idea of life is to cultivate the hereditary bit of ground—the

allotment gradually diminishing as each village-community increases in numbers. Good soldier though he becomes, he wails bitterly when carried off by the recruiting officers from his native village; and a new settlement, however promising, has no charms in his sight when it must be preceded by long marchings away into strange and unknown regions.

It may seem a strange remark, yet it is a true one, that an export trade is the best security against domestic famine. No man will produce more of anything than he requires for his own wants, or can profitably sell to others. Accordingly, in a secluded district, or where there exists no foreign trade, a peasant population produces only enough for its own wants; each man restricts his labour to cultivating only so much ground as suffices for himself and family; whereby, of course, there is no surplus acreage or production to compensate any failure of the customary crop. But introduce foreign trade—a foreign or external demand—and then, subject to the limits of the “effective demand,” each peasant acquires a motive to produce as much as possible; so that, when a bad harvest occurs, the produce which used to be sold abroad is consumed at home. The actual loss is as great as before, but there is no famine—only poverty and pinching. The great lines of railway recently constructed in Russia have been of immense service in developing the natural resources of that vast country, and in augmenting production in general. But the ominous fact remains, that population is increasing faster than food-production; and in the memorably bad harvest-year 1879, actual famine prevailed over extensive provinces of that empire. Even Russia

can no longer feed herself in bad years, and American corn has been imported into the steppes.

When such a change is taking place in Russia, which hitherto has been the chief granary of Europe, it ought not to surprise our readers—though probably it is a novel thought to them—that our entire Continent is undergoing a similar change; and over the greater part of it, the change has already progressed much further than in sparsely peopled Russia. In truth, Europe—the centre and heart of modern civilisation—begins to repeat on a larger scale the experience of Italy, the heart of the old Roman world. To philosophic observers, there will be no strangeness in the thought that the great Modern World should exhibit, in many respects, the well-known historic phenomena which marked the course of the smaller but at least equally brilliant Mediterranean world; and that, looking back across the dis-severing gulf of the Dark Ages of Europe, we should find in the old Roman world some parallelism with the phenomena of present times. The Italian peninsula, the original source and permanent headquarters of Roman dominion, was also, from its geographical position and configuration, well fitted to be the chief seat of commerce for that old Mediterranean world. Stretching far out from the continent into the calm and sunny waters of the Inland Sea, Italy became the centre of commerce, receiving the trade as well as the spoils and tribute of the surrounding regions. While imperial Rome became the grand magnet of population, attracting residents from all parts of the surrounding world, large and populous cities arose throughout the peninsula, and the population of Italy outstripped its agricultural produc-

tion. Trade and tribute and the imperial expenditure, co-operating with natural increase, created a population, largely urban, and in excess of the domestic production of food. So early as the time of Livy the corn of Egypt and Libya had become indispensable for the sustenance of the population of Italy. Partly from choice and for profit, yet nevertheless as a fundamental necessity, the bulk of the Italian population had taken to commerce, manufactures, and the numerous retail-trades which are concomitants of commerce and of a wealthy expenditure. And apart from a portion of the tribute-money from the provinces, or its equivalents, this trade and commerce were indispensable to pay for the large annual importations of food. Italy, the heart of the Roman empire, must otherwise have starved; and the classic historian lamented that the mother-country of the Legions, where previously "every acre had its man," had in his day become dependent upon the winds and the waves for the means of subsistence!

We might go much further than this in such a parallel. There is much in the later history of Roman Italy which finds a parallel, both materially and morally, in the present condition of Europe at large. But, confining ourselves to the single matter here dealt with, we may point to the fact that, apart from the natural increase of trading and commercial pursuits in old Italy, owing to there being no more land for agricultural occupation, an actual (and not merely a relative) decrease of cultivation ere long occurred, as a direct result of the importation of corn from countries where it was grown far more cheaply than was possible in Italy. This result, also, is coming in Europe. Just as the Roman roads,

and especially the incomparably cheap water-carriage of the Mediterranean, sufficed to bring vast supplies of cheap grain from North Africa and Syria into the markets of Italy, so, during the last thirty years, have railroads and steam-navigation been bringing to Europe in increasing abundance the cheap grain of the United States and other quarters of the outlying world. A happy circumstance for Europe, no doubt; but its effect must be to quicken and precipitate that change from agriculture to trade, from rural life to urban, by rendering unprofitable the less fertile portions of the soil, which hitherto have sufficed to yield a maintenance to their cultivators. Thus trade, manufactures, commerce, must more and more occupy the nations, as the predominant industry of Europe,—alike as the means of employment for the population, and to pay for the ever-increasing importations of food. The influx of American corn would stop at once unless there be an equivalent outflow of surplus produce from Europe. And there can be no such equivalence unless the manufactures of Europe find throughout the world as effective a demand as that which starving Europe confers upon the grain-produce of the prairies.

And so we come back to the fact that the nations of Europe have become too numerous for the soil; that even as regards the mere necessities of life, the supply is not always adequate; while, contemporaneously, there is a growing and wellnigh imperious demand for a higher scale of living,—of itself demanding an increase of production, and which, when not gratified, largely transmutes itself into political discontent, shaking the peace of kingdoms, and into social theories and conspiracies

which would destroy European civilisation itself, and transiently reduce the present heart of the world to a warring chaos or a charred blank. New fields and outlets are wanted, alike for the people and for their industry. The industrial and productive power of the European peoples is far from exhausted—judged even by present standards, it is but half developed; but ere it can be developed and made more profitable to its possessors, there must be new markets, more outlets for its labour and products, yielding that profitable return without which no increase of industry can be expected, or would voluntarily be sustained.

It is a fact, and one highly creditable to that ambitious and far-seeing potentate, that it was for trade and commerce that Peter the Great pushed forward the frontiers of Russia alike to the east and to the west. It was to obtain this indispensable foundation of civilised wellbeing, as well as of national power, that he so strenuously strove to bring Russia out of her seclusion and isolation as a purely inland State, and to force his way to the Sea—that common ground of earth's nations, and the connecting highway between all the various regions of the globe. It was for Trade, together with the political power which comes with wealth, that the great Czar forsook the natural Muscovite metropolis, Moscow, and remorselessly (because with a vast expenditure of serf-labour and human life) built a new capital upon the Baltic Sea; and it was with a similar intent that he waged his wars with the Turks, in order to open out Russia upon the Euxine, and by-and-by, through the possession of Constantinople, upon the Mediterranean. For trade, extending his policy to the farther side of Asia, he made trea-

ties with China, and obtained at Kiachta, just outside the Great Wall, an *entrepôt* for the Chinese trade with Europe, and a haven for the Russian caravans after their long journeyings across the steppes of Upper Asia. For trade, too,—to reopen one of the old overland routes to India,—Czar Peter carried on alike his intrigues, wars, and explorations on his south-eastern frontier,—discerning in the line of the Oxus a water-way up to Balkh and to the Indian or Affghan frontier of the Hindoo Koosh. We need not tell how, within the last twenty years, by the successive conquest of the khanates of Khiva, Bokhara, and Tashkend, Muscovite power has been made supreme up to the "Roof of the World,"—the great dividing mountain-range of Upper Asia; nor how, during the last twelve months, the conquered Tekke Turcomans, with their host of daring cavalry, have become dependent allies of the Czar; nor how, following the tribe with offers of profitable peace to their last stronghold, Russia has at length opened a way for her caravans to the ancient and once famous city of Merv; while her railway from the Caspian will soon have its terminus within a march or two from Herat. And wherever the Russian flag goes, Russian trade alone is permitted to follow, and British or other goods are peremptorily excluded by hostile tariffs. The attempt is now about to be made, and probably with success, to divert the great river Oxus from its embouchure in the Aral Sea, leading it back into its ancient course to the Caspian: so that both by railway and waterway, Russian trade and military power will extend right across the northern frontier of Persia and Affghanistan,—presenting an impervious barrier against all com-

peting British trade from the south, while securing Central Asia as a rich preserve for her own merchants,¹—not to say as a vast recruiting-ground for the further extension alike of her arms and her trade into the still more coveted regions of Southern Asia. Apart from the important but now seriously imperilled trade from India, the eastern coast of the Black Sea is the only quarter from whence foreign (*i.e.*, non-Russian) merchandise can find a passage into the inland regions of Asia; and the Russian Government takes care to “handicap” and virtually exclude all such competition with the trade of her own people. The once formidable barrier of the Caucasus has long been broken through, by the subjugation of Schamyl and the Cir-

cassians; and the recent annexation of Batoum and Kars has given to Russia a complete monopoly of the direct trade-routes from the Euxine eastwards, and some influence also over the old caravan-route from Erzeroum into Persia.² The latest news is, that the Russian Government has appointed “a new and more important commission to consider the Caucasus transit question,” and is anxiously considering the best means by which the last relics of this old trade can be obstructed,—with the object of adding Persia (or at least the northern and best portion of that country) to the vast Asiatic region which by her conquests Russia now appropriates, and fences round with prohibitive tariffs, as a preserve for the trade of her own people.³

¹ The St Petersburg correspondent of the ‘Standard’ says (December 13)—“In reference to the report that representations are being made both at St Petersburg and Bokhara in regard to privileges said to have been granted by the Emir in favour of Russian merchants, I believe the facts to be as follow: Some months ago the local Government in Russian Turkestan, with or without the cognisance of the central authorities, determined to close the central Asian market to English and Indian goods by laying heavy duties on some articles and totally prohibiting the import of others. As, however, Turkestan is an integral portion of the Russian, just as India is of the British, empire, Lord Granville held that the existing commercial treaties between Russia and England applied equally on the banks of the Oxus as on the shores of the Black Sea or Baltic. In this sense representations have, indeed, been made in St Petersburg, though with what result I am not aware. It is obvious that Bokhara can only be indirectly involved in this question; and being, in form at least, an independent kingdom, untrammelled by treaties with England, it is at liberty to impose what duties it likes on English goods. Moreover, having no agent there, it is difficult to see how we could make representations unless through the friendly intervention of Russia,—a course that would hardly recommend itself to any English Government.”

² At the January meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, Colonel Champain read a paper on the subject of commercial routes into Persia from the sea, in which he said it was a fact which unpleasantly struck the English traveller that a very much greater proportion of imported articles came from Russian than from British sources. Twenty years ago it was otherwise, but of late great changes had taken place in the neighbourhood of Northern Persia, all tending to improve the conditions under which the Russian competed with the British merchant. The only means by which British trade could now penetrate into Persia would be from the south, by improving the navigation of the Karun river, and obtaining the right to use it. Our trade and influence in Persia, says Colonel Champain, are receding; and he believes that (unless something be done) in a few years’ time Bushire, Bunder Abbas, and Shiraz will be the only parts of the country where traces of British trade will linger.

³ The latest news on the Transcaucasian Transit-trade is given in the ‘Daily News’ (February 15), in a telegram from St Petersburg, as follows: “It is

Russia, in truth, has begun in downright earnest the work of trade-extension and colonising conquest; and every year this pressure from within outwards will grow more imperious. Easy it is to say, Has she not territory enough and to spare? Are there not some minerals undeveloped here and there, or some cultivable soil, which scientific agriculture could profitably utilise? We may grant all that,—yet it will go for little. Really, as much might be said (proportionately) with respect to our own Isles, from which for half a century emigration has been flowing as a recognised necessity. Wealth will not expend itself upon small and doubtful profits if it can do so upon larger ones; nor will wealth sacrifice any percentage of its gains for the sake of developing the resources of its own country: while without wealth or “capital,” a population must exist simply by such industry, or upon such soil and other resources, as unassisted Labour can turn to profitable account. We repeat—and is it not an obvious truth to reflecting minds?—that even in our own islands (although the most favoured spot on earth for capital and the other aids to material improvement and production) there *might be* room or means for employment-giving subsistence, for a larger population than can at present exist here with advantage either to themselves or to the State? And doubtless—certainly probably—as time rolls on, the means for such increased employment and subsistence may be found. But here, as

elsewhere, that condition of affairs must come slowly. What is more: here, as in other countries, it must come chiefly from *more Trade*—from increased commerce with other countries; creating new markets for the products of industry, and thereby, through an increased demand, rendering labour more profitable, even although exerted upon work or resources which at present will not pay.

In short, it is with the Present that we have to do; and, so judging, we find almost every country in Europe—we might say our whole continent without any exception—rapidly growing in the condition under which the population, with ever-rising wants, becomes in excess of the present powers of their territory, and requiring new outlets or resources to maintain them in comfortable existence. Really, the thing itself is nothing new. We have seen it exhibited in single countries, notably in our own. The only peculiarity of the times is, that the change is now in progress and steadily increasing throughout *our whole continent*. The change is not a simple but a very complicated one. It is not mere growth of population that is producing the embarrassment; for, in truth, trade and the means of industrial development have fairly kept pace with the growth of population in Europe. Indeed, although there may be local exceptions, it will hardly be questioned that the condition of the people is distinctly improved—in our own country, greatly improved. But not less visibly has there been a change of

officially stated that the Government has decided, in the interest of Russian trade and industry, to maintain a strict protective customs tariff in the Transcaucasian Transit-trade. This announcement will be received with great satisfaction by the Russian Press, which, with one or two exceptions, is strenuously advocating the abolition of the transit of European goods to Persia and Central Asia, *via* the Transcaucasian region.”

views and habits; and, in the main for good (although very serious peril may come of it), people are no longer content with the scale of existence which contented their fathers. This also, in itself, is nothing new—it has prevailed at all times under a progressive civilisation; but it is becoming new in its effects,—it begins to constitute a distinct and serious fact in Europe, where the growth and growing wants of the population are everywhere becoming in excess of the productive powers of the soil.

Happily for Great Britain, the Napoleonic wars left us in possession of colonies and dependencies, at least one half of which is almost unoccupied territory; while our maritime position and our leadership in navigation offer unequalled opportunities for ready emigration. And these happy opportunities have undoubtedly quickened in our islands the new human career of Emigration; so that, dense as our population is, the condition of the masses is distinctly superior to what it has ever been before, and to what it is on the Continent. The lesser opportunities for emigration, together with inferior locomotive enterprise, combine to load the social safety-valve upon the Continent to a more perilous point than is to be expected here. Indeed, what we have to point out is, that the actual amount of emigration is no correct criterion of the extent to which a country is becoming inadequate for the support of its inhabitants; and that, even were there no overt sign, like that of the increasing Exodus, the need for emigration, or for new channels of trade and industry for the employment of the

people, is really much stronger throughout the Continent as a whole (thinly peopled as much of it is) than in our own country, where the productive and employment-giving power of capital is combined alike with a rare abundance of mineral resources and with the highest degree yet attained in mechanical and chemical invention.

We have seen what gigantic and costly efforts the Russian Government has put forth in order to obtain, besides colonising-fields, new markets and channels of trade, in order to increase the scant employment and means of subsistence for the mighty Muscovite nation. But look nearer home, and at the present hour. So imperious is a similar want in Western and Southern Europe, that (besides our own part in the matter) France, Italy, Spain, Portugal, are all striving, each for itself, and coming to loggerheads with one another, as to the appropriation of the African continent—which is to them what Central and Western Asia is to Russia, or what our “empire,” our numerous colonies and dependencies, are to us. Having annexed Tunis to her African dominion, and while not averse to pick a quarrel with Morocco on the west, France is pushing her Algerian frontier southwards to Negroland,¹ and also seeks imperiously to force upon the Malagasy Envoys a treaty of partial sovereignty over the great island of Madagascar. Even in the far-off valley of the Congo, the French Chamber of Deputies has unanimously resolved to insist upon converting into a formal treaty of territorial possession the prepos-

¹ The ill-fated Flatters' Expedition was designed to survey the line for a railway across the Sahara, commercially uniting Algeria with Timbuctoo and the heart of Negroland, and also to extend French influence and “protection,” if not also the Algerian frontier, southward into the interior.

terous trickery of a De Brazza! In like spirit, but less preposterously, Spain claims from Morocco the bay and settlement of Santa Cruz, on the plea of having once made a settlement there in the medieval times. Even little Portugal, aroused by the territorial *furor* of her neighbours, protests against the De Brazza "treaty," and maintains (we believe justly) that the mouth of the great Congo river, upon both its banks, has for long been a Portuguese fief and settlement. Further—we had all but forgot to mention it—France is making or claiming a settlement on the mainland of eastern Africa, not far from Aden, where a M. Soleillet asserts that he has made a treaty (of the De Brazza kind!) with some native chief, and has actually (he says) "built a wall" around the so-called territory—somewhat, perhaps, as Dido encircled the primitive site of famous Carthage! Then, too, there is the Tonquin Expedition, whereby France seeks an extension of her conquests in the far East, even at the cost of a war with China—an expedition, however, which, since the death of Gambetta, shows signs of "hanging fire." Ever since 1874 the '*Republique*' has urged upon the Government the importance of taking possession of Tonquin, and of late that journal has been developing in detail the advantages which French commerce would derive from the occupation of that country. Finally, as already said, there is the great island of Madagascar,

where France is claiming new rights—again for the sake of our old toast, "Ships, Colonies, and Commerce."¹

In short, we are now in the "era of Internationalism"—and with a vengeance! Yet of this, as of some other matters already spoken of, we say again, the phenomenon is not new, except in degree, and partly in complexion. What is the story of the world but that of a ceaseless pouring forth of the stronger races and peoples into the outlying regions? The double continent of America has been re-peopled by the white race of Europe, and so also have Australia and New Zealand; the British have revived the faded glories of India; the Russians are engaged in a similar work in Upper Asia; and in a few years more, also, the European nations will extend their power over the south-western portion of that grand old continent. Simultaneously, as already said, they are encroaching upon the "dark continent" of the modern world; and who can tell in what new form and complexion Africa will hold its place in the world a century hence? Will it not become to the Latin nations what the New World has been to England and Spain, and what Central Asia is to Russia? And what new States, if not civilisations, may in course of time arise on the green upland savannahs of its interior, or upon the shores of its mountain-girdled lakes—which, with the Nile and the Congo, almost exhibit a parallel

¹ The '*Soir*' says (December 11): "We remain masters to impose on Queen Ranavaloa and her agents the respect of those treaties and conventions which confer on us the effective protectorate over certain portions of the island of Madagascar, the moral protectorate over all the rest, and a preponderating influence with the Malagasy Government. England recognises these ancient rights of ours, and will not seek to hamper in any way the freedom of our action. This is one of the conditions necessary for the maintenance of the cordial relations between the two Western Powers, concerning which the Queen, in her Speech on the prorogation of Parliament, expressed her desire to see unimpaired."

to the line of the Lakes and the St Lawrence, together with the Mississippi river, in North America?

No nation can now afford to seclude itself; and none will do so, except it be (what we do not as yet see anywhere in the world) conscious of growing weakness and decay, and only seeks, like some death-stricken animal, to be let alone to die in its seclusion. The "silver streak of sea" theory is as great an anachronism as any statesman could well utter. Nations must not only live in increasing intercourse with one another, but, if civilisation is not to expire at its fountain-head, the European nations must find in that intercourse with the outlying world alike outlets for its discontented classes, and trade-born employment and the means of subsistence for those who remain at home.

And Commerce has its wars, not less than kingly ambition or the military rivalry of peoples. And although Governments must appear as the leading actors, it is really a popular necessity (though not yet a popular passion) which now urges on the work of European expansion. Nations fight for trade as well as for boundaries—for new markets as well as for new territories; which, indeed, go together. Europe is settling down at home, territorially, upon the basis of Nationality. Yet the process is not complete: beyond the independence of nations, there are the agglomerations of Race; and several serious points of contention remain, tempting to that trial of

strength and rivalry in power which beset nations as much as combative individuals, especially where successful war will bring with it not merely laurels but coveted spoils. Meanwhile the old spirit of national rivalry, excited by self-interest, is coming more and more into play in the outlying regions of which Europe is the centre, and wherein its peoples desire new fields for themselves or their industry. Wars, we trust (yet how often in human history has such a hope been falsified!), are drawing to a close—lingering latest in those parts of the globe where the civilised nations come in contact with barbarism—notably, with peoples which refuse to trade! But a wide interval still separates us from that blessed epoch of international peace. And when all Europe is now visibly on the move for extra-European expansion (a new movement inspired not so much by imperial ambition as by the more imperious demand for the means of subsistence, or at least of that more comfortable existence which is everywhere in growing demand among the masses of population), is there not a more than problematical danger that this extra-European rivalry will be reflected back, if not imitated, at home,—creating new or intensifying old sources of quarrel and combat; and ultimately giving a dread magnitude to any coming European conflict, by bringing upon the decisive battle-fields additional combatants in the shape of auxiliary forces drawn from the adjoining continents?

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ἔστιν θάλασσα, τίς δέ νιν κατασβέσει;—*ÆSCH., Agam.*

As one who pauses on a rock,
The bastion of some sea-nymph's home,
And feels the ripples round him flock,
Then cleaves the foam,

And glides through cool pellucid ways
Where creepers kiss each thrilling limb,
And hears, or thinks he hears low lays
Of Cherubim;

And marvels at the wondrous scene,
The ruins upon ruins hurled,
The moving hosts, the darkling sheen,
The awful world;

Then rises, snatching first some gem,
Some token of his sojourn there,
And flings a dewy diadem
From face and hair,

And in the sunlight, with the sigh
Of sea-winds whistling in his ears,
Views his found treasure, till his eye
Is dim with tears;—

So, where in lordly sweeping bays,
In distant dark retiring nooks,
Stretches before my eager gaze,
This sea of books,

I pause, and draw one fervent breath,
Then plunge, and seem to pass away
Into deep waters still as death,
Yet clear as day;

To move by boulders of the Past,
By caves where falter dimly pure
Gleams of the Future,—all the Vast
Of Literature;

Then to return to life above,
From regions where but few have trod,
Bearing a gem of larger love
To man and God.

THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.

WE ventured in our January number to make some speculations as to the probable course of political events in the current year; but we failed to anticipate that event which stamped with originality the ceremony of the 15th of February, and is, in all likelihood, destined to affect the fortunes and colour the history of the session of 1883. That Sir Stafford Northcote might be absent from his post during the first few days, or even weeks of the session, was conceivable; but that Mr Gladstone should not be present at the opening of the first session he intended to devote to practical legislation of an enduring character, entered into the calculations of neither friends nor opponents. Since Lord Chatham's seclusion from official life in 1767-68—and in name he was not Prime Minister—there has been no such conspicuous instance of absence on the score of ill health on the part of the actual or virtual head of the Government. For the cause of that absence there was and could be but one expression of regret. Sir Stafford Northcote spoke for the whole House, indeed for the whole country, when he said: "All of us who know the enormous amount of labour which he has sustained during the last two or three years, and especially during the late prolonged session, must feel that there is nothing to be surprised at in his being obliged to take a holiday. We all hope he may return before long reinvigorated, and able to take that place which he so essentially fills in the counsels of this House." Of the effect likely to be produced by it there are many conflicting opinions. As political opponents,

it behoves us to speak with a generous reserve. On the personal aspect of the case, therefore, we shall only say that if, in his seventy-fourth year, after fifty years of arduous and memorable toil in the grand arena of English public life, Mr Gladstone sees fit to withdraw, by the favour of his sovereign, from that House of Parliament with which his name is inseparably blended, to the serener atmosphere of the Upper Chamber, all will recognise the propriety of that step, and that his elevation

"To the prim benches of the Upper School"

will be welcomed on both sides of the Woolsack.

It is open to us to discuss more freely the probable results of such a change on the body politic. A parallelism is sometimes suggested between the withdrawal of Lord Derby in 1868, and the supposed withdrawal of Mr Gladstone in 1883; but the cases are, in substance, widely different. There was, and had been for some years, no doubt as to Lord Derby's successor. The brilliant orator and consummate statesman who, in long years of political depression, had gradually built up a great party in the House of Commons, and had just piloted through a hostile assembly the Reform Act of 1867, stepped *consensu omnium* into the vacant place: but now, to which of Alexander's generals is the empire to be confided? and, to use the old-fashioned Georgian phrase, on what bottom is the reconstituted Government to be formed? The imperious will, the subtle intellect, the eloquent and

ever-ready tongue withdrawn, the old difficulties which encountered the Whig-Radical combination in 1874 will meet them again in redoubled force, as from one section or the other the new Prime Minister has to be chosen. It will probably not have escaped our readers' attention that during the recess Ministerial speakers—notably Lord Hartington—have endeavoured to persuade the public that while the Government are cordially united in a common policy, their opponents are a disheartened crowd of political free lances. We venture to prophesy that the events of this session will prove the fallacy of both propositions. For the present it will be sufficient, as to the first, to contrast the language of Lord Hartington himself with that of Lord Derby and Mr Courtney on the subject of Egypt; and of Lord Hartington, Lord Derby, and Mr Trevelyan with that of Mr Chamberlain, Mr Courtney, and the irrepressible Mr Herbert Gladstone on the question of granting fresh facilities for repealing the Union. With respect to the second, we feel justified in stating, that never since the election of 1880 have the various elements which constitute the Tory party in Parliament and the country been more cordially united, or more disposed to stand shoulder to shoulder than at present; and that Lord Salisbury in one House, and Sir Stafford Northcote in the other, enjoy the full confidence of a resolute and growing party. Such, then, being the general aspect of political affairs, let us shortly notice some of the salient features of the opening of Parliament.

The vacillation, inconsistency, and ultimate abdication of his functions as leader of the House, which marked Mr Gladstone's conduct

towards Mr Bradlaugh, led, almost necessarily, to the humiliating scenes of the 15th of February. Through streets crowded by devotees of Mr Bradlaugh and Mrs Besant, and guarded by policemen, members hurried down to St Stephen's to learn at the last moment that, by a transaction between Lord Hartington on the part of the Government and Mr Labouchere on that of his colleague, they would be spared the painful duty of vindicating the rights of the House on the first day of the session. What view Parliament might have taken of a bill to substitute affirmation for oath if introduced early in these lamentable proceedings, and argued upon general considerations of public policy, we are not concerned to consider; but a bill tendered, as it were, at the end of the bludgeon of Mr Bradlaugh, and in compliance with his demands, to an assembly of high-minded English, Scotch, and Irish gentlemen, will, we hope, meet with the fate it richly deserves. The light in which its success would be regarded by those whom it is intended to propitiate was clearly shown by Mr Arch, when the Ministerial capitulation was announced to the delegates in St Andrew's Hall. He bade them rejoice that they had forced the Government to bow to the will of the country! We trust, therefore, Sir Richard Cross will be supported in his opposition to this bill by all who do not desire the ancient laws and customs of Parliament to be surrendered to the dictation of fanatical if irreligious mobs.

Confused and disappointing as Royal Speeches often are, we doubt whether those who heard this last specimen ever listened to one less enlightening in what it contained,

or more suggestive in what it omitted. The long, involved, self-contradictory paragraphs relating to Egypt, would appear designed to gratify both conflicting parties in the Cabinet: those who, with Lord Derby, would "scuttle out" of Egypt as fast as possible; and those who, with Lord Hartington, would retain our troops there until they could be withdrawn with absolute safety to all the great interests involved. But their whole effect is, undoubtedly, to proclaim and emphasise the fact that England asserts and intends to exercise a protectorate over Egypt, based on her having put down a rebellion—presumably, from the language employed, against herself. Egypt, therefore, henceforward must be ranked among those semi-independent States which it appears to be the special mission of this Government of non-intervention to create—North Borneo, the Transvaal, Zululand. If Mr Courtney was right in asserting that the Egyptians were to be left to stew in their own juice, it is now plain that we are to provide the basting.

No less curiously infelicitous was the language respecting Zululand. Cetewayo has been restored to part of his dominions, not because he had been unrighteously deprived of them, or because justice demanded his restoration, but only in the hope that a more stable government might result from it! By whom, it may well be asked, is this hope entertained? By Sir Henry Bulwer? By any South African authority worth quoting? Nay, does even Bishop Colenso himself, the arch-instigator of Zulu agitation, vouchsafe to sanction this miserable compromise? In point of fact, instead of Cetewayo's restoration being necessitated by the disturbed condition of the

country, it was the announcement of his intended restoration which excited the fears of some and the ambitious hopes of others of the kinglets and head-men, and produced that state of ferment and agitation which is now hypocritically pleaded in favour of his restoration. Like the shameful Transvaal Convention, this unstatesmanlike makeshift is foredoomed to failure, and British soldiers and British treasure will again be required to restore peace and good government to that portion of South Africa. That the Irish members should be discontented with the paragraphs referring to Ireland, could excite no surprise; but the Duke of Abercorn's weighty condemnation of the past policy of the Government, and his unfavourable estimate of the present condition and probable future of that unfortunate country, which he knows so intimately and governed so well, will add weight and momentum to the rapidly growing opinion among thoughtful men, that the whole of Mr Gladstone's impulsive so-called remedial Irish policy has been from first to last a sentimental blunder. But have we seen the last of it? In neither House of Parliament was there any denial of the astounding revelations in the 'Daily News' of Mr Gladstone's utterances to Mons. Clemenceau; and on the vital question of the future management of Ireland, we have one section of the Cabinet, headed by the Prime Minister, avowing their preference for legislation which, in the opinion of their acting leader in the House of Commons, would be little short of madness.

The Speech, indeed, speaks of improvement in the social condition of Ireland; but that somewhat ambiguous phrase has ex-

clusive reference to the enhanced authority of the law; and in every other respect the social condition of that country continues to retrograde. The educated and propertied classes have been deprived, by the action of the Government, of the means of employing labour, expending capital, and promoting the social improvement of their dependants; they have been taught that the State regards them with disfavour and dislike; and the result is, that the fabric of imperial government in Ireland is at this moment supported by the bayonets of the constabulary, the troops, and the marines. It is an open secret that the Ministers charged with the responsibility of governing Ireland take the most serious view of the future of that country, and demand implicit compliance with their requirements as the condition of their retention of their offices.

The crop of bills announced in the Speech is large, varied, and, with one or two exceptions, unsensational. Those which are to be referred to the new Grand Committees have a fair chance of becoming laws; and measures like the Floods Prevention Bill, if speedily introduced and earnestly pressed, may achieve a like success. But if the energy of the Government and the time of Parliament are to be primarily devoted to enabling Mr Bradlaugh to take his seat, and to passing the Corrupt Practices Bill, and that for endowing the metropolis with a newfangled Corporation, the roll of measures placed on the statute-book at the end of this session will grievously disappoint the hopes of the sanguine authors of the new Rules of Procedure.

Why such prominence should be given to London municipal reform at this particular juncture, is known possibly to Mr Firth and

Mr Beal, but to no one else. With the exception of those two gentlemen, and the little knot of insignificant busybodies whom they lead, no one connected with the City or the metropolis has called for such legislation; and the representatives of the great and suffering interest of agriculture in the three kingdoms may well complain that of all the remedial measures suggested in the Report of the Royal Commission, the Queen's Speech makes mention of only one; and that is ostentatiously postponed to not only the uncalled-for Corporation Reform Bill, but to a batch of bills on minor subjects. No wonder that agricultural members felt and expressed indignation at the omission of all reference in the Speech to the long-continued depression, amounting in innumerable instances to absolute ruin, under which their constituents have been and are still labouring. Indeed the omissions from the Speech are so many and so striking, that we are disposed to ascribe them not to accident but design. A self-denying ordinance must have been passed by the Cabinet, forbidding each head of department to contribute a disagreeable topic. Are the finances in an unsatisfactory condition? drop them. Is trade stagnant? don't mention it. Are thousands of wretched cottiers starving on the west coast of Ireland? don't say so. Has the Transvaal Convention hopelessly failed, and have Lord Cairns's prophecies been fulfilled? abstain from all reference to so disagreeable a subject. Is the Viceroy of India urging on perilous changes in that vast empire against the judgment of his advisers? pray don't direct attention to his unwise conduct. Is

agriculture sinking under its accumulated difficulties? for goodness' sake keep silence on such a burning topic. Indeed a Queen's Speech of regulation length could easily be drafted out of the subjects omitted from that read on the 15th of February, which would be at least of equal interest. Our agricultural readers will hardly require to be reminded that the Report of the Duke of Richmond's Commission had been under the consideration of the Government for six months; that several of their recommendations contained no novelty, but had already received general approbation both in Parliament and in the country; and yet not only is there no expression of regret at, or sympathy with, the evil plight of agriculture in the Speech, but the only measure affecting agriculture mentioned in it is one relating to compensation for unexhausted improvements, which if carried will only benefit—if it does benefit—the outgoing at the expense of the incoming tenant! On the great and practical question of local taxation the Speech is silent; and no reference is made to the pledge—yet unredeemed—by which Mr Gladstone last year averted certain defeat on Colonel Harcourt's motion respecting the highways rate. It is well that agriculturists out of doors should know the reason why of this extraordinary procrastination in doing them that slight amount of financial justice. In the first place, Mr Gladstone has announced that he is averse from doing justice to the land, lest any proportion, however infinitesimal, of the relief so afforded should fall to the share of the owners; in the next place, heroic finance has brought the Exchequer to grief, and poor Mr Childers can't afford a subvention;

and lastly, it is the settled policy of this Government of farmers' friends "to let them stew in their own juice," so far as taxation is concerned, until they shall have revolutionised county government, and set up rural municipalities on the pattern of London and Birmingham! But let our friends take heart. Though that may be the settled policy of the Government, last year's experience shows that they can be made to abandon it; and we have no doubt that a combined and vigorous movement in favour of Mr Pell's motion will be crowned with success. In the same way, Mr Chaplin's persevering efforts to strengthen the law for the prevention of cattle diseases may triumph over the *vis inertiae* opposed to them by the Privy Council Department, now, in the absence of Lord Spencer, controlled by Mr Mundella. Here we cannot refrain from noticing the flagrant impropriety of the continued retention of the Presidency of the Council by the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

In spite of the resolution of the House of Commons, there is still no minister of agriculture, and the latest Ministerial utterance on that subject—Mr Cross's in Lancashire—was to ridicule and condemn the proposal. On all questions, therefore, affecting the health and preservation of our flocks and herds—upon which now more than ever the prosperity of our farmers depends—the Lord President is the responsible Minister, and he is engaged in tracking assassins and imprisoning sedition-mongers in the sister island! The recommendation of the Royal Commissioners on this head is clear and precise, and could be embodied in a single clause. "We recommend," say they, "that the landing of

foreign live animals should not be permitted in future from any countries as to which the Privy Council are not satisfied that they are perfectly free from contagious disease."

Patched up indeed as the Government has been during the recess, its dislocated condition is still remarkable. Its head is cruising about the Mediterranean; the Lord President is attempting with more or less success to terrorise the terrorists in Dublin; and its ambassador at Constantinople is engaged in the abnormal task of governing Egypt and constructing a Constitution for the land of the Pharaohs. From Lord Hartington's speech on the Address, it may be assumed that unless the House of Commons fairly breaks loose from his control, it will not be revisited by the Prime Minister till after Easter; and there are not wanting indications that his absence may be of a longer duration. Lord Hartington meanwhile will, no doubt, lead the House with dignity and courtesy; but that he will be able to compress and repress the conflicting and jarring elements of which his party is composed to the same remarkable degree in which they were compressed and repressed by Mr Gladstone, is beyond belief. Already Mr Rylands has recovered his voice, and given notice of a sweeping motion on the subject of expenditure; and others will no doubt follow his example. The fact that at home and abroad the Mid-Lothian promises and professions have been scattered to the winds, is too painfully patent to be denied any longer; and, with a view to possible electoral contingencies, hitherto dormant Radicalism is beginning to don its rusty armour and shake out its forgotten banners. Before long it will pro-

bably be seen which of the two sections of the Cabinet is triumphant, and whether a Whig or Radical policy is for the future to be in the ascendant.

In the House of Lords the debate on the Address may be said to have consisted of the speeches made by Lord Reay, Lord Salisbury, and the Duke of Abercorn. The former spoke with a moderation, ability, and evident knowledge of the subjects he discussed, which produced a very favourable impression on the House; and the latter impeached the conduct and policy of the Government towards Ireland with a power and authority which the laboured apologies of Lord Carlingford failed altogether to attenuate. Lord Salisbury's speech was generally admitted to be one of the finest and most telling even he has ever delivered; and in reply to it, Lord Granville had to fall back upon the intentions of the Government, which he took pains to assure their Lordships were all that could be desired.

The existence of the Third Party produced, as is usual, a departure from the old routine in the House of Commons. The Government succeeded in avoiding a preliminary skirmish on the Bradlaugh affair by capitulating to that demagogue's henchman and colleague at the opening of the sitting; but Lord Hartington, having determined, apparently on Sir Henry James's advice, not to move for the usual Committee to examine into precedents for the imprisonment of Mr Healy, raised an Irish storm, which postponed to an inconveniently late hour the debate on the Address, which at last was moved by Mr Acland—the new member for East Cornwall—in a speech well worthy of

a Whig county member. Glancing lightly at the past mistakes of the Government in their Egyptian policy, Sir Stafford Northcote grappled with the existing and prospective difficulties of that problem, and pressed for light to be thrown on the dark passages of the speech relating to it. Unable or unwilling to supply that information, Lord Hartington contented himself with a rash and hasty prophecy that the British troops would probably be withdrawn in six months, and with an expression of indignant surprise that the Opposition leader had not proposed a vote of censure on the war. This challenge Sir Wilfrid Lawson promptly accepted, and forthwith gave notice of an amendment so worded as to deter support from all except that minute fraction of doctrinaire politicians, who hold with Mr Courtney that it is the duty of the Government—of which he is an important member—to leave the Egyptians to stew in their own juice. Mr Balfour's judiciously worded amendment offered the House the opportunity Lord Hartington had craved, and a majority of 35 showed how slight and grudging is the support accorded by the House of Commons to the past conduct of the Government in Egyptian affairs. But the course of the debate revealed a state of things still less satisfactory for Ministers. Though the discussion was commenced on Thursday, and was continued till near midnight on Friday, not a single speech was delivered by an independent member in vindication of the Government action. With an inconsistency, indeed, which exemplifies the hollowness of Radical professions of independence, Sir W. Lawson, Messrs Richard, Labouchere, and others of that kidney, gave their

votes to Ministers, but not a word during the whole debate was heard in their support; and it is significant of the increasing disintegration of the motley Ministerial majority, that Mr Rylands, as we have already mentioned, breaking his long-enforced silence, gave notice on Thursday of a resolution condemning the expenditure of the country.

The debate on agricultural depression, originated by Sir Walter Barttelot, though well sustained on both sides of the House, was as depressing as its subject-matter, and failed to elicit the opinions of any Cabinet or ex-Cabinet Minister, with the exception of Mr Goschen, whose contribution to it might more properly have been read as an occasional paper to the Political Economy Club, if that institution is still in existence. The thanks of Farmers' Alliances and Chambers of Agriculture will hardly be awarded to the ingenious statesman, who has discovered that the great reduction in prices from which agriculture and many branches of trade are suffering, is due, not to foreign competition, but to the appreciation of gold. With that signal and singular exception, there was little or nothing of novelty in the statements made on either side of the House. Mr Mundella, speaking for the Government, confined himself to a vindication of the existing law against the importation of diseased animals, and of his Department's mode of administering it. Mr Lowther, who followed him, pointed out one or two inaccuracies in his statement of the law, and then placed before the House a well-reasoned plea for the reimposition of moderate protective duties. For reasons which we gave at length a year ago, we are persuaded that the only way in which a duty on corn can be

successfully proposed is as part of a great and comprehensive scheme of tariff reform; and Mr Goschen's argument, that any relief to local taxation could, under our present fiscal system, be obtained only by an increase of the Income-tax, falling to a great extent on the shoulders of the payers of local rates, is an additional proof of the necessity, which we then urged, of passing under review at the same moment both local and imperial taxation. The general result of the debate was to discourage the empirical schemes of agitators and pedants like Mr Barclay, Mr Howard, and Mr W. Fowler, and to concentrate attention on two or three of the more important recommendations of the Royal Commission, to which we have already referred. But the startling disclosures in Kilmainham Court House, and Mr Gorst's notice of an amendment to the Address, bearing on the Kilmainham transaction of last spring, had occupied men's minds, and indisposed them to a serious and prolonged consideration of the causes and remedies of agricultural depression.

Mr Gorst moved his amendment in a speech of great power, and at least equal bitterness, reminding us of Lord Strangford's description of Sir W. Wyndham's attack on Sir R. Walpole in 1734:—

“ In those prepared cold cruelties of his,
He seemed some Spaniard of the Cortez school,
Polite and grave in his atrocities;
And with a circumstantial savageness,
A smooth deliberate solemnity,
Which more enhanced the torture that he gave ! ”

The effect on the Home Secretary was electrical. In thunderous tones and with melodramatic action he endeavoured—with Mr

Forster seated on a back bench behind him, and every now and then indicating his dissent from some astounding statement by a grave shake of the head—to prove that there had been no change in the policy of the Government since Mr Forster's retirement, and to ascribe the success of Lord Spencer's and Mr Trevelyan's administration, not to the efficient stringency of the Crimes Act, but to an improvement in the organisation of the police force. In his desperate endeavour to establish the latter astounding position, Sir W. Harcourt had the hardihood to appeal to the late Government in confirmation of the alleged failure of its former organisation. Mr Gibson, speaking with the authority of six years' practical acquaintance with the subject, at once accepted the challenge, and disposed of the ungenerous assertion. A more masterly, crushing, or conclusive exposure of Ministerial weakness, inconsistency, and complicity with outrage and treason, could not be conceived, than was contained in Mr Gibson's reply to the Home Secretary; nor was its force diminished because in its conclusion he laid bare with merciless lucidity the share which the Land League had in originating and subsidising those crimes which a weak and fatuous (we thank the 'Times' for that epithet) Government entered into a secret negotiation with its leaders to discountenance and stop. Mr Goschen put in a poor plea for delay, forgetful apparently of the fact that last year Mr Gladstone affected to challenge the fullest inquiry into all the circumstances attending the Kilmainham negotiation, and undertook to grant a Committee for that purpose—an undertaking which all the world knows his colleagues and

his party prevented him fulfilling. It remains to be seen whether the leaders of the Opposition will not now think it necessary to press for that Committee in order to arrive at, and place authoritatively before the public, the real facts relating to that undignified and humiliating transaction.

The impression which had been growing during the debate of the Land League's connection with, or connivance at, political or agrarian crime in Ireland, was driven home to both the House and the country by Mr Forster's powerful speech on the evening of the 22d—a speech the ultimate effects of which on the public mind cannot yet be foretold. No member, on his formal impeachment before Parliament, ever listened to more severe or reprobative language than the Land Leaguers had to endure from the lips of the ex-Irish Secretary. It was little wonder that Mr Parnell, though he had been warned of what was coming, took time to answer the indictment. But Mr Forster's speech struck in two directions. We were prepared to see the Irish outrages brought home to the door of the Land League, but the country's confidence in the Government cannot but receive a severe shock from Mr Forster's revelation of the fact, that Ministers were fully acquainted with the real character of the organisation. The nervous haste with which Lord Hartington sought to construct a new position of defence for the Ministry out of the ruins which Mr Forster left when he sat down, showed distinctly that the Land Leaguers were not the only parties who considered themselves arraigned. The Government and Mr Forster have had a friendly wrestling-match, all in the way

of love, but ribs are sometimes broken, and severe internal injuries sustained, in such amicable contests.

We are compelled to terminate our remarks before the close of this memorable debate; but though the amendment will no doubt be rejected by a considerable majority, the effect produced on the country cannot fail to be great and salutary. The Gladstone-Chamberlain section of the Cabinet, with its schemes of fresh sops to Irish disaffection, will have received a manifest and decided check, and the policy so clearly announced by Lord Hartington and Mr Trevelyan will have been sustained and ratified on both sides of the House.

On a general survey of the circumstances attending the opening of Parliament, we think the most sanguine Radical will be disposed to admit that, with Mr Gladstone abroad, with their Egyptian, South African, and Irish policy attacked and discredited, their expenditure increasing, their finances failing, with trade depressed, and agriculture all but reduced to bankruptcy, the Government of all the Talents and all the Virtues enter upon their fourth session with prospects the reverse of encouraging, and under auspices of the gloomiest complexion.

Let our friends in the country be prepared for any eventualities that may occur, and let Scotch Conservatives take heart from Lord Elcho's triumphant success in Haddingtonshire, which to every true Scotch Tory stamps the opening of Parliament in 1883 as the epoch of their coming emancipation from the thralldom of an intolerant Whig-Radical domination.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. DCCCX.

APRIL 1883.

Vol. CXXXIII.

THE MILLIONAIRE.—PART I.

CHAPTER I.—THE LAST OF THE STROLLING PLAYERS.

A MIST had been gathering over the hills all day, but as the evening closed in, a keen wind arose and swept it in rolling masses towards the west, where the sun had left a fiery glare in its departing track. There was that grey wan look upon all the landscape which told that the year was hastening to its decline, and that the season of long nights and sunless days was drawing nigh. Before the daylight had quite gone, a few flakes of snow began to make their appearance—the forerunners of winter, unwelcome to all who marked their descent that evening, but doubly unwelcome to the company of strolling players whose booth stood in a field on the outskirts of a northern town. A few years ago, the tent of the wandering actor was still frequently to be met with in English meadows or on the village green; now it is becoming a rare sight, for the old-fashioned country fair is rapidly dying out, and the popular favourites of the drama no

longer pass through a stern novitiate in booth or barn. The hard school in which Edmund Kean and John Philip Kemble received their first training is no more to be found, unless, perhaps, in some remote part of the country, where the ancient fair is still preserved, and where once or twice a-year some veteran of the stage still gives a gaping crowd of rustics their first dim glimpses into the magic universe of Shakespeare.

It was an October night, and yet there was snow. The manager of the strolling company stood outside his booth, scanning the sky with a rueful glance, and regretting sorely that he had prolonged his annual tour so far into the year. It was his last halt on the road to Sheffield, where all his gorgeous dresses and unrivalled scenery were packed away for the winter months. When the summer's sun shone again, and the leafy trees afforded shade and shelter, and the green-sward was softer beneath the feet

than a carpet of velvet—then he and his companions, whose merits had been acknowledged by so many distinguished personages, betook themselves once more to the roads and the fields, and tried to draw from the British drama the means of support for their wives and children.

Between the front seats and the stage a large coke-fire had been lit in a brazier, which had seen much service in rough weather all over England. A tolerably numerous audience had already gathered in the background, and had found a temporary amusement in practising the art of throwing pieces of orange-peel from the back rows into the fire. This pastime they enlivened at intervals with a chorus of cries for their tried and trusty friend the manager, who had endeared himself to them all by his inimitable performances as a clown. The inhabitants of Coalfield had never seen the great Grimaldi, but they knew as well as if they had seen him a thousand times, that Grimaldi was not to be compared with their old favourite Simmons. They thumped upon the rickety boards which did duty for seats, and produced a series of piercing whistles, indicative of their desire that the performance should no longer be delayed in anticipation of the arrival of the neighbouring aristocracy, for whose entertainment that evening's programme had been specially drawn up. The response of the nobility and gentry had not been so hearty as Simmons could have wished. He went outside to listen frequently, but no sound reached his ear of their advancing chariots; and on the front seats—which were supposed to be the boxes—he failed to see the long line of aristocratic faces which he had hoped would have graced the Temple of the Muses on so important

an occasion. The marquises and earls were carousing in their baronial halls, and had refused to rally to the support of the drama; and the last of the strolling players was in the dumps.

Presently the manager, knowing that the critical hour of seven was approaching, and that his plebeian patrons would brook no long delay, came up to the fire, and stood over it warming his hands. When he held them extended over the glowing coke, it was easy to see that rheumatism or gout had dealt hardly with him, for his fingers were twisted into knots, and his walk showed that his relentless enemy had deprived him of the power of executing those graceful movements which in early life had won for him many a bright glance from the eyes of the North-country lasses. But now the romantic characters had to be handed over to younger and inferior artists—foolish youngsters, who could scarcely recall even Macready, much less the glorious Kemble. Simmons was too old to represent the dashing lover, too maimed to depict the beetle-browed and daring villain, without whom a rural melodrama were as tedious as an old crone's tale. But he could still shuffle through a dance, and sing a comic song, and move the hearts of young and old to mirth; and so as a clown he nightly made his appearance between the acts, and went through his little "interlude," and was thankful that even this was possible, and that the fates had dealt no more unkindly with him.

The musicians now made their appearance, and exchanged a gloomy nod with their employer. They were but two in number, and both had grown old in the service of the British public. Their festive strains had resounded under the bright stars in many a merry fair; but

old age, asthma, and perhaps a too abundant supply of gin-and-water, combined with an unsteady hand and depressed energies—these will quench the poetic fire, and they had, alas! disturbed the precision of the musicians' touch, and caused them to pour forth melodies of a singularly uncertain and mournful character. But if they had been the chief performers from the orchestra of the Royal Italian Opera, the audience could not have received them with a heartier welcome. The leader was saluted with shouts of "Brayvo, old cat-gut!" and his melancholy companion with encouraging cries of "Well done, base-wiol!" After these compliments, the performers set to work in a stolid and resolute manner, each in the way which was most congenial to his own feelings, and each, apparently, with a tune of his own composing. The wind shook the sides of the tent, and howled and tore over the top as if it fully intended to level the Royal Victoria Theatre with the earth before the night was over; while occasionally the rattle of hail upon the canvas gave sufficient notice of the kind of weather which the audience would have to face on their homeward way.

In the midst of one of these squalls, the flap at the side of the booth was lifted up, and there entered a gentleman who was evidently not unknown, for the enterprising proprietor made him a low bow, hat in hand, and attempted to improve the appearance of the "boxes" by kicking away the orange-peel which was thickly strewn upon the sawdust. Perhaps the stranger had been drawn to the Royal Victoria by the attractions of the thrilling play to be presented; perhaps he had merely entered to get shelter from the storm. In either case the

manager was equally glad to receive him, and ushered him in state to the front bench, which was covered with a strip of dingy red cloth.

"A rough night, sir," said the old actor; "one cannot expect the public to turn out in such weather as this. Snow is the worst thing that can happen in the way of weather for our profession."

"But you have done pretty well till now, Simmons."

"Middling, sir, only middling. The fact is, the time has gone by for this sort of thing, and the profession itself is not what it used to be. Nobody believes in strolling players any more. I am the last, sir. Poor old Ince used to travel the Cornwall circuit, but he had to give up a year ago. You might have seen him many a time at Penzance fair. There will be none of the old actors left on the road when I am gone."

"Times have changed, Simmons."

"They have, sir. And yet I have seen better acting in a tent than in a London théâtre. Good men have been trained before today under a canvas roof. But now actors want no training; all they need do is to walk across the stage with their hands in their pockets, and imitate the swells in St James's Street. Then people say, 'So natural—just like real life'—and your fortune's made. The great days of acting are over."

"Well, I am very sorry to hear it," said the stranger; "for, to tell you the truth, I expected to see some good acting here to-night."

Simmons was pleased, for there is no actor, old or young, who is insensible to flattery. "We have a good company, sir, although we can't boast much of our theatre. And a good play, too,—none of your French trash watered down

for English tastes. Madame Ruffini is our great star; and if she is only sober—which, between ourselves, she is not always—you will see a very fair performance; and I believe it is very nearly time we began.”

The audience were evidently of that opinion also, for they began to show increased signs of impatience. The whistles became more and more piercing in intensity; cries of “Sit down in front” were even addressed to the manager and the stranger, who were still standing over the glowing fire. Then the well-worn green-baize curtain went merrily aloft, and the play began—a thrilling play of virtue tempted by wealth and power, and remaining true to the last. It was written expressly for Mr Simmons by one of the most rising dramatists of the day, who was remarkable for his wit and originality. He never borrowed anything from the French, because he always found in novels of his own language a plot which suited him better.

“This is my great piece,” whispered Simmons, “and I must say that I have done very well with it, especially since I engaged Madame Ruffini to play the principal part. I have taken as much as twenty pounds a-night in this very theatre, and my expenses are not five. That is what I call doing well, sir; and this play has done it—that and Madame Ruffini put together, you understand.”

“And who is Madame Ruffini?” asked the stranger,

“Well, sir, that is more than I can tell you. She seems to be some sort of a foreigner, and, I should think, had seen better days,—not young, and very reserved, but clever, sir—has talent. I call her the ‘Star of the West.’ She comes on in the second scene. Fine

woman in her time, sir, but all gone off now. The fact is—I tell you in confidence, Mr Margrave—she drinks like a fish. And as for her temper,—well, you know what women are, even at the best; tow and gunpowder, sir—tow and gunpowder; but when this one is provoked, her black eyes flash so that you may almost hear them snap. Drink and a bad temper—two awkward things to go together in a woman. A pretty life she must have led her husband, if she ever had one!”

The manager slipped off to the door, and the stranger was left to the enjoyment of the play. There was a noble lord, clad in a slashed doublet and trunk-hose, and wearing on his head a hat decorated with a gigantic white feather. Before his unwelcome advances there fled a lowly village maiden, all innocence and beauty, undazzled by wealth, and unmoved by dreams of splendour. Gold, jewels, and a home in a regal castle—all these allurements she despised; she desired only her faithful swain and a humble cottage home. The swain was seen lingering timidly in the background, uncouth and uncomely; while the noble lord was a dazzling picture, with diamonds flashing on every finger, long black hair, and a most beautiful moustache. But the village maiden did not hesitate a moment between the clodhopper and the scion of a noble race; she scorned the latter, just as all rural maidens would do were they subjected to the same temptations. Then the incensed and dissolute nobleman resolved to carry out his evil designs by treachery and cunning, and his plans were making rapid progress, when suddenly they were baffled by one who had the power to blanch his cheeks and bring startled exclamations of “Sdeath” to his trembling

lips — Myra, the betrayed, the forsaken, now returned to wreak a fearful retribution,—a wild and weird looking woman, perhaps of gipsy blood, whose eyes, even in that dimly lit booth, glittered strangely, and whose voice seemed to stir the blood, not only of the gay voluptuary on the stage, but of the audience, who followed her every movement with eager attention. It was Madame Ruffini, the Star of the West, and the favourite of all the crowned heads of Europe.

Before her entrance, the sole occupant of the front benches had fallen into a reverie; perhaps he was meditating on the truth and constancy of woman, as exemplified in the case of the village maiden. His gaze was fixed upon the fire, now burning clearly in the frosty air; for him, the tent and all its surroundings had disappeared. He was living where so many of us pass a large part of our days—not always of our own free will—in the past. Scenes far remote from this stroller's booth unfolded themselves before his eyes, and once more he was playing an active part in them—a part so absorbing that the mimic stage had vanished, and the greater stage of real life, with the intermingled tragedy and farce which is ever being enacted upon it, had taken its place. The figures which moved about were shadows, but the voice which fell upon his ear was real—a voice which seemed to speak to him far out from that very past which had been so quickly and silently conjured up. It was the voice of Madame Ruffini.

Decidedly the star was not beautiful. Her paint and bedizements were powerless to disguise the ravages of time—or, it might have been, of dissipation. A scarf cast over her shoulders, and

a long dark robe, concealed the outlines of her form, but in her movements there was little trace of youth. A keen-eyed, determined-looking woman, who, if she had seen better days, had also passed through much hardship and sorrow,—so much one could discern at a glance; so much the stranger had perhaps discerned, for he looked long and curiously upon her.

Youth and beauty were both absent, and yet there was something about the woman which commanded the attention of the audience. Originality and power sometimes marked her tone and gestures, and a flash of intellectual fire illumined her thin and haggard face. Before her withering threats and denunciations the aristocratic voluptuary trembled in his jack-boots, and the huge white feather drooped ominously over his once haughty crest. The flashing eyes and thrilling voice followed him so pitilessly that the very audience began to share his agitation. The ruined and deceived Myra had come as a minister of the fates, and the libertine's day of reckoning was at hand. Two acts were over, and the curtain was soon to rise upon the third, when the stranger on the front bench rose and made his way towards the door, at which the manager was standing, in conversation with a woman who had taken the money, and who was now ready to go on in the next scene as a page. She was attired in a scarlet jacket and green tights; and although she looked so young and pretty, she was the lawful wife of Simmons—his third wife, moreover; for the manager was overflowing with enterprise in private as well as in public life. The green tights revealed limbs of delicate mould, and the red jacket did not hide the fact that this was a some-

what dangerous kind of page to be in the retinue of a noble lord without morals. The stranger looked intently at her—for great indeed must be a man's cares when a bright eye and a pretty figure fail to attract from him even a passing glance. The page was not half the age of her husband; but Simmons did not object to that in the least, and indeed it was nothing against her.

"Are you going so soon, sir?" said Simmons, touching his hat. "Why, the last act is the best; and then there is the comic song between the pieces: I really should have liked you to hear that—something quite new, written for me by a first-class poet."

"Another time, Simmons, I will come and hear it. And you must accept a guinea for my seat to-night; and perhaps you will do me the favour to come to my house, some evening after the performance, and get it. A very fine play that, and a good actress you have for the chief part. No wonder you are proud of her. What did you say was her name?"

"Madame Ruffini, sir."

"Just so; and pray, where did she come from?"

"I really do not know; but perhaps I could find out. She is rather a mystery to all of us here. All I know is that she joined me at Liverpool; seemed very poor, and was willing to take almost anything: knew her business well, and manages to draw, except in weather like this, when Mrs Siddons herself would have played to empty benches. As I told you, sir, the day for this kind of entertainment is gone. Actors are all gentlemen now; and as for actresses, when they are not fine ladies, they are—well, sir, I will leave you to judge. Thank you, sir, and good night."

"Who is he?" inquired the fair

page, as the stranger went forth into the darkness.

"What! don't you remember him? He is the gentleman who gave us the bespeak last summer when we came this way; and he lives in the old mansion yonder, among the yew-trees. You must recollect Squire Margrave?"

"I didn't catch sight of his face."

"What brought him down here to-night I don't know, but it's a guinea in our pockets, and by-and-by we'll drink his health; and then we'll go home to those fried sausages and potatoes which I seem to hear frizzling on the hob—eh, my Antonio?"

The page, Antonio, smiled, and sprang forward to obey the call of the Earl Rudolpho, who, while walking alone in the forest, revolving in his mind divers plans for circumventing the rustic beauty, was suddenly set upon by three sturdy assailants, brothers of as many different victims of his unbridled passions. The contest was desperate and unequal, and if the page had tarried but a few moments longer, talking about fried potatoes and sausages, her noble master would have bitten the dust. Fortunately the stage-door was at hand: a few yards from the entrance was a step-ladder, half hidden by a canvas screen; the page darted up, and in an instant she had stabbed one of the assailants, while her liege lord had passed his sword through the vitals of the other, and the third took to his heels. The work of vengeance was thus left to be completed by the implacable Myra.

And while this was going on, the manager's patron had found his way home through cold and darkness, and prolonged his vigil far into the night, when all the household was wrapt in sleep. It

was a strange old house, and from his boyhood he had not dwelt within it until he was summoned back as its master. Eventful years had gone by since he had shrunk back in childish terror from the long dark corridors and vaulted passages which crossed and intersected each other in bewildering confusion. In former days weird legends had grown up around it, and thrilling tales were told of shadowy beings from another world who had made themselves visible to mortal eyes. There were times when a cavalier, all wounded and bloody, revisited the glimpses of the moon, and paced to and fro in the chamber where Richard Margrave now slept—a cavalier who was basely slain by a kinsman's hand in this very house, because of his fidelity to his king. In the old hall, long before the

Margraves appeared upon the scene, a young and beautiful girl had met with an appalling death by fire; and there were still old men and women about the place who declared that they had seen her looking out from the latticed windows on stormy nights, especially when the red lightning-flashes flamed over the ancient park, and the crash of thunder made the house shake to its foundations. Dreamy recollections of these traditions passed through Margrave's mind as he sat alone that night; and with the cavalier, true to the "antique faith," and the faint image of the young girl who had met with so dire a fate, there crossed the field of view a figure which haunted him more than all the "unreal mockeries" of the past—the figure of the dark and haggard woman in the stroller's tent.

CHAPTER II.—THE SQUIRE AND HIS DAUGHTER.

Mr Simmons had spoken of his patron as the Squire, but in reality Richard Margrave put forth no claim to consideration as one of the magnates of the county. Scarcely two years had passed since he had returned from the new world across the Atlantic, which had been his home from boyhood, and during the greater part of that time he had lived with an only daughter, in comparative seclusion. The estate which he had inherited had once belonged to the Prulings, an ancient family, who had lived beneath the shelter of these beautifully wooded hills for five hundred years and more, and then had gradually died out, leaving their lands to be divided among strangers. Among the neighbours of the last squire of the old race was Margrave's grandfather, a man who had the same passion for accumulating land that a

miser has for hoarding gold. He had begun by buying fields and cottages, and he never rested until park and hall alike acknowledged him as lord, and all that remained of the once great estate passed beneath his sway. After that he took no further pleasure in it.

Richard Margrave remembered this old man—a shrunken figure in a deep old chimney-corner, where he loved to sit, winter and summer, brooding perpetually over the book of his own life, and holding but little converse with friends or neighbours, or even with his own kith and kin. While he was still in pursuit of the main object of his desires, he was full of animation and energy; when once he had accomplished it, he lost all interest even in his success. The house had taken its name from a group of four enormous yew-trees,

which still flourished at the end of an old-world garden, and which had been standing there time out of mind. The trunks were like vast pillars, grey, time-worn, rent with fissures, covered with a short coarse fibre, which only partially concealed the scars of centuries. The rugged branches, against which the hurricane and the "all-dreaded thunder-stone" had spent their strength in vain, threw so dark a shadow upon the ground that the grass refused to grow, and nothing was to be seen there but the brown dust which the fallen leaves of ages had deposited. These venerable arms stretched themselves out towards the sky in a gaunt and spectral manner, even when seen under the light of the sun; but in the twilight, or when the moon threw its pale beams among their heavy shadows, they had an aspect so strangely weird and unearthly, that superstitions without number had come to be associated with them. Generation after generation had come and gone,—brave men and beautiful women, the young and fair, with hearts full of hope, the old and weary in whom hope was merely a recollection of the past,—but still these four yews stood unchanged, watching the long procession pass from the cradle to the grave, unconquerable even by time, which had destroyed all things else around them.

Amid these surroundings Richard Margrave had passed his early days—a solitary lad, neglected and forsaken, knowing no mother's love or father's care. The father had been a man with whom no one lived on terms of affection—least of all his own wife and child. The wife died; and as the son grew up, the tie between him and his surviving parent grew weaker day by day, till at length a bitter quarrel

arose, and at the age of eighteen he was sent to a distant connection in America, and there he had found for himself a career, and had married and passed his life, till one day a letter reached him announcing his father's death. Contrary to his expectations the estate had been bequeathed to him; and now he had returned to it, a man verging upon fifty, with a daughter upon whom all the strength of his affections was fixed. Child, companion, friend, all these she had been to him since the days when her lips were first able to call him father.

People said that the Margraves were always unhappy in their marriages, and destiny had willed that in Richard's lot the tradition should not be broken. A beautiful face had fascinated him, and he had married a woman of whose disposition, and even of whose family, he was wholly ignorant. Then there had come disaster: the wife fled from her husband's roof; he heard of her no more. It was better that the child should believe her dead, and in her father's tender care she was spared the consciousness of a mother's loss. The recollection of his own hard lot in early life rendered Margrave doubly anxious to shield his daughter from similar trials; and the fortunes of life had thus far so shaped themselves for him and for her that care had never once clouded her brow. She was now of the very age at which her father had been when called upon to leave his home,—a beautiful girl of eighteen, with much of the vivacity of the people among whom she had been reared—with much, too, of that American type of features which seems to strangers' eyes not English, and yet not foreign. Her hands were small, her voice was soft and rich, her blue eyes were fringed with long dark lashes, and a pleasant

smile played about the corners of her mouth.

With Kate and her father there had come from New York a lady who had intended to remain but a few weeks at the Grange, but who was still there after a visit of nearly two years. She was an American who had been Kate's only intimate acquaintance, and who, though still young, had passed through some of the vicissitudes of married life, including the death of her husband. New York and its society were by no means to the taste of Mrs Peters, who had inherited a large fortune, and who was of opinion that there were pleasanter places to spend it in than her native city. She promised herself every other day that she would go to Paris, but she was always prevailed upon by Kate to wait till they had "settled down" in their English home. And the process took longer than was anticipated, as it generally does when friends are reluctant to separate. The truth is that Sally Peters, as she was familiarly called in New York, found herself happier at the Grange than she had been since her own girlish days. Her husband had been a well-known speculator, whose fortunes had varied greatly, and who lived in an atmosphere of turmoil and excitement. He had gone into a perilous market to buy experience, but at last he had managed to acquire it, and then he became so remarkably successful that he was generally known as the "Skinner." One day—for it was all done in a single day—he made a vast sum of money by a lucky *coup* in which he was engaged with that renowned railroad king and wizard of finance, Mr Dexter File. In the ordinary course of events, File would have secured his own share of the booty first, and then contrived to add to it that of his

associate; but the "Skinner" unintentionally frustrated this intention by contracting a severe cold as he was going home from a convivial game of euchre, and his money went untouched into the pockets of his young and pretty wife. Dexter File might not have given over the pursuit even then; for women will sometimes take risks in the share market as well as in other fields where they are supposed to be more at home, but there was no speculation in Mrs Peters's sparkling black eyes. She had seen too much of the game to care to play at it. Therefore she well secured her ample provision of this world's goods, and decided to give Europe the advantage of it.

It chanced that on the night following Margrave's visit to the last home of the rural drama, Mrs Peters was discussing with Kate, after dinner, certain matters concerning the country in which they both seemed likely to live for some little time to come. Kate, it has been said, was but eighteen, and the widow twenty-five; there was much for the younger one to learn.

"You see, my dear, your father leads a very secluded life here, and does not even care to go to London, unless he desires to see that wretched lawyer, with whom he has so much business of late. But this will not do for you—I must get you out of it; and therefore I mean to ask your father to let you come and stay with me a few weeks in London. There you shall see a little of life."

"If you can get my father to go also, well and good; if not, I am very certain beforehand that I should not like it."

"My child, you know nothing about it, and that is why you fancy you would not like it. You would have everything your own way in London, for of course you

are more American than English, and Americans are all the rage. If I had a daughter, I engage to say that I would marry her to a lord in six weeks; not that I care much about a lord myself, but I have noticed that everybody else does, and it is always as well to go with the stream. Therefore my girl, if I had one, should marry a peer, and I would take care that the peer should be rich; for it is of no use taking a poor nobleman when there are plenty of rich ones in the field."

"I never intend to get married."

"Of course not—no one ever does. You had better tell that to Sir Reginald Tresham the next time he comes—and he comes pretty often."

"Why should I tell him?" said Kate, with a sudden flush, which did not escape the observation of Sally Peters.

"Because he would be interested to hear it; it concerns him more than it does me, I suppose? I am not going to ask you to marry me. But take my advice—have a peer while you are about it. A baronet is a nobody."

"You are always giving good advice," said Margrave, who had entered the room quietly.

"Yes; I wish Kate to make a better match than I did."

"Than you? Why, I thought my poor old friend Peters was a model husband."

"Very likely—you did not live with him," said Mrs Peters, drily. "Peters was well enough; but do you think I could not have done better if I had come over here? See how pleasantly it is all arranged now—no questions asked as to your family or connections; to be an American is quite enough. Could there be a more convenient plan?"

"But I do not wish my daugh-

ter to make use of her advantages in that respect."

"Well, then, let me tell you that you will not always be able to keep her cooped up in this old house, with its unpleasant family pictures, and its still more unpleasant ghosts, who go about making dismal noises all night, and will not come out and show themselves. We will take Kate away, even if we summon Mr Dexter File over to do it."

"Why, what has File to do with it?" said Margrave, looking up surprised.

"A great deal. He was at your marriage, remember, and he takes more interest in Kate than I have ever seen him take in any one else. If he were not old enough to be her grandfather, I should say that he intended, even now, to drive the British nobility out of the field."

"I am sure you would never consent to that. Everybody said he was paying great attentions to you; and, after all, he is not much older than poor Peters was."

"Perhaps not; but I am not obliged to keep on marrying old men because I began with them. I will try them the other way next time. And when I marry again, it will be an English earl. This country must be republicanised—so your friend Mr Delvar, the editor, is always saying. Nothing can be easier. We American women will marry into the aristocracy—that will do it in time."

"So far as I can see," replied Margrave, "it is the republicans who are generally converted by that process."

"That is because we are so few in numbers, and the earnest women did not get taken first. Now I am much in earnest. You will see that my earl will soon be brought to see the superior merit of repub-

lican institutions. He will be like Lord Flight, who came to see us at Boston—you recollect him, Kate?"

"The silly young man whom Sir Reginald Tresham brought with him one day?"

"Sir Reginald again! That is the clue to poor Lord Flight, is it? Did you notice that, Richard?"

"I notice that you are rather more mischievous than ever to-day; your poor earl, when you get him, will have a fine time of it if you do not alter."

"He will. I shall make him read Mr Doleful's 'History of the United States' to me every night. If he survives it, he will be able to boast that he is the first man who ever got through that book."

"And he will be the last," added Margrave. "It seems that some people like the state of widowhood—What is it, Jervis?" This question was addressed to the old butler, who had noiselessly made his appearance.

"There is a party by the name of Simmons here, sir, who says that he has an appointment with you." Jervis had not made up his mind who or what Simmons was, but he decided that he was a "party," and not a gentleman.

Kate looked at her father anxiously, for whether it were her fancy, or the reality, she believed that of late she had detected unwonted signs of anxiety upon his face. Was there some secret trouble of which she was ignorant? And this visitor coming at so unusual an hour—was he connected with it? She went up to her father, and took his hand in hers, and seemed to be asking him these questions with her earnest eyes.

"There is nothing wrong," said he with a smile. "It is a sort of showman whom I met on one of my solitary walks. I promised

him a guinea, and he has come for it—that is all. Good night: do not believe all that Mrs Peters tells you."

"Why not bring your showman in here?" said the lady. "Is he in the waxwork line, or has he got a mermaid? Tell him to come in, show and all. Kate and I are not afraid of mermaids."

"He was once a great tragedian, and some night you shall go and see him. At present he is waiting to see me."

Simmons was waiting, but not impatiently. He had taken up a fashionable newspaper, which contained an account of the first appearance on any stage of another great celebrity, who had condescended to give her support and encouragement to the drama by adopting the profession of an actress. The paper declared that Peg Woffington never had so much humour, nor Mrs Siddons so much pathos. She would sweep away worm-eaten traditions and lumber, and teach the old stagers the true art of acting. All this was delightful reading for Simmons. He threw the paper to the other side of the room, and drummed energetically upon his hat, and kicked the fire-irons, and made himself thoroughly at home.

"Nothing is wrong with you, I hope, Simmons," said Margrave as he entered; "you look disturbed."

"It is only something I was reading in the paper, sir. You never do read a newspaper without its upsetting you. 'Teach us how to act,' forsooth."

"Who talks of teaching you, Simmons?" inquired the master of the house with a laugh.

"These lords and ladies who are going on the stage. I wish I had the teaching of *them*. But that is not what brought me here, sir.

You asked me last night a question or two about my leading lady, Madame Ruffini, so I thought I would try to find out something about her."

"Very kind of you, Simmons; but I asked by a mere accident." Nevertheless he had felt tolerably sure that Simmons would make some inquiries, and bring him information, if any there was to be had, when he came for the promised guinea.

"It is rather a mystery, sir. I asked the Madame home last night to supper with us, much against my wife's grain, for she has her own opinion of Madame Ruffini, and does not want to see her anywhere outside our theatre. Well, she came, and was pretty sociable for a foreigner, although she did not talk much; and we could not get a word out of her as to where she came from, or who her friends may be. I think she must have noticed you in the front row, sir, for she asked me who you were, and where you lived—the only time she asked any questions at all. Can she be a Spanish woman? Although she speaks English so well, a Spanish word drops from her now and then. I think myself, sir, that she is a Spaniard, who has lived in South America. She spoke of Texas, but that is in the States—and yet she says she is not an American."

"A strange woman altogether, Simmons," said Margrave, plunged in his own reflections.

"Exactly, sir, exactly; they are all strange, but this one a little more so than the others. Did you notice a thin, seedy-looking man standing near the door as you went out last night? That is a man who goes everywhere with the Madame—her husband, I understand," and Simmons coughed in a somewhat melodramatic manner in his hat.

"She has a husband, then?"

"So it appears, sir. She must have been a fine woman in her time, but gone off now: what a pity it is that they *do* go off so soon when once they have turned thirty! And this one, I suppose, must be forty; but still she is rather good-looking, when she is sober; when she is not, she looks like a fiend."

Margrave took a couple of sovereigns from his pocket, and handed them to the manager, who made in return the justly celebrated bow which he usually reserved for exclusive use on the occasion of his annual benefits at Sheffield. It was a bow which Kemble had invented, and no one had been able to make the smallest improvement upon it since his day. Everywhere it had worked a spell like that of the enchanted lyre of Orpheus; the angry passions of a discontented audience were instantly quelled by it. At Birmingham the leaders of the celebrated "seven hundred," who justly consider themselves as being not far inferior to the British Government in power and importance, had actually gone out of their way to compliment the veteran manager expressly upon the effect of this bow. And now he was to read in the public papers that a parcel of useless dawdlers in drawing-rooms had undertaken to invade the stage, and teach the actor his business! His eye fell upon the abominable newspaper in the corner of the room, and his face darkened; it wandered to the two sovereigns in his hand, and the storm cleared away. By the time he had reached his own home, he had forgotten all about the insult to his profession; and the next morning, as soon as the sun began to show himself above the distant fir-woods in the east, he and his cavalcade were comfortably on the way to their winter quarters.

CHAPTER III.—GATHERING CLOUDS.

At this time there happened to be on a visit to the Grange two persons who had more than the usual reasons for envying the proprietor, since they had passed some years under the impression that they were destined to occupy his place. Margrave's father had undoubtedly resolved, at one period of his life, to settle all his property upon his sister's son, instead of upon his own; but the uncertainty of the human mind is great, and it is well known that some men derive a feeble sort of pleasure from continually making new wills. Now the last will which the elder Margrave signed was not in favour of his nephew, Captain Tiltoff, who had spent without difficulty every penny which he had inherited from his mother, in the full assurance that another fortune awaited him. He, perhaps, was not deserving of much pity, but his wife was in a somewhat different position. Whatever pleasure there had been in dissipating the first fortune, had not fallen to her lot. She had lived quietly at Folkestone, while her husband was cutting a distinguished figure at Newmarket, few of his amusements being of a nature which enabled her to share in them. He sought the safe harbour of home only when the storm was raging mercilessly out of doors. Then, and then only, his wife's society became tolerable to him.

Beatrice Tiltoff endured this kind of life with resignation, although she was naturally of a high spirit, and in every way the superior of the man whom the mysterious marriage fates had assigned to her. She had wit and tact, and had brought to her husband good family connections, an ardent and ambitious disposition, and abilities of an order which he

could neither understand nor appreciate. Her beauty was of a half-foreign type—some people declared that it was French, and others held that it was Spanish; but no one contested the main point, which was that Beatrice Tiltoff was a singularly handsome woman, with eyes which might have melted the heart of an anchorite in his cell. There was no sounding the depths of those eyes, for scarcely was the same expression to be found in them two moments together. Now they would seem to be gazing dreamily into the future, or into "the dark backward and abysm of time;" but soon they sparkled with the wild light which spoke of the "flash and outbreak of a fiery mind," even as poor Polonius had observed in Hamlet. Why Beatrice had married Captain Tiltoff she might not have been able herself to have explained; but there are many excellent persons who could not give a really good reason for having married. If they were candid, they would admit that accident and the drift of circumstances decided the matter. It was clear, at any rate, that in this particular case the wife had the worst of the bargain.

Captain Tiltoff looked upon the old house, and the pleasant gardens which came close up to the lawn in front of the drawing-room windows, and upon the ancient park beyond, with a feeling that all rightfully belonged to him, and that Richard Margrave was but an interloper. He did not like his cousin, nor even his cousin's daughter, whom he had pronounced a "poor little chit,"—an opinion which was doubtless founded, at least in part, upon the fact that Kate had always made a practice of avoiding him.

She did not understand his horsey style of conversation; and there was an unpleasant familiarity in his manner which made him seem a different sort of being from every other gentleman she had ever seen. But Mrs Tiltoff and Kate were tolerably good friends, although the captain's wife was by no means reconciled to the disappointment which had befallen her. Beatrice, it has been said, was an ambitious woman, and she could not help regretting the brilliant opportunities which the ownership of the Grange would have opened up to her. Great encouragements had been held out to her by old Margrave to believe that her husband would be taken into favour; but she found, after all, that ties of kindred are stronger than the admiration of an old man for a pretty woman's eyes. Yet even now, hope had not utterly forsaken Beatrice, although no one knew better than she did that it was built upon the airy creations of her own fancy. Such as it was, however, it would not have added to the warmth of her welcome at the Grange had its existence been even suspected. But no one could keep a secret better than Mrs Tiltoff.

Although it was true, as Mrs Peters had said, that Margrave had led a quiet life since his return to England, he liked society, especially if he could have it in his own house, without being put to the trouble of going abroad for it. He did not pay many visits; for he considered that when one's circle of acquaintance is limited, it is not desirable to go round it too soon or too often. But his dinner-parties were famous in the county; and during the week which the Tiltoffs spent at the Grange, there was a little occasion of the kind which was destined to live long in Margrave's recollection. Among the guests were Lady Tresham, a con-

nection of Lord Rathskinnan, whose influence in politics was believed to be considerable; and her son, Sir Reginald, the present baronet—for Lady Tresham was a widow. Sir Reginald was a clever young man, who had become well acquainted with the Margraves in America, and who was now looked upon as a highly promising member of the House of Commons. Then there was an old schoolfellow of Margrave's, who even in London was accounted a lion in the world of literature—the well-known Mr Delvar, the editor of the 'British Sentinel,'—an inflexible guardian of liberty and progress, according to the modern ideas of such things. Mr Delvar was reputed, in his own circle, to be the cleverest man alive; and he accepted the decision with gentle resignation. Sally Peters liked clever men; but she did not care for the species who were known as the cleverest men alive. She fell to the lot of the great journalist when the party went in to dinner, and put on her most demure and innocent look when he began to reveal to her his opinions on home and foreign affairs, in the modest and unassuming manner which is the chief outward characteristic of all the labourers in the field of progress. Even Sir Reginald Tresham paid unusual deference to Delvar, although his own position was secretly much envied by the editor: he was in Parliament, where Delvar much desired to be; and it was generally believed that his abilities were soon destined to conduct him to an official position—perhaps even into the Cabinet itself. In these days, no one need despair of getting to that haven, provided he is gifted with sufficient confidence in himself, and knows how to work the "machine."

"He is," explained Delvar to Mrs Peters, with a slight movement of his head towards the bar-

onet, "what is called a moderate man. I am not. My motto is Thorough."

"And a very nice motto too. Does it mean anything in particular?"

The editor looked up at her suspiciously, but saw no sign of mockery upon her face. Then, for the first time, he noticed what a very pretty face it was—how much like the descriptions which his friends had given him of the most charming variety of American women. He would not have had it known for the world, but the fact was that he was of a highly impressionable temperament; and this fair apparition by his side for the moment disarranged his plans of discoursing upon politics, as he had fully intended to do, according to his invariable custom on these festive occasions.

"We have all sorts of party mottoes in my country," the young widow continued, by no means blind to the advantage she had gained, "and they all mean one thing—office. Does 'Thorough' mean anything of that sort?"

"Come, you are rather hard upon yourself as well as upon us. You forget that we English have a great admiration for American institutions."

"Especially for those that you do not understand. Yes; I have observed that."

"Why, what is there difficult to understand about them? Your politics are much the same as our own now. You are republicans, and so are we."

"Who are we?"

"All sensible men."

"How modest you Englishmen are! But let me tell you that I am not a republican—at least, not in this country. I would stand by all the institutions of England, good or bad. For my part, I believe them to be all good."

"A very proper view to take,"

broke in Margrave; "but you will find it hard to convert Mr Delvar to it."

"The law of nations," said the editor solemnly, and turning his sallow countenance towards the pretty American, "is progress; we must obey it like other people. The Americans set the example of progress, the French followed the Americans, and we shall follow the French. The days of privilege are numbered."

"I am so sorry to hear it," said Mrs Peters, clasping her hands together, and letting her fine eyes rest pensively upon the editor's somewhat watery orbs. "I like England just as it is, and now you are making me afraid of it."

"Afraid? How is that?"

"Why, by your talk of a republic, and all the rest of it."

"But I had not come to all the rest of it. You would not give me time."

"You do not know how good a country England is to live in. Have you ever been to America, Mr Delvar?"

"Never. I wish I could find time to go."

"Yes, it would do you good. And then, you know, Americans rather like Englishmen, especially Englishmen of progress. If I were you I would go out and deliver lectures."

"But I never delivered a lecture in my life."

"Oh, that is no drawback. No one stops to consider that."

"But I have nothing to say that is worth hearing."

"Do you think, then, that your countrymen who make lecturing tours in America *have*? They go out praying that something will occur to them on the voyage—and it does. You must trust to the chapter of accidents. Remember, we are very ignorant, and like to be instructed—by Englishmen."

"That poor man is not enjoying himself," said Kate to Reginald Tresham, with an amused smile. "I can tell by the wicked look in Mrs Peters's eye that she is worrying your friend the editor. But then editors ought to be worried—it is the only retribution we can wreak upon them."

"Delvar will take care of himself, never fear. At any rate, there is one of the party who is perfectly happy, and who has something better to think about than politics."

"Better than politics? What can that be? I thought there was nothing better than politics."

"You cannot guess?"

"No; I am a poor hand at guessing. Probably your thoughts were on your next speech in the House of Commons."

"But that would be politics. No; I have been thinking how pleasant it is to have you here among us. I have never forgotten our friendship in America, although I fear you have done so long since."

"Indeed I have not," said Kate, unaffectedly. "You were always a welcome guest of my father's. I cannot say as much for Captain Tiltoff over there, who is half asleep, as he generally is."

"Only when his wife is present. You should try him alone some day."

"I have tried him, and I prefer him mixed with others. But my father likes Mrs Tiltoff. See how gaily he is laughing and talking with her. I wish I could see him always as light-hearted," added Kate, with a sigh, and a tender glance at her father.

"He has not quite settled down here yet. You must let me come and see him oftener, and drag him out of his solitude. You will not say no?"

"I cannot say no, for my father looks upon you as an old friend."

"I wish you knew," said the

young baronet, softly "how often I have wished for what has happened now—that our friendship might be renewed."

"Then why did you not come over to America again to see us?"

"Ah, that would be a long story to tell. But you are here now, and I am content."

Low as were the tones in which these words were spoken, they had not escaped the ears of Lady Tresham, who, to say the truth, had little to divert her attention in the conversation of Captain Tiltoff. The gallant captain had asked her a few questions about racing, concerning which her information was limited, and then relapsed into a stupid silence. "Decidedly," thought the baronet's widow, "it was not for his wit that the pretty woman yonder married this creature; and I do not think it was for his beauty," she added, as she inspected his dark visage, and marked the scowl which hung upon his brow. She knew, however, the one point on which it was never difficult to rouse him.

"Your cousin is bent upon carrying out great improvements here," said she, with a look which might have warned him of mischief, if his perceptions had been a little keener. "It must be quite a pleasure to you to see the changes he is making."

"There was nothing the matter with the place before he came to it," objected the captain, in a sulky tone. "His father found it good enough, and never would have dreamt of wasting all this money on a parcel of fads. I knew what his ideas were better than anybody else."

"Naturally—you were to have been his heir; so we all understood. It must have been a great disappointment to you, and especially to your wife. So charming as she is, too!"

“Who is charming?”

“Your wife—we were talking about her, although you were looking at Miss Margrave. You find her charming?”

“Indeed I do not. But your son does, apparently.” At this moment the young baronet was very deeply absorbed in his conversation with Kate, and Lady Tresham observed it with feelings which she would not have cared to confide to her neighbour. “For my part,” he went on, “I wish she had remained in America.”

“Perhaps it would have been as well; but here she is, and now we must make the best of her, especially if, as I understood, the will of Margrave’s father cut off all your chances.”

“Who told you that?” asked the captain, turning round suddenly.

“Who told me? I really cannot say at the moment. One hears these things in all sorts of places.”

“Well, no one ever heard me say so, for I know nothing about it. My wife attends to all business matters.” And the captain devoutly wished that he could get away to his cigar and brandy-and-water, for claret was not a beverage suited to his taste. “What did the confounded old woman mean,” he said to his wife the last thing that night, “by boring me about old Margrave’s will? We got nothing, that is all I know, but she must have heard some story or other. Can you imagine what it was?”

“Why did you not ask her?” answered the wife, who was always conscious that it would be time thrown away to talk over any difficult matter with her accomplished husband. “Perhaps she thinks your cousin will return to the backwoods, and leave the property to you. He cannot fail to be charmed with all that he has

heard and seen of you.” The worthy captain received this sally as an elephant might receive the scratch of a pin.

But it had so fallen out that the few words which Lady Tresham had dropped regarding old Margrave’s will had attracted the notice of Delvar, who enjoyed the advantage of a long acquaintance with Mrs Tiltoff, and had reasons of his own for attaching peculiar interest to the brief conversation which he had overheard. Devotion to friends was not the strongest quality in his nature, but he was quite willing to serve Margrave if he could do it without putting himself to inconvenience. He recalled some remarks which he had heard more than once from Mrs Tiltoff in reference to her husband’s real or imaginary rights, and they suddenly assumed greater importance than he had hitherto attached to them.

“Margrave,” he said, when he found his host alone, and all the house was silent, “do you have your cousin down here because you love him?”

“Not quite that; but it seems only civil to ask him now and then. I am afraid I stood in his way a good deal at one time, but I cannot very well get out of it now.”

“No; but he would get *you* out if he could—depend upon that. If I were you, I would not make any violent effort to look upon him as a friend.”

“But what does it signify? What can he do?”

The editor hesitated a moment or two, not seeing his way very clearly before him. Presently he said: “The fact is, I am convinced that this fellow has some idea that he will still be the master of house and lands here; and if he has not, his wife has, and that is more important still, for she’s as clever as

three ordinary men, and would never give up any scheme which she had once taken in hand. I admire that woman, but I am also half afraid of her. She could be a very dangerous enemy."

"No doubt," returned Margrave, listlessly. "But, my dear fellow, what has all this to do with me?"

"Nothing, perhaps; I cannot quite say. Tell me this—was there not some curious provision in your father's will relating to your marriage?"

Margrave looked up quickly, but it was difficult to decide whether the expression on his face was one of surprise or annoyance.

"It is a delicate matter to speak to you about, but we are old friends, and I have a reason for mentioning it—a particular reason, which I will explain to you another time."

"Well, then, I do not remember any provision of that kind; and if there had been one, I presume my father's lawyer, Morgan, would have made me acquainted with it."

"I am convinced there was a clause under which Captain Tiltoff would have taken possession of the property—it is one of his standing grievances. Everybody has heard of it. Depend upon it, Morgan must have written to you about it before you left America."

"He would have written if there had been anything whatever that it was essential for me to know. Morgan is a very careful man."

"None more so in London. Still, it is strange. The editor looked intently upon the carpet, as if he expected to find an explanation of the mystery written

there. "At any rate," he continued, "I am glad there was nothing which that raffish captain could use to your injury. A reckless and daring man, backed by an adroit woman, make up an awkward combination. They would give you trouble if they could, take my word for it."

"Well, I will see Morgan, and find out whether there is anything in your suspicions."

"And you will see him soon? In these matters delays are dangerous."

"I will go to-morrow," said Margrave, obviously becoming more and more uneasy. The words which Delvar had let fall awakened some disquieting recollections in his mind. Undoubtedly he had known of his father's intimacy with the Tiltoffs, and he was aware that his inheritance had once been in great jeopardy, for everything had depended upon an old man's caprice. Was it possible that there was something in the background which even now he had not taken sufficiently into account—a danger which, if he had suspected, he had not hitherto dared to face? A sense of coming trouble weighed heavily upon him as he went to rest, and his sleep was broken by disturbed visions of Captain Tiltoff rioting in his father's halls, while he and his daughter were homeless wanderers upon the earth. Whatever the secret might be, to-morrow should unravel it; but nights of care and anxiety seem endless, and to the weary sleeper on that fevered couch it seemed that the morrow would never come.

CHAPTER IV.—LAWYER AND EDITOR.

Mr William Morgan was one of the most successful solicitors in London, and therefore it is not

surprising that he lived in a house which had cost a handsome fortune to build, and which contained

perhaps a little too much evidence, in every room, of the owner's wealth. If Mr Morgan had confined himself all his life to what is called a strictly private practice, it may be questioned whether he would have been in a position to provide for himself a mansion overlooking Kensington Gardens. But the fact is, that he had been found a very useful man by various ingenious persons who had a talent for getting up public companies; and they took care that he should not be overlooked when there were great prizes to be distributed. He had assisted at the birth of many a vast enterprise, which promised to bring riches to all who had an interest in it; and after it had run its brief career he had been called in to preside over its last melancholy obsequies. By each process he had equally contrived to increase his shining store. It was a game at which he always was sure to win, no matter who might lose. Out of the reconstruction of bankrupt railroads, and the arrangement of gigantic liquidations—out of everything, in short, connected with the losses and misfortunes of others—Mr Morgan could suck profit as easily as the melancholy Jaques could suck melancholy out of a song. A man who has opportunities of that kind at his command, and neglects to use them, cannot expect to be rich, and perhaps he does not deserve to be.

William Morgan had not laid himself open to any blame in this respect. He had used his advantages with the greatest energy and skill, and the result was that he had as much money as it is good for any man to have, and perhaps a little more. His pictures were all painted by R.A.'s of the period, except a few very dubious old masters, which he had taken for bad debts, and which were worth about as much as the debts. Most of

the modern paintings had been purchased for him by the celebrated Moss Jacobs, who had a peculiarly benevolent turn, which led him to make advances of money, at high rates of interest, to young and promising artists. When the time for repayment came round, it was generally found that the money was not forthcoming, whereupon the good-natured Moss Jacobs would accept a picture or two in satisfaction of his claims for interest. Although Jacobs was a man without any education or knowledge of art, he could detect genuine merit when he saw it, and he knew what would hit the public taste; and thus it happened that works for which he allowed a hundred pounds, in a fit of generosity, he often sold, a year or two afterwards, for five times that amount. Morgan had formed his taste, and completed his collection, under the guidance of this distinguished patron of the fine arts; and he had no reason to repent of the bargains which he had made.

It was a fine morning when Margrave made his appearance at the lawyer's. Kensington Gardens looked as if they might be still, as they actually were once, the haunt of the cuckoo and the nightingale in the spring-time of the year. Indeed there are persons so hopelessly wedded to London that they fancy they hear the notes of the cuckoo from amid the leafy recesses of the old elms even now, in spite of fogs and sulphurous-laden clouds. But that was one of the few matters on which William Morgan would have acknowledged that he was not competent to express an opinion. The nightingale might have sung in his drawing-room all day as well as all night, and he would never have heeded it.

"I am very glad to see you," he said, with a phantom smile flickering over his pale face. "It is as

well that you called here and not at the office, for we shall be moderately safe from interruption. That is more than I could promise you in the City."

"You are very busy, then?"

"I am always busy. Just now my hands are full with the affairs of the Tuscarora railroad, as you may have seen in the morning papers. It is the old story. A number of country clergymen and widows, who are the most gullible people on the face of the earth, rushed to buy Tuscarora railroad shares when no price was too high, and now no price is too low. Of course they have lost their money, and serve them right. We hope to get the road into our hands, which will be a good thing——"

"For the shareholders, I hope," said Margrave, before the lawyer had time to finish his sentence; "a great many of my friends happen to be among them."

"Well, I do not know about that. People went into it with their eyes open, and they must take the consequences. The law expenses will be heavy; our chairman is not a cheap man; and then there are trustees and managers, none of whom will work for nothing. The shareholders take their turn last; and, to tell you the truth, I would not give very much for their chance. But now let us come to your own affairs—there is nothing wrong, I hope?"

Margrave told him of the allusion which Delvar had made to Captain Tiltoff's projects, and informed the lawyer that he remembered nothing of the contents of his father's will, except the one important fact, that under it he had been made heir to the Grange estates.

"But you do not mean to say that you never received a letter which I addressed to you in New York, enclosing a copy of the will?"

"I received nothing from you on the subject but a telegram recalling me to England to take possession of my property. Then, when I arrived, you gave me a general outline of the provisions of the will; I presumed that was all which it was necessary for me to know."

"Besides sending that letter," said the lawyer, with an air of surprise, "I wrote again to you, explaining everything that needed explanation; and I can only suppose that the letter must have arrived after your departure for England. It is vexatious, no doubt, but I do not think there was very much for you to learn. Your father was a strange and crotchety man, as you know, and he insisted upon inserting one clause in his will, against my advice, which, I suppose, need give you no concern. Shall I speak to you plainly on the subject?"

"Why not? It is the very thing I have come to ask of you."

"Well, then, it was just this. Your father's mind was filled with the idea that you were intent upon marrying a woman—an American, I think—concerning whose origin and circumstances some strange stories had reached him. No doubt those stories were all false, as such tales about women generally are; but he was furious at what he called this final proof of your contempt for his advice and wishes. He insisted upon the insertion of this clause. It was simply to the effect that if you married a foreigner—for he was determined to be sufficiently comprehensive—the whole of the Grange property should pass to his nephew, Captain Tiltoff, who, by the by, I have always understood is a precious rascal. His wife, however, was with your father a good deal in his last illness, and acquired no small influ-

ence over him. I suppose you heard of that?"

"Yes—I heard of that."

"Exactly. I daresay it had something to do with that clause. And now I have told you the sum and substance of the whole matter. I presume it does not effect you in any way?"

Margrave did not answer for a minute or two. He sat looking across the road at the trees swaying in the breeze, recalling many circumstances connected with his married life which had almost faded from his memory. He had known of his father's opposition to his marriage, but the clause in the will he now heard of for the first time. Yet, would it have made any difference in his course, had he been apprised of it when his father died? That was the question he asked himself as he sat looking at the trees.

"It may be that it is a matter of no importance," he said presently, "but you will think it strange that I could not say at this moment how this clause might affect me. I first saw my wife at the house of some friends in New York whose name was Vance,—English people who had been settled there some years, but who had never renounced allegiance to their native land. My courtship was brief; I was in love, and young, and there was no reason for delaying our marriage. On the very eve of the wedding-day, I learnt that my betrothed was merely an adopted child of the Vances, and that they had taken care of her from a very early age from respect for her mother's memory. She grew up as their child, and never had the least suspicion that she had no claim upon them. Their one desire now was to keep her still in ignorance of her true position.

"I readily promised to say nothing to her of these circumstances.

The Vances were getting old, and they feared to say to the daughter they had loved so well, 'You are no child of ours; to us you owe neither duty nor affection.' Would that this had been the only or the worst trouble which I was called upon to face!"

He passed his hand across his brow, and when he spoke again his voice was troubled, and there was an old worn look upon his face which his daughter had too often noticed there, with no perception of the sorrow which produced it.

"A year after our marriage a child was born to us; and while that child was still very young, my wife disappeared, and I saw her no more."

"Disappeared?" repeated the lawyer, keeping his stony gaze riveted upon the countenance of his client.

"She went from my house, where her young child lay in helpless innocence, without a word. Long afterwards I heard that she had fled with an actor who just then had taken New York by storm—a man who himself had a wife and children. It is seventeen years since that miserable time, and our daughter is now on the verge of womanhood. For her sake, I have kept the tragedy of my life a secret—the mother's crime shall cast no shadow on the daughter's heart. Kate believes that her mother died while she was yet a child, and it is better that she should believe it still."

"And is it so?"

"It has been my own belief for years past, but I will not conceal from you the fact that sometimes I have had my doubts. She was said to have died at Denver; but her true history after she abandoned her house I never knew. And I desire to know nothing now."

The lawyer looked very grave. After all, then, old Margrave had

not been quite so mad as he seemed to be.

"The question which we must consider," said Morgan presently, "is whether you could prove that your wife was an Englishwoman if you were called upon to do so? Recollect that you may be put to this test at any time. Captain Tiltoff, of course, is perfectly well aware of the conditions your father exacted, and he is not the man to be restrained from following up the slightest scent which promised to lead him to such a prize as this."

"The friends by whom my wife was brought up, and at whose house I met her, as I have told you, are both dead. At our marriage there was present one who was said to be well acquainted with that unhappy woman's parents, and who at any rate had known her from her earliest years. He may be able to set this point at rest. I know of no one else who could do so."

"You can find him?" asked the lawyer.

"Without difficulty. It is the famous Mr Dexter File, of New York."

"Ah, I know him," said the lawyer, with a smile of satisfaction; "the great railroad king. I have had dealings with him; a clever man—an immensely clever man. I cannot tell you how much I admire him—a perfect genius. We are all literally nowhere when it comes to a fight with him." A transient glow of unwonted enthusiasm lit up the speaker's hard, cold face, and he rubbed his hands together with glee as he described to Margrave how Dexter File had once seized a railroad, and held it in defiance of all comers, until he had quite done with it, when he magnanimously gave it back again. So absorbed was the lawyer in admiration of this feat that he almost forgot the affairs of his client.

"The only question is," he said at length, "has File a direct interest in serving you? If he has, there will be some hope. Upon the whole, I confess I do not like the position; but we must do our best. If we have to fight, we will make a hard fight of it. You will of course write to File at once; and be careful that the Tiltoffs hear no word of what you have told me. To be quite candid, there is some reason to believe that their suspicions are aroused. I happen to know that a copy of the will was taken recently for them, and that it has been submitted to their lawyer, Abraham Stodgers—the sharpest man in London. I never like to find Stodgers working against any client of mine. And Tiltoff has already consulted him on this subject—of that there can be no doubt."

"Then that accounts for Delvar's questioning me so closely about my father's will last night. There was a reason for it, he said, but I did not ask him what it was."

"Then I should do so. Go and see him at once—you will find him at his office; he is always there at this hour in the afternoon. He has a good deal of influence over Tiltoff, and it can do no harm to find out how the land lies. You will go?"

Margrave saw no objection, and started off at once upon his errand. As the door closed behind him, Morgan stood up before the fire, and said, half aloud, "I would not give a thousand pounds for his chance. What an ass the fellow must have been! A woman without a name—and, for all that appears to the contrary, without a country. Marriage is generally a mistake—but such a marriage as this! Great heavens! And then for Dexter File to be mixed up with the

affair! What is the meaning of that? There were a good many queer stories associated with his name at one time. Can it be——”

The line of thought to which Morgan had now been led was so intricate, and appeared to interest him so profoundly, that some time elapsed before he returned to the mass of papers on his table. And even then his attention wandered from them again and again, and he found himself recalling incidents and adventures in the career of Dexter File which were far more wonderful than anything recorded of Monte Christo. Morgan was wealthy; but what was his wealth compared with that of a man who thought as little of buying a silver-mine or a railroad as most men did of buying an orange? People said there had been some of File's transactions which would not bear strict examination; but Morgan had been a good deal behind the scenes, and he was of opinion that to get Dexter's millions, many rigid professors of ethics would not hesitate to do everything that he had done, and even to try to do a little more.

While Morgan was thus deliberating, Margrave was making the best of his way to the office of the 'British Sentinel,' which was not very far from the Thames, like most other newspaper offices. The house was dingy, and even dirty, in outward appearance, and inside it was not much better. Floors, ceiling, and walls were black with soot, smoke, and neglect; and the windows looked as if they had not been cleaned for half a century. Margrave was shown into a room in the centre of which there stood a table, covered all over with huge blotches of ink, and having upon it a couple of sheets of blotting-paper stiff with dirt. On the mantelpiece there was a dusty 'London Directory,'

fifteen or sixteen years of age, and an equally valuable 'Parliamentary Companion.' At these fountains of knowledge the accomplished writers for the 'Sentinel' were at liberty to drink as deeply and as frequently as they pleased before setting to their work of instructing the minds and forming the opinions of the public.

Presently a boy opened the door and announced that the editor was ready to receive his visitor. Delvar's room seemed well furnished, and even luxurious, compared with the chamber of gloom which Margrave had just left. The floor as well as the tables was covered with books and papers; and there was a small bookcase in a corner of the room which contained a few works of reference. The great man was occupied in putting the finishing touches to a brilliant article on the House of Lords, showing how it oppressed the people by keeping wages low and rents high. It was clearly proved that nothing would prosper in this afflicted country till this relic of the feudal ages was abolished, and the "landed interest" was swept away; but there was to be no violence. The hook was to be run through the worm on Isaak Walton's plan—without hurting him.

The editor laid down his pen, and received Margrave with something which resembled heartiness in his voice and manner. "You have caught me," he said, "at a lucky time, for I have a few moment's leisure. I think everybody has been here to-day, big and little. Did you meet some one on the stairs as you came up?"

"I did—a sharp, perky, conceited-looking man."

"My dear fellow," cried the editor, "pray don't speak so disrespectfully of Cabinet Ministers. That was Mr Chirp, the future Prime Minister, or President of

the Republic, just as events may shape themselves."

"A very accommodating man, this Mr Chirp," said Margrave, to whom many of the new men in politics were entirely unknown.

"Where would he be now if he had not luckily secured a seat in Parliament? Playing at local politics with vestrymen. He made a lucky move or two, and vestry brawls did not detain him long after that. It is a first chance which one wants. Let a man get into Parliament, and the ball is at his feet." The editor could not suppress a sigh, for he too had hoped ere now to have electrified a senate with his eloquence.

"You spoke last night," said Margrave, "of another matter; it is about that I have come to see you now. Do you recollect what you asked me?"

"Perfectly. I do not like to suppose that you will be caught at any time at a disadvantage; and my impression is, as I told you, that your worthy cousin, Captain Tiltoff, means to give you as much trouble as he can. He has never quite reconciled himself to having you inside Four Yew Grange and himself outside it. That would not matter under some circumstances, but are you sure it does not matter now? Have you taken any trouble to make yourself secure against unnecessary annoyance? A man in Tiltoff's position will stick at nothing, and there are lawyers in every street who would take him up gladly, and even lend him a little money to go on with, unless they knew that you have an unanswerable case."

"Well, I have no doubt that I have a case of that kind—at any rate, I am not going to give my house up to my cousin just yet. But what do you know about his de-

signs? What was the reason which you hinted that you had for asking me about my father's will?"

"I will tell you frankly. Tiltoff, for some reason or other, has a great partiality for me, which I endure on account of his wife, who deserves a better fate than to be yoked with that sot. He came to see me the other day, and told me a good deal about you and your affairs,—that he had always supposed, till lately, that your marriage had violated no condition of your father's will, but that now he had reason to believe the contrary."

"And what reason, pray?"

"Ah, on that point he was very mysterious and obscure. I think myself that he has found a mare's nest. But you do not want to have a lawsuit sprung upon you unexpectedly, and that is why I advised you to go and talk to Morgan. He will soon put everything straight for you."

And that was all. Margrave found his way down the dark staircase, and pushed open some swinging doors, and was soon amid the roar and bustle of the Strand. Already the day was changing—a fog was coming up from the east, and spreading itself slowly over the whole of London. Huge flakes of soot were being showered plentifully upon the grimy people; and the fell demon of bronchitis was striking down its victims indiscriminately from the rich and the poor, the aged and the young. Margrave thought wistfully of his green fields and bright flowers, and wondered whether the day would ever come when he would be called upon to leave them, and find a home amid the murky streets of a city from which the blue sky has long ago been banished.

AUTOBIOGRAPHIES.

NO. VII. — MADAME ROLAND.

THE fierce and terrible period of the French Revolution has brought out, as every period of fiery trial does, a number of individual portraits against its lurid background, — faces full of a seraphic sweetness and resignation, figures worthy of the noblest pencil. Many of these belong to the side of the falling race, and to the *régime* thus passing away in blood and fire from among the number of possible things. To this the martyrs of religion and the angelic women, in the light of whose gentle lives and pure countenances the reader is almost seduced into forgetting the terrible wrongs which gave occasion to the Revolution, belong. But it has also its martyrs on the other side, — those who, in a still more bitter anguish, perished by the very agencies which they had themselves brought into being, and wrote in their blood the disappointment of a hundred fine enthusiasms and noble hopes. Among these, there has arisen no finer presence than that of Madame Roland, — one of those impassioned visionaries whose ideal conception of a free nation, and a world in which all men should be brothers, has indeed no right to be branded as the cause or origin of barbarities such as are unknown elsewhere in modern history, and yet was so fatally connected with them that not even the shedding of their blood has been able to dissociate their names from those of the blood-drinkers of the Revolution. There is, however, a still deeper tragedy apparent when we pass from the royalist and aristocrat who died, as became his race, with an infinite scorn and loathing

of the *canaille* who drove him to the scaffold, to the noble theorist who had meant to turn that *canaille* into heroic men and women, and received the sword in his heart as the reward of his generous devotion. In some ways the latter has in consequence the finer position, for his was the heroic part in pre-revolution times, when the wrongs of the former system were accumulating, and every man who made a stand against them was a champion of humanity. And there is nothing which strikes so deep a chord in the heart as the spectacle of generous efforts repaid with cruelty, and of charity and devotion reaping nothing but insult. He who serves God, or his country, or his friends, visibly for nought, without advantage, with nothing but the dismal repayment of ingratitude, finds a place in the recollection of his fellow-creatures which the better-rewarded never share. It is a compensation of little importance perhaps to themselves, unless it is permitted to those who have passed beyond the strifes of life to feel some personal pleasure even in so late a vindication; but it is good for the race which has so many temptations to identify virtue with success. Madame Roland is of this class: she may indeed be said to have had so much personal satisfaction in the great position of power and influence which she occupied for a year or so in her life, as to have made the sacrifice of that life, and all the miseries connected with it, appear to be no more than a price she would willingly have undertaken to pay. But a death so terrible, preceded by every in-

sult that evil tongues could pour upon her, as the only return her country could bestow upon a champion so disinterested, so full of high aims and enthusiasm, gives her a right to all the honours which belong to the unrequited, as well as to those which dauntless courage, moral purity, and genius merit on their own account.

If her career is thus remarkable enough to justify a high place in the estimation of posterity, it must be added that few, if any, histories of an individual life have been made under such circumstances. We will begin, as she does, not at the beginning, but with the remarkable and characteristic scene which concluded her appearance in the ordinary setting of a woman's life, and began the period of enforced calm and inactivity in which she soothed and occupied her mind by writing the story of her own existence. She had at this time attained the age of thirty-nine, and was still in all the vigour of life, as well as in full possession of those attractions which gained her an empire everywhere—whether over the hearts of men in the wild conflicts of political life, or those of the wretched women who crowded her prison. Her splendid vitality; her intelligence, pure and clear as a diamond; her sympathy, no less vivid and all-embracing; and an enthusiasm of genius which added to all a noble and indescribable charm,—kept her in the freshness of undiminished youth, to which the tranquil rural life and sober duty in which she had passed her maturing days gave additional lustre. If her beauty was not that of perfect features and statuesque proportion, it was the still more potent spell which made Mary Stuart the queen of hearts,—that gift of personal fascination which stands in most historical instances for beauty. Such was the woman upon whom,

in the early summer of 1793, the Revolution fell like a fury, snatching her, not unexpectedly, out of warm life, power, and triumph, to the prison and the scaffold. It is with the narrative of her last evening of freedom that she begins this tale.

On the 31st of May 1793, that year of blood and horror, the house of the ex-Minister Roland—the somewhat stern and limited *doctrinaire*, of whom it was known all over France that he was aided in all his public operations and appearances, if not entirely inspired and influenced, by his wife—was in that state of alarm and anxiety which was inevitable under the Reign of Terror to all who were in a position to offend the fierce and lawless authorities of the moment. The Rolands had deeply offended. They had denounced the massacres of September; they had protested against the death of the king; they had discovered the fatal facility with which revolution falls into anarchy; and with all the force that words are capable of, were struggling against the wild and bloody tide of excitement and passion. On this May evening, while they watched and waited, in expectation of any catastrophe, a band of six men presented themselves at their doors, with “an order from the *Comité Révolutionnaire*,” for the arrest of Roland. These commissioners, however, hesitated to offer violence when Roland denied the power of such a body to issue any such mandate, and withdrew to seek further warrant. Madame Roland had been ill, and had long confined herself to her house in readiness for an emergency; but the position was desperate, and it occurred to her that the only possibility of safety was to make known at once to the Convention the position in which her husband was. There was no time to be lost, and

she was not the woman to lose a moment. "To communicate this project to my husband, to write a letter to the President, and to set out, was the affair of a few minutes," she says. She left the house, called a *fiacre*, and drove at once to the Carrousel, where she found the court full of armed men. "Flitting like a bird," in her little cotton morning-gown, with a black shawl hastily thrown round her, and a veil covering her animated and beautiful countenance, she made her way through this grim crowd, and with difficulty got admission into the ante-chambers of the Convention. Here she waited for a long time, finding at last in one of the officials the man who had conducted her to the bar of the house on a previous occasion, when she had been called on to defend herself from a frivolous accusation, and had been received with the acclamations of the Assembly. The triumphant heroine of that enthusiastic sitting was now a poor petitioner under the ban of the powers of the moment. But the *huissier* was faithful. He carried her letter into the Convention, from which, whenever the door was opened, "a frightful" noise was heard. But it was impossible to get a hearing, either for her letter or herself; and after pacing about for hours, almost within sound of the tumultuous Assembly, she hurries away again to see what has been going on in her absence, leaving her case, until she returns, in the hands of the *huissier*, and of one of the deputies of the Gironde, whose position was not much more safe than her own. With reluctance she turned her back upon the arena where her voice had already been heard with enthusiasm, and where it seemed to her still a possibility that such a champion as herself, of justice and mercy, might still gain a hearing, and perhaps even now confound

the demons. "I was," she says, "in that disposition of soul which makes a speaker eloquent,—penetrated by indignation, above all fear; on fire for my country, of which I saw the ruin approaching, and for all that I loved in the world, exposed to the last dangers. Feeling strongly, expressing myself with ease, too proud not to do so with dignity, I had the greatest of interests to defend, a certain power of doing so; and my situation was such as to give me every advantage." Had she made her way, all aglow with noble fire, beautiful, eloquent, in the full force of life and genius, into that wildly emotional assembly, it was still possible that another turn might have been given to history. But this was not to be done. She went out again into the night, still desperately hopeful of returning and striking that great blow, threw herself into another cab, and hurried home, where she found that Roland, after a second attempt at arrest, had taken shelter in a friend's house, and was out of immediate danger. After searching for him in one house and another, she at last found her husband, and had a hurried interview with him; then prepared to start again for the Convention, on foot and alone. But the solitude of the dimly lighted streets showed her, to whom all passage of time was imperceptible at this crisis, that it was late, and another *fiacre* was called for her. When she got to the Carrousel the wide space was vacant—two guns and a few men round the doors of the Palais National was all that was visible. The meeting was over, and her chance gone for ever. Wild with excitement and disappointment, she approached the little group to know what had been done. All had gone off admirably, she was told; "they all embraced each other, and sang the *Marseillaise* round the tree of

liberty." The arrest of the *vingt-deux*, the party of the Gironde, Madame Roland's friends, had been ordered, and everything was going well. The woman, distracted, turned back to her *fiacre*, not knowing what to do now, but full of an energy and impatient life that would not be still. Her impassioned course is interrupted by a little incident, which she pauses in full career to tell, and which has the most curious effect in the terrible excitement of the moment.

"I had crossed the court towards my *fiacre*, while carrying on this dialogue with an old *sans-culotte*, certainly well paid to tutor the simple. A pretty dog followed me closely. 'Is that poor animal yours?' asked the driver, with a tone of feeling not often apparent in his class. 'No, I don't know him,' I answered gravely, as if it had been of a human being he spoke, my mind busy with other things; 'set me down at the Louvre.' I wanted to see a friend there who could advise me how to get Roland out of Paris. We had not made twenty steps when the carriage stopped. 'What is it now?' I said. 'Ah, *he* has left me like a fool, when I wanted to keep him to play with my little boy. Here doggie, doggie, come then!' I recollected the dog. It was good to have at that hour a driver who was a good fellow, a father, and kind. 'Try to get hold of him,' I said; 'you can put him into the carriage, and I will take care of him.' The man, delighted, opened the door and gave me the poor dog, which seemed to feel that it had found shelter and protection. As it fawned upon me, I recalled the story of Saadi, which depicts for us an old man, weary of mankind, and repelled by their passions, retiring into a wood where he has built himself a hut, and where his dwelling is cheered by the familiar animals who pay his cares with an affectionate gratitude, with which he contents himself in the absence of any similar sentiment among his fellow-men."

This sudden return upon herself, and upon the deep and wild tranquillity of nature in the midst of

the fever of this anxious night, is profoundly characteristic of those moments of enforced calm which mere transit from one place to another bring upon the most energetic and impassioned. At last she got home, and entered the forsaken house, from which her husband had escaped, and where there was nothing but danger for her,—a person as marked and important as the Minister himself. Why did she go back? The woman was too proud to fly, too defiant of anything that could happen to her, to turn her back or stoop her noble head for such a poor thing as personal safety. "I had a natural aversion," she says, "for all that is not in keeping with that attitude, open, bold, and great, which belongs to innocence." Often already had the pair been persuaded to abandon their house, even when the house was the official residence of the Minister, for fear of assassination. "It was always in spite of myself that I did it," she cries. She kept a pistol under her pillow—not for her enemies, but for herself in case of need; but refused to do more. She considered it right and necessary that Roland should save himself; but as for her, she had no heart to do it. That heart was torn with horror and misery for the country which had been her passion. She had private tumults and struggles besides, which made a prison scarcely distasteful and not alarming. She made out to herself a number of reasons for this step, which, after all, it is probable she took without reasoning at all. She preferred to die rather than see the ruin of her country: the rage of their enemies might be satisfied by her destruction, and leave Roland, who, if saved, might still render great services to France: her child, only twelve, and a girl, with unbounded claims upon her tenderness, was, she thought, of an apa-

thetic disposition, and could be brought up by others as well as by her mother; none of her friends were in a position to receive her at that moment without danger: it would have been cruel to leave her household forsaken—*et puis—et puis*. She went home out of the silent streets, after the challenge of the sentinel—to whom a woman alone at such an hour in a public vehicle, with horses so tired that they could scarcely drag one leg after the other, was suspicious—and calmed the anxious servants. It is a wonder to see, as in a vision, the deep stillness of this May night—the lanterns twinkling peacefully on the deserted streets, the sentinel astonished at the sound of the horses, whom the coachman dragged along by the bridle, and not a sound besides disturbing the quiet. Wild blaze of torches, wild tumult of words, curses, and blows, would have seemed more likely than this ordinary civic calm. But human nature at its fiercest departs only by moments from the ordinary; and it would seem that a stranger might have passed with Madame Roland through that sleeping town without finding out that anything was wrong.

She was arrested during that night, with all the forms of law appropriate to such an act at the period. Her rooms were invaded by "between fifty and a hundred persons," while the attendants of the *juge de la paix* sealed everything. A terrible night! the servants surrounded their mistress with tears, the fierce crowd who filled her *salon* looking on. Outside, an armed escort attended the *fiacre* in which she was placed. "The unhappy people, deceived and murdered daily in the persons of their true friends, attracted by the sight, stopped to gaze; and some women cried, *À la guillotine!*" It was seven in the morning—the work-

people going to their work. The prisoner was taken to the Abbaye. This long preface brings us to our subject. Scarcely had she been shut into the little room, where she immediately prepared the table to write on, determined to take her meals on the corner of the mantel-piece rather than derange that refuge of her soul, when she began to write a full history and exposition of her husband's and her own political life. The first part of this, the *Notices Historiques*, exists only in part; but there is enough to afford a sketch of her own personal existence among the public events into which she threw herself with such enthusiasm. Before a month was over she had completed these, enough of them to make a volume, and had got them conveyed to the care of a friend, who, however, being himself arrested, and finding no way to conceal them, threw a portion into the fire. "I avow that I should have preferred had he thrown me there," she cries. She was afterwards transferred to the prison of Sainte Pélagie; and there with her active brain, her throbbing heart, her burning interest in everything without, and sense of power and endless vitality, rather than devour her soul with impotent thought, she set herself down to write the story of her life. We do not remember any such work composed in similar circumstances. There are very few in the world written in any circumstances which contain so noble a portrait, or pictures so fine and delicate. That there are two or three pages marked with the false taste and false morality of her time, and that the trail of Rousseau is just perceptible in a corner here and there, is a fact of which we warn the reader we have no intention of taking cognisance. If she wore a wonderful gown, with the waistband under her arm-pits,

that was no fault of Madame Roland; and neither was this infinitesimal trace of the slime of the age. *Honi soit qui mal y pense*,—only a corrupt mind could dwell upon the two or three sentences into which fashion seduced so pure a soul.

The narrative by which we ought to begin our study of the woman was thus the second part, as it forms the second volume, of her published history. It was her care first to vindicate her public character and that of her husband. In strict justice, we ought to say her husband's character, which involved her own; but the virtuous Roland, the severe and serious statesman, the high-minded patriot, with his passion for details, his power of administration, his conscientious pedantry of duty, has fallen out of the interest of his fellow-creatures, who see him only as surrounded by the halo of her presence behind him, always greater, more radiant, and visible than he. He had excellent and noble qualities; he had the good sense not to be jealous of his wife's superior gifts, or indifferent to the aid of a faculty above anything that he himself possessed; and he would appear to have been, which is noteworthy, more beloved by his daughter than her far more attractive and attaching mother: but to us the interest has ebbed out of Roland. And the picture of her youth and up-bringing, and the development of her brilliant young intelligence, coming so strangely out of that prison from under the very shadow of the guillotine, has a charm of contrast which is indescribable. She draws her own portrait with a fine touch,—with a pleasure in going back upon those records of a youth which is still alive in her heart,—which secures our best sympathies. As she writes, she is again the little Manon of the Quai des Lunettes, the pupil

of the ladies of the "Congrégation," the friend of Sophie, the adored of so many elder women, to whom this little creature, so full of all the gifts of nature, so brave, so great in her heroic infancy, conquering all things, was the very ideal of womankind, victorious over all their failures, and capable of all the elevations to which they had never reached. The instinctive homage which such a child receives from all around her is one of the most touching things in nature. The gay and brave old grandmother Phlipon; her gentle sister Angélique; the sterner aunt Besnard, who is afraid that the elders will spoil the child, yet if she cuts her finger comes twice a-day to see how it is going on; Sister Agathe at the convent, whose loving regard never fails,—form a circle of tender faces about the little central figure, wistful worshippers, all projecting themselves forward by her means into a future radiant with life and hope.

She was the only surviving child of her parents; and though the father had little elevation of character, and in later days was an anxiety and trouble for his child rather than her protector, they were both in her childhood absorbed in her, and proud of the beautiful and spirited creature who had so strangely arisen between two commonplace people. The mother, however, is not commonplace. She is surrounded by that halo of tender devotion which is the natural accompaniment in French sentiment of every mother—a sentiment for which we sometimes smile at our neighbours, but which can scarcely be otherwise than salutary, as it is graceful and gracious. Madame Phlipon had all the watchfulness for her daughter which is natural to her race, yet treated her in some respects with a little of that "wholesome neglect"—

which is more English than French—and allowed her to pasture almost where she pleased in the field of literature. We share, we allow, the horror of the good woman who saw with a shudder Voltaire's 'Candide' in the hands of this youthful reader. But the good mother did not trouble herself, and the child's youth and ignorance kept her apparently from all harm. Her reading, however, was of the most singular description. Her father was in the habit of making her presents of books; "but as he piqued himself on my serious tastes, his choice was often of the strangest. He gave me the treatise of Fénelon upon the education of girls, and the work of Locke upon that of children,—thus putting into the hands of a pupil what was intended for the direction of her instructors." The curious medley of books that thus came into her hands, some worthless, some excellent, all giving something to the eager reader, is contrary to all rules of education, to be sure; but there are other cases besides that of Madame Roland in which the system, or rather want of system, has, as she says, "succeeded very well, chance serving the purpose perhaps better than ordinary combinations would have done." She read everything that came in her way—books of devotion and books of philosophy; Plutarch and the Lives of the Saints; Locke, Montesquieu, Pascal, the Abbé Raynal,—everything on every side that she could lay her hands on. This course of literature began from her earliest years—the days when other children are still at fables and fairy tales. 'Télémaque' and the 'Jerusalem Delivered' represented to her the age of Cinderella and Puss in Boots. She threw herself into the new worlds thus disclosed to her with all the force of her nature. "I was Eucharis for Telemachus, and

Herminia for Tancred," she says, "entirely transformed into their being. I never dreamed of being one day, in my own person, some one for somebody. I made no return upon myself, demanded nothing of what was around me; I existed in them, and scarcely saw the objects around. It was a dream without any awaking."

In the meantime, the child and all her surroundings are set before us with the most vivid reality. As little Manon threw herself into the heroines of the classical romance, so Madame Roland, the wife of the disgraced statesman, the imprisoned queen of society, deprived of all her court and suite, throws herself with delightful completeness back into little Manon. She is, as she writes, the young, eager creature she once was, devouring all knowledge, opening her earnest and wondering eyes upon a world full of wonder and mysteries made to be fathomed and penetrated, and in all its grandeur and beauty already subject to her, the all-embracing, all-comprehending sovereign of the earth—the new Adam, alone qualified to give their names to the subject creatures, and to reign over them. Her own character dawns upon her with wonder, like all the rest. One of the incidents which she describes, all-childish, all-homely as it is, is the revelation to her of herself in her days of infancy—herself as now so well known to the mature and clear-sighted woman. It had been necessary in those distant days to administer to her a disagreeable medicine, which she would not take. Her mother's entreaties having had no effect, the injudicious, trifling father, who was proud of her without understanding her, whipped the little rebel. She had been struggling with herself to swallow the nauseous draught, but the punishment changed her mind: the whip-

ping was repeated, then for a third time threatened. "I feel at the hour I write," she says, "the revolution and the new development which I felt within me. My tears were dried at once, my sobs ceased, a sudden calm collected all my faculties in one resolution. Je me lève sur mon lit" (the rest we leave in the original), "je me tourne du côté de la ruelle: j'incline ma tête en l'appuyant sur le mur: je trousse ma chemise, et je m'offre aux coups en silence: on m'aurait tuée sur place sans m'arracher un soupir." "All the details of this scene," she adds, "are present to me, as if it had happened yesterday; all the sensations I felt are as distinct—it was the same sudden resistance of the whole being as I have felt since in solemn moments; and it would be no greater effort to-day to ascend proudly the scaffold, than I made then in giving myself up to a barbarous punishment, which might kill me but never overcome me."

It does not, perhaps, always follow that a child thus proudly resistant should be at the same time a creature of generous nature, open to every tender influence. But it was so in the case of the wonderful child, thus strangely fallen, with the soul of a hero, into this humble *bourgeois* house, with its *atelier* communicating with its sitting-room, and the journeyman engravers working almost within sight of that deep recess at the side of the chimney in which a little window, a chair and table squeezed between the wall and her bed, formed the child's study and schoolroom,—the very home of her soul. The window looked out upon the Seine, upon the thronging passengers that went and came by the Pont Neuf, and all the traffic and lively movement of the quays. "How often," she says, "from my window, I have contemplated with

emotion the vast deserts of the sky, its superb blue vault, so boldly designed, from the pale dawn behind the Pont au Change, until the sunset glowed with brilliant colours behind the trees of the Cours, and the houses of Chaillot." When she was still little more than an infant, she would rise from her mother's side, and patter with little bare feet, and a little *peignoir* hastily drawn over her shoulders, to the table in this corner with its books and papers, where the little student sat and copied the passages she loved best out of the books that were lent to her, long before the busy life began outside, or *maman* opened her tender eyes. Never was there a prettier picture of a child's life. She had masters at this early age for various branches, and eagerly studied everything, from Latin to the violin. Nothing came amiss to her eager intelligence. She astonished Father Colomb, the good Barnabite, her mother's confessor, by playing several airs on his bass fiddle. "Had I been able to get at a violoncello," she says, "I should have got up on a chair and made something of it." Her father, who was an engraver, taught her the use of the burin; and when her uncle, the young priest, the *petit oncle* whom she always loved, proposed to teach her Latin—"I was delighted; it was a holiday for me when I found a new subject of study. The rage of learning possessed me to such an extent that, having disinterred a treatise on heraldry, I set to work to study it: it had coloured pictures, which amused me, and I delighted in finding out how all these little figures were named. Soon after, I astonished my father by the observations I made upon a seal which was composed contrary to the rules of the art. I became his oracle on this point, and never led him into error. A

treatise on contracts fell into my hands, which I attempted also to understand, for I never read anything without a desire to retain the information it conveyed; but it bored me, and I never got beyond the fourth chapter."

In the meantime, the little prodigy was not left entirely to the action of her all-devouring, never-wearied intelligence. "This child," she says, her spirit rising with her own description, and a curious tender pride, as if she were describing the feats of a child of her own, coming into the torn heart of the woman, older now than Manon's mother, to whom, in the midst of all her anguish, it is amusing to be once more Manon, though in the very valley of the shadow of death, the shadow of the guillotine—"this child, who read so many serious works, who could explain the oracles of the celestial sphere, use the pencil and the burin, and who, at eight years old, was the best dancer among an assembly of young people older than herself; this child was often called to the kitchen to make an *omelette*, shell the peas, or skim the pot. Such a mixture of grave studies, of pleasant exercises, and of domestic cares, has made me fit for everything that may happen: my training thus served to predict the vicissitudes of my fortune, and has helped me to support them. I am out of place nowhere; I can make my soup as cheerfully as Philopœmen cut his wood."

Religion was not left out of the range of her studies; and the young soul, as yet untouched by the rising wave of unbelief which belonged to her generation, seized eagerly upon the heavenly fare set before her. Her mother, though not so free from the influences of the time, possessed some natural piety, though she was not *dévôte*. "She believed,

or tried to believe, and conformed her conduct to the rules of the Church, with the modesty of a person who, feeling the need of her heart for great principles, would not chaffer over details." Little Manon was sent to the *catéchisme* of the parish, with all the more zeal that her beloved little uncle, a very young priest, had the charge of this duty; and it was a feather in his cap that the best answers given should be those of his little niece. She, on her part, threw herself with all her soul into the exercises of religion. She had her backslidings, no doubt, as when she took her Plutarch to church with her in the long services before Good Friday, instead of the *Semaine Sainte*,—an impiety that happened when she was nine—quite a responsible age. Later, however, when the period of the first communion began to draw near, little Manon perceived that her little life was not holy enough for that privilege. "I turned over daily the Lives of the Saints, and sighed for the days when the fury of paganism procured for generous Christians the crown of martyrdom. I considered seriously how to adopt a new life, and, after profound meditation, I settled what to do." Up to this time the thought of leaving her mother had been terrible to her, but now the duty of sacrifice was clearly revealed. "One evening after supper, being alone with my father and mother, I threw myself at their feet, my tears burst forth and interrupted my voice. Astonished and troubled, they asked the cause of this strange act. 'I want to ask you,' I cried, sobbing, 'to do a thing which rends my heart, but which my conscience demands. Send me to the convent.'" The little heroine was eleven, and her parents desired nothing so much as this mode of finishing her educa-

tion. With as short an interval as possible, they placed her under the charge of the ladies of the "Congrégation," in the Faubourg Saint Marcel. What were her emotions in taking leave of her mother! "My heart was broken," she cries; "I was rent in sunder: but I obeyed the voice of God, and crossed the threshold of the cloister, offering Him with tears the greatest sacrifice which I could make to Him."

The picture of the convent is the most delicate and heavenly of sketches. Madame Roland loved neither priest nor nun, and when she wrote believed scarcely at all; but the tender peacefulness of the religious house, the atmosphere of kindness and love, the generous simple attachments, the pleasure of the gentle Sisters in their brilliant little pupil, were evidently too warm in her heart to be affected by the change in her views. The moonlight in the garden, the serene blue above, the great trees throwing here and there their gigantic shadows, the stillness of the sleeping house, with this one small white figure trembling at the window looking out, leaves not a more pure and tender impression than the smiling faces of the mild nuns, the sweetness of their care, the hum of the pretty company, the lime avenue, where soon little Manon, with her Sophie by the waist, would wander for hours telling their innocent secrets. Sophie was not up to the measure of her friend, but she was capable of friendship; and in this friendship the greater spirit poured itself out for years on every subject—the highest themes, the most noble thoughts—to Sophie's ear. This picture of the pupils of the "Congrégation," and the sketches of the various priests who formed an important part of the society in which Manon moved, are proofs of Madame Roland's superiority to prejudice. They remain in those early records,

sunbright and full of the sweetest genial appreciation, notwithstanding her wonderful change of sentiment and opinions. Even her confessions, so excellent a subject for denunciation, are wise and kind and liberal, and rather quench and calm than encourage indiscreet innocences of self-accusation. And when we consider what was brewing in those Paris streets, what elements of misery and wrong, what wild panaceas, what mad theories, and how near the volcano was to bursting, it is incredible to see the gentle calm of ordinary life, the undisturbed existence of the comfortable *bourgeoisie*, with so little apparent subject of complaint. One modest house after another, in which a friendly little company collects night after night, each little circle serene in its orbit, as if held by everlasting laws and intended to last for ever, opens upon us as we go on. There is much talk, much discussion, but not as yet the faintest whiff of sulphur or tremulous portent of the coming irruption. One or two scenes, indeed, show the impressions made by a first contact with those anomalies of social rank and estimation which are so astonishing to a young visionary on her first entrance into the world. Here is one in particular which, with a very few alterations, might still take place almost anywhere,—the most vivid picture of that good-humoured insolence by which a great lady meant no harm, but which might well make the blood boil in the veins of a high-spirited girl of low degree. It occurred at the period when Manon was living with her grandmother, the delightful and sprightly old *Bonne-maman* Phlipon, of whom and whose *ménage* we must first give the following description:—

"She was a woman full of grace and good temper, whose agreeable

manners, good language, gracious smile, and eyes full of lively humour, showed still some pretensions to be attractive, or at least to make it apparent that she had been attractive. She was sixty-five or sixty-six, but still careful of her dress, which was, however, entirely appropriate to her age, for she piqued herself above everything on preserving a perfect propriety. Though stout in person, her light step, her erect carriage, the graceful gesticulations of her little hands, her tone of mingled sentiment and pleasantry, kept off all appearance of old age. She was very kind to the young people whom she loved to have about her, and by whom it gave her pleasure to be sought. Left a widow after a single year of married life, my father was her only and posthumous child; and some losses in business having thrown her into misfortune, she had been obliged to have recourse to some distant and rich relatives, who preferred her to a stranger for the education of their family. A small inheritance finally made her independent. She lived in the Ile Saint Louis, where she occupied a little apartment with her sister, Mademoiselle Rotisset, whom she called Angélique. This excellent creature, asthmatical and devout, pure as an angel, simple as a child, was the very humble servant of the elder sister: the charge of their little housekeeping was entirely in her hands: a charwoman (*domestique ambulante*), who came twice a-day, did the coarser part of the work, but Angélique did all the rest, and reverently dressed her sister. She became quite naturally my maid, while Madame Philpon constituted herself my governess."

It was as the companion of this charming old lady that little Manon made her first acquaintance with high life. The grandmother, proud of her little descendant, determined to pay a visit to her former patroness and kinswoman, Madame de Boismorel, whose children she had brought up. Great preparations were made, the best dresses put on, and about noon the little party, Angélique in attendance, set out.

"When we reached the hotel, all the attendants, beginning with the porter, saluted Madame Philpon affectionately and with respect, each more anxious than the other to bid her welcome. She replied to all in familiar but dignified terms. So far all was well. But when her granddaughter was observed, she could not deny herself the pleasure of telling them about me: the servants (*les gens*), thus encouraged, paid me various compliments, and I began to be conscious of a sort of annoyance, difficult to explain, which, however, I made out to mean that people of this class might admire me, but that it was not their part to presume to praise. Thus we made our way up-stairs, announced by a tall lackey, and entered the room where Madame de Boismorel, seated with her dog upon a piece of furniture, which in those days was called, not an *ottomane*, but a *canapé*, worked at her tapestry with much seriousness. Madame de Boismorel was about the same age, height, and corpulence as my grandmother, but her dress was less tasteful than pretentious, and her countenance, far from expressing the desire to be agreeable, announced her determination to be much considered, and her sense of meriting consideration. A piece of rich lace crumpled into a little cap with pointed ends like the ears of a hare, placed upon the summit of her head, showed locks which perhaps were borrowed, arranged with that caution which is necessary after sixty; and a double coat of rouge gave to her insignificant eyes more hardness than was necessary to make me lower mine. 'Eh! bon jour, Mlle. Rotisset,' she cried, with a voice cold and high, rising at our approach. (Mademoiselle? what? my grandmother is here Mademoiselle!) 'I am delighted to see you. And this fine child, is she your granddaughter? She will be very pretty one day. Come here, my love; sit down beside me. She is shy. How old is your granddaughter, Mademoiselle Rotisset? She is a little brown, but her complexion is excellent, and that will clear off. She is quite formed already! You ought to be lucky, my little friend: have you ever tried in the lottery?' 'Never, madame: I dislike all games of chance.' 'Ah, very likely; at your age one imagines the

game is in one's own hands. What a pretty voice ! It is so sweet and full. Are you not a little saint (*un peu dévote*) ? ' I know my duties, and I try to fulfil them.' ' Better and better ! You wish to be a nun, don't you ? ' ' I do not know yet what my destination may be. I don't attempt to decide it.' ' How sententious she is ! This little girl of yours reads, Mademoiselle Rotisset ? ' Reading is her greatest pleasure : she spends a great part of every day among her books.' ' Ah, I can see that ; but take care that she does not become a blue-stocking ; that would be a great pity.'

"The conversation then took another course upon the family and society of the house, and my grandmother asked after uncle and cousin, daughter-in-law and friend, the Abbé Langlois, the Marquise de Lévi, the Counsellor Brion, and the Curé Parent. The talk flowed upon their health, their alliances, and their defects,—as, for example, Madame Roudé, who, in spite of her age, still considered herself to have a fine bust, and uncovered her shoulders, except at the moment of getting out or into her carriage, when she wrapped herself in a great handkerchief, which she kept for that purpose, because, as she said, all that was not made to be exhibited to lackeys. During this dialogue, Madame de Boismorel made various stitches in her canvas, petted her dog occasionally, but most frequently kept her eyes fixed on me. I took care as much as possible to avoid this gaze, which displeased me mightily, by examining the room, the decoration of which was more pleasant to look at than the lady who inhabited it : my blood circulated faster than usual,—I felt my cheeks burn, my heart beat. I did not yet ask myself why my grandmother was not upon the sofa, and Madame de Boismorel playing the part of Mademoiselle Rotisset ; but the sentiment which leads to that thought was already in my mind, and the termination of the visit was a great relief to me. ' Ah ! don't forget to take a lottery-ticket for me, and let your granddaughter choose the number, do you hear, Mademoiselle Rotisset ? I must have the first of her hand : kiss me then ; and don't, my little love, cast down your eyes so ; they are very well worth seeing, those

eyes, and even your confessor would not forbid you to open them. Ah, Mademoiselle Rotisset, you will have many hats taken off as you pass, I promise you, and that very soon. Bon jour, mesdames,' and Madame de Boismorel rings her bell, bids Lafleur go in a day or two for a lottery-ticket to Mademoiselle Rotisset's, silences the barking of her dog, and has already taken her place again on her sofa before we have reached the ante-room."

This lively scene, with all the inevitable comments of the sententious little maiden, stiffening as of old in instinctive resistance, with a prim, small splendour of visionary superiority about her, and a whole revolution beginning to boil in her little bosom, will recall similar scenes to many a reader. But Madame Roland does not see the humour in it, nor laugh, as we should do, at the indignation of the little heroine, who, by the way, is as haughtily conscious that her baby charms were not made to be admired of lackeys as the finest lady of the Faubourg. She rushes into her books when she gets home, to escape from the odious recollection of this insupportable patronage, much disconcerting *Bonne-maman*, who makes little apologetic reflections upon the singularities of the great lady, her egotism, and the carelessness which was natural to her rank. M. de Boismorel, however, who returns the call, is very different from his mother. He is enlightened, respectful, full of literature and knowledge, and remains the friend of the young Manon as long as he lives. But his graceful and fine figure, and the curious intimacy, without any shadow of other tendency, which arises between this thoughtful and cultivated aristocrat and the wonderful girl, whom no one sees without coming more or less under her influence, would require more space than we can

give to unfold it. Other little circumstances deepen the effect upon Manon's mind of Madame de Boismorel's contemptuous compliments. A certain Mademoiselle d'Hannaches, *grande haquenée séchée et jaune*, who is the housekeeper of her cousin the Vicar of St Barthélemy, with whom Manon's uncle lives, gives her further cause for reflection. This strident personage had a law plea on hand touching a legacy, and was hospitably received by Madame Phlipon, and helped by the ready writing of Manon, who accompanied her on various occasions in her interviews with officials of the law. "I remarked," she says, "that in spite of her ignorance, her heavy and stiff aspect, her uncultivated language, her old-fashioned dress, and all the absurdities of her appearance, everybody paid respect to her origin; the names of the ancestors whom she enumerated without cease, and employed to support all her demands, were seriously listened to. I compared the reception awarded to her with the treatment I had received from Madame de Boismorel, which had made such a deep impression upon me. I could not conceal from myself that I was of more consequence than Mademoiselle d'Hannaches, whose middle age and long genealogy did not confer upon her the power of writing a sensible or even intelligible letter. It seemed to me that the world was very unjust, and social institutions very extravagant." This sentiment was still further strengthened by a visit made to Versailles some time later, which throws a curious light upon the accessories of the royal residence, as well as upon young Mademoiselle Phlipon's young thoughts. She, her mother, her young uncle, the Abbé Bimont, and Mademoiselle d'Hannaches, made the party. They had bor-

rowed the rooms of a certain Madame Legrand, who was in attendance upon the Dauphiness. This little apartment was immediately under the roof, opening from a dark and ill-smelling corridor; but it was so close to that of the Archbishop of Paris, that it was necessary for both parties to control their voices lest they should be overheard: and notwithstanding all its inconveniences, a great *seigneur*, the Duc de Beaumont, considered himself fortunate, as the proud young critic learned with disdain, to obtain such a lodging in order that he might be within reach of the king's chamber.

"The great and small repasts of the household either together or separate, —the masses, the promenades, the play, the presentations,—we were for a week spectators of them all. The acquaintance of Madame Legrand procured us many privileges. Mademoiselle d'Hannaches penetrated everywhere, ready to throw her name in the face of whomsoever opposed her entrance, and feeling that her six hundred years of nobility was legible in her grotesque countenance. . . . The handsome face of the Abbé Bimont, the imbecile pride of Mademoiselle d'Hannaches, were not out of place in these regions; but the unpainted cheeks of my dear mother, and the modesty of my dress, announced our *bourgeois* condition: and if my eyes or my youth attracted a moment's attention, there was something condescending in the notice which caused me as much annoyance as the compliments of Madame de Boismorel. Philosophy, imagination, sentiment, and thought, were equally exercised within me. I was not insensible to the effect of the magnificence round me, but I was indignant that its sole end should be to elevate certain individuals already too powerful, and little remarkable in themselves. I preferred the statues in the park to the personages in the *château*; and when my mother asked if I was pleased with my visit,—'Yes,' I replied, 'provided it comes to a speedy

end. If I remain much longer, I shall hate it all so much that I shall not know what to do with myself.' 'What harm have they done you?' 'They have made me feel injustice and behold absurdity.'"

All this is sufficiently superficial, and means little more than that the girl's fine and ardent soul, born for the highest issues, could not with patience bear to fathom the complete insignificance of her own position as thrown up by the evident outside superiority of persons not worthy to tie her shoe. There is scarcely any who are exempt from the prick of this sensation, which doubtless moves along a poor maiden as she walks along Rotten Row, just as strongly as it moved Manon in the avenues of Versailles.

Her life, however, was not always to pass in that delightful visionary freedom of early youth. So long as it lasted, few things could have been more sweet. After the convent and the transition period which she spent with her grandmother, she returned, a loving and much admired girl, to her mother's side, to the old corner by the window, the book-devouring, the dreams, the close correspondence with Sophie, now in Amiens, the domestic occupations which filled her life. At sixteen, as at six, she still read everything that came to hand—the most miscellaneous cargo of literature that was ever taken in by mortal brains. The Sundays were given up to modest pleasure, after that morning mass which was the duty of every day as well as Sunday, and which was respectfully attended by the mother, whose faith was vague, and by the daughter, whose once fervent creed was melting away, with a sort of high politeness towards God and their neighbour which is characteristically French. Madame Roland kept up the pious habit for years after, going to church for "the

edification of her fellow-creatures," with a grave sense that it was *comme il faut* in the highest meaning of the word. But after mass the day was generally spent, at least in summer, in a long walk or expedition into the country. The Parisian *bourgeoisie* has always loved to exhibit itself in public promenades on that day of leisure, in all its bravery, and Mademoiselle Phlipon did not refuse on an occasion to join her neighbours in this *étalage* of all their beauty and toilette. "I was not insensible," she says, "to the pleasure of appearing sometimes in the public promenades: they then offered a very brilliant spectacle, in which the young played an always agreeable part. Personal grace constantly received such homage as even modesty could not hide from itself,—a tribute to which the heart of a girl is always open. But this was not sufficient for mine. I experienced after these appearances, during which my awakened vanity was on the watch for everything that could increase my advantages, and assure me that I had not lost my time, an insupportable emptiness, an inquietude and disgust, which made me feel that I had bought too dearly the pleasures of gratified vanity." But the Sunday expeditions into the woods—especially to Meudon, which was the retreat of all others which she liked best—had a very different effect.

"'Where shall we go to-morrow, if it is fine?' my father would say on the Saturday evenings in summer. Then he would look at me with a smile—'To Saint Cloud? The waters will be playing—everybody will be there.' 'Ah, papa! if you will but go to Meudon, I shall like it so much better.' At five o'clock in the morning every one was ready: a light dress, fresh and simple, some flowers, a gauze veil, announced the intentions

of the day. The odes of Rousseau, a volume of Corneille or some other, was all my baggage. We embarked at the Port Royal, which I could see from my windows, upon a little vessel which, in the silence of a gentle and rapid navigation, conducted us to the bank of Bellevue. From thence, by steep lanes, we gained the avenue of Meudon, nearly at the end of which stood a little house which became one of our stations. It was the cottage of a milkwoman. . . . Pleasant Meudon! how often have I breathed the fresh air under thy shades, blessing the author of my existence, while desiring that which should one day complete it; but with the charm of a wish without impatience, which did no more than colour the mists of the future with rays of hope. . . . I recall to my mind the shady places where we passed the most of the day. There, while my father, stretching himself out on the grass, and my mother, quietly reclining upon a heap of leaves which I had collected, gave themselves up to a moment of after-dinner repose, I contemplated the majesty of these silent woods, admired nature, and adored the providence of which I felt the benefits;—the fire of sentiment coloured my dewy cheeks, and the charms of the terrestrial paradise existed for my heart in that forest sanctuary.”

It was on her return from one of these expeditions, to which she had been guided with great care and tenderness, her health being feeble, that the mother, who was Manon's chief source of happiness in her home, died suddenly, plunging the poor girl into despair. After this there occurred a period of depression and trouble of every kind. Various suitors presented themselves, of whom many were sent away, with a curtsey or a laugh; but one lingered, and only when he showed himself a heartless pedant, deceiving the young woman of genius at first by a show of literary enthusiasm to which she was not accustomed, was finally disposed of. Her father after her mother's death fell into dissipation,

and squandered her little fortune. For a long time she struggled on with him, doing her best for the self-destroying man, who discouraged all the visitors who were congenial to her, and rejected rudely the excellent Roland when, after five years of respectful friendship, he presented himself as a suitor. Manon was at last obliged, in self-defence, to leave her father's house, establishing herself close to her old convent, under the protecting wing of the teachers of her youth; and it was from this place that her marriage was finally accomplished, after many delays and hardships. She became at twenty-five the wife of a man twenty years her senior, inferior to her both in mental power and force of character, somewhat limited, somewhat pedantic, austere and cold of nature; but yet a personage in his day, severe in integrity and honour, the just, the virtuous Roland, of whose possession of these adjectives the world became at last weary, as it has done in other cases. It was not a love-marriage in that sense of enthusiasm which would have become the impassioned soul of such a woman, at her height of beauty and young maturity. She had to reason her position out, which is not a usual preliminary in such a case:—

“I reflected deeply on what I ought to do. I did not conceal from myself that a man of less than forty-five would not have waited several months before he attempted to change my resolution. And I confess that this brought down my sentiments to a measure in which there was little illusion. I considered, however, on the other hand, that his final persistence, after much thought, assured me that I was appreciated, and that if he had overcome all sense of the external drawbacks which attended an alliance with me, I was so much the more certain of an esteem which I should not find much difficulty in justifying. In short, if marriage was, as I believed, a serious bond,

—an association in which the woman charges herself with the daily happiness of two individuals,—was it not better that I should exercise my faculties and my courage in this honourable task than in the isolation in which I was living?"

This was not the manner in which, while tracing her smiling way among the many discarded *partis* of her earlier youth, she had looked forward to marriage; but a woman who, without *arrière-pensée*, and with a full consciousness of all her powers, "charges herself with the daily happiness of two individuals," taking upon herself the yoke of duty with a clear appreciation of all its meanings, has no ignoble part to play. Madame Roland did this and more. She lived for many years little known, in devotion to the task she had taken upon her, shrinking from none of its requirements. She made herself the physician, the nurse, even the cook of her husband, as well as his delightful and elevating companion—his inspiration in all the greater efforts of his life. She added not only to his happiness, but to his importance and reputation: and if, indeed, at the end her tender fidelity was disturbed by the unexpected intrusion of such a passion as ought to have been the light of her life, and his peace disturbed by the knowledge of it, yet was all done in honour, and this curious tragic divergence of the heart brought with it, at least, no breach of duty. Of this last drop of bitterness yet tragic sweetness in her cup, the wine mixed with myrrh and aloe with which life is mocked in its anguish, it is not yet the moment to speak.

Roland was a gentleman of good family—that is to say, he was noble, possessing the quality which had made Manon open her brown eyes when she saw the importance which it gave to Mademoiselle d'Han-

naches, the *grande haquenée*, whose antiquated parchments and pretensions had been the scorn and astonishment of her youth. He held at the time of his marriage an appointment as inspector of manufactures, which took him at one time to Amiens, at another to Lyons. The latter place was so near his paternal home, La Platière, that he was able to spend the greater part of the year there with his family. Here his wife had need of all her powers to steer clear of domestic strife, and preserve that happiness of two for which she had undertaken to provide. She passes lightly by the "domestic troubles of life with a woman—venerable by her age, terrible by her temper; and between two brothers—the younger of whom [her husband] carried independence to a passion, and the elder had both the habits and the prejudices of domination:" while of the happier qualities of this rural home we have the most charming indications in her letters. The autobiography runs rapidly over the peaceful years of her life. Time had grown terribly short with her, and the agitated days that remained after she had reached and recorded the period of her marriage, were kept for the expression of the last thoughts of a dying mother, wife, and patriot—in all these capacities wrung to the heart. She had dwelt with pleasure upon the story of her youth, but that accomplished, perhaps found her mature life less consolatory as a refuge from the present. It is to her letters that we have to turn to make out the story. Her correspondents were no longer the Sophie and Henriette of the convent. Roland, for some reason of his own, had checked her intimacy with those early friends; and we learn little of them in later life save in one romantic and touching incident which ends the tale. When Ma-

dame Roland was in prison, Henriette, the elder and less beloved of the sisters, but of an impulsive and generous nature, being a widow and childless, bethought herself that her life was of much less importance than that of her brilliant friend, and hurried to the prison, where, after all the difficulties of obtaining admission, she implored Madame Roland to change clothes with her, and so make her escape. "All my prayers, all my tears, were ineffectual," Henriette tells us. "'But they would kill thee,' she said again and again. 'I would rather suffer a thousand deaths than be the cause of thine.'" Thus ended the alliance of the school-girls, only upon the very margin of the grave.

The correspondence of Madame Roland in her married life was almost entirely with men, the political friends and associates of her husband. It would seem, by various indications, that scarcely one of them altogether escaped the fascination of intercourse with such a woman; but she walks serenely among them, in beautiful purity and kindness, softly subduing all errant thoughts. Nothing could be more delightful than the little sketches of peaceful domestic existence which she sends to Bosc. She recounts to him in detail the circumstances of her life, in pages full of a freshness and calm which contrast strangely with the fervours of political sentiment which burn in her, amid all those tranquillising material cares of the store-room, the linen-closet, and the cellars. Never was a life more circumscribed and still.

"I am housekeeper above all," she says. "My brother-in-law desires me to take charge of the house, which his mother has for many years given up, and which he is tired of managing himself. On getting up I am occupied with my husband and my child

—teaching her to read, giving both their breakfast, then leaving them together in the study while I look after the house from the cellar to the granary. If there is any time to spare before dinner (and observe that we dine at mid-day, and that one must be dressed, as guests are always possible, whom the mother likes to invite), I rejoin my husband in the study at his work, in which I have always helped him. After dinner we remain together for a little, and I constantly sit with my mother-in-law till visitors arrive. The moment I am free, I return to the study, beginning or continuing to write. When the evening comes, our brother appears with it; the newspapers or something better are read aloud. Sometimes a few men come in; if I am not reading aloud, I sew modestly and listen, taking care that the child does not interrupt the reading, for she is always with us except on grand occasions. . . . I pay few visits save those of absolute necessity, but sometimes go out in the afternoon to walk with my husband and Eudora. . . . This kind of life would be hard if my husband were not a man of merit whom I love; but with that premiss, it is a delightful life, full of tender friendship and perfect confidence."

Here is a still more distinct little vignette of the peaceful domestic scene. This time she writes from Villefranche, the little neighbouring town, where life is less complicated than at La Platière — dating the letter

"Also from my fireside, but at eleven in the forenoon, after a peaceful night and the different cares of the morning, my husband (*mon ami*) at his desk, my little girl at her knitting, and I talking with one and watching over the work of the other, enjoying the happiness of my warm place in the midst of my dear little family, writing to a friend while the snow falls upon so many of the unhappy, overwhelmed with poverty and pain. I think with a compassionate heart of their evil fate; but I return sweetly upon my own, and at this moment all the complications of circumstance which seem sometimes to spoil its perfection are

as nothing. I am happy in returning to the ordinary routine of my life. I have had a visitor for the last two months—a charming woman, whose fine profile and delicate nose would have turned your head at first sight. On her account I have gone out a good deal, and seen company at home : she has been much thought of. We have mingled these pleasures with tranquil days in the country, and pleasant evenings employed in reading aloud and conversation. But, finally, we must always come back to our constant routine. We are now alone, and I return with delight to my narrower circle.”

These charming descriptions of an existence so far from the tumults of the world, are mingled with playful discussions on a thousand subjects, with those little assaults and defences, delightful quarrels on paper, which give zest to correspondence, and keep up the recluse's hold upon a world in which, after all, and not in the store-room, her life lies. They are also, it must be added, distracted by the blaze of revolutionary enthusiasm which flares out now and then, red and fierce, from the midst of the peaceful fields. As the fatal days go on, and the first heavings of the volcano send long thrills through the most distant rural places, the woman, banished from the scene of excitement, but with her heart in it, and the fever of the period burning in her veins, can scarcely restrain herself. Already she begins to feel the impatience of impotence, the rage for action. In December '90 it is thus that her burning impatience, her passionate zeal, bursts forth :—

“Make haste, then, to decree the responsibilities of Ministers, to bridle your executive, to organise the National Guard. A hundred thousand Austrians gather on your frontier,—the Belgians are beaten ; our money flies, and no one cares how : it goes to princes and fugitives, who use our gold to make weapons for our subju-

gation. . . . *Tudieu!* Parisians as you are, you see no farther than your nose. You have no power over your Assembly. It is not the representatives that have made the revolution : except a dozen or so, they are all below that task. It is public opinion, it is the people, which always acts well when that opinion is just ; and the seat of that opinion is Paris. Complete your work there, or expect to water it with your blood.—Adieu, citizen and friend, for life and death.”

The reader will remember this letter, all aflame with zeal and passion, when he sees this enthusiast woman at the mercy of the Paris mob, learning painfully, by insult and outrage, what its opinion was worth, and casting despairing eyes to the despised provinces as containing the only hope of the country.

It was not till the beginning of the year '91 that the Rolands at last found themselves in Paris. Roland, whose powers of administration and industrious research into details were great, was sent there on a special mission from Lyons, in which place he had been exercising his office for years, and where he had, against all the prejudices of family and ancient connection, declared himself, as his wife did by nature, an ardent supporter of the Revolution. The eagerness with which Madame Roland rushed into all the political excitements of the time, it is easy to imagine. She had applauded the purity, the freshness of the country ; but she was a Parisian born, and her life, reduced to a lower level of emotion than that which was natural to her by the circumstances of her marriage, rose to a new flood of active energy in this new life of the country, which filled the veins of France with wild exhilaration, and almost maddening hope of great things to come. No sooner was she in Paris than she rushed to the Assembly, gazing

with a certain awe upon “the powerful Mirabeau, the astonishing Cazalés, the bold Maury, the astute Lameth, the cold Barnave,” and remarking *avec dépit* the superiority of the Right in “the habit of representation,” and in pure language and gentlemanly manners, yet flattering herself that reason, honesty, and enlightenment were on her own side, and must make their way.

The more extended description which she gives of Mirabeau in another place affords us a glimpse of the deeper insight in her which, partially silenced at first, further experience brought to light.

“The only man in the Revolution,” she says, “whose genius could guide men, and give impulse to an assembly, great by his faculties, little by his vices, but always superior to the vulgar, and its unfailing master as soon as he took the trouble to command. He died soon after. I thought then that this was well, both for freedom and for his own reputation; but events have taught me to regret him more deeply. The counterbalancing power of a man of that force would have been very beneficial to oppose the action of a crowd of nobodies, and to preserve us from the domination of bandits.”

There was, however, no idea of counterbalance of any kind in the early days, before the Revolution had dipped its garment in blood. The rush of events, the still warmer rush of enthusiastic feeling,—in which every man urged his neighbour forward, and swelled the general tide of passion,—kept up an unspeakable exaltation in the very atmosphere into which our provincials plunged as into the water of life. “Here one lives ten years in twenty-four hours,” she cries; “the events and the affections twine together and succeed each other with a singular rapidity. The general mind was never occupied with interests so high. We rise to their height; opinion forms and grows enlightened amid the storms,

and prepares at last the reign of justice.” “I will end my life,” she says, on another occasion, “when nature pleases; my last breath will be a sigh of joy and hope for the generations who succeed us.” Thus, with head and heart alike aflame, she entered all glowing and brilliant into her natural atmosphere of high sentiment and exalted thoughts. She was full of prejudice and partizanship, as a woman would be, and glorified every member of her party with the fame of demigods, yet had a latent sense of its want of vital force, its tendency to words and hesitation where energetic action was needful, which burst forth now and then in a fling of feminine impatience. And it was amid these exciting scenes that a great event—the greatest of events—took place in her hitherto self-commanded life, in which all this time there had been no passion but liberty and patriotism. Among the men who gathered round Roland on his appearance in Paris was one whom she had foreseen years before, when she felt with awe the possibility that the man capable of being her lover might be met with some day, to the confusion of her peace. His name was Buzot, an active member of the party afterwards known as Girondists. He was to her a hero, a leader of men; but, alas! he has fallen so out of recollection, that we know him scarcely at all save as the man whom Madame Roland loved. There is nothing but an allusion here and there in the end of her *Mémoires*—“*Oh toi que je n’ose pas nommer!*”—to this love which never was to know an earthly close,—which left her duty and her family untouched, but gave a new troubled, yet exultant, life to her heart. Afterwards, however, some three or four letters, written out of her prison, were found by eager research, and the mystery

was solved. The letters are wonderful at once in their frankness and restraint,—some portions of them written as in lambent flame : yet we almost regret that Buzot's friend who had his papers did not obey his dying wish and burn them, leaving this great visionary passion a mystery for ever. But human nature must pay for its insatiable curiosity : and we learn from these letters the strange fact, last touch of heartrending tragedy in this life of self-denial, that the object of this woman's passionate but visionary love was of the same *genre* as the husband to whom she had devoted herself with such untiring devotion,—no new hero, no apostle, as she supposed, but only a man of hot words and confused faculties, like the rest. This discovery, however, belongs to the final act, and need not be insisted upon now.

Roland was made Minister of the Interior—what we should call Home Secretary—in March 1792, while still the king sat feebly on his undermined throne, and convulsive attempts were being made to render national life possible on that footing. They had just arranged for themselves a little apartment in the Rue de la Harpe, when the transfer to the official mansion had to be made : with a great thrill of ambition satisfied, or, rather, to speak more truly, of generous delight in the power to work, and exultation in finding free scope and use for all the subdued faculties of life. This at least was what the woman felt, though even now not without many a movement of impatience at the confusion of counsels to which she had to listen, and the slowness of action. The appearance of Roland at Court, with a simple ribbon tying his shoes instead of buckles, and the sense of the valets and attendants that all was lost at sight of such a sign of

the times, is well known. Madame Roland's position of semi-spectator, yet secret worker, throughout all this exciting period, and the subdued impatience of her silent figure, as we see her at first, within hearing of all that is going on, is very striking. "I knew what *rôle* belonged to my sex," she says, "and I never abandoned it. Their consultations were held in my presence, but I took no part in them : placed at a table outside the circle, I worked or wrote letters while they discussed and deliberated ; but had I written ten letters, which was sometimes the case, I never lost a word of what was said, and sometimes had to bite my lips to keep in my opinion." An independent witness repeats the same description. "I have attended various meetings of Ministers and the chief of the Girondists at her house. A woman might seem a little out of place in such assemblies, but she took no part in the discussions, sitting apart at her desk writing letters, or occupied with other work, yet never losing a word." To these descriptions she adds : "I found myself in the full tide of affairs, without intrigue or vain curiosity. Afterwards Roland talked over everything with me when we were alone, with the confidence which has always reigned between us, which has made but one of our united knowledge and opinions." That the careful and precise, but limited, man should thus betake himself to his private source of inspiration, when those aimless discussions were over, was inevitable. It is a thing tolerably sure to occur, even when the domestic oracle is less trustworthy. But by this time, the period when Madame Roland copied her husband's manuscripts and corrected his proofs—a period to which she cannot look back without a smile—was now long past. She was his scribe, but

in another way. Her brilliant literary gift had given to his reports and opinions upon public questions a very different kind of popularity from that which his own respectable style would have merited. When the occasion arose for utterance on his part, it was she who flew to her ready pen, and flashed forth, energetic and concise, such trenchant and lucid sentences as are characteristic of French eloquence. Her Letter to the King, which was thus produced at one sitting,—*d'un trait*,—is a fine example of those compositions, which the Minister's silent wife, listening, biting her lips, eager to speak, yet holding by her rôle, as woman, too strongly to let fall a word, made into a national utterance as soon as the backs of the talkers were turned. And no doubt Roland would be very sure that he had dictated all that this brilliant, rapid amanuensis made him say. This special document originated as follows. Servan, one of the experimental Ministry framed to reconcile the king and the people, had been dismissed; and it was the opinion of Roland, and, still more, of Roland's wife, that the others should send in their joint-resignations.

“The Ministers met; they deliberated, without coming to any conclusion, if not that they would meet again at eight o'clock in the morning, and that Roland should prepare a letter. I could never have believed, if circumstances had not compelled me to do so by experience, how rare are the qualities of judgment and decision, and, in consequence, how few men are equal to the conduct of business, still more to govern a country.”

The letter was written, the great men assembled again. But still they hesitated; and Louis received the bold and uncompromising address, not from them, but from Roland, as an individual. He dismissed him next day, and the

disgraced Minister communicated the *Lettre au Roi* to the Assembly, by whom it was received with acclamations, and ordered to be printed and distributed throughout the kingdom. The language was bold,—bolder perhaps than is often heard by kings. But in warning Louis of what might happen if the half-maddened people were convinced that he was secretly taking part against them, the solemn prophecies of the writer were but too soon and too cruelly justified. Whether an honest conception of the position might even then have saved both king and country, stopped massacre and bloodshed, and left France innocent of the horrors of September, the blood of the king, and much other besides, including that of the impassioned writer herself, who thus pointed out the only way of salvation to the tottering monarch, it is impossible to say. And it must be allowed that it was not probable. But the protest, in any case, was a noble one. And to think of the pair in that little cabinet, the innermost and smallest room of the suite, the grave old man, conscientious and industrious, whose thoughts even at that terrible moment are far more upon the beneficial administration of his bureau, the regulation of the internal affairs of the kingdom, than on uncongenial themes of blood; and the woman seated at the desk, from which so many eloquent pages have issued, pouring forth *d'un trait*, without a pause, that clear and noble statement of the crisis, menaced by so many dangers, the aureole of martyrdom hovering over her own bright head, as well as that of him she addressed, her own life hanging on the plea as his did, though she knew it not—is the most affecting spectacle. If they ever met after in those realms where we know

even as we are known, what might not the woman whom, no doubt, he thought one of the demons of the Revolution, have to say to her fellow victim?

The current of life increases in speed as it nears the cataract, and events go hurrying on, both within and without, in those feverish years. After a few months of retirement in the Rue de la Harpe, Roland was restored to his post by the events of the 10th of August—the disposition and arrest of the king, and proclamation of the Republic. But it was not long before it began to be apparent after this that the power was no longer in the hands of the moderate party, and that such a sober public servant as Roland occupied the most precarious place, at the pleasure of the party of blood which had accomplished this final act of the Revolution. Then came the terrible events of September. At the moment when the massacres were beginning, the court of the *Ministère* was filled by a party of men demanding Roland, whom Madame Roland succeeded in sending away, but who would seem to have been charged, had they found him, with power to arrest him. It was the first public evidence of his approaching downfall. Fear was in every heart; and a confused apprehension of some horror, he knew not what, had induced Roland to warn the authorities of the Commune to take special precautions for the public safety, and above all, to watch over the prisons. The warning was quite ineffectual; and while Madame Roland parleyed with the crowd in her courtyard, and the powerless Ministry held its confused council, the massacre of the prisoners, that most horrible of all the horrors of the Revolution, had begun. The Ministers did not even know of it till the following morning. What is inexplicable, how-

ever, is that it was not till the 4th September, after two days of blood, that Roland's repeated order to Santerre, and declaration that he would be held responsible for the safety of every citizen,—*tous attentats commis sur un citoyen quelconque*,—was sent out. It was placarded over all the streets of Paris, while still, horror of horrors, *des curieux allaient voir ce spectacle!* and the gazer had it in his power to turn from the sight of the mad and brutal executioners striking down each pallid victim as he or she appeared, to the mandate upon the wall ordaining the *sûreté des personnes et des biens*, and the protection of every citizen, whoever he might be!

This exhibition of impotence turns all the utterances that poured from that little cabinet in the Minister's house into vindications of himself rather than attempts for the public weal. Had they come from him alone, a certain contempt for the man who could explain and re-explain, while blood was flowing on every side, would be our chief sentiment. But when we remember the woman behind-backs writing—fighting, struggling, apostrophising, denouncing, with the only instrument in her power—the feeling of the calm spectator at this far distance of time and possibility is softened. What could she do more? She could neither act nor inspire into acting her formal, anxious, panic-stricken husband, who was not made for such a conflict; nor even the eager, much-discussing, gesticulating group who were his friends and hers,—who filled her *salons* with outcries of pain and horror, and did nothing. All that she could do was to placard the walls with evidences that it was not his fault—to write his apology and protest to the Assembly—to send over all the country his excuses for what he could not do,—

his cry for the re-establishment of law and justice. Hers was the first voice that was raised against the reign of blood. With a caution all uncongenial to her fiery soul, she speaks of the horrible event: "It were perhaps well to throw a veil over the events of yesterday. There is something in the nature of things, and of the human heart, which makes excess follow victory: the sea, roused by a violent storm, will roar and rage after that is stilled. But let it not continue. There is still time; but there is not a moment to lose." Such is her guarded, anxious statement of events that make us shiver still. "Let them take my life," she cries, in the name of her husband, sick and ill at home with horror of the bloodshed—"Let them take my life; I desire to keep it only for the cause of freedom and equality. If they are violated, destroyed, be it by the reign of foreign despots or the errors of a deceived people,—I have lived long enough." The Assembly answered with enthusiasm to this address, printed it, and distributed it over France—but did nothing, having no more power than Roland. And henceforward, for a little while longer, the Rolands, the Gironde, the enthusiasts, hoping against hope that something better might come of it, stood face to face, in a fever of expectation, with those who longed to shed their blood.

Various incidents come to the surface in the confused chaos of alarm and dizzy self-sustenance upon the edge of the precipice. On one occasion one of the many miserable informers of the time accused Madame Roland of intrigues against the Republic. She was called to the bar of the Convention, and there defended herself with a grace and nobility which made her for one brief intoxicating moment the mistress of the Assembly, receiving the

homage of those who had taken their places as her judges. She merely mentions this, in passing, in her Memoirs; time had become too short with her even for the record of a moment which must, one would have thought, have stirred the blood in her veins. On the other side, it happened more than once that her husband and she were almost forced by their friends to retire from the ministerial residence, lest they should be assassinated in the night. On one of these occasions, the house being surrounded by armed men of evil mien, she was implored to disguise herself, and a peasant's dress was chosen as the best or easiest form of disguise.

"The cap which she put on was thought not coarse enough, and another was brought to her; but these cares revolted her, and produced an explosion of indignation, in which she threw off hastily both cap and gown. 'I am ashamed,' she cried, 'of the part you make me play. I will neither disguise myself nor fly. If they choose to kill me, let them find me in my own house. I owe this lesson of firmness to the world, and I will give it.' She pronounced these words with so much animation and decision that no one could find a word to say."

Roland resigned his post definitely in the beginning of January '93, the day after the condemnation of the king. In April he made a last appeal for the ratification of his accounts, all given in with the scrupulous order that distinguished him at his demission, and for permission to retire to the country. The answer to this application was given in the scene with which this sketch opens. During all the intervening time, the vile revolutionary press had exceeded itself in attacks upon the pair. The 'Père Duchesne,' the most villainous example of what a newspaper addressed to the lower classes ever came

to, expended its filth upon the virtuous Minister and his wife. All the insults and mockery to which a woman exposes herself, who takes part in public life, were poured upon her head. The Convention, which had owned the influence of her high courage and eloquence, as well as of her beauty and personal charms, began to laugh with brutal insolence when the *femme Roland* was mentioned. The Girondists, who had been proud of her, were twitted continually with her influence. These vexatious outrages, which are made in jest, are the natural part of every feminine combatant; but it was doubly hard upon her, whom the doom of a man was awaiting, to receive this too in augmentation. When she was in prison, the insulting assaults of 'Père Duchesne' were screamed out under her window, and especially an account of a supposed visit he had paid to her, and in which she was made to confess various horrors.

After three weeks of imprisonment in the Abbaye, she was liberated; but on reaching her own house, was arrested once more, with cruel mockery of her hopes, and carried to Sainte Pélagie, where the rest of her life was spent, and where all that we have founded upon in this paper was written,—the peaceful idyll of her early years; the dreams of her beautiful youth; the compensations of her subdued existence as Roland's wife; the hopes of the dreamer and patriot finding in France renewed and glorious, and in the freedom and happiness of her country, a compensation for all individual privations. We have already said that we know no other instance of such a record made in such circumstances. When it was her anxious office to vindicate Roland, with a hundred repetitions, she was sometimes diffuse, sometimes sophisticated, bound by what

was possible for such a man to say. But her own vindication is clear and rapid, without return or *equivogue*, written *d'un trait*, as was her custom. The life of her prison is set before us with a mingling of calmness and fiery energy. Much, no doubt, was in her heart that she could not say. If it ever occurred to her (and who can doubt it must have done so?), in the satisfaction of knowing Roland and most of her friends far away and comparatively safe in the country, that it was somewhat bitter to be left alone to bear all the brunt in her own person, she never allows this bitterness to be apparent. One thing alone the reader cannot fail to see, and that is, that this woman, who has spent herself in his service, and whose last breath is to be used in defending him from every imputation, had become sick to the heart of her Roland—her virtuous, pettifogging statesman, with his bureaux and his circulars, his protests and self-vindications, his administrative capacity and impotent soul. Never, perhaps, until the moment came when his virtuous feebleness in face of so alarming an emergency became apparent, had she realised it fully: and the tragic disturbance of the new passion which had come into her life, and which it did not consist with her high spirit and sincerity to conceal, although always *demeurant fidèle à mes devoirs*, must have imported the strangest trouble into her life with her husband, at the very moment when she was exercising every faculty for his defence, and lived but to work for him. The relief of her escape from all these complications and from his tedious and depressing company, and the burden of his problems, made her prison almost a welcome refuge. Once there, with no power to do anything more for him, she was for the first time in her life a free woman; and by

moments gave vent to an outburst like that of the cavalier:—

“If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soul am free,
Angels alone who are above
Enjoy such liberty.”

The few letters addressed to Buzot, the object of her visionary passion, breathe this sentiment in all its warmth. “I am not afraid to tell you, and you are the only person in the world who can understand it, that I was not sorry to be arrested,” she says; and then expounds the curious medley of thought in her mind, not without a sense, at once pathetic and humorous, of the strange complexity of the situation.

“They will thus be less furious, less ardent against R., I say to myself. If they bring me to the bar, I shall be able to defend myself in a way that will be useful to his reputation. It seems to me that I will thus make up to him for anything that I have made him suffer; but don't you see that in thus living alone it is with you (*toi*) that I live. Thus by my imprisonment I sacrifice myself to my husband. I keep myself to my friend, and I owe to my jailors the power of conciliating duty and love. Pity me not! Others admire my bravery, but know nothing of my compensations! you who can feel all, preserve them by the constancy of your courage.”

There are other descriptions of her condition which rise to the very heights of poetic exaltation. But it is the peculiarity of these letters, among all the letters of love that have ever been written, that the woman to whom Buzot has become the first of men makes no appeal to his love, or recollection—asks none of those questions, desires none of those assurances, which are the commonplaces of passion. That he should serve his country is what she asks. Writing from the prison which is sweet

to her, because it sets her free to the enjoyment of his visionary society, these eloquent pages are more full of France than of love. “I will die satisfied in knowing that you are effectually serving your country,” she says. “Your letter has sounded in my ears those manly accents in which I recognise a soul proud and free, occupied with great designs, superior to fate, capable of the most generous resolutions, the most sustained efforts. . . . Ah, it matters much, indeed, to know if a woman will live or not after you! The question is to preserve your existence, and make it useful to our country.” This was what her soul desired: after all the babble of talk, the pedantry of official work, a man who would *servir efficacement*, not falter and defend himself, even by her hand. Alas! most pitiful fate to which a woman can be subject—the fate which so many women have to accept as in a horrible satanic mockery of their eager hearts and restrained lives—this man, too, knew no better how to *servir efficacement* than Roland himself, and died miserably by his own pistol in a field,—not even for love of her, which might have been an excuse, but hunted down by the dogs of the Republic, whom neither he nor Roland had force or mastery to subdue.

Fortunately she did not know this. She knew that her old Roland would not survive her, and said so with a curious sense of his dependence upon her, and absolute loyalty, which, indeed, she repaid in every act of her life, and in all her dispositions for dying, if not in her heart. But she could not foresee that Buzot would neither have the heart to sacrifice himself to her or to live for France, which would have been better. One more picture of the last stage of her existence, of the heart of the woman at

the foot of the scaffold, at the end of her days, isolated from all the world, and speaking in the confidence of that supreme privacy to the being whom in all the world she loved best :—

“ Proud of being persecuted at a time when character and honour are proscribed, I should have been able, even without thee, to bear it with dignity ; but you make it sweet and dear to me. The wicked think they overwhelm me behind their iron bars. Fools ! what does it matter to me if I live here or there ? I live everywhere by my heart, and to shut me up in a prison is to deliver me without drawback to this life of the affections. My company is what I love ; my occupation to think of it. My duty when I am thus left alone limits itself to wishes for all that is good and just, and he whom I love occupies the first place in that order. I know too well what is imposed upon me by the natural course of things, to complain of the violence which has disturbed that course. And if I am to die, so be it : I have had what is best in life, and if it lasted it might bring me but new sacrifices. The moment when I felt the greatest joy in existing,—when I felt most strongly that exaltation of soul which braves all dangers, and rejoices in braving them,—is that in which I entered this Bastille, which my executioners have chosen for me. . . . Except the trouble into which I have been thrown by the new proscriptions, I have never enjoyed greater calm than in this strange situation, and I have felt the full sweetness of it from the moment when I knew almost all to be in safety, and when I saw thee working in freedom to preserve that of thy country.”

Yet she was not always so calm as she says. At one time she had made up her mind to suicide, thinking it no wrong to cheat the scaffold, and for the sake of her child, that the little Eudora might not be stripped of anything. But the friend who could have brought her the means for this would not consent to it, and she gave up the

idea. It was harder to bear the constant society,—the sound of the disgusting conversations of the wretched women of the streets who were imprisoned in the same corridor. It is not from her own pen that we have the account of the effect she produced among them. “ The chamber of Madame Roland ” (it is, we think, Count Beugnot who speaks) “ became the asylum of peace in that hell. If she went down into the court, her presence established order ; and these unfortunates, whom no human influence had been able hitherto to master, were restrained by the fear of offending her. She moved about surrounded by women who pressed round her as around a patron saint.” It is the same hand which describes her last appearance, when on her way to the tribunal and the scaffold :—

“ She wore a dress (*une Anglaise*) of white muslin, with a belt of black velvet, a bonnet of elegant simplicity over her beautiful hair, which floated over her shoulders. Her face seemed to me more animated than usual, her colour brilliant, and a smile upon her lips. With one hand she held the train of her dress, the other was abandoned to a crowd of women who pressed round to kiss it. Those who knew what fate attended her, sobbed round her, recommending her in every case to Providence. Madame Roland replied affectionately to all. She did not promise to return, nor did she tell them that she was going to die, but her words were touching exhortations to peace, to courage, to hope, to the exercise of those virtues which become misfortune. . . . I gave her as she passed my message from Clavières. She answered in few words and with a firm voice. She had begun a sentence when the cry of the two attendants called her to the tribunal. At this cry, terrible for everybody but her, she stopped and held out her hand to me, ‘ Adieu, monsieur ; let us make peace,—it is time.’ Raising her eyes to me, she saw that I had difficulty in repressing my tears, and that

I was violently agitated. She seemed touched, but added only the word, 'Courage!'

In the same afternoon, at half-past four, when the early shadows of the November night were gathering, the heavy equipage of death set out from the Conciergerie. It rolled slowly along by the scenes in which her early life had passed. The quays, the river, the same horizon which she had watched from her little window from sunrise to sunset—that very window itself looked down upon the procession slowly moving along, the centre of a hideous crowd, which surrounded with cries of hatred the dark car and the white figure of its occupant. "There was no difference perceptible in her," says another witness who met the train near the Pont-Neuf. "Her eyes were full of light, her complexion fresh and clear; a smile was upon her lips." Beside her, an image of terror and downfall, with his head bent on his breast, was her fellow-sufferer, Lamarche, whom she cheered and encouraged, by times saying something which brought a smile even to his lips. When they reached the guillotine, it was her right as a woman, the compliment of French gallantry to its victims, to die first. But even then she was able to think of her poor companion. "Go first," she said; "the sight of my death will be too much for you."

"The executioner hesitated to give his consent to an arrangement contrary to his orders. 'Can you refuse a woman her last wish?' she said to him with a smile. At last her turn came. While she was being fastened to the fatal block, her eyes encountered a colossal image of Liberty, a statue made of plaster, which had been raised for the anniversary of the

10th of August. 'Oh, Liberty!' she cried, 'how they have cheated thee!' Then the knife fell."

Poor old Roland in his retreat in the country, where he had lived miserably like a hunted creature, heard the news, and fainted when he heard it. It was discussed between him and his friends, two old ladies, who had sheltered him at the peril of their lives, what death he should die. The women would have had him go to Paris, fling himself into the midst of the commotion, pour forth all the abhorrence and indignation of his heart, and claim the right of dying like his wife. The old man had no heart for such a theatrical exit, and he, too, thought of his child and the property that would be confiscated if he died on the scaffold. A week after his wife's death he went out alone from his asylum, and walked through the dark wintry night, one does not know how far, or by what caprice he chose the spot. He sat down upon the low wall of an avenue leading to a little country house, and there in silence and darkness put his dagger into his heart. He was found sitting there next morning, calm and silent, death not having even changed his position, with a writing in his pocket, begging that his remains might be respected, as they were those of an honest man.

Buzot lived nearly a year after him, wrote his memoirs also, and might have lived to occupy a Government post, and die in his bed like other men, but for a search that was made from Bordeaux after the proscribed. The fugitives had not even the skill to escape, except by the easy way of the pistol. And here was an end of all their passion and their hopes.

FLEURETTE.

CHAPTER I.

I HAD spent some years in the colonies, doctoring diggers and the like rough-and-ready folks. The novelty of the strange scenes and free-and-easy life had at last worn off, and I found myself sighing for the respectability of broadcloth and a settled position in my profession. Aided somewhat by thrift, and more by a fortunate land speculation, I had money enough to supply my wants for a few years to come; so I returned to England, resolved to beat out a practice somewhere.

Of course, the first person I went to see was John. He was my brother—my only brother,—indeed, the one tie I had to England. We were a couple of orphans, but pretty sturdy ones withal, and well able to wrestle with the world. Fortunately, our father lived until his eldest son was of an age to carry on his snug country practice; so John still occupied the old red-brick house in the main street of the little town of Dalebury, the same brass plate on the door doing duty for him as for his father before him.

I found old John—so his closest friends ever called him—little changed: rather graver in mien, perhaps, but with the same honest eyes and kindly smile, winning at once the confidence, and soon the love, of men and women. As we clasped hands and looked in each other's faces, we knew that the years which had made men of us had only deepened our boyish love.

It was pleasant, very pleasant, for a wanderer like myself to find such a welcome awaiting him. It was good to sit once more in that

cosy old room and talk with John late into the night, discussing all that had happened since last we sat there. I had many questions to ask. Dalebury is only a little town. Having been born and bred there, I knew all the inhabitants. I had not been abroad long enough to forget old friends, so I plied John with many inquiries as to the fate of one or another. After a while I asked—

“Who lives now in the old house at the corner—where the Tanners lived once?”

“A widow lady and her daughter, named Dorvaux.”

“French, I suppose, from the name?”

“No, I believe not. Her late husband was French; but as far as I have learned, Mrs Dorvaux is an Englishwoman.”

“New-comers! They must be quite an acquisition to Dalebury. Are they pleasant people?”

“I don't know,—at least, I only know the daughter. She is very beautiful,” added John, with something very much like a sigh.

My quick ears caught the suspicious sound. Could I be on the eve of an interesting discovery?

“Very beautiful, is she? And what may her Christian name be?”

“Fleurette—Fleurette,” replied John, repeating the soft French name, and lingering upon it as though it were sweet to his lips, like wine.

Then he changed the conversation, and far away we drifted from beautiful maidens and musical names as I recounted some of my colonial exploits,—how I had treated strange accidents, out-of-

the-way diseases, ghastly gunshot-wounds; till our talk became purely professional, and without cheerfulness or interest for the laity.

I spent the next day in looking up old friends and neighbours. I had brought money back with me,—not very much, it is true, but rumour had been kind enough to magnify the amount, so every one was glad to see me. Mind, I don't say this cynically; I only mean that, leaving the nuisance of appeals to the pocket, for old sake's sake, out of the question, all must feel greater pleasure at seeing a rolling-stone come back fairly coated with moss than scraped bare. So all my old friends made much of me, and I wondered why the world in general should be accused of forgetfulness.

Whilst I was at one house, another visitor entered, and I was introduced to Miss Dorvaux. As I heard her name, the recollection of my grave brother's midnight sigh made me look at her intently and curiously—more so, I fear, than politeness allowed.

Now you must decide for yourself as to whether *Fleurette Dorvaux* was beautiful. When I say, candidly, only one person in the world admires her more than I do, only one person is her more devoted slave than I am, I confess myself a partial witness, whose testimony carries little weight. But to my eyes that day, *Fleurette* appeared this. About twenty years of age; scarcely middle height, but with a dainty, rounded figure; brunette, with dark-brown eyes, long black lashes, making those eyes look darker,—such black eyebrows and such black hair! nose, mouth, and chin as perfect as could be: such a bright, bonny, lively little woman! Not, I decided at first, the wife for a hard-working, sober doctor like *John Penn*.

Stay—is the girl so bright, so

lively, after all? On her entry she had greeted my friends with a gay laugh and merry words, emphasised with vivacious little French gestures, and for a few minutes she was all life and sunshine. She seemed interested when she heard my name, and with easy grace began talking to me thoughtfully and sensibly. As she talked, something in her manner told me that life was not all sweetness to her. At times her bright brown eyes looked even grave and serious, and the smile, ever on her lips as she spoke, softened to a pensive smile. The first impression she made on me, the idea that she was only a brilliant little butterfly thing, left me, and I hastened to atone mentally for the wrong I had done her by thinking, I am for once mistaken; the girl has plenty of sense, and, likely enough, will and purpose in that pretty head of hers. However, grave or gay, wise or foolish, I saw in *Fleurette Dorvaux* a beautiful girl, and pictured woe for many a youth in *Dalebury*.

After *John* had seen the last of his patients that night, he joined me in the old room, and with a bottle of good wine between us, I said—

“I saw your beautiful *Miss Dorvaux* to-day.”

John started as he heard her name, but made no reply; so I determined to learn all that was to be learned.

It was a very easy task. Old *John* had never yet been able to keep a secret from me—it may be, he never meant to keep this. Anyway, in a short time I had the whole history of his love.

Fleurette and her mother came to *Dalebury* some twelve months ago, and *John*, whose heart had been proof against all local charms, had at once surrendered. There was something in the girl so different from all others. Her beauty,

her gracefulness, even her pretty little foreign ways, had taken him by storm; and, as far as I can judge from the symptoms he described, his case was very soon as desperate as that of a boy of twenty. It may be, the very strength of the constitution which had so long defied love made the fever rage more fiercely. Yet, severe as the attack was, the cure seemed easy enough. He had a comfortable home and a good income to be shared; so he set to work seriously to win Fleurette's love. All seemed going on as well as could be wished; the girl appeared happy in his society, and, if she showed him no tangible marks of preference, pleased and flattered by his attentions. Yet at last, when he asked her to be his wife, she refused him—sweetly and sadly, it is true, but nevertheless firmly refused him.

Now although I, being four years younger, and, moreover, his brother, choose to laugh at John—call him grave, sober, and old—you must understand this is all in jest and by way of good-fellowship, and that John Penn was a man any girl should be proud of winning. He was no hero, or genius, or anything of that sort; but then most of us move among ordinary men and women, and only know heroes, heroines, and geniuses, as we know princes and dukes, by name. He was a clever, hard-working doctor, with a good provincial practice. Modesty deters me from saying much about his personal appearance, as the world sees a strong likeness between us. I will only say he was tall and well-built, and carried in his face a certain look of power, which right-minded women like to see with men who seek their love. His age was something over thirty. Our family was good and our name unsullied. What could have induced Fleurette Dorvaux to reject him? Beautiful

she might be; but the times are mercenary, and beautiful girls don't win the love of a man like John every day in the week.

Although John told me all about it in a cynical sort of way, which sat upon him as badly as another man's coat might, he could not conceal from me how deeply wounded he was—how disappointed—and how intense had been his love for the girl. As he finished his recital I grasped his hand, saying, with the assurance of one who has seen much life—

“Hard work is the best antidote, and you seem to have plenty of that—you will forget all about it in time, old fellow.”

“I don't think I shall. I feel like a man who, having been kept in twilight all his life, is shown the sun for an hour, and then again put back into twilight. He will forget the sun no more than I shall forget Fleurette.”

“She seemed to me such a sweet girl,” I said, doubtfully.

“She is perfect,” said John. “You have seen nothing of her as yet. Wait until you can fathom the depths of thought and feeling under that bright exterior. Then you will say I was not wrong in loving her as I did—as I do even now.”

“Has any one else won her? Was that the reason she refused you?”

“No one. She loves me, and me only.”

“What do you mean?” I asked, greatly surprised.

“That evening when she told me firmly and decisively she would never marry me—never could marry me,—even whilst I said mad cruel words to her, I saw love in her tearful eyes. And when, forgetting all, I held her and kissed her once, and once only, I felt her lips linger on mine. Then she broke away and fled; but I know

such a woman as *Fleurette Dorvaux* would not suffer a man's kiss unless she loved him. She wrote me a few lines the next day, telling me it could not be, begging me not even to ask her why. Since then she shuns me, and all is at an end; so please talk no more about it."

Here was a nice complication! Here was a knot to untie! John refused by a girl who loved him! I own I was glad to hear him assert his belief in her love, as, somehow, it pained me to think of *Fleurette* sporting with a man's heart. Although, as I told you, I determined, at first, that she was not the right wife for John, I had soon recanted, and thought now how she would light up the old house, and how happy John would be with such a bright little woman to greet him when he returned of an evening weary and fagged. So I resolved to see all I could of *Fleurette*, to study her, and if I found her as good as John said, to use my skill in untying the knot and smoothing the strands of their lives. I never doubted my ability to arrange the matter. I had always been an able family diplomatist. Had I not, at New Durham, brought *Roaring Tom Mayne* back to his faithful but deserted wife, and seen them commence life together again with courage and contentment? Had I not made those two old friends and partners, who for some time had been prowling about with revolvers in their pockets, hoping to get a snap shot at each other, shake hands, and, eventually, left them working a new claim together? Had I not stopped pretty *Polly Smith* from running away with that scamp *Dick Long*, who had two or three wives already, somewhere up country? In fact, so successful had I been in arranging other people's affairs, that it seemed to an experienced hand like myself an easy

matter to place John and *Fleurette* on a proper footing.

Dalebury is a very little town. Its enemies even call it a village; but as we boast of a mayor and a corporation, we can afford to treat their sneers with contempt. Different people may hold different opinions as to whether life is pleasanter in large cities or small towns; but at any rate, one advantage a small place like *Dalebury* offers is, that everybody knows everything about every one else. You cannot hide a farthing rushlight under a bushel. So if anybody has anything to keep secret, don't let him pitch his tent in *Dalebury*.

With the universal knowledge of one's neighbours' affairs pervading the *Dalebury* atmosphere, it is not strange that the first person I chose to ask hastened to give me all the information respecting the *Dorvaux* that *Dalebury* had as yet been able to acquire. *Mrs Dorvaux* was a widow; not rich, but, it was supposed, fairly well off: she was a great invalid, and rarely or ever went out. Appearing to dislike society, she received no one, and scarcely any one knew her. Those with whom she had been brought in contact stated she was a quiet, ladylike woman, who spoke very little. It was not known from whence they had come—probably France; but this was only conjecture, and the absence of certainty rather distressed *Dalebury*. They kept only one servant, an old woman, who had been with them many years. *Fleurette* had made many friends, and, it seemed, few, if any, enemies. She did not go out much, being devoted to her invalid mother; but every one was glad of her company when she chose to give it. Altogether, *Dalebury* had nothing to say against the new-comers—a fact speaking volumes in their favour.

After this, as we were such near

neighbours, I used frequently to encounter Fleurette, and would often join her and walk with her. Whether she knew that John's secret was mine, I could not say, but she met my friendly advances half-way. The more I saw of her, the more I wondered how I could have thought her so lively and gay. Whatever she might seem to others, there was, to me at least, a vein of thoughtful sadness in the girl's character—at times I even fancied it approached to despondency; and I felt almost angry with her, knowing that a turn of her finger would bring one of the best fellows in England to her feet. We met old John once or twice as we were walking together. Fleurette cast down her long lashes and simply bowed.

"Of course you know my brother well?" I said.

"I have often met him," answered Fleurette, calmly.

"And you like him, I hope?"

"I like Dr Penn very much," she replied, simply.

"He is the best fellow and the best brother in the world," I said; and then I told Fleurette what we had been to each other as boys: how John had been as careful of me as the mother who was dead might have been—how we loved each other now; and as I spoke, I saw a blush on her clear brown cheek, and although she said nothing, her eyes when they next met mine were wistful and kind.

I shall soon make it all right, I thought, as I noted her look, and resolved to argue the matter on the first fitting occasion.

There is a little river—a tributary to a large one—running through Dalebury. Being too shallow for navigation, it is not of much use except as a water supply, and for angling. Still, one who knows it can get a boat with a light draught a long way up. One

afternoon, thinking a little exercise would do me good, I procured such a boat, and started to row up as far as I could, and drift leisurely back with the current. For some distance on one side of the stream are rich fertile meadows; and the path along the bank, through these meadows, is a favourite walk with the Dalebury folk. As I paddled my boat up the stream, guiding its course by the old landmarks, which came fresh to my memory as though I were a boy yet, and startling the water-rats, descendants of those amongst whom John and I made such havoc years ago, I saw in front of me on the river-bank the dainty little figure of Fleurette. As I looked at her over my shoulder, I could see she was walking slowly, with her head bent down, as one in thought. Thinking of John and her own folly, perhaps, I said. So preoccupied was she, that the sound of my oars did not attract her attention until I was close to her. Then, seeing who it was, she waited whilst I rowed to the bank on which she stood.

"Good afternoon, Miss Dorvaux," I said; "if you will step into my boat, I will row you as far as the shallows will let me, and then back home."

Fleurette hesitated. "Thank you, Mr Penn; I think I prefer strolling along the river-bank."

"In that case I shall tie my boat to this willow-stump, and, with your permission, walk with you. But you had far better come with me: the boat is quite safe, and I have not forgotten my cunning."

"I am not afraid of that," said the girl, stepping lightly into the stern of the boat; whilst I thought, here is the chance to reason and expostulate, and doubted little that my arguments would let me bring Fleurette back ready to accept her fate. Well, pride goeth before a fall!

Yet for a while I said nothing to my companion. I did not even look at her. Poor little Fleurette! I saw, as soon as we met, that tears were on those dark lashes. The smile on her lip belied them, but the tears were there, nevertheless. So I waited for them to disappear before I talked to her, although I half suspected my words might bring others to replace the vanishing drops.

Presently Fleurette cried, in a voice of pleasure, "There are some water-lilies! Can we get them?"

With some trouble I got the boat near them, and Fleurette gathered three or four. As she sat opening the white cups and spreading out the starry blooms, I said, "Why are you always so sad, Miss Dorvaux?"

"Am I sad? Very few people in Dalebury give me credit for that, I fancy."

"My eyes look deeper down than the Dalebury eyes. To me you are always sad. Why is it? You have youth, beauty, and, if you wished it, love. Why is it?"

Fleurette turned her eyes to mine. "Do you think these pale lilies have any hidden troubles, Mr Penn?"

"None, I should say. They toil not, neither do they spin, you know."

"The people who toil and spin are not the only people who are unhappy in the world," said Fleurette, softly.

"Nor are the water-lilies the only flowers who shut up their hearts, and only open them after great persuasion."

She placed one of the white stars in her dark hair, and said, "We are getting quite poetical this afternoon. Was that a kingfisher flew by?"

Of course it was no more a kingfisher than it was an ostrich; and

as Fleurette was now my prisoner in mid-stream, I was not going to let her escape or evade my questions for any bird that flew.

I steadied the boat with an occasional dip of the oars, and looking her full in the face, asked, "Fleurette, why do you treat John so strangely?"

Her eyes dropped. "I scarcely understand you," she said.

"You understand fully. Why did you refuse to marry him?"

"I might plead a woman's privilege. If we cannot choose, we can at least decline to be the choice of any particular man."

"You might plead it if you did not love him; but you will not plead it, Fleurette. It is because I know you love him I ask you for an answer to my question."

Her fingers toyed nervously with her lilies, but she said nothing.

"If I thought you did not care for him—if you can tell me so—my question is answered, and I am satisfied. Answer me, Fleurette."

She raised her head, and I saw her brave brown eyes shining through her tears.

"The proudest day in my life was when John Penn asked me to be his wife—the happiest day would be the day I married him, and that will be never."

"Never, Fleurette?"

"Never—never—never. Unless——" here the girl gave a sort of shudder, and covered her eyes with her hands.

"Tell me what obstacle there can be," I said, gently.

"I cannot. I will not. If I could not tell John, why should I tell you?"

"Your mother is a great invalid, is she not?" I asked, after a pause,

"Yes," replied Fleurette.

"Is it possible you fear John would wish you to leave her? Is that the reason, Fleurette?"

"I will tell you nothing," she

said, firmly. "Put me ashore, please."

"Very well, Miss Fleurette," I said, resting on my oars. "Then I give you fair warning, I shall never cease until I find out everything."

The girl's face flushed with anger. "What right have you," she cried, "to attempt to pry into my private life? I hate you! Put me ashore at once."

Fleurette not only had a will but a temper of her own.

"I will not," I said, "until you give me some message I can take to John,—some word that will let him live on hope, at least."

"Will you put me ashore?" said Fleurette, stamping her foot. My only answer was a stroke of the oars which sent the boat some yards further up the stream.

"Then I shall go myself," said Fleurette; and before I could comprehend her meaning, she simply slipped overboard, and in a couple of seconds was standing on the river-bank, with the water dripping from her petticoats. She darted across the meadow without even looking back, and left me feeling supremely ridiculous. The river was scarcely knee-deep at this point, so she ran no risk of drowning, and only suffered the inconvenience of wet shoes and skirts; but I could not divest myself of the idea that had there been six feet of water there, the beautiful little vixen would have gone overboard just the same. I had been completely outwitted by a girl of twenty; but then no one could imagine that a young lady of the present day, attired in an elegant walking-dress, would jump out of a boat to avoid his society, however angry she might be. Yet I felt very foolish as I drifted back to Dalebury, and doubted whether I had done John's cause any good.

"After all," I said, "perhaps

my boasted tact and diplomacy only pass muster in the free-and-easy community of New Durham, and I shall be a failure in England. I had better take the first steamer and go back again."

I met Fleurette in the road the next morning. Her features wore a demure smile.

"You treated me shamefully," I said.

"I am the one to complain, I think. The idea of attempting to keep me against my will! My boots were spoiled; I was made most uncomfortable, and had to explain my draggled appearance as best I could."

"But fancy my horror when you stepped out of the boat; and picture what a fool I have felt ever since. Nevertheless I forgive you," I said, magnanimously.

"And I forgive you," said Fleurette, with deep meaning in her voice. So we shook hands, and renewed our compact of friendship.

I had now been at Dalebury nearly a month, and purposed, whilst I had time to spare, to make a little trip to the Continent. I intended to stay there two months, then return and commence work. A few days before I left Dalebury, I heard that some one was ill at the house at the corner; and with the remembrance of Fleurette's wet shoes and stockings before me, I was very uneasy. However, we soon ascertained that Mrs Dorvaux was the sufferer, and that Dr Bush, from the other end of the town, had been called in. I know this was very annoying to John, as Dr Bush and he were not the best of friends. In his professional capacity he would, I believe, have attended Fleurette herself without show of emotion; so why not Fleurette's mother? Nothing, of course, could be said, as we live in a free country, and people may employ what doctor they choose.

Evidently Mrs Dorvaux's illness was not of long duration, for I soon saw Fleurette about again. She looked pale and worn, probably from watching and nursing her mother. My holiday at Dalebury had now run down to its last dregs, so when we met it was to say good-bye.

"Can it never be, Fleurette?" I whispered, as our hands met before parting.

"Never," she replied—"never. Good-bye—good-bye."

Poor old John! poor little Fleurette! What mystery was it that stayed the happiness of these two?

I returned home from my travels, tired of idleness. Having heard of an opening that promised well, I ran down to Dalebury to consult my brother. John and I were very bad correspondents, so I had no news of the little town since I sojourned there. As I passed the house at the corner I saw it was void. "They have left," said John, as I eagerly asked the reason.

"Left! Where have they gone to?"

"No one knows," said John, sadly. "Shortly after you went abroad, common rumour said they were thinking of quitting; and last month they did go."

"Did she leave no word—no message for you?"

"Only this," replied John, opening a drawer in front of him, where he kept a variety of cheerful-looking instruments. "I found this one morning on the seat of my carriage. I suppose she threw it in."

A single flower, the stem passed through a piece of paper with the word "Adieu" pencilled on it.

Sorry as I was to hear the news, I could scarcely help smiling as John replaced the flower in the drawer. It seemed almost bathos, that little rose, tossed into a doctor's carriage, and now lying amongst old lancets, forceps, and other surgical instruments.

The weeks, the months, even the years, passed by, and we heard nothing of Fleurette. The flower, doubtless still lying in the drawer, was all that was left of old John's little romance.

CHAPTER II.

Three years soon went by. I was still in England. I had purchased a share in a London practice, and although I found much drudgery in my work, it was a paying practice, and which would eventually be entirely mine, as my partner, who was growing old and rich, talked of retiring.

Once or twice in every year I had been down to Dalebury. All was the same there. John was still unmarried; and if he said nothing about her, I knew he had not forgotten the dainty little girl who had rejected his love. Yet not a word had Fleurette sent him. She might be dead or married, for all we knew. I often used to

wonder whether I should ever meet her again—whether I should ever learn her secret trouble, for I felt that Fleurette's sadness was not so much from having to give up the hope of being John's wife, as from the cause that compelled her to take that step. I could only hope, and say a word now and then to encourage John to hope also.

One day whilst snatching a hasty lunch, I was informed I was wanted at once. I found a respectable servant waiting for me.

"Please to come to my mistress at once, sir," she said. "She is taken very ill, all of a sudden."

"Where does she live?" I asked. The servant named a street with-

in a short distance, and in a few minutes I was at the house.

It was in that description of street we term respectable—dull, quiet, and respectable, — small houses on each side letting at low rents—rents, most likely, decreasing as an old tenant left and a new tenant came in: the sort of place where the falling gentleman and the rising clerk or workman meet in their downward and upward course. On our way I asked the servant what had happened to her mistress.

“I found her sitting in her chair, sir, looking so wild and talking such gibberish, that I came for you as fast as I could.”

She led the way to a sitting-room. “Mistress was in there when I left; will you please go in, sir?”

I went in, but no mistress was visible. I saw, with a quick glance, that the room was prettily furnished—many little feminine knick-knacks lying about. Hanging to an easel near the window were two dead birds, a goldfinch, and a bullfinch, and on the easel stood a China plate, painted with a faithful representation of the models. “Decayed gentlefolks,” I said to myself; but the servant’s voice, calling me from above, put an end to all further speculations. There was evident alarm in the girl’s voice; so I hastened up-stairs, and, just inside the door of a bedroom, saw a woman lying on the floor, either dead or insensible.

With the servant’s assistance I lifted her up and placed her on the bed; then proceeded to ascertain what was the matter. It needed, alas! very little professional skill to determine the primary cause of her illness. I had before me one of those sad cases, unfortunately becoming more and more common, of drunkenness in one whose education and station in life should have raised her far

above such a vice. There was no doubt about it. Even if the odour of the woman’s breath had not told me the truth, I had seen too many drunken women in my time to be deceived. I could do little to relieve her, then; and after assuring the frightened servant her mistress was in no danger, I placed her comfortably on the bed, and gave the girl instructions to loosen her clothes. As she did so, I looked with pity and some curiosity on the unhappy woman. She was a lady, evidently,—as far as the common sense of the word reaches,—delicately nurtured and well dressed. Her features were pleasing, regular, and refined, and in spite of all, she lay here a victim to the same vice that urges the brutal collier to pound his wife to death, and causes the starving charwoman to overlie her wretched baby.

I did not like to expose her weakness to her own servant, so promised to send round some medicine, and to look in again in the evening.

As I stood with the door half open, turning to give the servant some last instructions, a girl passed by me hastily, not even seeming aware of my presence. Before I had time to speak, or even to look at her, she had thrown herself on her knees beside the bed, and was weeping bitterly over the unfortunate woman. Her face as she knelt was hidden from me, but I could see her hair was black, and something in the turn of her graceful figure struck me as being familiar.

“Oh my poor mamma! my poor mamma!” she sobbed out. “What shall I do?—again, again! Oh poor mamma!”

I drew near and said, “You need not be alarmed at your mother’s illness; she will soon recover.”

The girl rose on hearing my voice. She turned round quickly and looked at me. Lo and behold, she was our long-lost Fleurette!

Fleurette—and, as I could see even through her sorrow, as beautiful as ever! I advanced with outstretched hands; but the girl drew herself up and waved me aside with the dignity of a diminutive empress.

“And so, as you threatened, you have intruded upon my privacy. Go—I will never speak to you again.”

“Miss Dorvaux,” I answered, almost as angry as herself, “your servant will tell you how I happen to be here, and you will see it is from no wish to intrude. I am going now, but shall return to see my patient this evening, when I hope, for the sake of old days, you will give me a few minutes’ conversation.”

Then, as Fleurette returned weeping to her mother, I departed, revolving many things in my mind, as the writers say.

I had found Fleurette at last. Actually living within a stone’s-throw of my door! Perhaps she had lived there ever since she left Dalebury. Now having found her, what was I to do with her? I guessed that I had also fathomed her mystery. You see it was only a commonplace, vulgar little mystery after all—a mother’s drunkenness the sum-total of it. Yet when I thought of the girl giving up her love and bright prospects for the sake of keeping her erring mother’s vice a secret, most likely never complaining of the sacrifice, wearing to the outer world a bright face that hid from nearly every one the sorrow of her heart, it seemed to me that our little Fleurette was something very near a heroine, after all.

My first idea was to telegraph

to John and tell him where to find her; but upon consideration I thought it better to wait until after our interview in the evening.

I found Fleurette alone. She was very pale, very sad, very subdued—very different, indeed, to the angry young woman who had walked into the river three years ago, or the unjust tyrant who had ordered me from her presence that afternoon. My first inquiry was after her mother. Poor Fleurette coloured as she told me that lady was now almost convalescent, and she did not think I need trouble to see her again. Then she held out her hand, and as I took it, said—

“Please forgive me for my unjust words to-day; but I was so vexed, I scarcely knew what I said.”

“We are always forgiving each other, Fleurette. Brothers unto seventy times seven—why not sisters also?”

Fleurette smiled sadly and hopelessly.

“Tell me, Fleurette,” I said, gently, as I sat down beside her, “was this the cause?”

She nodded her pretty head.

“Tell me all about it. How long has it been going on? I can be secret as you.”

And then Fleurette told me. I will not give her words. They were too loving, too lenient, and ever framing affectionate excuses. It was a piteous little tale, even as she told it—a tale of hope growing stronger every day, till in one hour it was crushed as a flower is crushed under foot. Then came penitence, contrition, shame, and the ever-recurring vows of amendment. And with them hope sprang afresh and bloomed for a while,—only to be cut down as ruthlessly as before. And so on for years, ever the same weary round, and although she told me

not, ever the same loving care, the same jealous resolve to shield her mother's sins from the vulgar gaze. It was a hard burden for a girl to bear. For this she gave up the hope of being John's wife. She would not leave her mother to perish, and would not injure John, as she shrewdly feared might be the case if she subjected him to the scandal of having a mother-in-law of Mrs Dorvaux's disposition living with him; and knowing as I know the delicate susceptibilities of patients in a place like Dalebury, in my heart I thought that Fleurette was right.

"And why did you leave Dalebury?" I asked, when she had finished her recital.

"Mamma was—ill—there; so ill, I was frightened, and obliged to send for a doctor,—and I feared people might learn the cause." So that was why Dr Bush had been called in instead of John.

"Then we came to London," she continued. "London is so large, I thought we might hide ourselves here."

"How often do these—these attacks show themselves?" I asked.

"Sometimes not for months; sometimes twice a-month. Oh, do you think she can ever be cured? She has been so good, so good for such a long time! If I had not gone out to-day, this might never have happened. Our poor old servant died some months ago, and I could not trust the new one, or she might have prevented it. Do you think she can be cured?"

I shook my head. I knew too well that when a woman of Mrs Dorvaux's age has these periodical irresistible cravings after stimulants, the case is wellnigh hopeless. Missionaries, clergymen, and philanthropists tell us pleasing and comforting tales of marvellous reformations, but medical men know the sad truth.

I was so indignant at the sacrifice of a young girl's life, that had I spoken my true thoughts, I should have said, "Leave the brandy-bottle always full, always near at hand, so that——" Well, I won't be too hard on Fleurette's mother. She must have had some good in her for the girl to have loved her so.

We had said nothing about John as yet. That was to come.

"Fleurette, I shall write to John to-night. What shall I tell him?"

Her black eyelashes were now only visible.

"What can you tell him? You promised to guard my secret."

"I shall, at least, tell him I have found you, and then he must take his own course."

"Oh, don't let him come here," pleaded the girl. "I could not bear to see him; and perhaps," she added, with a faltering voice, "he doesn't care to hear anything about me now."

Ah, Fleurette, Fleurette! after all, on some points you are only a weak woman.

The next day I begged leave of absence from my partner and patients, and ran down to Dalebury to tell John the news.

Yet I had little enough to tell him. I was in honour bound to guard the girl's secret; so all I could say was, I had found her again, that she was as bewitching as ever, and, I believed, loved him still. I could add that now I knew the reason why she could not come to him, and I was compelled to own it was a weighty one,—an obstacle I could give no hope would be removed for many years. He must be content with that; it was all the news, all the hope, I had to give him.

"Very well," said John, with a sigh, "I must wait. All things come to the man who waits; so perhaps Fleurette will come to me at last."

Now that I had found *Fleurette*, you may be sure I was not going to lose sight of her again. I was very grieved to ascertain that her mother's circumstances were not so good as of old. Some rascal who possessed the widow's confidence had decamped with a large sum of money. Our *Fleurette* eked out their now scanty income by painting on china; and very cleverly the girl copied the birds and flowers on the white plates. She never complained, but to me it was more than vexatious to think there was a good home waiting for her if her mother's faults would allow her to accept it. Now and again I would give John tidings of her. He never sought her, being far too proud to come until she sent for him; and as in the course of the next twelve months the unhappy Mrs Dorvaux experienced three or four relapses, I could see little chance of John ever getting the message he waited for. I begged *Fleurette* to persuade her mother to enter a home for inebriates, but the girl would not even broach the subject to her; so here was youth drifting away from John and *Fleurette*—kept apart for the sake of a wretched woman, and I was powerless to mend matters.

But did John and *Fleurette* ever marry? You see this is not a romance, only a little tale of real life, and as such, the only way out of the deadlock was a sad and prosaic one,—a way that poor *Fleurette* could not even wish for. Reformation, I say, as a medical man, was out of the question. I hope *Fleurette* will not read these pages, where I am compelled to express my true feelings, by saying that, a short time after a year had expired, Mrs Dorvaux was obliging enough to die. I say "obliging" advisedly, for sad though it be to think so, her death made three people

happy; indeed, as her life was so miserable to her, it may be I should have said four. *Fleurette* mourned her sincerely: all her faults were buried in her grave, and left to be forgotten. Two months after her death I wrote to John, bade him come to town, and without even warning *Fleurette*, sent him to see her. Then he found that all things do indeed come to the man who can wait,—even the love that seemed so hopeless and far away.

I don't think John ever knew, or, unless he reads it here, ever will know, the true reason why *Fleurette* refused him and shunned him for so long. He knows, from what I told him, it was a noble, self-sacrificing, and womanly motive that led her to reject his love, and is content with knowing this. He feels the subject must be ever painful to his bright little wife, and has never caused her pretty eyes to grow dim by asking for an explanation. There is no sadness with *Fleurette* now. She lights up that old red-brick house; she is the life of Dalebury, and, moreover, the one woman against whom Dalebury says little or nothing.

The last time I was down there, I rowed *Fleurette* a long way up the shallow stream. Not only *Fleurette*, but a couple of children as well,—dark-eyed bonny boys, who chatter in French and English indiscriminately. As we passed the spot where the aquatic escapade took place, I turned with a smile to my sister; but before I could speak she said, beseechingly—

"Don't, please — don't. Old memories are ever sad. The present is happy, the future promises fair,—let us forget."

And as she spoke, for a moment I saw the sad eyes of the *Fleurette* of old days. Old memories are sorrowful,—let them die.

SHAKESPEARE AND GEORGE ELIOT.

SHAKESPEARE has no equal and no second in the literature of the world. It is not possible to run a critical parallel between him and any other writer. But even he ought to be appreciated, not worshipped; and it is useful to remember that there have been a few men and women whom he, generous and incapable of literary jealousy, would gladly have admitted to seats, as brothers and sisters, near the throne. Since his time, moreover, all literature of the highest order, from that of Goethe to that of Burns, has been profoundly affected by his influence; and in treating of the affinities between him and any modern author, we are in some sense inquiring what a particular pupil has learned from the master,—an inquiry that cannot be prosecuted with any reasonable amount of success without affording some rather vivid glimpses of that master's genius, method, and habits of thought.

It has been said that if Shakespeare had lived in the Victorian age, he would have written novels. That he would have begun with writing poems is certain—all boys of literary genius do; that he would ultimately have settled to the drama is in a high degree probable; but it does not seem unlikely that, finding his creative energy and general intellectual wealth too vast to be carried off by the river-channels of verse, he might, in the interval between poetic youth and dramatic manhood, have flowed over into the boundless field of prose fiction. He might have been repelled, in the outset at least, from the Victorian stage, by the fact that it would not have appealed with sufficient grav-

ity to his whole nature,—that it would have inevitably struck him as requiring him to constitute himself a mere minister of amusement. No artist of the highest order can work contentedly in an element of triviality. As an Elizabethan dramatist, Shakespeare could bring all the resources of his mind into requisition, addressing his audience as poet, historian, philosopher, and ethical instructor. So could Goethe and Schiller eighty years ago in Germany; so, presumably, could Victor Hugo in our own time in France. But Scott and Byron, Dickens and Thackeray and George Eliot, never thought of making their main appeal to their countrymen on the stage; and with sincere respect for the men of cleverness, nay, of genius, who have furnished our theatre-going classes, for the last forty years, with the amusement they have craved, we may consider it probable that Shakespeare would, in the first instance, have turned from the audience of Robertson, Wills, Gilbert, and Burnand, to address the audience of Scott, Thackeray, and George Eliot.

The likelihood that Shakespeare, had he been born in our century, would have taken the world by storm with a transcendent novel, is enhanced by the consideration that, though the novel and the drama have some profound differences, yet a good novel is, in not a few respects, a good drama writ large. The dramatist must put into an hour what the novelist spreads out into a volume. The dramatist, therefore, must be not only right in his general notions of human nature and the facts of life, but pointedly, intensely, comprehensively right. His suggestions

must admit of being expanded into chapters. His words must be as graphic as the touches of a great painter. A flash of the eye, like that quickening in the glance of Angelo when he learned that blood was not, as he had supposed, upon his hands, must admit of interpretation into pages of soul-history.

Only the noblest dramas are of gold fine enough to be thus beaten out; but Shakespeare's bide the test. Some of them, however, would require a supremely gifted hand to effect the transmutation, —a hand about as gifted as his own; and in one or two instances we are tempted to wish that he *had* written them out as novels, putting in those elucidations, those details, those lights and shades of passion and motive, of which now, as we pause over startling circumstances, and ask how such and such a thing could possibly have been as it appears in the drama, we feel much in want. No modern hand would have been quite equal to the task, but there is some interest in the question how far the most celebrated novelists of our time might respectively have succeeded in expanding Shakespeare's dramas into novels. It is in attempting to answer this question that we apprehend how definitely their domains, opulent and extensive as they may be, lie within the frontiers of the great Shakespearian empire. But there are some points —and those of high importance— in which George Eliot might have accomplished the writing out of a Shakespearian drama into a novel, more successfully than Scott, Thackeray, or Dickens. More than any of these she delighted in psychological analysis—in stating and solving problems of casuistry and of character—in tracing, stage by stage, the growth in the human mind of evil or of good. Scott

could have expanded with brilliant picturesqueness the particulars of stage direction into the pomp and circumstance of feudal war. Dickens could have realised with felicitous drollery the career of Dogberry and Verges before their elevation to the magisterial bench. Thackeray could have inimitably sketched the diplomatic youth of Malvolio. But none of these was so inquisitively keen and close in observation of character as to feel so much interest as Shakespeare felt, and George Eliot could have felt, in the question started in "All's Well that Ends Well," respecting the unprincipled Parolles, "Is it possible he should know what he is, and he be that he is?" Such a question, it is obvious, must be, comparatively speaking, thrown away on the stage. There is not time in the onward movement of an acted play for the reflection through which alone the significance of such a remark can be appreciated. Take another illustration from the same drama. "The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together: our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipped them not; and our crimes would despair, if they were not cherished by our virtues." That is one of the deepest of sayings. The casuist, the moral philosopher, the student of life and character, might find in it a theme for dissertation; and their respective capacities to unfold its meaning would be in proportion to their intellectual calibre and mastery of the science of human nature. Among moderns, no writers except Goethe and George Eliot approach Shakespeare in their fondness for such deep sayings; and it was partly, no doubt, on account of his profound appreciation of the reflective element in Shakespeare, that Goethe decisively pronounced his dramas things to be understood better in

the study than in the theatre. "Shakespeare's works," he exclaims, "are not for the eyes of the body." It is when the eye of the soul gazes on them in its own chambers of silence—gazes on them long and reflectively—that they yield the richest harvest of meaning, and that the clue of their suggestiveness opens on the amplest prospects.

Who, for instance, could have tracked so well as George Eliot such a suggestive clue as Shakespeare gives us in relation to the experiences of Macbeth, when he makes him shrink from prayer with Duncan's blood upon his hands?—

"I could not say 'Amen'
When they did say 'God bless us!'"

I had most need of blessing, and 'Amen'
Stuck in my throat."

We have the same thing in the case of Hamlet's uncle:

"O, my offence is rank, it smells to heaven.

Pray can I not,
Though inclination be as sharp as will."

A strange trait, might we not say, to occur in the delineation of two atrocious murderers—the one of a king who had generously advanced him, and who was his guest; the other of a king who was his brother? It must point to a spiritual history—a conflict between light and darkness—on the part of the murderers. A hasty superficial mind, of that "knowing" order whose ignorance is incurable, may see nothing in the words of Macbeth and Claudius save conscious hypocrisy. But George Eliot would not have said so. She who traced, step by step, the career of Bulstrode in 'Middlemarch'—a delineation which turns all such conceptions of the hypocritic character as Molière's Tartuffe and Dickens's Pecksniff into

child's play—could indeed have thrown light upon the subject. Tartuffe and Pecksniff are simple characters, and wear their secrets on their foreheads. Bulstrode is a mixed, a very subtly mixed, character—a mystery not only to others, but in great measure to himself. He probably could not have fixed the moment at which he, a devout, industrious youth, took that first step from the path of virtue which led to falsehood, dishonesty, and at last to murder. Both Macbeth and Claudius were, like Bulstrode, mixed characters. Had they not been compounded of good and evil, they would have said nothing of prayer. Iago starts no questions upon that head. He could have said a prayer of any length without a quaver in his voice. Neither Macbeth nor Claudius ever said to himself, with Richard III., "I am determined to prove a villain." Bulstrode could not have whispered to his own heart without a twinge of agony, "I am subtle, false, and treacherous." On the other hand, neither Claudius nor Macbeth could, any more than Bulstrode, have ever been morally *sound*. We feel that Bulstrode, even when, as "a very young man," he "used to go out preaching beyond Highbury," was smug, sanctimonious, not healthfully fond of the good things of this life, whose end is to be enjoyed. That is an intensely Shakespearian touch when Richard, after announcing his determination to be a villain, adds, as immediate and natural sequel, that he will "hate the idle pleasures of these days." Bulstrode at his best can hardly have had the right enjoyment of natural, sunny pleasures. Observe, also, that, as a very young man, he betook himself to preaching. He would instruct others; he was more or less censorious; at best he was wordy. The same thing is notably char-

acteristic of Claudius and of Macbeth. Deep as are the differences between the soldier and the statesman, both are ingenious sophists, skilful equivocators, voluble, plausible talkers. Both are practised in the art of disguising their purposes in specious words—of disguising themselves from themselves in veils of flimsy vocables. Of neither could it at any time have been said, that his conscience was as the noon-day clear.

In all this we should find Tito, another of George Eliot's studies of human badness—perhaps the most elaborate of the set—agreeing with Bulstrode on the one hand, and with Claudius and Macbeth on the other. In the whole, we may say that it would be difficult to find a more practically useful and philosophically profound commentary upon Shakespeare's Claudius, Macbeth, and, let us add, Angelo, than is afforded by George Eliot's delineation of corresponding characters.

There is one case in which it would have been peculiarly satisfactory if George Eliot had written out a Shakespearian drama into a novel. We may infer from a hint at the end of 'Middlemarch' that the entire novel arose out of the tradition, lingering in a country district, of a fine girl having married a sickly clergyman, old enough to be her father, and in little more than a year after his death having given up her estate to marry his cousin, young enough to have been his son, with no property, and not well-born. The prevailing opinion in the district was, that the heroine of this romance of reality could not have been nice. George Eliot took the liberty to believe that she might have been remarkably nice, and by way of showing how such might have been the case, constructed the story in which she appears as Dorothea Brooke, the

modern Saint Theresa,—one of the most masterly delineations of pure and gracious womanhood in the whole range of imaginative literature. The world agrees that Dorothea Brooke, in first marrying Casaubon, a sickly, elderly clergyman, and in then marrying Will Ladislaw, conforms to the highest laws of feminine delicacy and worth. Now all Shakespearians of unimpeached orthodoxy hold that Helena, in "All's Well that Ends Well," conducts herself, from first to last, with womanly grace, propriety, and rightness; but one cannot help wishing that George Eliot had done for Helena what she did for Dorothea Brooke—levelling hills of difficulty, illumining valleys of shadow, and putting in all those explanatory circumstances by which a brief and startling drama might have been worked out into the harmony and reconciliation of such a novel as Shakespeare himself need not have scorned.

Let us glance at the problem, or complication of problems, she would have had to solve. Helena does what seems, on the head and front of it, to offend those instincts of modesty and reticence which are interwoven with the heartstrings of refined and high-souled women. She marries a man who does not want her,—a man who takes her to the altar by command of his sovereign,—a man who, neither then nor afterwards, appears to justify such impassioned regard, and who treats her, to use Mr Ruskin's words, with the "petulance and insult of a careless youth." Being deserted by this husband, she pursues him, and, in order to win him, resorts to a stratagem which has no bearing upon his spiritual nature, and which, in so far as his own will, knowledge, and conscience are concerned, co-operates with his lower self. Nevertheless all ends well, and Shakespeare manifestly

intends us to decide that all is well. Bertram, the unworthy husband, has been taught to appreciate and to prize his wife. "I'll love her dearly, ever, ever dearly." Helena is looked upon as a paragon of nobleness and delicacy by all the morally authoritative people in the play,—by the Countess, by the King, by every one who really knows her. Mr Ruskin and Professor Dowden sing her praises. But no one could have told her tale, with all its ethical justifications, so well as George Eliot. "Dorothea," she says, "had the ardent woman's need to rule beneficently by making the joy of another soul." That need lay deep among the motives which prompted Helena to accept the aid even of constraint and stratagem in bestowing upon Bertram the great blessing of her love. With what unerring knowledge could George Eliot have shown, in delineating Helena, the complex yet harmonious action of those cardinal cravings of woman's heart,—the aspiration to be a wife and the aspiration to be a mother! In his celebrated poem, "Fifine," Mr Browning, or whatever portion of Mr Browning's personality may be justly assigned to the questionable, ironical Don Juan of the piece, expresses the opinion that woman's supreme delight is to be "absorbed" in man as a brook is in the ocean. If that fine passage were read on one of those occasions when female planets meet in galaxy to shed light upon woman's rights and men's evil propensities, it might possibly produce a titter among the starry throng. Would it not be felt to present at best a partial view of woman's ambition? The husband, to say the most, shares the throne of woman's world with the child. Does not George Eliot tell us, in 'The Spanish Gypsy,' of the "mother-prayers," and "mother-

fancies," and expected "championship" of all she most fondly honours, with which a woman regards her son? No doubt the son goes and the husband remains: John Anderson's good wife thinks more of him than of all the brave sons that may be supposed to have gone across their threshold into the world. But there certainly are cases in which it is open to debate whether the most thrilling and ideal wish of a woman's heart is for an absorbing husband, or for a dutiful and loving son. Bertram, at all events, could not but be regarded by Helena in the latter point of view as well as in the former. Compared with her, he is morally and intellectually a boy. Her educational and maternal instincts yearn over him. She will train and exalt him into a worthy husband; and he will be none the less delightful in that capacity, because he will not fail to look up to her a good deal. Without the influence of the mother-instinct, prompting her to sacrifice even her womanly sensibilities in order to raise Bertram into worthiness, she never could have performed the difficult and delicate task she undertook.

But of course there was more in her impelling motives than such as can be called in any sense self-sacrificing. There is, beyond question, a lofty, a sublime joy in self-sacrifice; but there are also positive pleasures of a transcendent character, the object of pure and natural passion, which it is entirely right and perfectly gracious and graceful, in woman and in man, to desiderate. Shakespeare and George Eliot are content that their heroines should be something less than angels, and almost shock us with the peremptoriness with which they insist that their Helenas and their Julias, their Dinahs and their Maggies, shall not be more than women. Mr Ruskin says with bold vera-

city that sensual passion is not only a fact, but a "divine fact." Shakespeare evidently thought so; and George Eliot, if any modern writer was equal to the achievement, might have made it apparent that it never ceases to be divine in the proceedings of Helena.

Having now sufficiently seen how a novelist and a dramatist can be reciprocally illustrative, we may dwell for a little on some points of contrast between George Eliot and Shakespeare.

He belongs to an age of faith; she to an age of scepticism. The intellectual movement of the Renaissance, and still more the religious and moral movement of the Reformation, had made the age of Elizabeth an age of bold inquiry, of great freedom of thought; but no serious doubt on fundamental questions had reached the body of thinking men in England. Scepticism had not become one of those broad facts of the time which the dramatist was required to reflect in his mirror,—one of those reigning modes of thought with which he was required to be habitually in sympathy. George Eliot writes in an age when scepticism has penetrated society and saturated the atmosphere we breathe. Its influence is traceable everywhere in her world—in the cottage of the Bedes, where shrewd, manly, clear-thinking Adam is more sceptical than soft-headed Seth, and where old Lisbeth Bede's racy wit has its edge whetted on "texes"; in the alley, where the treachery of friend William, undetected by a solemn appeal to divine justice in prayer, brings Silas Marner's whole scheme of the universe in shattering ruin about his ears; in the library, or studio, or drawing-room, in which Dorothea detects in Ladislaw's eye a satiric glance at the *magnum opus* of Mr Casaubon.

The general result of this dis-

tinction between Shakespeare's time and George Eliot's is, that men and women, as contemplated by Shakespeare, are more widely typical, more universally human, than those of George Eliot. Take the men and women presented in "King Lear," and the facts or incidents—in one word, the conditions which determine their relations to each other, and the situations on which the effect depends. In every respect they belong to the permanent elements of society, the permanent facts of life. Nothing could be more familiar than the relation of father and children, nothing more common than the vice of ingratitude, the sin of ambition, the virtue of filial affection, the evil consequences of headlong impulse and criminal intrigue. Homer, Virgil, Dante, and the contemporaries of each, could have understood every character and every event in "Lear" as well as we can. But the group of Dorothea Brooke, Mr Casaubon, and Will Ladislaw, with all that is most piquantly interesting in their relations, cannot be appreciated unless we realise the all-pervading scepticism of the age in which they live, and know how subtle its influence may be even when it does not come to the surface. Mr Casaubon would have felt quite differently towards Ladislaw, and probably might have acted quite differently towards Dorothea, if he had not been preoccupied with his grand work, the 'Key to all Mythologies'; nay, if he had not been haunted with an agonising doubt as to the soundness of his own arguments. This was to him like *tic-douloureux* in the apple of his eye. The poignancy of his anguish when he perceived the growth of friendship and mutual understanding between Ladislaw and Dorothea, depended on his profound conviction that the sceptical youth thought him a pompous pedant, and would

infect his wife with scepticism as to whether he was able to play the part of ocean to her brook. All this would have been mysterious to Homer and Virgil—and even Dante might have found it puzzling.

There is no reason to believe that this state of half-belief in which we now all exist will be permanent. Men will again, as in former ages, believe more than we, or they will push on to something like finality, and believe still less than we; but it seems improbable that they will be always in the nomad stage of spiritual life. The types of men, therefore, that we have in Shakespeare may remain fresh and true when the apologetic zeal of Casaubon, and Lædismaw's contempt for that apologetic zeal, may be interesting only as illustrative of the modes and fashions of thought in the days of Queen Victoria.

If our age is characterised by abounding scepticism in the province of faith, it is no less marked by exultant faith in the world of science. Our habits of thought, our methods of work, our forms of expression, have become more scientific than formerly. In this respect George Eliot belonged to her time. In delineating character, she depended far more than Shakespeare upon the acquired knowledge and insight of science. His method was that of direct observation, of common-sense, of sympathetic intuition. He was of the pre-scientific era. He had never read a manual of physiology. He looked upon living men with the eye of a seer, and his glance went through and through them. George Eliot was of course a keen observer, and richly dowered with sympathetic intuition; but she nevertheless presents a strong contrast to Shakespeare in owing a vast deal to the formal teaching of science. There probably does not occur in

fictitious literature so complete a description of the bodily constitution and fabric of a man, viewed as an interpretation of—as vitally and inseparably connected with—his mental disposition, as we have in George Eliot's *Bulstrode*. We are made to realise the unwholesome *physique*, the perpetual low-fever in the veins, the habitual restless introspection, of the hypocrite. The intercourse between *Bulstrode* and Doctor Lydgate is used, with an artfulness too nice and natural to look artificial, for this purpose. Shakespeare gives no medical particulars about Angelo—does not say whether his flesh was firm or pasty—does not tell us, even, respecting Iago, whether, when he looked people full in the face—as with the frankness of *perfect* hypocrisy he unquestionably did—there still lurked a devil's glimpse in the corner of his eye, betraying the evil spirit within. George Eliot omits no physiological or physiognomic particulars.

She has read extensively also the somewhat gruesome literature of ethnological speculation; suggests a great deal more than she says in describing little Maggie Tulliver's proceedings with her doll-fetish; believes in hereditary idiosyncrasies; and, if the histories of Fedalma and of Deronda may be trusted as expressive of her opinion, almost holds that race is destiny. Inherited instincts forbid the daughter of a gypsy king from becoming a Christian duchess; and all the influences of Christian education and association seem to fall, like water off a duck's back, from the mind of Deronda, when he discovers that he is a Jew. Shakespeare is ignorant of ethnology. Those who go to "Macbeth" for traits of Celtic character, might just as well go to "The Winter's Tale" for information on Bohemian geography. But he be-

lieves in blood. He makes no mistake in the treatment of cases in which race is a factor. His *Macbeth* is a man, and therefore will pass for a Celt. His *Perdita* grows up in the shepherd's cottage as true a lady, in all essential particulars, as if she had passed through the stages of girlhood in the court of *Leontes* and *Hermione*. And the knowledge of human nature and accurate observation of life which enable him to secure this, are more normal and genial influences on the artist than the special culture of the physicist. It has been held by some that *George Eliot's* language—and if her language, then her habits of thought and composition generally—was starchy and stiffened by her scientific learning. That indefinable combination of sweetness and naturalness with wave-like fluency and rhythmic motion which goes to produce poetic melody, was probably made more difficult for *George Eliot* by the elaborate furnishing of her mind with the set phrases and formulas of science.

It may possibly have some very distant affinity to this scientific constraint and lack of free and easy naturalness in *George Eliot*, as compared with *Shakespeare*, that she feels supremely the symbolism, and what may be called the æsthetic virtue, of gems, while he thinks comparatively little of gems, but is inexpressibly fond of flowers. "How very beautiful these gems are!" says *Dorothea*. "It is strange how deeply colours seem to penetrate one, like scent. I suppose that is the reason why gems are used as spiritual emblems in the *Revelation of St John*. They look like fragments of heaven." And *Fedalma* says of the jewels given her by *Don Silva*, "These gems have life in them: their colours speak." In numberless passages *Shakespeare* shows

his heart's fondness for flowers. There is no habit of his mind of which we have clearer assurance than that of turning to them and dwelling upon them with delight. The eyes of his sleeping *Lucrece* are not gems that have quenched their radiance, but flowers that have "sheathed their light." He loves the flowers with the joyous effusion of one who in boyhood had run upon the hills around *Stratford*. He knows them in their times and seasons, and can distinguish those of early spring, "that come before the swallow dares, and take the winds of March with beauty," from those of middle summer that strike *Perdita*, wise with the wisdom of sweet, good girlhood, as one of nature's gifts to "men of middle age." A poet in the very make and mould of his soul, he sympathetically gives them life, and thinks tenderly of them as nurslings, as "darling buds of May," the "infants of the spring," which the cruel frost-winds nip and blight.

This affectionate interest in flowers,—an interest traceable in his poems, especially the sonnets, as well as his dramas, and which we may confidently attach to his personality—there is a tradition at *Stratford* that he said he could not survive the threatened enclosure of *Welcomb hill*,—is a very remarkable characteristic of *Shakespeare*. *Mr Ruskin* tells us that great painters do not care for flowers.

"There is a wide distinction," he says, "between flower-loving minds and minds of the highest order. Flowers seem intended for the solace of ordinary humanity. Children love them; quiet, tender, contented, ordinary people love them as they grow; luxurious and disorderly people rejoice in them gathered. They are the cottager's treasure; and in the crowded town mark, as with a little broken fragment of rainbow, the windows of the work-

ers in whose hearts rests the covenant of peace. . . . To the child and the girl, the peasant and the manufacturing operative, to the grisette and the nun, the lover and monk, they are precious always. But to the men of supreme power and thoughtfulness, precious only at times; symbolically and pathetically often to the poets, but rarely for their own sake."

If this is as true as it is well-expressed, Shakespeare was an exception to the rule. Not only did he dramatically realise the feelings of ordinary humanity,—of cottagers, of children,—he shared them. The love of flowers evinced in his works corroborates the testimony of Shakespeare's contemporaries, that he was gentle and kind.

The last we shall attempt to specify of these heads of contrast between Shakespeare and George Eliot has reference, like the first, to the character and scope of their respective presentations of human nature and human life. Shakespeare, we saw, holds the mirror up to human nature and society in a state of comparatively stable equilibrium; George Eliot to human nature in a state of comparatively unstable and possibly temporary equilibrium. It is now to be added that her delineation of human nature, relatively to Shakespeare's—for this qualification must not, for one moment, be forgotten—is partial. If we can hardly venture to say that she is the partisan, the champion, of women, we are forced to admit that women occupy the larger part of her canvas. Except Adam Bede, Savonarola, and Maynard Gilfil—for Felix Holt and Daniel Deronda are not among her happiest efforts—she has no heroes. Ladislav is a splendid sketch, but she does not care to elaborate the portrait. He is "likable," but "rather miscellaneous and *bric-à-brac*." Seth is a

dreamer. Rufus Lyon is an antiquarian specimen. Zarca is a monomaniac. Silas Marner is a child. Caleb Garth is a somewhat expanded and embellished edition of Adam Bede. Philip Wakem is noble but insignificant. Guest is not so bad as he has been called, but no one has ever called him a hero. Remark, at the same time, how profound and comprehensive is her view of the weakness, folly, and bitter badness that complacently strut about in the *insignia* of creation's lord. Arthur is trivial, self-deceiving, the prey of selfish passion. Godfrey Cass is an amiable weakling. Mr Brooke is a scatterbrain. Old Tulliver is affectionate and honest, but puzzle-headed; young Tulliver promises rather well, but turns out a cruel Philistine. Lydgate is a respectable failure. Bulstrode is a hypocrite. Dempster is a miscreant. Tito is a villain.

It is urged by Mr Ruskin and Mr Furnivall that Shakespeare has himself no heroes,—that his men are all morally or mentally defective,—that he never casts around human nature a really heroic lustre except in the persons of women,—Cordelia, Desdemona, Hermione, Imogen. It is indisputable that Shakespeare assigns to his good women a spiritual purity and elevation which he attributes to none of his men, or to Brutus only; but the protagonist in his dramas, the character that leads, is in the vast majority of instances a man. The part played by women is more self-sacrificing, more beautiful, than that played by men, but it is the world of man that the action of the drama chiefly illustrates. In Shakespeare's dramas the women throw light upon the men; in George Eliot's novels the men throw light upon the women. Should we care much for Adam or Seth Bede apart from Dinah, for Tom or Guest apart

from Maggie, for Casaubon or Ladislaw apart from Dorothea, for Don Silva if there were no Fedalma, or for Grandcourt and Deronda if there were no Gwendolen?

What a magnificent procession of women it is, to be sure, that we have in George Eliot's books! Milly Barton, Caterina, Janet Dempster, Dinah Morris, Mrs Poyser, Lisbeth Bede, Hetty, Maggie Tulliver, Dolly Winthrop, Nancy Lammer, Gwendolen, Dorothea, Celia, Mrs Cadwallader, Rosamond, Romola, Fedalma! A large proportion of these are undoubtedly typical women,—true to human nature in all ages civilised enough to give woman a chance. Milly Barton is the long-suffering, patient, uncomplaining wife, who sacrifices herself to her husband and children. Mrs Poyser is the clever, predominant, victorious house-queen, the heroine of a thousand ballads, whose sagacity is never at fault, whose tongue is as irresistible as Siegfried's sword, whose husband is prosperous but submissive. Of her various personations of the heroic woman, from Dinah Morris and Dorothea to Romola and Fedalma, none is impossible, and, taken together, they constitute a truly magnificent revelation of the nobleness that is in woman. But the other side is not fairly shown. The mystery of feminine malignity is barely touched upon. The worst women in the list are Rosamond and Gwendolen. That cannot be accepted as a just account of the sex which embraced Medea, Goneril, and Lady Macbeth. George Eliot is the advocate of women; in Shakespeare we must still find their artist,—certainly their highest artist. His bad women are supremely bad.

The partiality of George Eliot's representation of woman becomes still more evident when we consider the tone of satire in which, not only through the lips of Mrs Poyser and

Dolly Winthrop, but in her own person, she refers to man. "A man's mind," she says,—“what there is of it—has always the advantage of being masculine,—as the smallest birch-tree is of a higher kind than the most soaring palm,—and even his ignorance is of a sounder quality.” Scattered through all her books—a running fire of wit and raillery, and genial yet pungent sarcasm—we have an indictment against men, and a cunningly suggested exaltation of women. Of course women will say that a man cannot be expected to like this, but that it is just. The mere fact, however, that men should be held to be pledged to dissatisfaction with George Eliot's representation of them, is a strong presumption that she is seen by women as well as men not to have held the scale even. Art ought to be impartially representative. Shakespeare is so; and the fact that George Eliot's contribution to literature may be described as mainly a Legend of Good Women, compels us to put the question whether that legend is exhaustively true.

We shall not venture to impeach the positive representation of woman that has been given us by George Eliot. The utmost one can say, in the way of objection, is that she has not so fully presented the other side,—that the effulgence of her light has tended to obscure the very existence of shadow. She had a shrewd idea of the possibilities of feminine malignancy, but she kept it mainly to herself. Her delineation of Rosamond proves not only that she believed in the possibility of feminine badness, but that she could send a fathoming line deep down into woman's capacities for inflicting torment upon man. "How delightful," meditates Rosamond, "to make captives from the throne of marriage with a husband

as crown-prince by your side—himself in fact a subject—while the captives look up for ever hopeless, losing their rest probably, and if their appetite too, so much the better!" Rosamond is at worst a vain, weak woman, strong chiefly in the obdurate unconvincibility of a fool. Yet what fine anguish did her mere beauty, united with a sense of the sweetness of woman's sovereignty, and a woman's meddling cunning, enable her to inflict on a man! In those few lines George Eliot shows an accurate appreciation of the inner nature of woman, deeply masked in social shows, but furnished by nature with a power to inflict pain, equal to and measured by her power to give pleasure. The lioness, if all travellers' stories are true, will sit basking on a crag while two grand lions, rivals in her affections, tear each other on the sand—call it the *arena*—below. There she sits and basks, in the light of Afric's sunny shore, her native land, watching the conflict with candid appreciation, with impartial sympathy, agreeing with Mr Matthew Arnold that poetry is the criticism of life, or at least that *such* criticism of life is poetry. She knows that when Achilles has settled with Hector, he will come fawningly, caressingly, to her feet, and then, if no eligible Trojan heaves in sight—in which case she will wait until another delicately agitating battle has taken place—she will condescend to smile upon him. All this is in Rosamond's thrilling conception of the bliss of man-killing, as enjoyed upon the throne of marriage. And how poor and negative were the powers to torment of such a mere heartless beauty as Rosamond, compared with those, say, of a Medea, the brain of a great man on her shoulders, with a hold on her husband through his children, and infinite anger in her

heart against him! Had Shakespeare been able to read Euripides as well as he read Ovid, he might have left us a tremendous tragedy on Medea.

It must be admitted that George Eliot has brought into clear artistic delineation one part of feminine human nature on which Shakespeare never has occasion to dwell. She stands first among authors in representing the delight experienced by women of a superior order in friendship of a purely spiritual kind with men,—their tendency to lean upon and in a lofty sense to love men in whom they find light and leading. To such a friendship it gives a ravishing flavour if there is a cruel or antipathetic husband in the way. It was Dempster's miscreancy that made the Rev. Mr Tryan as an angel Gabriel to Janet. It was in her sore distress between her two lovers, Philip and Stephen, that Maggie found it so consoling to lean upon the sustaining mind of Mr Venn. Exactly such a friendship as we refer to arises between Romola and Savonarola, and again between Deronda and Gwendolen. It cannot be doubted that, on this point, George Eliot looks with penetrating power into the nature of women, helping us to understand one important element in the stupendous influence of the confessional. It might be argued that she does not assert the superiority of women to men—nay, that she by implication fully admits the contrary—but that she denies the superiority of the *wrong* man to women, and points out that the husband is not necessarily, in brain, heart, conscience, the sovereign of the wife.

The *differentia* of George Eliot as a describer of life and a delineator of character—that in respect of which we can most decisively say that she has added to the epitome of human life given by Shake-

speare—is the signalisation of what may be called the neutral, the indirect influences, by which a man's character is modelled and his destiny fixed. In one word, George Eliot has apprehended evil more than Shakespeare apprehended it as a negative power, a *vis inertia*, a result even of misfortune or accident. Of course it is not alleged either that Shakespeare did not know the power of circumstance to influence character, or that George Eliot denies or overlooks the fact that evil may be an active, aggressive, conscious power. But Shakespeare accentuates the one form of evil, George Eliot the other. Speaking broadly, Shakespeare accounts for wicked and criminal conduct in one of two ways. Either it is the result of temptation, distinctly apprehended as temptation, consciously yielded to for the sake of the offered price; or it issues from impulsive badness, delighting, like all other natural forces, in self-manifestation. Angelo is under no mistake or misapprehension as to the sin which his passion for Isabella prompts him to commit. Macbeth has not the smallest doubt that the murder of Duncan will be a villanous crime. There is good both in Angelo and in Macbeth,—that is proved by their resistance, by the shock which the first suggestion of evil communicates to their moral nature; but the temptation overpowers them, the good is vanquished. Iago, however, and, in a somewhat less degree, Richard III., are actuated by no temptation that can for one moment be weighed against the wickedness they commit. Of characters that yield to temptation, but always with regret, always with a yearning towards virtue, George Eliot has given us one unimprovable study in Bulstrode; but her characters that love evil for its own sake—her Raffles, her Featherstone—are not to be classed with her good work at all.

They have not the marks of her hand, and cannot be compared in any way with Shakespeare's thorough-paced villains.

Her distinctive power is evinced in tracing the all but imperceptible stages by which Arthur Donnithorne, the cheerful, fresh-minded, impulsively generous, warm-hearted young squire, drifts into the conduct that ruins Hetty. In like manner, Maggie Tulliver glides by degrees, so gradual as to be insensible to herself, into a thoroughly compromised position. No doubt she does not finally and irretrievably fall. But the moral deflection consisted in her coming between Stephen Guest and Lucy Deane; and this she was led into under a variety of influences almost too complex for enumeration or analysis. It was a gravitation towards evil, a gravitation acting upon her whole being, mental and physical; for it is totally inconsistent with the narrative to affirm that Guest was a mere handsome youth, with no emotional or intellectual nature. Who can tell where the physical ended and the spiritual began, in the participation of Guest and Maggie in music?

We cannot agree with those who hold that the third volume of the 'Mill on the Floss,' containing the account of the love affair between Maggie and Guest, is inferior to the two preceding volumes, or that it is to be discriminated from them in having no autobiographical interest. In the third volume of 'The Mill on the Floss,' George Eliot writes with a vehement intensity to which there is nothing quite parallel (Fedalma's impassioned moaning comes near it) in her other writings, and every paragraph tingles with sympathetic understanding of the experiences of Maggie. If Maggie's proceedings with her fetish, Maggie's early relations with her brother Tom,

Maggie's running away to the gypsies, Maggie's enthrallment in the 'Imitatio Christi,' and Maggie's regard for Philip, afford autobiographical glimpses of George Eliot, we cannot be persuaded that there are no such glimpses in the history of Maggie's relations with Guest.

Be this as it may, there can be no dispute that literature might be searched in vain for a more powerful realisation than we have in this volume of the easy descent of Avernus,—the impalpable, inaudible, invisible action of ten thousand circumstances of temptation by which a human being may be brought into a position from which, if set frankly before him, he would have impetuously recoiled. The drift of these remarks may obviously be applied to the evolution of the character of Tito. This is the word we ought to use,—George Eliot is an evolutionist in her treatment of character. She describes the genesis and growth of evil. Shakespeare employs himself rather in depicting the nature and the activity of the thing itself. It has been often remarked by readers of 'Romola' that Tito Melema did, at each successive step of his downward career, what they might themselves have done,—what, at least, they would have seen a multitude of plausible and moving inducements to do. Adopt a free and easy theory of life—set up the greatest happiness principle as the deity to be worshipped in the inmost shrine of your soul—decide that man's chief end is to partake, between cradle and grave, of the largest possible amount of pleasure,—and you will be put to your mettle to show why you should refuse to take the first step with Tito. Having taken the first, it will go hard with him if he does not, by arguments irresistibly logical, induce you to take the second,

the third, and so on to the last. The logic of pleasure is on his very features, for they are sweet without any hint of self-denial. His is "a face which vice can write no marks on—lips that will lie with a dimpled smile—eyes of such agate-like brightness and depth that no infamy can dull them." When first confronted by duty, in the stern shape of a claim that he should attempt to rescue one who had played to him the part of a father, he did not start instantly on the enterprise; he hesitated, and questioned. Had something that was not the case been the case, he would, or have tried to persuade himself that he would, have done as he ought. He was not *sure* that his foster-father was dead! "But, after all, *why* was he bound to go? What, looked at closely," Tito asked himself, "was the end of all life, but to extract the utmost sum of pleasure? And was not his own blooming life a promise of incomparably more pleasure, not for himself only, but for others, than the withered country life of a man who was past the time of keen enjoyment, and whose ideas had stiffened into barren rigidity?" It was not the least notable characteristic of Tito that nothing made him angry. His power of forgiveness was illimitable; only it was exercised always for his own sake, under no impulse of love, or gratitude, or even of contrition. Here was a man capable of executing an exact counterpart of the highest Christian virtue, and yet the image was absolutely devoid of life. It was in snow or in wax. There lay in him "no active malignity." He would have been "glad not to give pain to any mortal." When the man he had wronged tried to assassinate him, he did not lose his temper. The escape, the sense of triumph, "raised no devilish impulse." On the contrary, he thought only of reconciliation.

One can hardly resist some relenting impulse towards Tito when Baldassarre, whom the thought of vengeance has turned into a monomaniac, rejects all his overtures towards reconciliation. George Eliot, in the person of Romola, thus sums up finally on Tito:—

“There was a man to whom I was very near, so that I could see a great deal of his life, who made almost every one fond of him, for he was young, and clever, and beautiful, and his manners to all were gentle and kind. I believe, when I first knew him, he never thought of anything cruel or base. But because he tried to slip away from everything that was unpleasant, and cared for nothing else so much as his own safety, he came at last to commit some of the basest deeds—such as make men infamous. He denied his father, and left him to misery; he betrayed every trust that was reposed in him, that he might keep himself safe and get rich and prosperous. Yet calamity overtook him.”

The grand lesson of Tito's life is that morality is, in its essential nature, transcendental,—that duty is not resolvable into any conceivable calculation of pleasure. The practical value, in the way of warning against the slipperiness and primrose smoothness of the path of temptation, of such stories as those of Arthur and Hetty, of Guest and Maggie, and of Tito, is incommensurable. We are not quite sure, however, whether Tito can be accepted as one of the universal types of human nature. If possible in Italy, it seems hardly possible in England. A being who is, strictly speaking, incapable of virtue or vice, who can neither love nor hate any one, has an infra-human look. Iago himself is a more conceivable human type. He enjoyed his diabolism; Tito did not. It is observable that George Eliot is particular in specifying that Tito had no trace in him of the religious instinct.

“His mind,” she says, “was destitute of that dread which has been erroneously decried, as if it were nothing higher than a man's animal care for his own skin: that awe of the divine Nemesis which was felt by religious pagans, and, though it took a more positive form under Christianity, is still felt by the mass of mankind simply as a vague fear at anything which is called wrong-doing. Such terror of the unseen is so far above mere sensual cowardice, that it will annihilate that cowardice: it is the initial recognition of a moral law restraining desire, and checks the hard bold scrutiny of imperfect thought into obligations which can never be proved to have any sanctity in the absence of feeling.”

Tito was “too cultured and sceptical” for the fear of God.

This recalls us to Shakespeare. In considering George Eliot's memorable lesson on temptation, we do well to remind ourselves of the counter-accentuation by Shakespeare of the element of will in man. Reading George Eliot exclusively, we are apt to think too meanly of our kind, to figure man as a mere drift-log of circumstance. None knows better than Shakespeare the immense force of those material and mental conditions under which we exist. Nevertheless it is his fundamental conviction that it is not in our stars, but in ourselves, if we are underlings, and that it is an admirable evasion of a scamp to lay his transgressions at the door of a star. All Shakespeare's worthy characters, from Henry V. to Fluellen, differ from Tito in having an ingrained impression of religion. “I pray you to serve Got,” says the humble Welshman, “and keep out of prawls and prabbles.” It is not quite so easy to discern Shakespeare's own views on religion as to be convinced that he was fond of flowers; but one can hardly avoid the suggestion of personal reference in such a remark as that concern-

ing Benedick, whose nature, brilliant yet gentle, corresponded generally with Shakespeare's: "The man doth fear God, howsoever it seems not in him by some large jests he will make." Still less is it possible to think that there were no profound religious instincts in him who put these words into the mouth of Orlando:—

"If ever you have looked on better days;

If ever been where bells have knolled to church;

If ever sat at any good man's feast."

He has not drawn the religious character, in its express development, so fully or elaborately as Goethe in "The Confessions of a Beautiful Soul," and George Eliot in Dinah Morris. Yet is religion, though partially at least "occult"—to use Mr Ruskin's word—behind his justice, a fundamental habitude of his mind; and religion, as one of the great facts of the world, is more definitely apprehended by him than either by Goethe or by George Eliot. By these it is more or less sublimated into a kind of floating essence above the heads of men. Shakespeare, depicting it as present in the minds he characterised, associates it more expressly with particular conceptions,—with an "everlasting bonfire," with the "canons" of "the Everlasting." It may seem an extravagant assertion that all the main points in the theology of the Reformation could, by one well skilled in the science and system of theology, be pieced together from his dramas. But when we recall such expressions as "though all that I can do is nothing worth," "irreconciled iniquities," "He that could the vantage best have took found out the remedy," and a multitude of others, we may at least say that, since dogmatic theology was one of the most prominent facts of his

time, Shakespeare, in his epitome of human life, found occasion to show it broadly in his dramatic mirror.

In conclusion, we recur to the train of thought with which we set out. In doing homage to Shakespeare as supreme, one is bound also to do justice to the moderns. Turner was the greatest of landscape painters, yet in looking at a bit of grey quiet sea by Vanderveelde, or of blue sky by Claude, we may feel that there are some things which some men have done better than he. Shakespeare did *more* things well than any other man, and some things more difficult than any other man has attempted, but others have done things which we are forced to pronounce perfect in their way. We can conceive nothing finer, for example, than Balzac's portrait of the millionaire miser, Grandet of Saumur, or Scott's description of Saunders Mucklebackit on occasion of the death of his son Steenie, or Thackeray's Waterloo chapters in 'Vanity Fair.' In like manner we cannot imagine even Shakespeare's hand improving upon the companion portraits of Dorothea and Celia, or touching more subtly on the roots of self-love than George Eliot does in such a remark as this: "A man likes to assume superiority over himself by holding up his bad example and sermonising on it." In treating of Shakespeare's relation to other men, we shall find no statement so true, so satisfying, so final, as that his largeness—his comprehensiveness—his elevation—are incomparable. If other men have the Alps, then he has the Lombard plain besides; if they have mountain, plain, and sea, then he has mountain, plain, sea, and ocean,—in a word, and that Goethe's, used now for the third time, he gives an *epitome* of man and his world.

ROMSDAL FIORD.

July 11, 1881.

So this, then, was the Rover's nest,
And here the chiefs were bred
Who broke the drowsing Saxon's rest,
And scared him in his bed.

The north wind blew, the ship sped fast,
Loud cheered the Corsair crew,
And wild and free above the mast
The Aslauga's Raven¹ flew.

Sail south, sail south, there lies the land
Where the yellow corn is growing ;
The spoil is for the warrior's hand,
The slave may have the sowing.

Let cowards make their parchment laws
To guard their treasured hoards,
The steel shall plead the Rovers' cause,
Their title-deeds their swords.

The Raven still o'er Romsdal's peak
Is soaring as of yore,
But Rolf the Ganger's battle-shriek
Calm Romsdal hears no more.

Long ages now beneath the soil
The Ganger has been lying—
In Romsdal's bay his quiet toil
The fisherman is plying.

The English Earl sails idly by,
And from his deck would trace,
With curious antiquarian eye,
The cradle of his race.

With time and tide we change and change,
Yet still the world is young ;
Still free the proudest spirits range,
The prize is for the strong.

And though it be a glorious thing
In Parliaments to shine,—
Though orators be modern kings,
And only not divine :

Yet men will still be ruled by men,
And talk will have its day,
And other Rolfs will come again
To sweep the rogues away.

J. A. F.

¹ Aslauga was a Norse witch, and her messenger a raven.

THE LADIES LINDORES.—PART XIII.

CHAPTER XLI.

CARRY drove away from Lindores in the afternoon sunshine, leaning back in her corner languidly watching the slanting light upon the autumnal trees, and the haze in which the distance was hid, soft, blue, and ethereal, full of the poetry of nature. She had about her that soft languor and delicious sense of freedom from pain which makes convalescence so sweet. She felt as if she had got over a long and painful illness, and, much shattered and exhausted, was yet getting better, in a heavenly exemption from suffering, and perfect rest. This sense of recovery, indeed, is very different from the languor and exhaustion of sorrow; and yet without any intention of hers, it veiled with a sort of innocent hypocrisy those feelings which were not in consonance with her supposed desolation and the mourning of her widowhood. Her behaviour was exemplary, and her aspect all that it ought to be, everybody felt; and though the country-side was well aware that she had no great reason to be inconsolable, it yet admired and respected her for appearing to mourn. Her fragility, her paleness, her smile of gentle exhaustion and worn-out looks, did her unspeakable credit with all the good people about. They were aware that she had little enough to mourn for, but there are occasions on which nature demands hypocrisy. Any display of satisfaction at another's death is abhorrent to mankind. Carry in her convalescence was no hypocrite, but she got the credit of it, and was all the better thought of. People were almost grateful to her for showing her hus-

band this mark of respect. After all, it is hard, indeed, when a man goes out of this world without even the credit of a woman's tears. But Carry had no sorrow in her heart as she drove away from the door of her former home. It had not been thought right that she should go in. A widow of not yet a fortnight's standing may, indeed, drive out to get a little air, which is necessary for her health, but she cannot be supposed to be able to go into a house, even if it is her father's. She was kissed tenderly and comforted, as they took leave of her. "My darling Carry, Edith and I will drive over to see you to-morrow; and then you have the children," her mother said, herself half taken in by Carry's patient smile, and more than half desirous of being taken in. "Oh yes, I have the children," Carry said. But in her heart she acknowledged, as she drove away, that she did not even want the children. When one has suffered very much, the mere absence of pain becomes a delicious fact, a something actual, which breathes delight into the soul. Even when your back aches or your head aches habitually, to be free of that for half an hour is heaven; and Carry had the bewildering happiness before her of being free of it for ever. The world bore a different aspect for her; the air blew differently, the clouds floated with another motion. To look out over the plain, and away to the blue hills in the distance, with all their variety of slopes, and the infinite sweet depths of colour and atmosphere about them, was beyond all example delightful, quite enough to

fill life and make it happy. In the heavenly silence she began to put her thoughts into words, as in her youth she had done always when she was deeply moved. Oh, who are they that seek pleasure in the world, in society, in feasts and merrymakings, when it is here, at their hand, ready for their enjoyment? This was her theme. The sunset upon the hills was enough for any one; he who could not find his happiness in that, where would he find it? Carry lay back in her corner, and felt that she would like to kiss the soft air that blew upon her, and send salutations to the trees and the sun. What could any one want more? The world was so beautiful, pain had gone out of it, and all the venom and the misery. To rest from everything, to lie still and get better, was of itself too exquisite. Carry had not for a long time written any of those little poems which Edith and Nora and some other choice readers had thought so lovely. Her tears had grown too bitter for such expression—and to feel herself flow forth once again into the sweet difficulties of verse was another delight the more. She was all alone, in deep weeds of widowhood, and almost every voice within twenty miles had within the last fortnight more than once uttered the words "Poor Lady Car!" but oh, how far from poor she felt herself! In what exquisite repose and peace was she mending of all her troubles!

Sometimes she would ask herself, with a wonder which enhanced the sweetness, Was it really all over—all over—come to an end, this nightmare which had blotted out heaven and earth? Was it possible? never to come back to her again round any corner, never to have any more power over her. Henceforward to be alone, alone—what word of joy! It is a word

which has different meanings to different people. To many in Carry's position it is the very knell of their lives—to her there was a music in it beyond the power of words to say. Her weakness had brought that misery on herself: and now, was it possible that she was to fare so much better than she deserved, to get rid of it for ever? She drew a long breath, and imagined how different things might have been: she might have lived to be an old woman under that yoke; she might never have got free—her mind, nor her imagination, nor her life. She shuddered to think what might have been. But it was over, ended, finished, and she was free—done with it for ever. She had not deserved this; it was a happiness which it was scarcely possible to realise. Poor Carry, futile even in her anticipations of relief! It never occurred to her that the two little children to whom she was returning—now all her own, she was so foolish as to think—were pieces of Torrance, not done with, never to be done with as long as her life lasted; but she was as unconscious of that, as incapable of thinking of any harm to come from those round-faced, stolid babies, as—any other mother could be.

Thus she was driving along, very happy, very still, exhausted and languid and convalescent, with all the beautiful world before her, full of consolation and peace, when Trouble set out to meet her upon her way. Poor Lady Car! she had suffered so much,—did not life owe her a little quiet, a breathing moment—long enough to get better in—quite better, as we say in Scotland—and get the good of her deliverance? Indeed it seemed so: but to different souls different experiences. Some would have escaped, would have gone on softly,

never quite getting over the dismal preface of their life to the sight of spectators, but in reality tasting the sweetness of repose—till the inevitable moment came, as it does to all, when the warfare has to be taken up again. But to Carry there was left no interval at all. She so delicate, so sensitive, all her nerves so highly strung, quiet would have been everything for her. But quiet she was not to have. Trouble set out from the gate of Dalrulzian while she rolled softly along to meet it, unconscious, thinking of nothing which could justify that sudden apparition—not a feeling in her going out towards it, or provoking the sight. The trouble which thus approached Lady Car was in the shape of Edward Beaufort, his tall figure slightly stooping, yet in the full vigour of manhood, his countenance gently despondent, a habitual sigh hanging, as it were, about him; the ends of his luxuriant beard lightly moved by the breeze. He walked somewhat slowly, musing, with nothing particular to do, and Carry caught sight of him for some time before they met. She gave a low cry and sat upright. Her convalescent heart lying so still, so sweetly silent and even in its gentle beatings, like a creature that had been hurt, and was coming softly to itself, leaped up with a bound and spring, and began to go again like a wild thing, leaping, palpitating, pulling at its leash. The first movement was terror—for though her tyrant was gone, the tradition of him was still upon her, and she could not get rid of the instinct all at once. “My God!” she said to herself in the silence, clasping her hands, “Edward!” with something of the wild passion of alarm which John Erskine had once seen. But then all in a moment again this terror subsided. Her sense of con-

valescence and repose flew away like the wind. A wild flood of joy and happiness rushed into her heart. “Edward!”—for the first time, feeling herself carried away by a drowning and dazzling tide of life, which blinded and almost suffocated her, Carry realised in one moment what it meant to be free. The effect was too tremendous for any thought of prudence, any hesitation as to what his sentiments might be, or what was suitable to her own position. She called to the coachman to stop, not knowing what she did, and with her head and her hands stretched out from the window, met him as he came up.

For the first moment there was not a word said between them, in the excess of emotion, he standing below, she looking out from above, her white face surrounded by the widow’s livery of woe, but suddenly flushed and glowing with life and love, and a kind of triumphant ecstasy. She had forgotten what it meant—she had not realised all that was in it; and now it burst upon her. She could not think, scarcely breathe—but held out her hands to him, with that look beyond words to describe. And he took them in the same way, and bent down his face over them, silent, not saying a word. The coachman and footman on the box thought it was excess of feeling that made this meeting so silent. They were sorry for their mistress, who was not yet able to meet any one with composure; and the low brief conversation that followed, sounded to them like condolence and sympathy. How astounded the men would have been, and the still landscape around them, with its houses hidden in the trees, and all its silent observers about, had they known what this colloquy actually was.

“Edward!” was the first word that was said—and then “Carry!

Carry! but I ought not to call you so."

"Oh, never call me anything else," she cried; "I could not endure another name from you. Oh, can you forgive me, have you forgiven me? I have paid for it—bitterly, bitterly! And it was not my fault."

"I never blamed you. I have forgiven you always. My suffering is not older than my forgiveness."

"You were always better than I;" and then she added eagerly, not pausing to think, carried on by that new tide that had caught her, "it is over; it is all over now."

It was on his lips to say Thank God—but he reflected, and did not say it. He had held her hands all the time. There was nobody to see them, and the servants on the box were sympathetic and silent. Then he asked, "Will they let me go to you now?"

"You will not ask any leave," she said hastily—"no leave! There are so many things I have to say to you—to ask your pardon. It has been on my heart to ask your pardon every day of my life. I used to think if I had only done that I could die."

"No dying now," he said, with her hands in his.

"Ah," she cried, with a little shudder, "but it is by dying I am here."

He looked at her pitifully with a gaze of sympathy. He was prepared to be sorry if she was sorry. Even over his rival's death Edward Beaufort felt himself capable of dropping a tear. He could go so far as that. Self-abnegation is very good in a woman, but in a man it is uncalled for to this degree. He could put himself out of the question altogether, and looked at her with the deepest sympathy, ready to condole if she thought proper. He was not prepared for the hon-

esty of Carry's profound sense of reopening life.

"You have had a great deal to bear," he said, with a vague intention of consoling her. He was thinking of the interval that had elapsed since her husband's death; but she was thinking of the dismal abyss before, and of all that was brought to a conclusion by that event.

"More than you can imagine—more than you could believe," she said; then paused, with a hot blush of shame, not daring to look him in the face. All that she had suffered, was not that a mountain between them? She drew her hands out of his, and shrinking away from him, said, "When you think of that, you must have a horror of me."

"I have a horror of you!" he said, with a faint smile. He put his head closer as she drew back. He was changed from the young man she had known. His beard, his mature air, the lines in his face, the gentle melancholy air which he had acquired, were all new to her. Carry thought that no face so compassionate, so tender, had ever been turned upon her before. A great pity seemed to beam in the eyes that were fixed with such tenderness upon her. Perhaps there was not in him any such flood of rosy gladness as had illuminated her. The rapture of freedom was not in his veins. But what a look that was! A face to pour out all your troubles to—to be sure always of sympathy from. This was what she thought.

Then in the tremor of blessedness and overwhelming emotion, she awoke to remember that she was by the roadside—no place for talk like this. Carry had no thought of what any one would say. She would have bidden him come into the carriage and carried him away

with her—her natural support, her consoler. There was no reason in her suddenly roused and passionate sense that never again must it be in any one's power to part them. Nor did she think that there could be any doubt of his sentiments, or whether he might still retain his love for her, notwithstanding all she had done to cure him of it. For the moment she was out of herself. They had been parted for so long—for so many miserable years—and now they were together. That was all—restored to each other. But still, the first moment of overwhelming agitation over, she had to remember. "I have so much to tell you!" she cried; "but it cannot be here."

"When shall I come?" he said.

Carry's impulse was to say "Now, now!" It seemed to her as if parting with him again would be tempting fate. For the first time since she had got her freedom, she put forth all her powers conscientiously, and controlled herself. It seemed to her the utmost stretch of self-denial when she said, "Tomorrow," with a long-drawn breath, in which her whole being seemed

to go out to him. The next moment the carriage was rolling along as it had done before, and Carry had dropped back into her corner, but not as she was before. Her entire world was changed. The glow of life which had come back to her was something which she had not known for years. It belonged to her early bloom, when she had no thought of ever being Lady Car or a great personage. It belonged to the time when Edward Beaufort was the lord of the ascendant, and nobody thought him beneath the pretensions of Carry Lindores. The intervening time had rolled away and was no more. She put her hands over her eyes to shut out everything but this that had been, and was, in spite of all obstacles. Her heart filled all the silence with tumultuous joyful beating. It was all over, the prison-time of her life—the evil time—gone like a bad enchantment—past and over, leaving no sign. It seemed to her that she could take up her life where she laid it down six years ago, and that all would be as though this interruption had never been.

CHAPTER XLII.

No morning ever broke which brought more exciting expectations than the morning of the 25th September in the various houses in which our history lies. Of the dozen people whose interests were concerned, not one but awoke early to the touch of the warm autumnal sunshine, and took up with a start of troubled energy, painful or otherwise, the burden of existence, of which for a few hours they had been partially oblivious. The women had the best of it, which is not usual; although in the mingled feelings of Lady Lindores, glad that

her child had carried out her expectations, yet half sorry, now it was over, that Edith had not accepted the great matrimonial prize put into her hands—and in those of Edith herself, happy in having so successfully surmounted the incident Millefleurs, yet greatly disturbed and excited about the coming events as concerned John Erskine, and doubtful whether she ought to have written to him so very frank and undisguised a letter,—there was as much pain as pleasure. As for Carry, when she woke in the gloomy magnificence of Tinto,

and all the warmth and glowing hopes of yesterday came back to her mind with a bound, there was nothing in her thoughts which prevented her lying still upon her pillows and letting the flood of light sweep into her heart, in a luxury of happiness and peace which was past describing. She did not for the moment even need to think of the meeting to come. Blessedness seemed suddenly to have become habitual to her once more. She woke to the delight of life. "Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive." The past had flown away like a dream: was it a dream altogether, a nightmare, some dark shadow of fear and pain, from which the oppressed soul, having at last awoke, was free? Beaufort at Dalruzian got up a similar feeling. He had been obliged to find himself something of a failure—but he, too, seemed to be restored to the hopes and the standing-ground of youth. He would now have no excuse to himself for his absence of energy and ambition. His youthful strength was still unimpaired, though he had made so much less of it than he ought. And now here were all the occasions for a fresh beginning—sympathy to support him and to inspire him. Not only would he be happy, but at last he would do something—he would carry out all hopes and prophecies of him now.

This was the brighter side—but in Lindores the sentiments of the chief personages in the house were not so pleasant. Lord Lindores was angry and humiliated, furious with his daughter and still more with his wife, who, he had no doubt, with her ridiculous romance, had filled the girl's head with follies—and not much less with Millefleurs, who had thus suffered himself to be foiled. But his dis-

turbed cogitations were as nothing to the tumult of pain and alarm which rose up in Rintoul's mind when he opened his eyes to the morning light. When the young man awoke he had first a moment of bewildered consideration, what was the meaning of the confused sense of disaster of which he became instantly conscious—and then he sprang from his bed unable to rest, eager for movement or anything which would counterbalance the fever of the crisis. This was the day. He could delay no longer; he could not trifle with the situation, or leave things to chance after to-day. It would be a new beginning in his life. Hitherto all had gone on serenely enough. He had gone with the stream, he had never set himself in opposition to the world or its ways, never done anything to draw men's eyes upon him. But after to-day all would be changed. To-morrow his name would be telegraphed over all the world in newspaper paragraphs; to-morrow every fellow he had ever known would be saying: "Rintoul! what Rintoul? You never can mean——?" No, they would all feel it to be impossible. Rintoul who was so safe, who never got into scrapes, whom they even laughed at as a canny Scot, though he did not feel a Scot at all. It would be incredible to all who had ever known him. And what a scandal, what an outcry it would make! In his own family even! Rintoul knew that Carry was not a broken-hearted widow, and yet it seemed to him that, after she knew, she would never speak to him again. It made his heart sink to think of all the changes that in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, would become inevitable. His father, with what rage, and misery, and confusion of all his plans and hopes, would he hear it!

with what consternation his mother and sister! As for himself, everything would be interrupted and set aside, his life in every way turned upside-down, his ambition checked, his hopes destroyed. And all this to save John Erskine from a certain amount of inconvenience! That was how at least it appeared to him—really from inconvenience, nothing more. John was not a man of rank like himself, full in the eyes of the world—he was not responsible to a proud and ambitious father. A short term of imprisonment to him would be like a disagreeable visit, nothing more. Many people had to spend a certain part of every year, for instance, with an old uncle or aunt, somebody from whom they had expectations. It really would be little or nothing more than this. And it was not as if it had been anything disgraceful. The county would not think the worse of him; it was an accident, a thing that might have happened to any one. But to Rintoul how much more terrible! he the brother-in-law of the man, with a sort of interest in his death. He would have to leave his regiment. All his projects for life would be interrupted. By the time he was free again, he would be forgotten in society, and his name would be *flétri* for ever. These thoughts sent him pacing about his room with hasty steps, the perspiration standing on his forehead. All to save John Erskine, who was just as much to blame as he was—for the first quarrel was the one which had excited that unfortunate fellow; all to save from a little inconvenience another man!

Perhaps if he had been placed simply in front of the question whether he would let another man be punished for what he had done, Rintoul would have had spirit enough to say No; cer-

tainly if it had been put to him quickly for an instant decision, without time to think, he would have said No, and held by his honour. But something else more determined than himself stood before him. Nora! He might use sophistries for the confusing of his own intellect—but not hers. She would look at him, he knew how. She would turn away from him, he knew how. The anticipation of that glance of high scorn and unspoken condemnation made Rintoul tremble to the depths of his being. When he thought of it he braced himself up with a rapidity and certainty much unlike the previous hesitating strain of his thoughts. "It must be done," he said to himself. He might beguile himself with argument, but he could not beguile *her*. The thought might intrude upon him whether he had been wise to let her know—whether it might not have been better to keep it to himself; but, having done it, the question was now not only whether he was content to lose Nora—but if he was content to put up with her scorn and immeasurable contempt.

They all remarked how pale he was when he came to breakfast—ghastly pale, lines under his eyes, the corners of his mouth drooping; his hair, which he had tried hard to brush as usual, hung limp, and would not take its accustomed curl. Lady Lindores tortured him by useless inquiries about his health. "You are ill—I am sure you are ill. You must let me send for the doctor." "For goodness' sake, mother, let a fellow alone. I am as well as you are," had been his amiable answer. He all but swore at the servants, all but kicked the dog, who thrust with confiding importunity his head under his master's arm. The situation was intolerable to him—his

thoughts were buzzing in his ears and all about him, so that he did not hear what the other people said; and they talked—with what frivolous pertinacity they talked!—about nothing at all, about the most trivial things; while he was balancing something that, in his excitement, he felt inclined to call life or death.

But, indeed, Rintoul's impressions as to the gaiety and lively conversation going on were as far as possible from the truth. There was scarcely any conversation, but a general embarrassment. Millefleurs was the only one who said much. He bore his disappointment so sweetly, and was so entirely master of the situation, that Lord Lindores grew more and more angry. He made various sharp replies, but the little Marquis took no heed. He gushed forth, like a flowing stream, a great many pleasant details about his going home. He was going home in a day or two. His visit to Lindores was one which he could never forget; it had gained him, he hoped, friends for life. Wherever he went he would carry with him the recollection of the kindness he had received. Thus he flowed forth, doing his best, as usual, to smooth down the embarrassment of the others. But the hour of the repast was somewhat terrible to everybody. Decorum required that they should all sit a certain time at the table, and make a fashion of eating. People have to eat will they nill they, that they may not betray themselves. They all came to the surface, so to speak, with a gasp, as Millefleurs said in his round and velvety voice, "I suppose you are going to Dunearn to this examination, Lord Lindores?"

"It is a private affair, not an open court; but to show an interest, I

suppose I ought to be somewhere near——" was the answer; and there arose at that moment a howl of fright and pain from the dog, upon whom Rintoul had spilt a cup of tea. He got up white and haggard, shaking off the deluge from his clothes. "These brutes get insufferable," he cried; "why can we never have a meal without a swarm of them about?"

The proceedings had begun at Dunearn before any of the party from Lindores arrived there. Rintoul, who was the first to set out, walked, with a sort of miserable desire of postponing the crisis; and Lord Lindores, with a kind of sullen friendliness towards John, followed in his phaeton. They were both late, and were glad to be late; which was very different from Miss Barbara, who, wound up by anxiety to an exertion which she could not have believed herself capable of, had walked from her house, leaning on Nora's arm, and was waiting on the spot when John was driven up in a shabby old fly from Dunnotter. The old lady was at the door of the fly before it could be opened, putting out her hand to him. "My bonnie lad, you'll come to your luncheon with me at half-past one; and mind that you're not late," she said, in a loud, cheerful, and confident voice, so that every one could hear. She took no notice of the lookers-on, but gave her invitation and her greeting with a fine disdain of all circumstances. Nora, upon whom she was leaning, was white as marble. Her eyes were strained with gazing along the Lindores road. "Who are you looking for, Nora?" Miss Barbara had already asked half-a-dozen times. It was not much support she got from the tremulous little figure, but the old lady was inspired. She stood till John

had passed into the town-house, talking to him all the time in a voice which sounded over all the stir of the little crowd which had gathered about to see him. "Janet cannot bide her dishes to be spoilt. You will be sure and come in time. I'll not wait for you, for I'm not a great walker; but every thing will be ready at half-past one."

When she had thus delivered her cheerful message, Miss Barbara turned homeward, not without another remark upon Nora's anxious gaze along the road. "You are looking for your fine friends from Lindores; we'll see none of them to-day," said the old lady resolutely, turning her companion away. She went on talking, altogether unaware how the girl was suffering, yet touched by a perception of some anxiety in her. "You are not to be unhappy about John Erskine," she said at last. These words came to Nora's ears vaguely, through mists of misery, anger, bitter disappointment, and that wrath with those we love which works like madness in the brain. What did she care for John Erskine? She had almost said so, blurting out the words in the intolerance of her trouble, but did not, restrained as much by incapacity to speak as by any other hindrance. To think that he for whom she was watching had proved himself incapable of an act of simple justice! to think that the man whom she had begun by thinking lightly of, but had been beguiled into loving she did not know how, sure at all events of his honour and manliness—to think that he should turn out base, a coward, sheltering himself at the cost of another! Oh, what did it matter about John Erskine? John Erskine was a true man—nothing could happen to him. Then there

arose all at once in poor Nora's inexperienced brain that bitterest struggle on earth, the rally of all her powers to defend and account for, while yet she scorned and loathed, the conduct of the man she loved. It is easy to stand through evil report and good by those who are unjustly accused, who are wronged, for whom and on whose behalf you can hold your head high. But when, alas! God help them, they are base, and the accusation against them just! Nora, young, unused to trouble, not knowing the very alphabet of pain, fell into this horrible pit in a moment, without warning, without escape. It confused all her faculties, so that she could do nothing save stumble blindly on, and let Miss Barbara talk of John Erskine—as if John Erskine and the worst that could happen to him were anything, anything! in comparison with this passion of misery which Nora had to bear.

And she was so little used to suffering. She did not know how to bear. Spartans and Indians and all those traditional Stoics are bred to it—trained to bear torture and make no sign; but Nora had never had any training, and she was not a Spartan or a Red Indian. She was a woman, which is perhaps next best. She had to crush herself down; to turn away from the road by which Rintoul might still appear; to go in to the quiet rooms, to the ordinary morning occupations, to the needlework which Miss Barbara liked to see her do. Anything in the world would have been easier; but this and not anything else in the world was Nora's business. And the sunny silence of the gentle feminine house, only disturbed by Miss Barbara's ceaseless talk about John, closed round her. Janet came

“ben” and had her orders. Agnes entered softly with her mistress’s cap and indoor shawl. All went on as it had done for years.

This calm, however, was soon interrupted. The Lindores’ carriage drew up at the door, with all the dash and splendour which distinguishes the carriage of a countess when it stops at a humble house. Miss Barbara had a standing prejudice against these fine half-foreign (as she supposed) people. She rose up with the dignity of an archduchess to receive her visitors. Lady Lindores was full of anxiety and sympathy. “We are as anxious as you can be,” she said, kissing Miss Barbara warmly before the old lady could draw back.

“Deed I cannot say that I am anxious at all,” said Miss Barbara, with her head high. “A thing that never happened cannot be proved against any man. I am expecting my nephew to his luncheon at half-past one. As there’s nothing against him, he can come to no harm. I will be glad to see your ladyship and Lady Edith to meet him—at half-past one,” the old lady said, with marked emphasis. She had no inclination to allow herself to be intruded upon. But Edith attained what her mother failed to achieve. She could not conceal her agitation and excitement. She grew red and pale a dozen times in a minute. “Oh yes, Miss Barbara, I feel with you. I am not anxious at all!” she cried.

Why should she be anxious? what had she to do with John? Her flutter of changing colour touched Miss Barbara’s heart in spite of herself. No, she would not be a suitable wife for John Erskine; an earl’s daughter was too grand for the house of Dalrulzian. But yet—Miss Barbara could not help being mollified. She pushed

an easy-chair towards the mother of this bonnie creature. “It will be a pleasure to him to hear that there are kind hearts caring for what happens to him. If your ladyship will do me the honour to sit down,” she said, with punctilious yet suspicious respect.

“Papa is there now,” said Edith, whispering to Nora; “and Lord Millefleurs came with us, and will bring us word how things are going. Rintoul started before any of us—”

“Rintoul!” said Nora—at least she thought she said it. Her lips moved, a warm suffusion of colour came over her, and she looked wistfully in Edith’s face.

“He thought he would get to Dunearn before us,—but, after all, horses go faster than men. What is the matter? Are you ill, Nora?”

Nora was past making any reply. The cessation of pain, that is more, a great deal more, than a negative good. For the first moment, at least, it is bliss, active bliss—more than anything else known to men. Of course Nora, when she came to herself, explained that it was a sudden little spasm, a feeling of faintness,—something she was used to. She was quite well, she declared; and so it proved by the colour that came back to her face. “She has not been herself all the morning,” said Miss Barbara; “she will be the better of young company—of somebody like herself.”

After this the ladies tried to talk on indifferent subjects. There were inquiries to be made for Lady Caroline, “poor thing!” and she was described as being “better than we should have dared to hope,” with as near an approach to the truth as possible; and then a scattered fire of remarks, now one, now another, coming to the front with

sudden energy; while the others relapsed into the listening and strain of curiosity. Miss Barbara held her head high. It was she who was the most steady in the conversation. She would not suffer it to be seen that she had any tremor as to what was going on. But the girls were unequal to this fortitude. They fluctuated from red to white, and from white to red. They would stop in the middle of a sentence, their voices ending in a quaver, as if the wind had blown them out. Why should they be so moved? Miss Barbara noted it keenly, and felt with a thrill of pleasure that John was getting justice. Two of them!—the bonniest creatures in the county! How their rival claims were to be settled afterwards she did not inquire; but in the meantime, at the moment when he was under so dark a cloud, it warmed her heart to see him so much thought of: the Erskines always were so; they were a race that women loved and men liked, and the last representative was worthy of his sires.

Hours seemed to pass while the ladies thus held each other in a wonderful tension and restraint, waiting for the news: until a little commotion in the stair, a hurried step, brought them all to their feet with one impulse. It was little Millefleurs who rushed in with his hat pressed to his breast. "Forgive the intrusion," he cried, with pants of utterance; "I'm out of breath; I have run all the way. Erskine is coming after me with Lord Lindores." He shook hands with everybody vehemently in his satisfaction. "They let me in because I was the Duke's son, don't you know; it's convenient now and then; and I bolted with the news. But nobody presents me to Miss Erskine," he said, aggrieved. "Madam, I am Millefleurs. I was

Erskine's fag at Eton. I have run miles for him to buy his buns and jam; but I was slimmer in those days."

Miss Barbara had sunk upon a chair. She said, with a panting of her ample bosom as if she had been running too, "You are too kind, my Lord Millefleurs. I told John Erskine to be here at half-past one to his luncheon. You will all wait and meet him. You will wait and meet him——" She repeated the words with a little sob of age, half laughter half tears. "The Lord be praised!—though I never had any doubt of it," the proud old lady said.

"It has all come perfectly clear," said Millefleurs, pleased with his position as the centre of this eager group. "The right man, the person to whom it really happened, has come forward most honourably and given himself up. I don't clearly understand all the rights of the story. But there it is; the man couldn't stand it, don't you know. I suppose he thought nothing would ever be found out; and when he heard that Erskine was suspected and taken, he was stunned at first. Of course he should have produced himself at once; but all's well that ends well. He has done it now."

"The man—that did it?" It was Nora that said this, gazing at him with perfectly colourless cheeks, standing out in the middle of the room, apart from the others, who were for the moment too completely satisfied with the news to ask more.

"Don't think it is crime," said Millefleurs, soothingly. "There is every reason to conclude that accident will be the verdict. In the meantime, I suppose he will be committed for trial; but all these are details, don't you know," he said, in his smooth voice. "The chief thing is, that our friend is

clear and at liberty ; and in a few minutes he'll be here."

They scarcely noticed that Nora disappeared out of the room in the joyful commotion that followed. She went away, almost suffocating with the effort to keep her emotion down. Did he know of whom it was that he was speaking? Was it possible that he knew? the son of one, the brother of another—to Nora more than either. What did it mean? Nora could not get breath. She could not stay in the room, and see all their relieved, delighted faces, the undisturbed satisfaction with which they listened and asked their questions. Was the man a fool? Was he a

creature devoid of heart or perception? An hour ago Nora had thought that Rintoul's absence from his post would kill her, that to see him do his duty was all she wanted on earth. But now the indifference of everybody around to what he had done, the ease with which the story was told, the unconsciousness of the listeners, was more intolerable to her than even that despair. She could not bear it. She hurried away, not capable of a word, panting for breath, choked by her heart, which beat in her throat, in her very ears—and by the anguish of helplessness and suspense, which was more than she could bear.

CHAPTER XLIII.

John Erskine had received Edith's letter that morning in his prison. His spirits were at a very low ebb when it was put into his hand. Four days' confinement had taken the courage out of him more effectually than any other discipline could have done; and though the prospect of his examination had brought in a counterbalancing excitement, he was by no means so sure that everything would come right as he had been at first. Having once gone wrong, why should it come right? If the public and the sheriff (or whatever the man was) could entertain such an idea for four days, why not for four years or a lifetime? When Edith's letter was put into his hand he was but beginning to awake, to brace himself up for an encounter with the hostile world. He had begun to say to himself that he must get his wits about him, and not permit himself to be sacrificed without an effort. And then, in a moment, up his heart went like a shuttlecock. *She* had no doubt

about him, thank heaven! Her "dear Mr Erskine," repeated when it was not exactly necessary, and which she had drawn her pen through, but so lightly that the cancelling of the words only made them emphatic, seemed to John to say everything that words could say. It said more, in fact, than Edith would ever have said had he not been in trouble and in prison; and then that outbreak about feminine impotence at the end! This was to John the sweetest pleasantry, the most delightful jest. He did not think of her indignation or bitterness as real. The idea that Lady Lindores and she would have been his bail if they could, amused him so that he almost shed tears over it; as well as the complaint that they could do nothing. Do nothing! who could do so much? If all went well, John said to himself, with a leap of his heart—if all went well! It was under the elation of this stimulant that he got ready to proceed to Dunearn; and though

to drive there in the dingy fly with a guardian of the law beside him was not cheerful, his heart swelled high with the thought that other hearts were beating with anxiety for him. He thought more of that than of his defence; for to tell the truth, he had not the least idea how to manage his defence. Mr Monypenny had visited him again, and made him feel that truth was the last thing that was likely to serve him, and that by far his wisest plan would be to tell a lie and own himself guilty, and invent a new set of circumstances altogether. But he did not feel his imagination equal to this. He would have to hold by his original story, keep to the facts, and nothing more. But surely some happy fortune would befriend him. He was more excited, but perhaps less hopeful, when Miss Barbara met him at the door of the town-house. Her words did not give him the encouragement she intended. Her luncheon and her house and her confidence were for the moment intolerable to John, as are so often the well-meant consolations of his elders to a young man driven half frantic by warmer hopes and fears. He came to himself altogether when he stepped within the place in which he felt that his fate was to be decided. Though it was contrary to custom, several of his friends, gentlemen of the county, had been admitted by favour of the sheriff to be present at the examination, foremost among them old Sir James, who towered over the rest with his fine white head and erect soldierly bearing. Lord Lindores was admitted under protest when the proceedings were beginning; and after him, white with dust, and haggard with excitement, Rintoul, who kept behind backs, standing—so that his extremely agitated countenance, his

lips, with a slight nervous quiver, as though he were about to speak, and eyes drawn together with a hundred anxious lines about them, were clearly apparent. John remarked this face over all the others with the utmost surprise. Rintoul had never been very cordial with him. What could be the reason for this extraordinary manifestation of interest now? John, from his too prominent place as the accused, had this agitated face confronting him, opposed to him as it seemed, half defying him, half appealing to him. Only the officials concerned—the sheriff, who was a little slow and formal, making unnecessary delays in the proceedings, and the other functionaries—could see as John could the face and marked position of Rintoul; and none of these personages took any notice. John only, felt his eyes drawn to it instinctively. If all this passionate sympathy was for him, how could he ever repay Rintoul for friendship so unexpected? No doubt this was *her* doing too.

Just as the witnesses were about to be called who had been summoned—and of whom, though John was not aware of it, Rintoul, who had (as was supposed) helped to find the body, was one—an extraordinary interruption occurred. Mr Monypenny, who to John's surprise had not approached him or shown himself in his vicinity, suddenly rose, and addressing the sheriff, claimed an immediate stoppage of the proceedings, so far as Mr Erskine was concerned. He was a very clear-headed and sensible man; but he was a country "man of business"—a Scotch solicitor—and he had his own formal way of making a statement. It was so formal, and had so many phrases in it only half comprehensible to unaccustomed ears, that it

was some time before the little group of friends were fully aware what the interruption meant.

Mr Monypenny announced, however, to the perfect understanding of the authorities present, that the person who had really encountered the unfortunate Mr Torrance last, and been concerned in the scuffle which no doubt unfortunately was the cause of the accident, had come to his house on the previous night and given himself up. The man's statement was perfectly clear and satisfactory, and would be supported by all the circumstantial evidence. He had kept back nothing, but displayed the most honourable anxiety to clear the gentleman who had been so unjustly accused and put to so much personal inconvenience.

"Is the man in court?" the sheriff asked.

"The man is here," said Mr Monypenny. The good man was conscious of the great effect he was producing. He looked round upon the group of gentlemen with thorough enjoyment of the situation; but he, too, was startled by the extraordinary aspect of Lord Rintoul. The young man was livid; great drops of perspiration stood on his forehead; the lines about his eyes were drawn tight, and the eyes themselves, two unquiet watchers, full of horror and astonishment, looked out wildly, watching everything that was done. His lips had dropped apart; he stood like a man who did not know what the next word might bring upon him.

"This is the man," Mr Monypenny said. Rintoul made a sudden step forward, striking his foot violently against the bench in front of him. The sheriff looked up angrily at the noise. There is something in a great mental struggle of any kind which moves

the atmosphere around it. The sheriff looked up and saw three men standing at unequal distances before him: Mr Monypenny in front of his chair with somebody tranquil and insignificant beside him, and in the distance a face full of extraordinary emotion. "Will you have the goodness to step forward?" the sheriff said: and then stopping himself peevishly, "This is all out of order. Produce the man."

Rolls had risen quietly by Mr Monypenny's side. He was not like a brawler, much less an assassin. He was somewhat pale, but in his professional black coat and white tie, who could have looked more respectable? He had "cleaned himself," as he said, with great care that morning. Haggard and unshaven as he had been on the previous night after his wanderings, he would scarcely have made so great a sensation as he did now, trim as a new pin, carefully shaved, carefully brushed. There was a half shout, half cry, from the little band of spectators, now thoroughly demoralised and incapable of keeping order. "Rolls, old Rolls!" John Erskine cried with consternation. Could this be the explanation of it? As for Rolls himself, the outcry acted upon him in the most remarkable way. He grew red and lost his temper. "It's just me, gentlemen," he said; "and can an accident not happen to a man in a humble condition of life as well as to one of you?" He was silenced at once, and the stir of amazement repressed; but nothing could prevent the rustle and whisper among the gentlemen, which would have become tumultuous had their presence there been more than tolerated. They all knew Rolls, and to connect him with such an event was impossible. The tragedy seemed over, and at the ut-

most a tragi-comedy, a solemn farce, had taken its place.

Rolls's statement, however, was serious enough. It was to the effect that he had met his master coming down from Tinto in the condition of which so much had been made, when he himself was going up to make a request to Mr Torrance about a lease—that he met Torrance close to the Scaur “coming thundering down the brae” in a state of excitement and temper such as it was well enough known Tinto was subject to. Rolls acknowledged that in such circumstances he ought not to have stopped him and introduced his suit—but this was merely an error of judgment. Tinto, he said, received his request very ill, and called his nephew—for whom he was going to plead—a ne'er-do-weel—which was not the case, let him say it that would. And here again Rolls was wrong, he allowed—it was another error of judgment—but he was not going to have his own flesh and blood abused. He stood up for it to Tinto's face that Willie Rolls was as respectable a lad as ever ploughed land. It was well known what Tinto was, a man that had no thought but a word and a blow. He rode at Rolls furiously. “I took hold of the beast's bridle to push her back,—what I could do. She would have had her hoofs on me in a moment.” Then he saw with horror the rear, the bound back, the false step; and then horse and man went thundering over the Scaur. Rolls declared that he lost no time in calling for help—in trying all he could to save the victim. Lord Rintoul would bear him witness, for his lordship met him in the wood, routing like a wild beast. Nothing could be more consistent, more simple, than the whole story—it bore the stamp of truth on every line—or such at least was

the conclusion of the sheriff, and the procurator, and the crier, and the town officer, and every official about the town-house of Dunearn.

The formidable examination which had excited so much interest terminated by the return of John's fly to Dunnotter, with the butler in it, very grave and impressive in the solemn circumstances. Rolls himself did not choose to consider his position lightly. He acknowledged with great respect the salutations of the gentlemen, who could not be prevented from crowding to the door of the fly after him. Sir James, who was the first, thrust something secretly into Rolls's hand. “They'll not treat you so well as they treated your master. You must fee them—fee them, Rolls,” said the old general. “It'll be better than I deserve, Sir James,” Rolls said. “Hoot! nothing will happen to you, man!” said Sir James. “He was well inspired to make a clean breast of it,” Mr Monypenny said. “The truth before all—it's the best policy.” “You're very kind to say sae, sir,” said Rolls, solemnly. As he spoke he met the eye of Lord Rintoul, who stood behind fixing his regard upon the face of John's substitute. It was a trouble to Rolls to understand what the young lord could mean, “glowering” as he did, but saying nothing. Was he better aware of the facts of the case than any one suspected? might he come in with his story and shatter that of Rolls? This gave the old servant a little anxiety as he sat back solemnly in his corner, and was driven away.

It would be impossible to enumerate all the visitors who thronged into Miss Barbara Erskine's house that day. She had three more leaves put into her dining-table, and Janet added dish to dish with the wildest prodigality. Sir James Montgomery was one of those who “con-

voyed" John to his old relative's house. He walked upon one side of the hero, and Lord Lindores upon the other. "I will not conceal my fault from you, Miss Barbara," he said. "I thought when I heard his story first it was just the greatest nonsense. But it worked upon me—it worked upon me; and then Lady Montgomery, she would not hear a word."

"Women understand the truth when they hear it; it's none so often," Miss Barbara said, flushed with triumph and happiness. Rintoul had come in with the rest—or rather after the rest. He and John were the two who were somewhat out of all this tumult and rejoicing. They had not spoken to each other, keeping apart with an instinctive repugnance, silent in the midst of the rejoicing. But the rest of the company made up the deficiency. Such a luncheon! a duke's son from England, an earl, all the best men in the county: and Janet's dishes praised and consumed to the last morsel, and the best wine brought up from the cellar, and the house not big enough to contain the guests. Miss Barbara sat at the head of the table, with a little flush of triumph on her cheek. "It's like a marriage feast," she said to Sir James when they rose from the table.

"And I cannot see what should hinder it to be the forerunner—but the breakfast shall be at my house, Miss Barbara, since her parents have no house of their own here."

"Oh, who are you calling *her*?" said Miss Barbara, shaking her head; and as she spoke she turned towards a group in a corner—two young figures close together. Sir James's countenance grew long, but Miss Barbara's bloomed out in genial triumph. "It's not the first time," she said, "that we have had a lady o' title in Dalrulzian—and it will

not be the last." The magic of rank had triumphed even over prejudice. There could be no denying that Lady Edith Erskine would be a bonnie name—and a bonnie creature too.

"I got your letter," John said. "I suppose an angel must have brought it. There is no telling how wretched I was before, or how happy after."

"No angel, but my mother's footman. I am afraid you thought it very bold, Mr Erskine. I was afraid after, that I had said too much."

"I think so too,—unless you mean it to kill me like a sweet poison; which it will do, unless there is more——"

"Mr Erskine, you have not quite come to yourself,—all this excitement has gone to your head."

"I want more," said John—"more!" And Edith's eyes sank before his. It was not like the affectionate proposals of Millefleurs, whose voice was audible now even through those low syllables so different in their tone. And Lady Lindores at that moment took her daughter by the arm. "Edith," she said, in a tone of fright, "Edith!" Oh foolish, foolish mother! had she never thought of this till now?

The window of the dining-room looked out into the garden. Nevertheless, it was possible to find a covert where two could talk and not be seen. And while the gentlemen rose from the table, and Lady Lindores came to her daughter's rescue, a very different group, two very agitated pale young people, stood together there, without a single demonstration of tenderness or even friendship, looking at each other with eager eyes. Or rather the girl looked at the man, whose courage had failed him, who stood before her like a culprit, not ven-

turing to raise his eyes to her face. "What is the meaning of it?" she cried. "Oh, what is the meaning of it?" She stamped her foot upon the ground in her excitement and the intolerable trouble of her thoughts. "You told me—one thing; and now another has happened. What does it mean?"

"Nora," he said, clasping his hands, "don't be so hard upon me!"

"What does it mean?" she cried, her soft face growing stern, her nostrils dilating. "Either what you said is false, or this is false; and anyhow, you, you are false, Lord Rintoul! Oh, cannot you tell me what it means? Is it that you are not brave enough to stand up by yourself—to say, It was I——"

"For God's sake, Nora! I was ready, quite ready to do it, though it would have been ruin to me. I had made up my mind. But what could I do when this man stood up before me and said— He told the whole story almost exactly as—as it happened. I was stupefied; but what could I do? I declare to you, Nora, when old Monypenny got up and said 'The man is here,' I jumped up, I stood forward. And then I was confounded, I could not say a word." Here he approached a little nearer and put out his hand to take hers. "Why should I, Nora—now tell me why should I? when this other man says it was he. He ought to know," Rintoul added, with a groan of faint tentative humour in his voice. He did not know how far he might venture to go.

Once more Nora stamped her foot on the ground. "Oh, I cannot away with you!" she cried. It was one of Miss Barbara's old-fashioned phrases. She was at the end of

her own. She would have liked, she thought, to strike him as he stood before her deprecating, yet every moment recovering himself.

"If another man chooses to take it upon him, why should I contradict him?" Rintoul said, with good sense unanswerable. "I was stunned with astonishment; but when you reflect, how could I contradict him? If he did it for John Erskine's sake, it would have spoiled that arrangement."

"John Erskine would never make any arrangement. If he had been to blame he would have borne it. He would not have shirked or drawn back!"

"You think better of John Erskine than of me, Nora. I do not know what it is, but I have no right to interfere. I'll give the old fellow something when it's all over. It is not for me he is doing it, whatever is his reason. I should spoil it all if I said a word. Will you forgive me now?" said Rintoul, with a mixture of calm reason and anxiety. He had quite recovered himself. And Nora, still in a flutter of slowly dissipating excitement, could find no argument against that sturdy good sense of his. For he was strong in sense, however worldly it might be.

"I cannot understand it at all. Do you know who the man was?" she said.

And then he laughed—actually laughed—though he was on the borders of desperation an hour ago. The echo of it seemed to run round the garden among the listening trees and horrified Nora. But at his next word she threw up her hands in consternation, with a cry of bewilderment, confusion, almost amusement too, though she would have thought that impossible,— "Old Rolls!"

CHAPTER XLIV.

John Erskine returned to Dalruidian alone after this wonderful morning's work. He could scarcely believe that he was free to walk where he pleased,—to do what he liked. Four days is not a long period of time. But prison has an extraordinary effect, and his very limbs had seemed to tingle when he got the uncontrolled use of them again. Lord Lindores had driven him back as far as the gates of Lindores, and from thence he walked on, glad of the air, the sense of freedom and movement,—the silence in which to realise all that had passed. Enough had passed, indeed, to give full occasion for thought; and it was only now that the extraordinary character of the event struck him. Rolls! to associate Rolls with a tragedy. In his excitement John burst into a wild fit of laughter, which echoed along the quiet road; then, horrified by the sound, drew himself quickly together, and went on with the gravest countenance in the world. But it must be added that this thought of Rolls was only momentary,—it came and went, and was dropped into the surrounding darkness, in which all accidents of common life were heaped together as insignificant and secondary, in comparison with one central consciousness with which his whole firmament was ablaze. He had demanded "More! more!" but had not received another word. No explanation had ensued. The mother had come in with soft authority, with a steadfast blank of all understanding. Lady Lindores would not see that they wanted to talk to each other. She had not ceased to hold her daughter by the arm, affectionately leaning upon her, until they went away: and

Edith had not spoken another word—had not even met his anxious looks with more than the most momentary fugitive glance. Thus John had withdrawn in that state of half certainty which, perhaps, is more absorbing to the faculties and more transporting to the heart than any definite and indisputable fact ever can be. His whole being was in movement, agitated by a delicious doubt, by an eager breathless longing to know, which was sweeter than knowledge. All the romance and witchcraft of passion was in it, its most ethereal part

"Hopes, and fears that kindle hopes—
An indistinguishable throng;
And gentle wishes long subdued,
Subdued and cherished long."

Such was the potency of this charm, that, after he had thrown one thought at Rolls, and perceived the absurdity of the event, and given vent to the excited commentary of that laugh, John abandoned himself altogether to the sea of fancies, the questions, the answers, the profound trains of reasoning which belonged to that other unresolved and all-entrancing problem. He discussed with himself every word of Edith's letter, turning it over and over. Did it mean this? or peradventure, after all, did it only mean *that*? But if it meant that and not this, would she have so replied to his looks? would not she have said something more definitely discouraging when he appealed to her for More! more? She had not given him a word more; but she had replied with no stony look, no air of angry surprise or disdain, such as surely— Yet, on the other hand, might it not be possible that compassion and sympathy for his ex-

traordinary circumstances, and the wrong he had undergone, might keep her, so sweet and good as she was, from any discouraging word? Only, in that case, would she have cast down her eyes *like that*? would they have melted into that unspeakable sweetness? So he ran on, as so many have done before him. He thought no more of the matter which had affected him so deeply for the last week, or of Torrance, who was dead, or of Rolls, who was in jail, than he did of last year's snow. Every interest in heaven and earth concentrated to him in these endless delightful questions. When a man, or, for that matter, a woman, is in this beatific agitation of mind, the landscape generally becomes a sort of blurr of light around them, and, save to the inward eye, which more than ever at such a moment is "the bliss of solitude," there is nothing that is very clearly visible. John saw this much, but no more, in Miss Barbara's old-fashioned dining-room—the genial gentlemen still at table, and Miss Barbara herself, in her white shawl, forming only a background to the real interest; and he perceived no more of the country round him as he walked, or the glow of the autumn foliage, the distance rolling away in soft blueness of autumnal mists to Tinto. He managed to walk along the road without seeing it, though it was so familiar, and arrived at his own gate with great surprise, unable to comprehend how he could have come so far. When he opened the gate, Peggy Fleming came out with her apron folded over her hands; but when she saw who it was, Peggy, forgetting the soap-suds, which showed it was washing day, flung up her red moist arms to the sky, and gave utterance to a wild "skreigh" of

welcome and joy. For a moment John thought nothing less than that he was to be seized in those wildly waving and soapy arms.

"Eh, it's the master!" Peggy cried. "Eh, it's himsel'! Eh, it's lies, every word; and I never believed it, no' a moment!" And with that she threw her apron over her head and began to sob—a sound which brought out all her children, one after another, to hang upon her skirts and eagerly investigate the reason why.

The warmth of this emotional welcome amused him, and he paused to say a word or two of kindness before he passed on. But he had not anticipated the excitement with which he was to be received. When he came in sight of his own house, the first sound of his step was responded to by the watchers within with an anxious alacrity. A head popped out at a window; a white-aproned figure appeared from the back of the house, and ran back at the sight of him. And then there arose a "skreigh" of rapture that threw Peggy's altogether into the shade, and Bauby rushed out upon him, with open arms, and all her subordinates behind her, moist and flowing with tears of joy. "Eh, Mr John! Eh, my bonny man! Eh, laddie, laddie—that I should call you sae! my heart's just broken. And have you come hame? and have you come hame?"

"As you see," said John. He began to be rather tired of this primitive rejoicing, which presupposed that his detention had been a very serious matter, although by this time, in the crowd of other thoughts, it had come to look of no importance at all. But he remembered that he had a communication to make which, no doubt, would much lessen this delight; and he did not now feel at all disposed to laugh when he

thought of Rolls. He took Bauby by the arm, and led her with him, astonished, into the library. The other maids remained collected in the hall. To them, as to Peggy at the lodge, it seemed the most natural thing to imagine that he had escaped, and might be pursued. The excitement rose very high among them: they thought instantly of all the hiding-places that were practicable, each one of them being ready to defend him to the death.

And it was very difficult to convey to the mind of Bauby the information which John had to communicate. "Oh ay, sir," she said, with a curtsy; "just that. I was sure Tammas was at Dunnotter to be near his maister. He has a terrible opinion of his maister; but now you're back yoursel', there will be no-thing to keep him."

"You must understand," said John, gently, "that Rolls—it was, I have no doubt, the merest accident; I wonder it did not happen to myself: Rolls—caught his bridle, you know——"

"Oh ay,—just that, sir," said Bauby; "but there will be no-thing to keep him, now you're back yoursel'."

"I'm afraid I don't make myself plain," said John. "Try to understand what I am saying. Rolls—your brother, you know——"

"Oh ay, sir," said Bauby, smiling broadly over all her beaming face, "he's just my brother—awbody kens that—and a real good brother Tammas has aye been to me."

John was at his wits' end. He began the story a dozen times over, and softened and broke it up into easy words, as if he had been speaking to a child. At last it gradually dawned upon Bauby, not as a fact,

but as something he wanted to persuade her of. It was a shock, but she bore it nobly. "You are meaning to tell me, sir, that it was Tammas—our Tammas—that killed Pat Torrance, yon muckle man? Na,—it's just your joke, sir. Gentlemen will have their jokes."

"My joke!" cried John in horror; "do you think it is anything to joke about? I cannot understand it any more than you can. But it is fact;—it is himself that says so. He got hold of the bridle——"

"Na, Mr John; na, na, sir. What is the good of frightening a poor lone woman? The like of that could never happen. Na, na."

"But it is he himself who has said it; no one else could have imagined it for a moment. It is his own story——"

"And if it is," said Bauby—"mind ye, Mr John, I ken no-thing about it; but I ken our Tammas,—if it is, he's just said it to save—ithers: that's the way of it. I ken him and his ways——"

"To save—others?" The suggestion bewildered John.

"Oh ay—it's just that," said Bauby again. She dried her eyes carefully with her apron, pressing a tear into each corner. "*Him* pit forth his hand upon a gentleman, and a muckle man like Pat Torrance, and a muckle beast! Na, na, Mr John! But he might think, maybe, that a person like him, no' of consequence—though he's of awfu' consequence to me," said Bauby, almost falling back into tears. She made an effort, however, and recovered her smile. "It's just a thing I can very weel understand."

"I think you must be out of your mind," cried her master. "Such things are not done in our

day. What! play with the law, and take upon him another man's burden? Besides," said John, impatiently, "for whom? In whom could he be so much interested as to play such a daring game?"

"Oh ay, sir, that's just the question," Bauby said composedly. From time to time she put up her apron. The shock she had received was comprehensible, but not the consolation. To follow her in this was beyond her master's power.

"That is the question indeed," John said gravely. "I think you must be mistaken. It is very much simpler to suppose what was the case,—that he gripped at the brute's bridle to save himself from being ridden down. It is the most wonderful thing in the world that I did not do it myself."

"I'm thinking sae, sir," said Bauby, drily; and then she relapsed for a moment to the darker view of the situation, and rubbed her eyes with her apron. "What will they do with him?—is there much they can do with him?" she said.

She listened to John's explanations with composure, broken by sudden relapses into emotion; but, on the whole, she was a great deal more calm than John had expected. Her aspect confounded her master: and when at last she made him another curtsey, and folding her plump arms, with her apron over them, announced that "I maun go and see after my denner," his bewilderment reached its climax. She came back, however, after she had reached the door, and stood before him for a moment with, if that was possible to Bauby, a certain defiance. "You'll no' be taking on another man," she said, with a half-threatening smile but a slight quiver of her lip, "the time that yon poor lad's away?"

This encounter was scarcely over

when he had another claim made upon him by Beaufort, who suddenly rushed in, breathless and effusive, catching him by both hands and pouring forth congratulations. It was only then that it occurred to John as strange that Beaufort had not appeared at Dunearn, or taken any apparent interest in his fate; but the profuse explanations and excuses of his friend had the usual effect in directing his mind towards this dereliction from evident duty. Beaufort overflowed in confused apologies. "I did go to Dunearn, but I was too late; and I did not like to follow you to your aunt's, whom I don't know; and then—and then——" The fact is, I had an engagement," was the end of the whole; and as he said this, a curious change and movement came over Beaufort's face.

"An engagement! I did not think you knew anybody."

"No,—nor do I, except those I have known for years."

"The Lindores?" John said hastily,—"they were all at Dunearn."

"The fact is——" Here Beaufort paused and walked to the fire, which was low, and poked it vigorously. He had nearly succeeded in making an end of it altogether before he resumed. "The fact is,"—with his back to John,—"I thought it only proper—to call—and make inquiries." He cleared his throat, then said hurriedly, "In short, Erskine, I have been to Tinto." There was a tremulous sound in his voice which went to John's heart. Who was he that he should blame his brother? A fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind.

"*Déjà!*" was all that John said.

"*Déjà*—yes; perhaps I ought to have waited. But when you reflect how long—how long it is: and all that has happened, and what we both have suffered——"

“Do you mean that you have gone over all that already?” John asked, amazed. But Beaufort made him no reply. The fumes of that meeting were still in his head, and all that he had said and all that had been said to him. The master of the house was scarcely out of it, so to speak; his shadow was still upon the great room, the staircases, and passages; but Carry had lived, it seemed to her years, since the decree of freedom was pronounced for her. If there was indecorum in his visit, she was unaware of it. To feel themselves together, to be able each to pour out to the other the changes in their minds, the difference of age and experience, the unchangeableness of the heart, was to them both a mystery—a wonder inscrutable. Beaufort did not care a brass farthing for John’s escape; he had heard all about it, but he had not even taken it into his mind. He tried to put on a little interest now, and asked some confused questions without paying any attention to the answers he received. When they met at dinner they talked upon indifferent subjects, ignoring on both sides the things that were of the deepest interest. “Has not Rolls come back with you? Oh, I beg your pardon,—I forgot,” said Beaufort. And John did not think very much more of Rolls, to tell the truth.

Lord Millefleurs went away a few days after; but Beaufort considered that, on the whole, it would suit him better to remain in Scotland a little longer. “What can I do for you?” he said; “the Duke is deceiving himself. You are quite as well able to look after yourself as I am. Why should I pretend to exercise functions which we all know are quite unnecessary? I have only just come, and Erskine is willing to keep me. I think I shall stay.”

“My dear fellow,” said little Millefleurs, “your sentiments are mine to a T; but we agreed, don’t you know? that the Duke has a great many things in his power, and that it might be as well to humour him. You have eased his mind, don’t you know?—and why shouldn’t you get the good of it? You are too viewy and disinterested, and that sort of thing. But I am a practical man. Come along!” said Millefleurs. When Beaufort continued to shake his head, as he puffed out solemn mouthfuls of smoke, planting himself ever more deeply, as if to take root there, in his easy-chair, Millefleurs turned to John and appealed to him. “Make that fellow come along, Erskine; it will be for his good,” the little Marquis said. There was a little pucker in his smooth forehead. “Life is not plain sailing,” he went on; “*les convenances* are not such humbug as men suppose. Look here, Beaufort, come along; it will be better for you, don’t you know?—”

“I am sick of thinking what is better for me,” said Beaufort. “I shall please myself for once in my life. What have the *convenances* to do with me?” He did not meet the look of his junior and supposed pupil, but got up and threw away his cigar and stalked to the window, where his long figure shut out almost all the light. Little Millefleurs folded his plump hands, and shook his round boyish head. The other was a much more dignified figure, but his outline against the light had a limp irresolution in it. He knew that he ought to go away; but how could he do it? To find your treasure that was lost after so many years, and then go straight away and leave it—was that possible? And then, perhaps, it had flashed across Beaufort’s mind, who had been hanging on waiting

for fortune so long, and never had bestirred himself,—perhaps it flashed upon him that now—*now*—the Duke's patronage, and the places and promotions in his power, might be of less importance. But this was only a shadow flying like the shadows of the hills upon which he was gazing, involuntary, so that he was not to blame for it. Millefleurs went away alone next day. He took a very tender farewell of the ladies at Lindores, asking permission to write to them. "And if I hear anything of *her*, don't you know? I shall tell you," he said to Edith, holding her hand affectionately in both of his. "You must hear something of her—you must go and find her," said Edith. Millefleurs put his head on one side like a sentimental robin. "But it is quite unsuitable, don't you know?" he said, and drove away, kissing his hand with many a tender token of friendship. Lord Lindores could scarcely endure to see these evidences of an affectionate parting. He had come out, as in duty bound, to speed the parting guest with the proper smile of hospitable regret; but as soon as Millefleurs was out of sight, turned upon his heel with an expression of disgust. "He is a little fool, if he is not a little humbug. I wonder if he ever was in earnest at all?" This was addressed to Rintoul, who of late had avoided all such subjects, and now made no reply.

"I say, I wonder whether he ever meant anything serious at all?" said Lord Lindores, in a tone of irritation, having called his son into the library after him; "and you don't even take the trouble to answer me. But one thing he has done, he has invited you to Ess Castle; and as I suggested to you before, there is Lady Reseda, a very nice girl, in every way desirable——"

"I have had my leave already," said Rintoul, hastily. "It was kind of Millefleurs; but I don't see how I can go——"

"I never knew before that there was any such serious difficulty about leave," said his father. "You can cut off your last fortnight here."

"I don't think that would do," said Rintoul, with a troubled look. "I have made engagements—for nearly every day."

"You had better speak out at once. Tell me, what I know you are thinking, that the Duke's daughter, because your father suggests her, is not to be thought of. You are all alike. I once thought you had some sense, Rintoul."

"I—I hope I have so still. I don't think it is good taste to bring in a lady's name——"

"Oh, d——n your good taste," cried the exasperated father; "a connection of this kind would be everything for me. What I am trying to obtain will, remember this, be for you and your children as well. You have no right to reap the benefit if you don't do what you can to bring it about."

"I should like to speak to you on—on the whole subject—some time or other," said the young man. He was like a man eager to give a blow, yet so frightened that he ran away in the very act of delivering it. Lord Lindores looked at him with suspicious eyes.

"I don't know any reason why you shouldn't speak now. It would be well that we should understand each other," he said.

But this took away all power from Rintoul. He almost trembled as he stood before his father's too keen—too penetrating eyes.

"Oh, don't let me trouble you now," he said, nervously; "and besides, I have something to do.

Dear me, it is three o'clock!" he cried, looking at his watch and hurrying away. But he had really no engagement for three o'clock. It was the time when Nora, escaping from her old lady, came out for a walk; and they had met on several occasions, though never by appointment. Nora, for her part, would not have consented to make any appointment. Already she began to feel herself in a false position. She was willing to accept and keep inviolable the secret with which he had trusted her; but that she herself, a girl full of high-mindedness and honour, should be his secret too, and carry on a clandestine intercourse which nobody knew anything of, was to Nora the last humiliation. She had not written home since it happened; for to write home and not to tell her mother of what had happened, would have seemed to the girl falsehood. She felt false with Miss Barbara; she had an intolerable sense at once of being wronged, and wrong, in the presence of Lady Lindores and Edith. She would no more have made an appointment to meet him than she would have told a lie. But poor Nora, who was only a girl after all, notwithstanding these high principles of hers, took her walk daily along the Lindores road. It was the quietest, the prettiest. She had always liked it better than any other—so she said to herself; and naturally Rintoul, who could not go to Dunearn save by that way, met her there. She received him, not with any rosy flush of pleasure, but with a blush that was hot and angry, resolving that tomorrow she would turn her steps in a different direction, and that this should not occur again; and she did not even give him her hand when they met, as she would have done to the doctor or the minister,

or any one of the ordinary passers-by.

"You are angry with me, Nora," he said.

"I don't know that I have any right to be angry. We have very little to do with each other, Lord Rintoul."

"Nora!" he cried; "Nora! do you want to break my heart. What is this? It is not so very long since!—"

"It is long enough," she said, "to let me see— It is better that we should not say anything more about that. One is a fool—one is taken by surprise—one does not think what it means—"

"Do you imagine I will let myself be thrown off like this?" he cried, with great agitation. "Nora, why should you despise me so—all for the sake of old Rolls?"

"It is not all for the sake of old Rolls."

"I will go and see him, if you like, to-day. I will find out from him what he means. It is his own doing, it is not my doing. You know I was more surprised than any one. Nora, think! If you only think, you will see that you are unreasonable. How could I stand up and contradict a man who had accused himself?"

"I was not thinking of Rolls," cried Nora, who had tried to break in on this flood of eloquence in vain. "I was thinking of— Lord Rintoul, I am not a person of rank like you—I don't know what lords and ladies think it right to do—but I will not have clandestine meetings with any one. If a man wants me, if he were a prince, he must ask my father,—he must do it in the eye of day, not as if he were ashamed. Good-bye! do not expect me to see you any more." She turned as she spoke, waved her hand, and walked quickly away. He was too much aston-

ished to say a word. He made a step or two after her, but she called to him that she would not suffer it, and walked on at full speed. Rintoul looked after her aghast. He tried to laugh to himself, and to say, "Oh, it is that, is it?" but he could not. There was nothing gratifying to his pride to be got out of the incident at all. He turned after she was out of sight, and

went home crest-fallen. She never turned round, nor looked back,—made no sign of knowing that he stood there watching her. Poor Rintoul crept along homeward in the early gloaming with a heavy heart. He would have to beard the lions, then—no help for it; indeed he had always intended to do it, but not now, when there was so much excitement in the air.

CHAPTER XLV.

Rolls in the county jail, sent hither on his own confession, was in a very different position from John Erskine, waiting examination there. He was locked up without ceremony in a cell, his respectability and his well known antecedents all ignored. Dunnotter was at some distance from the district in which he was known, and Thomas Rolls, domestic servant, charged with manslaughter, did not impress the official imagination as Mr Rolls the factotum of Dalrulzian had long impressed the mind of his own neighbourhood and surroundings. And Rolls, to tell the truth, was deeply depressed when he found himself shut up within that blank interior, with nothing to do, and nothing to support the *amour propre* which was his strength, except the inborn conviction of his own righteousness and exemplary position,—a sight for all men. But there is nothing that takes down the sense of native merit so much as solitude and absence of appreciation. Opposition and hostility are stimulants, and keep warm in us the sense of our own superiority, but not the contemptuous indifference of a surly turnkey to whom one is No. 25, and who cared not a straw for Rolls's position and career. He felt himself getting limp as the long featureless days went on, and

doubts of every kind assailed him. Had he been right to do it? Since he had made this sacrifice for his master, there had come into his mind a chill of doubt which he had never been touched by before. Was it certain that it was John who had done it? Might not he, Rolls, be making a victim of himself for some nameless tramp, who would never even know of it, nor care, and whose punishment would be doubly deserved and worthy of no man's interference? Rolls felt that this was a suggestion of the devil for his discomfiture. He tried to chase it out of his mind by thinking of the pleasures he had secured for himself in that last week of his life—of Edinburgh Castle and the Calton Jail and the Earthen Mound and the wonders of the Observatory. To inspect these had been the dream of his life, and he had attained that felicity. He had believed that this would give him "plenty to think about" for the rest of his life—and that, especially for the time of his confinement, it would afford an excellent provision; but he did not find the solace that he had expected in musing upon Mons Meg and the Scottish Regalia. How dreadful four walls become when you are shut up within them; how the air begins to hum and buzz after a

while with your thoughts that have escaped you, and swarm about like bees, all murmurous and unresting—these were the discoveries he made. Rolls grew nervous, almost hysterical, in the unusual quiet. What would he not have given for his plate to polish, or his lamps to trim! He had been allowed to have what are called writing materials,—a few dingy sheets of note-paper, a penny bottle of ink, a rusty steel pen—but Rolls was not accustomed to literary composition: and a few books—but Rolls was scornful of what he called “*novelles*,” and considered even more serious reading, as an occupation which required thought and a mind free of care. And nobody came to see him. He had no effusion of gratitude and sweet praise from his master. Mr Monypenny was Rolls’s only visitor, who came to take all his explanations, and get a perfect understanding of how his case ought to be conducted. The butler had become rather limp and feeble before even Mr Monypenny appeared.

“I’m maybe not worthy of much,” Rolls said, with a wave of his hand, “but I think there’s one or two might have come to see me—one or two.”

“I think so too, Rolls; but it is not want of feeling. I have instructions from Mr Erskine to spare no expense; to have the very best man that can be had. And I make no doubt we’ll carry you through. I’m thinking of trying Jardine, who is at the very top of the tree.”

“And what will that cost, if I may make so bold, Mr Monypenny?”

When he heard the sum that was needed for the advocate’s fee, Rolls’s countenance fell, but his spirit rose. “Lord bless us!” he said,—“a’ that for standing up and discoursing before the Court! And

most of them are real well pleased to hear themselves speak, if it were without fee or reward. I think shame to have a’ that siller spent upon me; but it’s a grand thing of the young master, and a great compliment: it will please Bauby, too.”

“He ought to have come to see you,—so old a servant, and a most faithful one,” said Mr Monypenny.

“Well-awell, sir, there’s many things to be said: a gentleman has things to do; there’s a number of calls upon his time. He would mean well, I make no doubt, and then he would forget; but to put his hand in his pocket like that! Bauby will be very well pleased. I am glad, poor woman, that she has the like of that to keep up her heart.”

“Well, Rolls, I am glad to see that you are so grateful. Thinking over all the circumstances, and that you lost no time in giving the alarm, and did your best to have succour carried to him, I think I may say that you will be let off very easy. I would not be astonished if you were discharged at once. In any case it will be a light sentence. You may keep your mind easy about that.”

“It’s all in the hands of Providence,” said Rolls. He was scarcely willing to allow that his position was one to be considered so cheerfully. “It will be a grand exhibition o’ eloquence,” he said; “and will there be as much siller spent, and as great an advocate on the other side, Mr Monypenny? It’s a wonderful elevating thought to think that the best intellects in the land will be warstlin’ ower a simple body like me.”

“And that is true, Rolls; they will just warstle over ye—it will be a treat to hear it. And if I get Jardine, he will do it *con amore*,

for he's a sworn enemy to the Procurator, and cannot bide the Lord Advocate. He's a tremendous speaker when he's got a good subject; and he'll do it *con amore*."

"Well - awell, sir; if it's con amaray or con onything else, sae long as he can convince the jury," said Rolls. He was pleased with the importance of this point of view; but when Mr Monypenny left him, it required all his strength of mind to apply this consolation. "If they would but do it quick, I wouldna stand upon the honour of the thing," he said to himself.

Next day, however, he had a visitor who broke the tedium very effectually. Rolls could not believe his eyes when his door suddenly opened, and Lord Rintoul came in. The young man was very much embarrassed, and divided, apparently, between a somewhat fretful shame and a desire to show great cordiality. He went so far as to shake hands with Rolls, and then sat down on the only chair, not seeming to know what to do next. At length he burst forth, colouring up to his hair, "I want to know what made you say that?—for you know it's not true."

Rolls, surprised greatly by his appearance at all, was thunderstruck by this sudden demand. "I don't just catch your meaning, my lord," he said.

"Oh, my meaning—my meaning is not very difficult. What are you here for? Is it on Erskine's account? Did he make any arrangement? What is he to do for you?" said Rintoul hurriedly. "It is all such a mystery to me, I don't know what to make of it. When I heard you say it, I could not believe my ears."

Rolls looked at him with a very steady gaze—a gaze which gradually became unbearable to the young man. "Don't stare at me,

he cried roughly, "but answer me. What is the meaning of it?—that's what I want to know."

"Your lordship," said Rolls, slowly, "is beginning at the hinder end of the subjik, so far as I can see. Maybe ye will tell me first, my lord, what right ye have to come into a jyel that belongs to the Queen's maist sacred Majesty, as the minister says, and question me, a person awaiting my trial? Are ye a commissioner, or are ye an advocate, or maybe with authority from the Procurator himsel'? I never heard that you had anything to do with the law."

"I'm sure I beg your pardon," said Rintoul, subduing himself. "No; I've nothing to do with the law. I daresay I'm very abrupt. I don't know how to put it, you know; but you remember I was there—at least I wasn't far off: I was—the first person that came. They'll call me for a witness at the trial, I suppose. Can't you see what a confusing sort of thing it is for me. I *know*, you know. Don't you know I *know*? Why, how could you have done it when it was—— Look here, it would be a great relief to me, and to another—to—a lady—who takes a great interest in you—if you would speak out plain."

The eyes of Rolls were small and grey,—they were not distinguished by any brightness or penetrating quality; but any kind of eyes, when fixed immovably upon a man's face, especially a man who has anything to hide, become insupportable, and burn holes into his very soul. Rintoul pushed away his chair, and tried to avoid this look. Then he perceived, suddenly, that he had appropriated the only chair, and that Rolls, whom he had no desire to irritate, but quite the reverse, was standing. He rose up hastily and thrust the chair towards him.

“Look here,” he said, “hadn’t you better sit down? I didn’t observe it was the only seat in the room.”

“They call this a cell, my lord, and we’re in a *ijel*, not a private mansion. I’m a man biding the course of the law.”

“Oh yes, yes, yes! I know all that: why should you worry me?” cried Rintoul. He wanted to be civil and friendly, but he did not know how. “We are all in a muddle,” he said, “and don’t see a step before us. Why have you done it? What object had he in asking you, or you in doing it? Can’t you tell me? I’ll make it all square with Erskine if you’ll tell me: and I should know better what to do.”

“You take a great interest in me—that was never any connection, nor even a servant in your lordship’s family. It’s awfu’ sudden,” said Rolls; “but I’ll tell you what, my lord,—I’ll make a bargain with you. If you’ll tell me what reason you have for wanting to ken, I will tell you whatfor I’m here.”

Rintoul looked at Rolls with a confused and anxious gaze, knowing that the latter on his side was reading him far more effectually. “You see,” he said, “I was—somewhere about the wood. I—I don’t pretend to mean that I could—see what you were about exactly,—but—but I *know*, you know!” cried Rintoul, confusedly; “that’s just my reason—and I want you to tell me what’s the meaning? I don’t suppose you can like being here,” he said, glancing round; “it must be dreadful slow work,—nothing to do. You remember Miss Barrington, who always took so great an interest in you? Well, it was she—She—would like to know.”

“Oh ay, Miss Nora,” said Rolls.

“Miss Nora was a young lady I likit weel. It was a great wish of mine, if we ever got our wishes in this world, that Dalrulzian and her might have drawn together. She was awfu’ fond of the place.”

“Dalrulzian and——! I suppose you think there’s nobody like Dalrulzian, as you call him,” cried Rintoul, red with anger, but forcing a laugh. “Well, I don’t know if it was for his sake or for your sake, Rolls; but Miss Nora—wanted to know——”

“And your lordship cam’ a’ this gait for that young lady’s sake? She is set up with a lord to do her errands,” said Rolls. “And there’s few things I would refuse to Miss Nora; but my ain private affairs are—well, my lord, they’re just my ain private affairs. I’m no bound to unburden my bosom, except at my ain will and pleasure, if it was to the Queen hersel’.”

“That is quite true—quite true, Rolls. Jove! what is the use of making mysteries?—if I was ignorant, don’t you see! but we’re both in the same box. I was—his brother-in-law, you know; that made it so much worse for me. Look here! you let me run on, and let out all sort of things.”

“Do you mean to tell me, Lord Rintoul, that it was you that pushed Pat Torrance over the brae?”

The two men stood gazing at each other. The old butler, flushed with excitement, his shaky old figure erecting itself, expanding, taking a commanding aspect; the young lord, pale, with anxious puckers about his eyes, shrinking backward into himself, deprecating, as if in old Rolls he saw a judge ready to condemn him. “We are all—in the same box,” he faltered. “He was mad; he would have it: first, Erskine; if it didn’t happen with Erskine, it was his good luck.

Then there's you, and me——” Rintoul never took his eyes from those of Rolls, on whose decision his fate seemed to hang. He was too much confused to know very well what he was saying. The very event itself, which he had scarcely been able to forget since it happened, began to be jumbled up in his mind. Rolls—somehow Rolls must have had to do with it too. It was not he only that had seized the bridle,—that had heard the horrible scramble of the hoofs, and the dull crash and moan. He seemed to hear all that again as he stood drawing back before John Erskine's servant. Erskine had been in it. It might just as well have happened to Erskine; and it seemed to him, in his giddy bewilderment, that it had happened again also to Rolls. But Rolls had kept his counsel, while he had betrayed himself. All the alarms which he had gone through on the morning of the examination came over him again. Well! perhaps she would be satisfied now.

“Then it was none of my business,” said Rolls. The old man felt as if he had fallen from a great height. He was stunned and silenced for the moment. He sat down upon his bed vacantly, forgetting all the punctilios in which his life had been formed. “Then the young master thinks it's me,” he added slowly, “and divines nothing, no-thing! and instead of the truth, will say till himself, ‘That auld brute, Rolls, to save his auld bones, keepit me in prison four days.’” The consternation with which he dropped forth sentence after sentence from his mouth, supporting his head in his hands, and looking out from the curve of his palms with horror-stricken eyes into the air, not so much as noticing his alarmed and anxious companion, was wonderful. Then after a long

pause, Rolls, looking up briskly, with a light of indignation in his face, exclaimed, “And a' the time it was you, my lad, that did it?—I'm meaning,” Rolls added with fine emphasis, “my lord! and never steppit in like a gentleman to say ‘it's me—set free that innocent man’——”

“Rolls, look here!” cried Rintoul, with passion—“look here! don't think so badly till you know. I meant to do it. I went there that morning fully prepared. You can ask her, and she will tell you. When somebody said, ‘The man's here’—Jove! I stepped out; I was quite ready. And then—you might have doubled me up with a touch;—you might have knocked me down with a feather—when I saw it was *you*. What could I do? The words were taken out of my mouth. Which of us would they have believed? Most likely they would have thought we were both in a conspiracy to save Erskine, and that he was the guilty one after all.”

It was not a very close attention which Rolls gave to this impassioned statement. He was more occupied, as was natural, with its effect upon his own position. “I was just an auld eediot,” he said to himself—“just a fool, as I've been all my born days. And what will Bauby say? And Dalrulzian, he'll think I was in earnest, and that it was just me! Lord be about us, to think a man should come to my age, and be just as great a fool! Him do it! No; if I had just ever thought upon the subjik; if I hadna been an eediot, and an ill-thinking, suspicious, bad-minded—— Lord! me to have been in the Dalrulzian family this thirty years, and kened them to the backbone, and made such a mistake at the end——” He paused for a long time upon this, and then added, in a shrill

tone of emotion, shame, and distress, "And now he will think a' the time that it was really me!"

Rintoul felt himself sink into the background with the strangest feelings. When a man has wound himself up to make an acknowledgment of wrong, whatever it is, even of much less importance than this, he expects to gain a certain credit for his performance. Had it been done in the Town House at Dunearn, the news would have run through the country and thrilled every bosom. When he considered the passionate anxiety with which Nora had awaited his explanation on that wonderful day, and the ferment caused by Rolls's substitution of himself for his master, it seemed strange indeed that this old fellow should receive the confession of a person so much his superior, and one which might deliver him from all the consequences of his rashness, with such curious unconcern. He stood before the old butler like a boy before his schoolmaster, as much irritated by the carelessness with which he was treated as frightened for the certain punishment. And yet it was his only policy to ignore all that was disrespectful, and to conciliate Rolls. He waited, therefore, though with his blood boiling, through the sort of colloquy which Rolls thus held with himself, not interrupting, wondering, and yet saying to himself there could be no doubt what the next step must be.

"I am no' showing ye proper respect, my lord," said Rolls at last; "but when things is a' out of the ordinar like this, it canna be wondered at if a man forgets his mainners. It's terrible strange all that's happened. I canna well give an account o't to myself. That I should been such an eediot, and you—maybe no' so keen about your honour as your

lordship's friends might desire." Here he made a pause, as sometimes a schoolmaster will do, to see his victim writhe and tempt him to rebellion. But Rintoul was cowed, and made no reply.

"And ye have much to answer for, my lord," Rolls continued, "on my account, though ye maybe never thought me worth a thought. Ye've led me to take a step that it will be hard to win over—that has now no justification and little excuse. For my part, I canna see my way out of it, one way or another," he added, with a sigh; "for you'll allow that it's but little claim you, or the like of you, for all your lordship, have upon me."

"I have no claim," said Rintoul, hastily; and then he added, in a whisper of intense anxiety, "What are you going to do?"

Rolls rose up from his bed to answer this question. He went to the high window with its iron railings across the light, from which he could just see the few houses that surrounded the gates, and the sky above them. He gave a sigh, in which there was great pathos and self-commiseration, and then he said, with a tone of bewilderment and despair, though his phraseology was not, perhaps, dignified,—“I'm in a hobble that I cannot see how to get out of. A man cannot, for his ain credit, say one thing one afternoon and another the next day.”

"Rolls," said Rintoul, with new hope, coming a little closer, "we are not rich: but if I could offer you anything,—make it up to you, anyhow—"

"Hold your peace, my lord," said the old man testily—"hold your peace. Speak o' the vulgar!" he added to himself, in an undertone of angry scorn. "Maybe you think I did it for siller—for something I was to get!" Then he

returned to his bed and sat down again, passing Rintoul as if he did not see him. "But the lad is young," he said to himself, "and it would be shairp, shairp upon the family, being the son-in-law and a'. And to say I did it, and then to say I didna do it, wha would put ony faith in me? I'm just committed to it one way or another. It's not what I thought, but I'll have to see it through. My Lord Rintoul," said Rolls, raising his head, "you've gotten me into a pretty pickle, and I canna see my way out of it. I'm just that way situate that I canna contradict mysel'—at least, I will not contradict mysel'!" he added, with an angry little stamp of his foot. "They may say I'm a homicide, but no man shall say I'm a leear. It would make more scandal if I were to turn round upon you and convict ye out of your ain mouth, than if I were just to hold my tongue, and see what the High Court of Justeiciary will say."

"Rolls!" Rintoul could not believe his ears in the relief and joy. He wanted to burst forth into a thousand thanks, but dared not speak lest he should offend rather than please. "Rolls! if you will do me such a kindness, I shall never forget it. No words can tell what I feel. If I can do anything—no, no, that is not what I mean—to please you—to show my gratitude——"

"I am not one to flatter," said Rolls. "It would be for none of your sake—it would be just for myself, and my ain credit. But there are twa-three things. You will sign me a paper in your ain hand of write, proving that it was you, and no' me. I will make no use o't till a's blown over; but I wouldna like the master to go to his grave, nor to follow me to mine—as he would be sure to do—think-

ing it was me. I'll have that for a satisfaction. And then there's another bit maitter. Ye'll go against our young master in no-thing he's set his heart upon. He is a lad that is sore left to himself. Good and evil were set before him, and he—did not choose the good. And the third thing is just this. Him that brings either skaith or scorn upon Miss Nora, I'll no' put a fit to the ground for him, if he was the king. Thir's my conditions, my Lord Rintoul. If ye like them, ye can give your promise—if no', no'; and all that is to follow will be according. For I'm no' a Lindores man, nor have naething to do with the parish, let alane the family: ye needna imagine one way or another that it's for your sake——"

"If you want to set up as overseer over my conduct," cried Rintoul hastily, "and interfere with my private concerns——"

"What am I heedin' about your lordship's private concerns? No me! They're above me as far as the castle's above the kitchen. Na, na. Just what regards young Dalrulzian, and anything that has to do with Miss Nora——"

"Don't bring in a lady's name, at least," cried Rintoul, divided between rage and fear.

"And who was it that brought in the lady's name? You can do it for your purpose, my lord, and I'll do't for mine. If I hear of a thing that lady's father would not approve of, or that brings a tear to her bonnie eyes, poor thing! poor thing!——"

"For heaven's sake, Rolls, hold that tongue of yours! Do you think I want an old fellow like you to teach me my duty to—to—the girl I'm going to marry! Don't drive a man mad by way of doing him a favour. I'm not ungrateful. I'll not forget it. Whatever I can

do!—but for God's sake don't hit a fellow when he's down,—don't dig at me as if I hadn't a feeling in me," cried Rintoul. He felt more and more like a whipped schoolboy, half crying, half foaming at the mouth, with despite and humiliation. It is impossible to describe the grim pleasure with which Rolls looked on. He liked to see the effect of his words. He liked to bring this young lord to his knees, and enjoy his triumph over him. But there are limits to mortal enjoyment, and the time during which his visitor was permitted to remain with him was near an end. Rolls employed the few minutes that remained in impressing upon Rintoul the need for great caution in his evidence. "Ye maun take awfu' care to keep to the truth. Ye'll mind that a' ye have to do with is after you and me met. An oath is no' a thing to play with,—an oath," said Rolls, shaking his grey head, "is a terrible thing."

Rintoul, in his excitement, laughed loud. "You set me an excellent example," he said.

"I hope so," said Rolls gravely. "Ye'll mind this, my lord, that the accused is no' on his oath; he canna be called upon to criminate himself—that's one of the first grand safeguards of our laws. Whatever ill posterity may hear of me, there's no' one in the country can say that Thomas Rolls was mansworn!"

Rintoul left Dunnotter with feelings for which it would be difficult to find any description in words. There was a ringing in his ears as he drove across the bare moorland country about Dunnotter, a dizzying rush of all his thoughts. He had

the feeling of a man who has just escaped a great personal danger, and scarcely realises, yet is tremblingly-conscious in every limb, of his escape. He threw the reins to his groom when he approached Dunearn, and walked through the little town in the hope of seeing Nora, notwithstanding her disavowal of him, to pour out into her ears—the only ones into which he could breathe it—an account of this extraordinary interview. But it was in vain that he traced with eager feet every path she was likely to take, and walked past Miss Barbara's house again and yet again, till the lamps began to be lighted in the tranquil streets and to show at the windows. The evening was chilly, and Rintoul was cold with agitation and anxiety. He felt more disconsolate than any Peri as he stood outside, and looking up saw the windows all closed so carefully, the shutters barred, the curtains drawn. There was no chance for him through these manifold mufflings, and he did not venture to go and ask for her, though she was so necessary to him,—not only his love and his affianced wife, as he said to himself, but his only confidant—the sole creature in the world to whom he dared to speak of that which filled his mind and heart. It was with the most forlorn sense of abandonment and desolation that he turned his face towards the house in which he was so important, and so much love awaited him, but where nobody knew even the A B C of his history. His only confidant was offended Nora, who had vowed to see him no more.

A SIBYLLINE LEAF.

PROEM.

BEFORE I relate the following story, I must explain to what extent the facts contained in it are true, and in what manner I became acquainted with them. Philosophers have long held that facts are but a secondary reality. The idea alone is true in the strict meaning of the word. The embodiment of the idea in a form cognisable by the senses is a mere circumstance or accident. The circle or triangle to which so many geometrical properties belong is ideal only. Nature never made either one or the other. And thus the great Kant was led to conclude that *Dasein* or Being was no proper predicate,—that to say of anything that it has or had an actual existence, adds nothing to an understanding of its character. We can form an idea of Julius Cæsar, of his birth, his consulship, his conquests, his overthrow of the Roman constitution, and his death in the senate-house. The picture in our mind will be complete in itself; and to say that these things were facts leaves the image no more distinct than it was before, or the conception more pregnant. Nay, if conceived as a possibility merely, and as no more than a possibility, Julius Cæsar would still be a really existing being. This or that opinion could be formed of his character; this or that judgment could be passed upon his actions. If he was nothing, the opinion would be nothing, and the judgment nothing; and of nothing no proposition could be either true or false. When we have once allowed something to be possible, we have already conceded that it is a reality; or we fall into the jaws of the *Satz des Widerspruchs*

—the monster which lies in wait to devour the unwary wanderer in the metaphysical labyrinth.

The seeming paradox is the most consolatory of spiritual truths. Leibnitz, first of modern thinkers, penetrated the perilous circuit with the thread in his hand of the “pre-established harmony,” and returned to reveal the mystery. He had proved to his satisfaction that the series of phenomena which we call the existing universe are co-ordinated together in an indissoluble chain of cause and effect; that nothing, to the falling of a sparrow, could be other than it is, and that all is as perfect as sovereign Wisdom could make it. But inasmuch as, in this “best of all possible worlds,” there were still criminal and miserable persons, who as creatures of a fatal necessity presumed to think that they were hardly treated, especially when informed that their misdeeds might involve their everlasting punishment, Leibnitz lifted the veil which concealed the Counsels of the Everlasting, and showed them that their wretched existence, which they supposed to be their only one, was but a unit out of infinitude,—a single insignificant fraction of their spiritual totality. Sextus Tarquinius, as realised in the world of sense, was a ravisher and a murderer, and brought ruin on himself and his father’s house. Sextus Tarquinius would have preferred to be good and happy, and protested against the abominable lot which the fatal sisters had woven for him. Leibnitz, who had undertaken to vindicate the ways of God to man, committed Sextus with a smile to the care of

the Angel of Destiny. The angel led him down to the caverns where the ladies of whom he complained were at their work, and he found them weaving his fortune, not in one pattern, but in infinite patterns. To the Infinite Maker of all things there were infinite possibilities, each perfectly organised and consistent to the finest fibre. In the universe of experience, developed under conditions of time and space, Tarquin beheld himself indeed violating the bridal chamber of Lucretia, and expiating his wickedness under the lash of the Furies. But time and space being themselves but imaginary entities, gave no superior or exceptional reality to the existence which was entangled in them. He beheld other infinite possible universes, equally real in themselves, though unrealised in sensible shape, where the ravisher of Lucrece was leading a life of piety and purity, a loving husband, a happy father, a faithful friend, a noble and worthy citizen, and closing an honoured career amidst the tears of a grateful country.

One alone of these infinite universes had been selected for outward manifestation, the Infinite Maker having so ordered. And of this the Sextus of space and time could alone be cognisant. But the Sextus of history was not the only Sextus. Space and time were but forms; and all possibilities were alike in the infinite mind in which

they originated. The riddle was solved. Sextus was not one but many. He was perplexed by the multiplicity of his individuality, but he was consoled by knowing that he was not entirely wicked or entirely wretched. He sighed, but he believed and adored.

Since Leibnitz found his way into the chamber of the Fates, and introduced his friend there, the approaches have remained open for those who will to enter them; and many a mortal has since strayed thither in idle hours to gaze on the "infinite possibilities," "the visions of the future," and "all the wonders that shall be." There along the endless corridors the mystic tapes-tries are hanging. Which among them all is to be hung hereafter for exhibition in the picture-gallery of Time is known alone to the weird sisters—to them, and to the

"Prophetic soul
Of the wide world, dreaming on things
to come."

But there are few of us who have not at one period or other ventured a visit into that conditional region, or tried to hear what that soul might be muttering in its sleep. I among the rest had wandered thither, amusing myself with actualities and possibilities, when my eye was caught by a scene familiar to me. I stopped, looked steadily at it, and felt myself transported to the spot. I could see and hear as if I was actually present.

I.

It was in the year 1950. The place was the public garden at Cape Town—beautiful as the garden of Alcinous. Table Mountain was in its old place, a mist clinging to the level summit, the crags looking out from under it, so close and menacing, that they seemed as

if they would one day fall and bury city and people under their majestic mass. But Cape Town was still nestling under their shadows. Those crags had stood for tens of thousands of years, and would stand, perhaps, tens of thousands of years more, with the pine-forests climb-

ing to their feet; by daylight forming a picture of extraordinary natural grandeur, and by night a rude instrument by which a simple people could measure the movements of the southern stars.

Dark-skinned philosophers had perhaps used it for such a purpose before the Europeans had set foot there to degrade them. The Bushmen and Hottentots knew at least the rising and setting of Canopus. But the white race, when they came, had brought skill and science with them. In spite of the economics of Mr Hume, who believed that a grant to Greenwich would suffice in a revolving globe for a complete observation of the celestial sphere, astronomers, Herschel especially, had been enabled, by the liberality of the English Government, to scan the southern sky with the most perfect instruments which modern art could produce.

There had been a change, however, apparently, since my own last visit. The library stood in its old place at the head of the gardens, but attached to it was now a new observatory, a spacious building, with wings containing suites of lecture-rooms and the private apartments of the professors. The Cape station had been selected as the site of a great astronomical university, the second on the globe. No other position in the southern hemisphere combined so many advantages in equality of climate and brilliancy of atmosphere, while it was a convenient meeting-place for men of science from the opposite side of the earth.

An important gathering had just taken place of astronomical *savans*. Groups of grave-looking men were strolling about the garden. There were English there, and Americans, and French, and Italians, and Germans: even Arab faces could be observed, and Indian and Chinese. The astronomical learning of the world had evidently been assem-

bled for a consultation on some point or points of universal interest to the descendants of Adam.

The descendants of Adam had been passing through an uneasy period. For a century or so they had gone upon the hypothesis that in politics and religion, the most important and most difficult subjects of human study, every individual was to be left to form his own opinion, and to give effect to it by his vote. The organic relations of man to man, and of all men to their Maker, were to be decided upon by the judgment of the majority. The sacred birthright of humanity was to obey no law, and accept no belief, which did not approve itself to the intellect of each particular unit. They had voted laws when laws were required, or had cancelled them when found disagreeable, in the confident certainty that the Ruler of the universe was a constitutional sovereign who would be guided by the voices of His creatures. As to the sovereign himself, and of their duties to him, they had all thought for themselves, and no one was allowed to interfere with his neighbour's privilege to form any conclusion that he pleased, and to express it as freely as he pleased. This notion of things had proved extremely pleasant, and for a time had seemed to prosper. All men like liberty, the liberty especially to do as they like. And this liberty appeared to have been the one thing needed to make the world's affairs run smoothly. It was like sawing through the bulkheads when a vessel is running before the wind. The ship has free play, and slides through the water with redoubled ease. Population multiplied, wealth multiplied, pleasures multiplied, and along with the pleasures grew the appetite for them. But wealth and pleasure were not distributed equally. The few had

much, the many little; and the many being the clear majority, had the power in their hands. Being left to think for themselves, they had by this time come to the conclusion, that unless they got their share of good things in this world, they were not likely to have the loss made up to them in another. Consequently they had cried out generally for a more equal division, and had taken steps to bring it about. The wind had changed. The ship which sailed so smoothly in the trade-winds within the tropics, could no longer face a sea-way. The old rules of political navigation having been voted down and discredited, could not be revived. The minds of men were filled with notions which, not being in accordance with facts, were not workable; and wherever these notions had taken root, the results had been hungry stomachs, crying for food where there was no food to give them;—confusion, anarchy, and broken heads,—the thousand millions of mankind dissolved into disintegrated atoms, each caring to save himself, careless of what came to the rest; and finally, perhaps, the worst condition mankind had ever known since Noah's deluge.

Had those days lasted no flesh could have been saved. But practical misery is a powerful educator. Loud as the cry had been for the rights of man, it was louder now for wisdom to rule. The survivors of the catastrophe turned from their idol with a loathing as violent as their previous adoration. In all societies the majority are fools, but the fools themselves had experienced what folly issued in, and were the most passionate in their clamour for authority. They rushed into fetters as furiously as they had broken them; and a man who talked of liberty was likely to be tarred and feathered. The "progress" so

much boasted of had been but the blossoming of the aloe—a sudden lavish squandering of strength after centuries of silent growth. The aloe dies of the effort. The European nations had not died, but they were prostrate and humiliated. Out of their exhaustion had come the passionate cry, "Who will show us any good! Let us find our wisest men, and let them govern us, and woe to any wretch who shall choose a way of his own."

In every country there is always a wisest man. Such a man generally hides himself; but when the will to find him is universal and sincere, either he, or a near approach to him, will not fail to be discovered. Persons of this kind, thrust into authority in spite of themselves, were using it cautiously and moderately. Order reappeared; human life again became tolerable; the few remnants of the past civilisation which had vitality in them slowly recovered,—political liberty surviving only as a tradition of horror. But even horror cannot change a habit of mind which has been long indulged. Men had been deluded before by idle and extravagant hopes; they were now in as extreme despondency. And when the mind is under the influence of any strong emotion, the emotion will have its way and cannot be restrained. In earlier times religion would have been the natural resource under such conditions; and as there was no longer any danger from political excesses, it had been thought prudent to leave religion free. But religion, in fact, no longer existed. To the more energetic intellects, under the open discussions of the past age, even the constitutional theory of the world Ruler had disappeared. When it had been once ascertained that God was no personal active power, it had become no longer possible to believe in Him. The men of

science insisted that their eyes had never seen any Maker of the world ; that nothing which their eyes did see implied His existence. The historical Divinity had been destroyed, and could not be restored ; and though men were being made to feel to their cost that there were forces in the universe of which the philosophers had no conception, they could form no distinct notion at all of what these forces might be. Among the illiterate, or the sensitive and superstitious, Romanism still survived, and timid and tender-hearted people hid themselves under its shadow. Others took to communicating with spirits, no longer through rapping tables, but under new forms, which shifted with the fashion of the times. Those who called themselves reasonable turned to science, which professed to rest upon a more certain basis. As long as their passions had found scope in the world of politics, the multitude had accepted the conclusions of the professors, and had acquired such knowledge as they possessed by rational submission to the few who were better informed than themselves. But they had been taught for centuries, that on the most intricate questions of government and religion they were not competent only, but were bound, as a matter of duty, to form independent opinions. If they were competent to form opinions of their own on the most difficult of all subjects, *a fortiori* they were free to judge of matters directly cognisable by their senses ; and the political avenues of speculation being closed to them, and the problems of religion, which had once been so agitating, having no longer sense or meaning, they had flung themselves with their passions all awake upon the mysteries of nature. Astronomy had been the focus of their inquiries — astronomy, or, rather,

astrology ; for the old tendency revived to extract out of the stars an interpretation of the enigma of their being. If there was any Infinite, it was in the infinity of space, in the midst of which the unhappy units were playing their bewildered parts. If there was any heaven, it was where those far-off celestial orbs passed nightly over their head, preaching calm to their troubled spirits ; or, as it might seem at times, mocking their impatient misery with the unmoved indifference with which the shining eyes looked down on them.

Astronomy, under the undisturbed labour of competent mathematicians and observers, had become the most exact of all the branches of natural knowledge. For thousands of years the movements of star and planet had been watched and noted down. Phenomena the most complex had been reduced to system ; irregularities, apparently the most inexplicable, had been explained by the action of universally operating law ; speculation had been tested by minute observation ; minute observation had suggested fresh speculation—till, one by one, each eccentric phenomenon had yielded to analysis. The solutions, however, were intelligible only to mathematicians. The real movements were not the apparent movements, but exactly the opposite to them. The motions of the planets had to be studied from a platform which was itself moving—moving both on its axis and through space. Patience, and the successive exertions of powerful intellects, undisturbed by impertinent interference, had triumphed over all difficulties ; and astronomy, at the end of the nineteenth century, had become a science as complete in itself and as certain in its conclusions, as Catholic theology had been six centuries before in the hands of the Angelical Doctor.

Into this serene element there was a sudden irruption of private judgment. The people had learnt from the astronomers that this globe of theirs was part of the solar system; that the solar system belonged to some larger system; that every orb which they beheld was moving in obedience to an all-comprehending law; that the smallest insect upon earth was a living unit in a universal organisation which extended to infinity. What was this system, as it was called? The scissors-grinder and the brick-layer had been told that he was fit to sit in judgment on the wisest statesman. He had found, to his cost, that he was not fit,—that his imagined right was a right merely to be in the wrong, and to suffer for it. But he was surely competent to understand objects visible to his eyes. What were the astronomers more than he? Had he not the same five senses? Had he not the same common-sense to understand what was plainly set before them? Plain men had weaknesses, perhaps, but so had the astronomers. Learned corporations liked well to be supposed possessors of some exclusive secret. It was not to be supposed that common understandings were incapable of a knowledge the possession of which was vital to them.

Thus, as the mixed multitude had once been theologians and politicians, so now they became observers, intent to use their private intelligence about the movements of the stars. The result, of course, was the wildest confusion. Instead of accurate knowledge, conveyed by competent teachers, the eyes of men were blinded, their ears deafened, and their throats choked by the dust of ignorance and clamour. The same causes which had destroyed religion and government were now destroying science. The effect and the origin of it became

alike evident. "Private judgment" would not answer. It was resolved that no one should speak or write any more except on subjects which he understood. The newspapers protested, for controversy was the breath of their existence, but a general statute being passed prohibiting the propagation of lies, they died a natural death. The only journal surviving was a Government Gazette, which contained nothing but ascertained truths.

"Liberty of opinion" in matters speculative had thus failed as disastrously as it had failed before in politics, and the world had had enough of it. The illusions vanished, and the temple and its worshippers alike disappeared. The exhausted nations gathered themselves together, and recognised that in facts alone was salvation, and that wise men and fools were not equally competent to discover what the facts were. Penitent, in sack-cloth and ashes, they no longer thought that they could discuss or alter the laws of the universe by the votes of majorities. They recognised, at last, that the laws of the universe had been voted by the Maker of it, independent of them or their wishes; that their own place in the matter was to find out what those laws were and obey them, or else to perish. The grass grows swiftly over a battle-field. Gracious nature pardons those who return to their allegiance, and stands their friend in the repair of their misfortunes. The return of outward order was not difficult when the pride of self-assertion had been humbled. The silent wise took the place of the eloquent orator; and the eloquent orator, if he ventured on a platform, was made to know that he was in a changed world. Individuals, sick alike of deciding how they would themselves be governed or of speculating on paralytic equations, attended each to

his own business ; and ceasing to boast of the progress of humanity, they began in earnest to resume the condition of moral and reasonable beings. The atmosphere was cleared amidst the wrecks of the

Babel towers of vanity ; simplicity could again clothe itself in forms of natural grace ; the enchanter's wand was broken ; the companions of Ulysses were restored to their natural shapes.

II.

It was necessary, however, that the lesson should be remembered, and the souls of men were saddened by the recollection of their scandalous orgies. I was once overtaken in Africa by a sudden violent storm. It came on late one summer afternoon. The sky grew dark as midnight. In a few seconds there was a rush of wind. The wind turned to rain,—rain which poured down till the plain on which we were travelling became a lake, and the horses were standing in water to their fetlocks. The thunder roared as if the whole circle of the horizon had been planted with batteries of giant artillery, and the air in the unceasing lightning burned like witches' oils, blue and green and crimson. For three hours the tempest lasted, and then vanished as it had come. There was again daylight. The skirts of the breaking clouds were tinted in the sunset lights ; the rays of heaven shone once more over the drenched and draggled earth ; a great rainbow, a full semicircle in the low sun, spanned the whole arch of heaven, the two horns of it resting in an iridescent mist. Beautiful but intensely sad. The rainbow spoke of hope,—but of hope for a day that was to come, not for the day that was departing. So it was with these poor people. The storm was over. They had recovered their senses, and they could put their houses in material order again, but they had lost what had made their lives beautiful, and this was not so easy to restore. They had lost their re-

ligion. Their Father in heaven had become a perhaps, and then a vacancy. They had done with illusions. Piety itself forbade them to take up with assertions, in self-will or cowardice, which were no longer certain to them : their very intellects had become confused with the licence of speculation.

They were beginning life over again from the foundations, and they found it hard to rouse themselves to the effort. What were they ? What were they to do ? The stars had returned no answer to their "common-sense and free inquiry." The stars shone on in their courses, calm, cold, and indifferent. After so many thousand years of experience, they had shown themselves such fools, that they inclined to think that they had run their course,—that the race of man, like so many other races, had spent its vital force, and was drawing to an end. Their astronomical speculations, absurd as they had been, had left behind them a vague sense of physical causes at work, which might make human life impossible. There were terrors of an expected comet. If the earth's attraction detained it but for a few hours, the earth might be stripped as bare of life as the moon. In the existing condition of men's minds, the gloomiest views obtained the readiest credit.

At this moment an unknown star suddenly made its appearance between the constellations of Cepheus and Cassiopeia. For the first few weeks it attracted little notice, being barely visible, but it

grew, month after month grew, till it became brilliant as Sirius, brilliant as Jupiter itself, and at length blazed with so fierce a lustre that it could be seen with naked eye in the full light of noon. By the astronomers it was supposed to be an old acquaintance; a star had been recorded as having appeared precisely at this spot at intervals of about 300 years, as having remained visible for a few years, and then vanished. It had been last seen by Tycho Brahe, who had left a minute account of it; and in the observatories it had been watched with extreme interest, but without any other emotion. With the world outside it was far otherwise. All mankind saw the star: those who knew its history were few. Appearing as it did at so peculiar a time, it seized on the universal imagination. It was useless to appeal to Tycho, for Tycho had been reprobated in the late discussion as among the misleaders of innocence. And millions upon millions of people, knowing as they did to their sorrow in how many illusions they had been living, and concluding scientific discoveries in general to be a mass of folly, fell back upon the beliefs of their forefathers, and saw in the star the angel of judgment,—the judgment which they had been taught to laugh at as an old wife's fable, coming in the majesty of heaven.

So universal was the alarm, that the various governments were obliged to take notice of it. To strengthen the hands of lawful authority at the time of the astronomical licence of opinion, it had been thought desirable to train a larger number of competent students and professors. The staff at the existing institutions had been strengthened; and among other places, an astronomical university had been established at the Cape of Good Hope. In addition

to the agitation about the new star, some real problems had presented themselves, of which no satisfactory solution had been offered. A doubt did certainly exist in the minds of some really competent persons, whether there were not changes at work which might seriously affect the earth's condition. To discuss, and, if possible, settle these points, and to allay the popular terrors, a congress of observers had met at Cape Town, and, at the moment when I found myself introduced among them, had apparently completed their labours, and were about to disperse.

So much I had gathered from the fragments of conversation to which I had listened in the garden. If my story is imperfect, it could hardly be expected to be otherwise from the broken sentences in which it became known to me. As far as I could understand, the Report of the Conference would quiet the alarm of those who looked for immediate catastrophes. The star had waned, as Tycho had seen it wane before. No instrument which had been turned upon it revealed the mystery. It resembled some vast revolving lighthouse, with a period of something over 300 years. That was all that could be known. The comet had come and gone. It had passed close to the earth, but between us and the sun; and, passing in the daylight, its presence had been unobserved. It had neither consumed the oxygen, as some feared, nor turned the atmosphere, as others thought it might, to laughing-gas. Mankind had survived, and had been in no particular exhilaration of spirits. For the rest, all things continued as they were; and on the old question what the universe was, and whence it came, there was no more answer than before. Man was permitted to know that he was a part of an illimitable material universe; but of the

nature and bounds of it he could know no more than he could know of his own nature. The bird flew out of the darkness into the lighted hall of the Norwegian chief. It fluttered for a moment among the torches, and vanished into darkness again. Such was human life, and science could say no more upon it than the Norwegian poet. The flying island on which man's lot was cast would last as long as he or his race were likely to need it, so far as causes discoverable in nature were likely to affect its duration. One phenomenon there was which seemed to threaten an eventual termination. It was possible—there was reason to think so—that the tidal wave raised by the moon was slowly reducing the rate of the earth's rotation; that in millions of years the earth and her satellite would remain with the same faces always turned to one another, uninhabitable by living things from extremes of temperature,—two barren globes sweeping desolate through space. Other phenomena, it was true, had threatened a similar catastrophe, till some unlooked-for compensating force had been discovered in the laboratory of nature. Similar resources might secretly neutralise the retarding influence of the tidal wave. But however this might be, the lease for which the human race

occupied their inheritance had still ages to run to which our past existence would seem like a day; and the earth would yield all that men required far beyond the period during which they would be likely to continue. Ages before the earth ceased to be a fit home for him, man would have perished from exhaustion of vital force, like the generations which had preceded him—if, indeed (nobler animal that he was), when every spot upon the globe was occupied, and nothing new was left for him to do or to discover, he did not pine away in a prison from which there was no escape, or beat himself desperately to death against the walls of his cage.

The astronomers, at any rate, had this message for him. He was of less consequence than his vanity had led him to suppose. There was no sign that the order of things was to be interrupted for any freak of his. He was, as he had been, a part of nature, and subject to nature's laws. The earth remained, and was likely to remain, as a stage on which he might still play his wise or foolish part: to be moderately happy if he obeyed the rules which his Maker had appointed for him; to sink, unpitied and unhelped, in miseries of his own creation, if he chose to go his own way in delirious dreams of liberty.

III.

The various groups to whose conversation I had been listening, as they strolled about the lawn, were now collecting towards the library. It was evening. The air was still. The table-cloth of cloud was melting off the mountain. The sharp angles of the projecting crags stood out in the sunset: their shadows were traced on the face of the precipice. And as the mists stole down the hollows, their skirts were draped

in floating robes of pink. A professor of the college, with a naval officer of rank, was watching the transformation-scene, which daily familiarity could not deprive of its interest, when the evening gun boomed out from the castle, and was answered from the ships in the bay.

"We must move in and take our seats," said the professor. "Our lecturer is no orator. He knows what he wishes to say, but he has

not studied how to say it; and unless we are near the platform, we shall miss half his sentences."

"I don't know that he would much care about that," said the admiral. "He is going to speak, I believe, about the harm which free speech has done in the world. I could be eloquent myself, if I did not hate the name of eloquence, on what I saw this morning on my way up from Simon's Town. Speech ruined this country for us while it was ours; speech lost it for us, and the cannon had to recover it. It seems but yesterday since last we took possession, and really attempted to govern. It was then a wilderness of marsh and wild-flowers and sandy waste. Every acre of the peninsula is now enclosed, with plantations, fields, gardens, vineyards, solid houses, and a prospering people in them. I could almost have fancied myself in Ireland."

"In Ireland!" said the professor. "That is hardly a fair comparison. In Ireland there has been order for half a century. It is fifty years, I think, since the last patriot was hanged at Cork. Here I can myself remember the jangling in yonder joss-house;" and he pointed to the ruins of the Parliament House at the foot of the avenue. "Not half fifty years have passed since we made an end of all that here. But climate and soil have helped us."

"Well," said the admiral, "you have begun well at any rate. Let us hope a new state of things is beginning,—when men will call themselves men again without being ashamed of the name. You tell us we are not to be burst up just yet, and that we may think once more of posterity. But come, let us go in."

The library was fast filling. It was not large; but it was large enough for the company. The deputations from the various countries

were in their places. The general in command at the station was present with his staff, the officers of the fleet in their uniforms. But the uniforms were plain: the faces of the men who wore them were keen and thoughtful; and they could be distinguished only by a certain aspect of command, from the thinkers and mathematicians among whom they were dispersed. The room was lighted by a single electric lamp; the excessive brightness being subdued and dispersed by an opal globe. It was used in general for lectures at the college, with a raised desk at one end, behind which, as we entered, the speaker of the evening was already standing. He was a tall man, about sixty, thin, and slightly stooping, with a large head, thick bushy grizzled hair, and complexion brown—perhaps browned by the sun—rising in the centre of each cheek to a bright crimson. His eyes, which I was near enough to see, were violet blue, fire blazing at the bottom of them. He was an Englishman, a distinguished historiographer, I was told; but distinguished also by a power of judgment in other matters, which of late years had been found useful. He had no notes, and spoke in English, which, it appeared, had become a common language among all educated persons. What he said was something of this kind:—

"GENTLEMEN,—To-morrow we go our several ways. Before we separate, I have been requested to address some kind of speech to you. Speech-making is not an art which we any of us are inclined to practise nowadays. We deal with facts, and the fewer our words the better. The art of speech is the art of blowing bubbles—iridescent films distended with human breath, which last for a few moments, and then burst, leaving behind them a drop of dirty water. To our grand-

fathers it was the sublimest of human inventions. They were the servants of the multitude; and he who would but dress in sounding language the prevailing epidemic of folly, passed with the multitude for the wisest man. On their favour he threw, and their favour depended on the skill with which he could express their own notions for them. In religion, in politics, and at last in science, truth was the opinion of the majority; and the majority being fools, there was an 'irruption of the barbarians,' with such consequences as we have seen. The bubble broke; the barbarians—such of them as have survived the catastrophe—discovered that fine words and unanimous votes could not alter the laws of the universe; and being idiots still—though penitent idiots—they imagined that, because by their own blockheadism they had made themselves miserable, the world itself was coming to an end. They may be reassured: the world, so far as science can discover, will last for further æons; and the earth will remain a stage, where, if it so pleases them, they can continue to play their fantastic tricks with the same results for some millions of years. What will they do with themselves? They are humbled now. Is it a lucid interval merely? Or has the lesson been a lasting one? The stars are silent. We are astronomers, not astrologers. But if we cannot read the future we can learn from the past; and I shall use my opportunity this evening to go over, in some detail, the causes which brought about our late disgrace.

"What this race of ours is we don't know, and are never like to know; but we do know that we are beings capable of improvement and happiness, and again of sin and suffering, and that of these two conditions it lies with our-

selves whether we have one or the other. All nature, from the furthest star to the smallest insect, is governed by laws. Consequences follow causes in exact order. Man is able to observe these laws and adjust his conduct to them. In proportion as he rightly ascertains the facts of things, and acts in conformity with them, he makes progress. In proportion as he follows his own will and pleasure he sinks into a beast. And because in all collections of men there are some who have more wit and character than others, and therefore see more clearly, those have thriven best who have loyally allowed persons who see better than themselves to think for them and to guide them.

"The history of all nations who have done any real good in this world is identical, or at least analogous. Like ants and other animals, we men are gregarious. Living each by ourselves, we remain savages. We are meant for society, and nature has laid down the rules under which society is possible. Each individual must sacrifice his own inclinations and fancies; submit to these rules and conform to them. They are erected into duties, and consecrated under the name of religion. They are enacted as law, and guardians of the law are appointed to see them executed. The wisest and strongest are chosen as teachers and councillors and magistrates. These think and act for all. The rest obey them, ask no questions, and mind their own affairs. Communities so constructed are in a state of health—health of mind and health of body. Black sheep are treated promptly to rope and gallows. The shepherds have no more licence than the flock, while they have all the responsibility; and if they misuse their powers, they are brought to a rude reckoning. This is the first stage, and it is usually monarchic—the

rule of a king, who chooses his own advisers.

“But how to choose your king! A wise king has a fool for a son: the son cannot rule, and is got rid of. Something is needed with more stability in it; and beside the king, or in place of him, there grow up aristocracies. Bees manufacture royal personages with special food and nurture. Communities of men in like manner manufacture a race of nobles. Special families achieve distinction. Children born of these families are bred with a sense that much is expected of them—that they must live up to the level of their fathers, or they will be disgraced. The sense of honour reinforces duty. They inherit rank, and power along with it. If not themselves the wisest, they take the counsel of the wisest, and still the community prospers. The moral nature remains healthy, strong, and intelligent.

“The third stage follows. As it is with kings, so it is with nobles. Heat is a mode of motion: motion can be converted into heat, and heat into motion; but the same element cannot be in both forms at once. There is the same relation between political power and what our grandfathers called ‘wealth.’ Men are born to work, but they are born also with an appetite for pleasure. Hereditary aristocracies remain in authority as long as they think first of duty and little of enjoyment; but they can use their power in making fine houses for themselves, and piling up estates, and living luxuriously, and then their authority passes from them. They have chosen the more agreeable alternative. They are left (for a time) to enjoy themselves, but they lose the right to rule. This, hitherto, has been the fate of all aristocracies. Then comes the last change. Power passes back

to the people, who try to govern themselves. Leading harder lives, in contact with fact and necessity, they succeed for a time, and as long as the generation lasts which was brought up in habits of obedience. But each regards himself as his own master, and follows his own interest or his own vanity. The organisation dissolves into its component monads, each struggling for as large a share as he can secure of the pleasant things of life. Shopboy, tinker, and tailor is taught that he has been a slave hitherto, that he is now a free man, as good as the best, entitled to do as he likes and take what he can get. And then, as certain as mathematics, comes the war against property, the crusade of those who have nothing against those who have something or much. Inequality of property is tolerable only where there is inequality of merit; and when equality of merit has been conceded in the equal distribution of power, those who sold their birthright for a mess of pottage will lose the pottage as well. If this was all, it might be borne. Riches, after all, are not indispensable to any man; he can live better, perhaps, without them. But a multitude must still have some one to lead them, if they are not to tear each other to pieces. They have got rid of their old shepherds; but the greatest fool has an instinct of worship in him for those who are superior to himself. And he finds his superior no longer in those who are braver and wiser than himself, but in those who can make the finest speeches to him, who can best flatter his vanity and dress his own illusions in finest words. It becomes the day of the popular orator—of the gifted being who knows nothing and can talk of everything. No one any longer thinks of what is true. The sufficient truth for

the moment is what will gain the voice of the majority. The most intricate questions of politics and religion are decided by votes, and votes are decided by interest or passion. Science itself does not escape when the ears of the millions can be tickled by meddling with it; most deadly, most poisonous, the orator becomes, when he cants of justice and appeals to moral sentiment, for the moral sentiment becomes corrupted by the dishonest use of it.

“A nation which has reached this condition has finished its course and is ripe for a catastrophe. It has grown, it has made its mark, it has blossomed, it comes to an end; and amidst the wreck a new organisation slowly begins to reconstruct itself. The appearance of the popular orator is the invariable indication of the approach of the crisis. He leads the way to ruin, for the truth is not in him; and by a curious irony, he leaves his speeches, like Demosthenes and Cicero, to be studied as models of eloquence by the schoolboys of generations to come.

“So far the universal law—a law as constant as the law which governs the planetary revolutions. Nothing is more certain; yet there is nothing which men are less willing to believe, and therefore Nature reminds us of it by fiercer and fiercer examples as nations grow larger, and the catastrophes which overtake them become more appalling. Our own England had been the parent and fountain of the illusions which lately overspread the world; we were the worst offenders, and we, with peculiar fitness, were picked out for retribution. The question of questions for us is, Whether we have learnt our lesson, or whether it is to need repeating till none of us are left to learn it.

“The English nation grew up

in that island-home of ours, stern and well-knit, like a forest-oak,—a nation of men solid in judgment and resolute in act. In every county, in every district, in every parish there was a teaching class and a ruling class,—those who taught what human duty was, and those who were appointed to see that duty performed. The duties of man were heard of much, the rights of man were not heard of at all; for no one supposed that he had any rights, except to be hanged if he was an evil-doer. Thus a race of people was created really great. There was no false sentiment. Crime was sharply punished by the judge. Sins were punished by the Church. Incapable rulers, small or great, were visited according to their delinquencies. Bad lords went to the scaffold; bad kings were deposed or got rid of; but no one supposed that we could do without kings or lords. The State was militant, in constant war with evil; and an army without officers is a mob.

“So things went on, turbulent enough—for war is always a stormy business—but producing such men and women as you find in Shakespeare, and producing in Shakespeare himself a poet to immortalise their likeness.

“The first breach was the Reformation. The clergy having least to do, began to leave that little undone. They preferred enjoyment to work, and pleasant fictions to inconvenient truths. They preached what they had ceased to believe; and became at last conscious and scandalous liars. The people being better than they, refused to be taught by them any longer; and having no guides whom they could trust, were driven to think for themselves. It could not be helped. Theology is the most difficult of sciences. Common men are as little able to form sound opinions about

it as about the movements of the stars; but when the teachers were false teachers—grossly, absurdly, and consciously false—they at least could no longer be trusted. They and their authority came to an end. Unfortunately, along with the authority, the principle of authority was itself shaken; and the rights of man first began to be heard of in the right of private judgment—the right of each blockhead to form a creed for himself, upon subjects where, to make a mistake, was most fatal.

“For a time, indeed, average laymen did not, as a fact, think for themselves. They imagined that they did; but their thoughts were governed by tradition, and by the credible remnants of the old faith. The deliverance from the lies of the clergy was a blessed gain for them, and the seed which had been sown under the Plantagenets blossomed under Elizabeth. But the poison which had infected the Church spread next to the temporal rulers. Great men discovered that they could turn their powers into enjoyment; that pleasure was a reality; that a moderate quantity of virtue was sufficient for a gentleman; and that virtue as a rule of action was problematic, and possibly a humbug. Moral worth had descended a step lower, from priests and lords, to the middle and lower classes. The people having less means of being vicious, had less temptation to forget duty. The people revolted against Crown and aristocracy. The Puritans upset the Government, executed the King, and tried to rule in the name of religion. But the religion was not true, and would not work. Puritanism came to an end, and the permanent result of their doings was only that the people got more liberty. First, they had taken the right to think for themselves; next, they

had taken the right to govern themselves. It was in reality their greatest misfortune, and they glorified it, and called it by fine names, and dreamt that they had raised themselves to a new height of moral development.

“As at the Reformation so at the Revolution, the evil did not show itself at once. Moral habits survived, and social traditions. The gentry were brave, honourable, and proud of their country. The people in turn were proud of them, and sent them to Parliament. In the first sense of freedom the nation expanded. It spread its manufactures over the world. It founded colonies; it conquered India; while in country manor-house and farmstead and cottage, the tough English race continued to propagate itself. But the poison was in the bones. England had lost its religion. It remained an opinion on which every one might think as he pleased; but as a rule of life it had ceased to exist. Men will not sacrifice their inclinations to a ‘Perhaps.’ Religion being perpetually argued over had lapsed into a ‘perhaps.’ The reality that was left was pleasure, and the god who gave it was money. Thus deeper and deeper through English society spread a desire for money as the first object of human wishes. Duty was left to take its chance; and when all alike were pursuing the same object, the respect for superior degree melted away. One man could claim no authority over another, when he would use it only for some object of his own. Lower and lower went the franchise, till every Englishman came to think that he was politically the equal of every other. All morally were on the same level, for each and all cared only for themselves; and the English nation became an aggregate of thirty million units, held together only by fibres of old habit,

which was wearing thinner as each generation grew to manhood that had been born in the new era. The great families still preserved their property. Their wealth grew with the wealth of the country, and so long as any privilege of power remained to them, they retained something of the instinct of birth, and some ambition after a noble life. But when their privilege was taken from them, they were too proud to contend on equal terms with the plebeians whom they despised. They turned to amusement and satiated themselves with it, till amusement itself became wearisome, even from the better nature which they had not wholly lost. Yet they went on, for there was no other object for them, till at length the supreme glory of a descendant of the Crusaders was to win a horse-race, or shoot a thousand pheasants in a day, or gain a prize in the 'tournament of doves' under the bright eyes of patrician ladies. The 'middle classes' were little better. They dug coal and iron, and wove cotton, covering the sea with their ships and the fair soil of England with a black canopy of smoke; but all for money—that they, too, might live in splendour and enjoy themselves: while in the shadow of their factories there grew hideous lanes of brick, where, amidst dirt and meanness, and drink-shops and flaring finery, shut out from every grace, material or spiritual, which could lend joy to infancy or dignity to manhood, the new race of Englishmen grew up in millions upon millions, looking with greedy eyes on the pleasures which stood beyond their reach, yet were the realities of the only paradise in which they any longer believed.

"They, too, were citizens. They, too, were men and brothers. They demanded their share in political power, and they got it. The circle had come round. As in the Greek

commonwealths, the *ἄποροι*, those who had no property were admitted on equal terms with the *ἔμποροι*, those who had inherited property or had made it. The *ἄποροι* were ten to one in number as against their rivals; and numbers alone were counted. The reasons had ceased which could justify a distinction. Birth, intellect, wealth, can claim authority when they stand for superiority of character. When birth means a title to shoot more pheasants than other people, and intellect is only valued as a means of making a fortune, and wealth means palaces and fine living, the lad who can black a shoe may fairly say that he has as good a right to a voice in the State as a duke or an archbishop.

"And this was called progress, growth of constitutional liberty, and other fine names. Our grandfathers, whatever their failings, had the art to perfection of putting a fair face on things. When their armies ran away in battle, they called it a noble forbearance, and decided that for the future, like Dogberry, they would let their enemy have his way, and thank God that they were rid of a rogue. Their most astonishing feat was their mode of government. Government of some kind there had to be, if only to collect the taxes and spend them. All the power, legislative and administrative, was in the hands of 658 gentlemen, who could persuade the people to elect them to Parliament. From the time when the changes began after the Reformation, there had been two parties in the country,—one wishing to keep the old institutions as they were, the other wishing to make everybody equal to every one else. The distinction lost its meaning when the equalising was finished, but the form was kept up for convenience. The two parties turned into two factions,

between whom in principle, if either could be said to have any principle, there was no practical difference. Her Majesty's Government represented the majority for the time being; her Majesty's Opposition represented the minority who wished to become the Government; and the business of each was to thwart and denounce the other as the enemy of the country. When they met in council it was to wrangle with each other; when they separated it was to harangue the mob on the iniquities of their opponents. The art of statesmanship was to secure the majority of voices, and those succeeded best who could make the finest speeches. Again, as with the Greeks, the supreme person was the greatest orator,—he who could best tickle the ears of multitudes with the rhetoric of passionate sentiment. It was not the man who knew the most, or who knew anything, or cared to know,—it was not the bravest or the truest or the most just, but he who could best pretend to all this, who could play best on the prevailing gusts of popular opinion. As the wind changed, so he changed. No one cared to look forward beyond one year or two. The fine oration which set the country vibrating was forgotten before a year came round. It was a thing of air, an effervescing draught, delightful, while the effervescence lasted, to the intellectual palate, but nauseous or even poisonous, at best flat and unreadable, when considered in cold blood. These were the men to whom the concerns of the great British Empire were consigned, with such results as we have seen. This is the class of persons, as I observed before, who at certain periods of history have again and again come to the front; and their appearance has been the unvarying sign that the

countries which breed them have lost their hold on facts, and are approaching a catastrophe which the orators are the instruments in precipitating. Demosthenes helped to ruin Athens, Cicero helped to ruin the Roman constitution. The fact was not as they said that it was; and fact proved the strongest. In Plato's time the orators were in full blast. Oratory then, as in the London of our grandfathers, was the road to power, and every ambitious youth learned the use of his weapons in the rhetoric schools. Plato knew what must be the end of it. Oratory, he said, was a *κολάκεια*, an art of flattery, an art of persuading people through their feelings that a thing was not what, nevertheless, it really was. Oratory was to true speech as the art of cooking to the dressing of pure food. Demosthenes, himself the chief master of the trade, said that the secret of it was *ὑπόκρισις*, the art of acting, of theatrical personation. Plato, quoting a Greek proverb, declared that the affairs of a nation were safer in the hands of men who could neither spin nor write, *μήτε γράφειν μήτε νεῖν ἐπιστάμενοι*, than in the hands of orators and of those who delighted in them.

“So stood England when the nineteenth century was waning to its close. It had an empire, but being unable to govern its empire, it had flung its colonies off to govern themselves, had furnished them with little parliaments after the parent model, and had left its parties to shuffle and scramble for the spoils of office. At home the Parliament could construct nothing. Its active functions were only to destroy. Each season there was a campaign against some old institution, some rule or system which had been found useful in better days. As soon as that was cut down, there

was a universal singing of Te Deums, as for a glorious victory. The institutions were all gone at last, or visibly going; and political equality fairly established, those who wished to please the *ἄποροι* were beginning to nibble at property, precisely as Aristotle said. It would be waste of time to dwell in detail over those miserable years. All was hastening to a conclusion—inevitable as we now see it to have been.

“At such times men are enchanted; their power of vision is penally taken from them. If they could see where they were going they would stop short, but they have given themselves to illusions, and they are not allowed to see. They go dancing forward, shouting glory to the Highest, and dreaming that they are sailing into the skies. The dream is over. Fact once more stares them in the face, and fact which will not vanish before oratory.

“At this crisis there arose in England a man whose name is inseparably connected with the collapse of the British constitution. I mean Callicles. I observe the sensation with which this name is received by you; but it is a mistake, it is an intellectual crime, to assign to one person the misfortunes which have befallen large classes of mankind. The true cause has been in themselves. The individual, whoever he may be, is little more than a symbol of his age, yet he may be an instructive symbol, because, usually, he is in sympathy with his age, and embodies in his own person the characteristic features of it. Callicles's was the hand which fired the train, but the train lay prepared for him by every battle-shooting lord, every blustering demagogue, every insincere newspaper writer, every dishonest trader or workman,—by all those collectively, who by word and act had

been busy propagating delusions, and making the thing which was not appear to be the thing that was. Callicles was already old when the direction of affairs passed into his hands. He had long official experience of the most varied kind. He began life as a Tory. He ended it as the leader of the Democrats. In the art of oratory, he was the greatest master that England had ever known. His speeches, when deliberately read, were flat and without interest. There are no wise sayings in them; no pithy epigrammatic expression of moral truths which show thought and original insight. But he was a perfectly accomplished actor—Demosthenes' *ὑποκριτής*. He could play upon the commonplace sentiments of men as a musician plays upon an instrument. He never doubted the rectitude of his intentions, for he was religious, in his own sense of the word. The Liberals were the political descendants of the Puritans. Callicles was an Episcopalian, and hated Puritanism in all its forms; but the anomaly was rather useful to him than injurious, for the Liberals had drifted far from their own creed, and his tendencies secured him the confidence of the High Church clergy, who disliked Protestants as much as he did; while his reputation for piety, unusual among Liberal leaders, gained him the hearts of simple people, who concluded that a man so good as he was could not do wrong. He was omniscient. He could talk and write on any subject of human interest; but in his talk he said nothing to be remembered, and his books were unreadable, when they had lost their novelty. *πόλλ' ἤπιστατο ἔργα κάκως δ' ἤπιστατο πάντα*. He had warm impulses. He ardently desired to make the world happy. None so ready as he when an impassioned period

was needed to denounce some passing injustice or ring out a cry for liberty. England was flooding the world with shoddy. Callicles set trade free—free for rogues as for honest men, to cheat as they pleased. Merchants and manufacturers grew rich beyond their dreams. Workmen had better wages, and the drink-shops thrived and multiplied. All classes had more money. As to the sort of men that were being bred, that was a thing of course. It was again as it had been in Greece. So long as men made money, as Aristotle said, virtue might be assumed. Of virtue *ἄριστον οὖν* would do. All this was called Progress. The nation was advancing by leaps and bounds. Callicles was in his glory.

“But fire needs feeding. He was the chief of the Liberal party, and it was his duty to keep his party in power. The upper ranks in England, being rich, were inclining to stand still, and a cry was needed to keep his faction together. Democracy left to itself might attack property, and this for the present would be dangerous. Callicles, from a financier, became a speculative statesman. He turned his eyes on Ireland.

“It was a memorable epoch. The laws in this universe are just. The Nemesis of evil actions may be slow, but it is certain. There is a last evil action always which brings on the retribution, and Ireland was the fitting instrument of England’s humiliation. The English were a great people, but in the brightest parts of their history they were a selfish people. They were energetic and enterprising; they had an empire on which the sun never set. But they treated their dependencies as if they existed for their own glory, and—except in India, where dan-

ger made them cautious—they never really attempted to govern those dependencies or give them a share of their own advantages. The colonies could take care of themselves, being far off. Ireland could not. Ireland, lying close to England, was necessary to her. If England was to be an imperial nation, Ireland, placed at her own door, could not be left open to her enemies. Ireland was conquered and attached to the British crown. But for seven centuries from the day of the annexation, no serious effort was ever made to rule that island, to introduce law and order there, or encourage industry. From first to last she was made the plaything of English factions, alternately cuffed and caressed; at one time plundered and manacled, at another the caged wild beasts let loose in the name of liberty. Her trade was destroyed when it was beginning to grow, her lands were wasted, her commerce paralysed, till at last the name of Ireland became a byword, and the dominion of England appeared to have acted like a stream of oil of vitriol poured over the whole island.

“Well might an English statesman think with shame of Ireland, being, as it was, the disgrace of the English name. The man who could have wisely seen into the nature of that problem and found a fit solution of it would have earned immortal fame. But far enough was any such enterprise from Callicles; far enough was any such intention from him. Of Ireland’s history, of the Irish people, he knew nothing,—perhaps in his heart he did not care to know. His problem was the simple one to secure the Irish vote to the Liberal party in Parliament. The seven centuries’ occupation had not been entirely without result.

Ireland being necessary for England, an English colony had been planted there. The land was chiefly owned by English, and there was an English Church. A fifth of the entire population was of English or Scotch origin, and was Protestant in religion, while the Irish were Catholics. They had been planted there to hold the country as a garrison for England's convenience. Originally, and with logic enough, the political power had been confined to these Protestants. They were ruling a hostile race, and that race was not to be trusted with arms which would be used against the superior country. But the age came of progress and enlightenment. The Irish members, as long as they were only Protestants, were generally Conservatives. The Liberals discovered that to disfranchise a man for his creed was obsolete tyranny. The Catholics in Ireland were the majority. If the Catholics were emancipated, the Irish vote would go with them. The work was done. Half the Irish members became Catholic, and ought to have been grateful to their liberators.

"But men do not always see obligations of this kind. The Irish knew the motive of the emancipation, and were not grateful at all. They hated England—justly hated England. They had gained much; they saw a chance of gaining all, and of ridding themselves of England's domination for ever. The country remained miserable. Political thimble-rig will not drain bogs, or convert rags and discontent into industry and content. Millions upon millions of them went away to America, carrying their hatred along with them. A new Irish nation grew in the United States, with enmity to England in the hearts of every unit among them. At home the feeling grew daily in intensity as England showed herself anxious and alarmed.

The Irish members of Parliament held the balance of power in their hands, and Cabinets stood or fell at their pleasure. This was the phenomenon with which Callicles was confronted, and with which, after his fashion, he undertook to deal.

"The curse of Ireland had been anarchy: no country could thrive where law was not obeyed. The Protestant landowners had been set to govern there. Had they been allowed fair play, they would have made Ireland as prosperous as Scotland; but English jealousy would not allow it, and tied their hands. Powers sufficient to rule had been taken from them. They were left in possession of the land, and such power as the ownership of it gave. But this power was a shadow. The people hated them as symbols of the detested English supremacy. They shot them from behind hedges, and no one was punished. Murder they came to look on as an act of lawful warfare. Callicles's hopeful project was to sweep the English owners and the English establishment away, in the hope that Ireland would then be quiet, or at least that the Irish representatives would vote for him and his party.

"When a ship is in mutiny, it is not considered prudent to depose the officers and leave the mutineers to choose other officers of their own. Ireland meant to be independent. To root out of it the only part of the population which was loyal to England, was like an attempt to cure a drunkard by fresh doses of aqua vitæ. The fact remained that England's safety required that she could keep hold of Ireland somehow; and to reverse the policy of centuries without attempting to provide a substitute, was not a step which a statesman would have ventured who understood mankind, and especially the Irish part of it. But Callicles, and a majority of

the English people with him, were given over to the illusion that liberty was the panacea for all human evils: only let there be liberty enough, and the true reign of Christ would begin. He went to work with a light heart. He discovered that Protestant ascendancy had been the Upas-tree under which Ireland had withered. There were still prejudices to be overcome. The English had not been brought up to believe that Protestantism had been a Upas-tree among themselves, and were startled at the comparison. Most of them respected property, and did not understand that it could be right to take away from men what they or their fathers had bought in the faith of the law. But Callicles was equal to the emergency. When his followers hesitated, a fresh batch of murders weakened their scruples. Callicles was ready with smooth speeches to prove that he felt nothing but love and respect for the institutions which he threatened; that the Irish Church rested on immortal foundations, and would be stronger than before; that he would touch no man's property, sanction no rapine; that he meant only to establish everywhere a blessed harmony of justice and goodwill. Words cost nothing. He was as ready with words as a bankrupt nation with a paper currency. The mob applauded. The more cautious Liberals crushed their misgivings down, and gave him his way. He disestablished the Protestant Church. He set up a court 'in sympathy with the Irish tenants,' to judge between them and their landlords, who at once transferred a quarter, and sometimes half, of the landlord's estate into the tenant's pockets. Yet when he looked for gratitude he found only defiance. If he had laid the burden where it ought to have been placed, on England's

shoulders,—if he had told England that the sin was hers, that if for purposes of policy it was necessary to remove the landowners, she must herself pay for what she took from them,—he would have redeemed his own words, and England, in consenting, would have shown that she was really penitent. But the Irish, not unnaturally, saw no reason to be grateful for a generosity which was costing England nothing, and was itself only an act of robbery—and Callicles did not dare to ask the English people to tax themselves for a Parliamentary party manœuvre. It might have been expected that he would have had peace in his own day; that while he was slicing up the Protestant gentry and flinging the joints to the wolves, the wolves would have been quiet till they had digested them. But they had fine appetites, and preferred to take the carcasses to themselves. The Irish members in Parliament laughed him to scorn. The Irish people, who, if they had never loved England, had at least feared her, saw only now that England was afraid, and that the day of revenge was come. The master of oratory had to deal with facts, and facts were too strong for him. He dared not strike. He had played with fire till his house was burning, and he had no art to conjure down the flame. There was nothing for it but still to yield and to yield. He gave up the Union. He left Ireland to govern herself (since he was unable to govern it) on his own beautiful colonial system, where the English authority was reduced to a name. But the Irish would not bear so much as the name, and then there was fighting, and then the Irish in America sent out their cruisers to gorge themselves on the plunder of the fat English merchants, and America herself at last stepped into the arena, and

the end came. The colonies instantly declared their independence: among them all there was not one whose interests the mother country had ever furthered at the cost of her own. When she had meddled in their affairs it was not for their sake, but to please some section of her own society who commanded votes in Parliament. She had not sought their attachment, and she had not earned it. Why should they incur loss and danger from England? The link that bound them had been worn to a thread. It parted, and they were gone. And at home! The time had come when, if England was to keep her place among the Great Powers of the world, she must demand efforts and sacrifices from every one of her children; and in that supreme moment it was found that the English were not a nation any longer, but thirty million monads, an aggregate of dust. The teaching of the nineteenth century had done its work. Every one had been set free from his neighbour. No link any longer joined man to man, and all to their country. The thirty millions had been taught that each man's duty was to do the best that he could for himself. What had the Government ever done for them, that they should risk life and fortune for the Government?

"Events would not wait. Misfortune followed misfortune: credit was shaken, and business stood still. The millions in the towns depended for daily food on daily wages. England itself no longer produced food enough for half her people. There had been no forethought, no provision for a possible day of evil. The food came in by

private channels, in answer to the daily demand. When the unemployed multitudes could no longer buy, the stream ceased to flow. Above the huge towns hung looming the spectre of famine. With famine came rage, and the rage turned naturally, turned justly, on the false prophets who had been teaching the gospel of progress; on the body who had sat in the Place of Princes and had been idolised as a congregation of gods,—the miserable Parliament."

Awfully the Professor's voice was sounding through the hall, like the voice of the cavern of doom. Deeper and deeper it grew, till the notes sank so low in the scale that my ears could no longer follow them. I saw his lips moving passionately; I saw the audience quivering as the tremendous story of the retribution was unfolded. But I could hear no more. At last the figures themselves became indistinct: the room and the listeners grew transparent, as if the walls and all that they contained were of dissolving mist.

The Professor and his audience, the Cape observatory, and the meeting of the philosophers, all vanished. There remained only seared into my memory the impression of the half-revealed possibility—one among the infinite possibilities; and therefore, with the odds against the realisation of it, of infinity to one. But fact and fiction were so strangely blended that I remembered the *Satz des Widerspruchs*. What I had seen was a true something: but whether fated to become an actuality under conditions of space and time, the genius of Leibnitz, less kind to me than to Tarquin, was pleased to leave unrevealed.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. DCCCXI.

MAY 1883.

VOL. CXXXIII.

THE MILLIONAIRE.—PART II.

CHAPTER V.—A FUTURE PRIME MINISTER.

THE Tresham family could boast not only of an ancient lineage, but also of one of the finest old houses in the county—a house which had even retained the ancient moat around it until a rheumatic ancestor of Sir Reginald, in the early part of the present century, had ordered it to be filled in, and thus brought upon himself the ill-will of his poorer neighbours, who had always asserted their right to catch big carp in “t’ feesh pond.” In the hall of Owlscoote Manor there hangs a picture of the father of all carp, which was caught after a long and arduous struggle in the year 1759, and was found to weigh no less than twenty-five pounds. Long after the slaying of that carp, all the fish were one day perceived floating on the top of the water, stone dead; and then came the baronet with the tendency to rheumatism, and the moat was got rid of, not without considerable expense and difficulty. The old house, however, had been very

little altered since the days of Queen Elizabeth. The chamber in which she dined still exists; and the bed on which she slept has never been touched—except by the housemaid’s feather duster—since the virgin queen rose in all her beauty from it. There, too, is the silk embroidery worked by Mary Queen of Scots, who was a prisoner at Owlscoote for many weary months; and who, indeed, has left some trace of her sorrows and misfortunes behind her in half the ancient castles and halls of this part of England.

The father of the present Sir Reginald Tresham had been a well-known member of Parliament, who once held an official position, though not one of the first importance. Still, it was admitted that he had “claims” upon his party; and had he lived, they might perhaps have obtained suitable recognition, especially as his old acquaintance and former colleague, Mr Spinner, had arrived at the

very summit of power, and had once more become the idol of his grateful and devoted countrymen. Clearly, then, the moment was propitious for an advance in the political fortunes of Sir Robert Tresham: but even politics are not so uncertain as human life. The baronet was walking alone one evening in his park,—as he was rather fond of doing, being a man of a somewhat solitary and musing spirit,—when his foot caught in a bramble. He fell heavily forward, and a few hours afterwards he was lying in his own chamber, vexed no longer by ambition's spur, but profoundly indifferent to the pursuits in which most of us engage with so much ardour, till the dread summons arrives for us also—and “the rest is silence.”

Lady Tresham had loved her husband, but she was a woman of a self-reliant disposition, and she possessed indomitable energy. She therefore did not grieve overmuch, or affect—as some ladies placed in her position do for a time—to renounce all further interest in life. Far from it. She found that though she was not wealthy, a fair provision had been made for her; and it really was not very unpleasant to have everything her own way. Sir Robert was not a bad husband, but of course he “interfered,” and now there was no one to interfere. For the son was young when his father died, and his mother devoted herself assiduously to his interests. Her great hope had always been that he would enter the service of his country, and then it might be that she would live to see the day when Reginald would occupy the place which Mr Spinner himself now filled. So daring in their dreams are mothers. And if she did not live to see her son in Mr Spinner's place, he would get there

all the same, and that would be enough. Even in her later years she was a very striking woman—tall, aristocratic, with a keen grey eye, and a manner which somehow made everybody respect and like her. She was a type of all that was best in the “old school”—a school which had many undeniable merits of its own, even when compared with the modern school, which is usually thought to be infinitely its superior.

The conditions of success in public life are not what they were; but there is one thing which is still requisite to enable a man to attain to a foremost place in the great struggle, and that is capacity. It need not be capacity of a very high order; the capacity to make a fluent speech, or to manage men who know how to manage others, or to create the impression that you are an exceptionally able man—anything of this sort will suffice. Sir Reginald Tresham was very fairly qualified in this respect for the race he had resolved to run. He could speak well, and speak often, without repeating himself too much; he handled his guns with quickness and readiness; he could adapt himself skilfully to the varying moods of his audience and to the wants of the times. As for his politics, it will suffice to say that they were those of Mr Spinner.

So far, all had marched in accordance with the desire of his excellent mother; but one day the sky, which had long been fair over Owlsote Manor, became suddenly clouded. The young baronet began to give occasion for much anxiety. It was not that his principles seemed to be in any danger, for he had passed safely through the distemper, so to speak, of the extreme theories of the day. But since the arrival of the Margraves

at the Grange, which was only about five miles off, Sir Reginald had frequently been a visitor there—more frequently than his mother, who knew something about the world and human nature, deemed altogether wise or prudent. It is true that the visits were by no means all made on one side. The Margraves were often seen at Owlscote, just as other recognised members of county families were; and there is no denying that Kate was a favourite with everybody, not excepting Lady Tresham herself. There was something in her face which half won the hearts of all who beheld her to begin with, and the sweetness of her disposition soon did the rest. But Lady Tresham had anticipated much from her son's marriage. He was, as she religiously believed, destined to cut a great figure before the world, and it would be necessary that his wife should be a woman who could contribute to his advancement. His means would not be great, for Owlscote was but a small property; and the best of management could do no more than provide for the maintenance of the present limited establishment, with a due regard for appearances. Money and influence were both highly desirable for the wife of such a man, and it was not necessary to look outside the family circle for a woman who possessed both. The lady was not, it is true, in the first bloom of youth and beauty, but she had considerable expectations, and was thought to be clever—that is, as clever as it is desirable for an earl's daughter to be. But all a mother's vigilance failed to detect in Sir Reginald any sign that he looked with more than the most ordinary interest on the Lady Selina Plume, daughter of the Earl of Rathskinnan, a near connection of his mother's,—

whereas it seemed only too clear that he continually sought the society of Kate Margrave. It might be, of course, that the attraction at Four Yew Grange was Richard Margrave, who had more than once accompanied Reginald on his shooting expeditions in the wild West, on the other side of the Atlantic; but the widow did not much believe in the attractions of fathers when there were daughters in the way. Thus it happened that she looked upon her son's intimacy with the Margraves as a very untoward incident in her own family history.

It must be confessed that Reginald was a good deal at the Grange at this period, but there was an excellent excuse for him. Kate Margrave had been brought up from infancy in America, with but a break of three or four years spent in European travel; and she had all the quick-wittedness of American women with the strong common-sense—and, shall it be added, the soft musical voice?—which she owed to her English blood. She was extremely well read, and took a great interest in the course of public affairs—unlike a good many of her sex, especially at her time of life. Thus it chanced that Reginald Tresham often found himself talking to her of his position and prospects as they strolled about the gardens or the park—for Kate had not yet found it necessary in England to discard the freedom which she had been accustomed to enjoy in New York or at Newport; and therefore she walked and talked with the young baronet more than perhaps might have been permitted had she been the member of an ordinary English household. Of such freedom all Americans declare that little or no harm ever comes in their own country,—and what they say is true.

Mrs Peters looked on at the progress of this friendship with all the more interest because she had watched over its growth at Newport, where, in fact, it had its origin. Kate was on a visit to Mrs Peters's "cottage"—a magnificent house, built by the "Skinner" after his celebrated victory over another great king of the stock-market, known as Brother Nathaniel. This worthy man belonged to the Methodist persuasion, and consequently possessed a great advantage over most of his fellow-speculators. His "connection" trusted entirely in him; for was he not one of themselves, and had he not given large sums of money towards founding a new college? They trusted in him, and he, in the ordinary and legitimate course of business, turned their pockets inside out, and left them to marvel over the guile which is in the heart of man. Yet Nathaniel, in his turn, was brought up to be sheared: he was expert, but the "Skinner" was too much for him. A quarter of a million dollars passed from Brother Nathaniel to old Peters as the result of one day's transactions; and with a part of this money the villa at Newport was built. "I guess," said Peters to an intimate friend, over that unrivalled summer drink, a Santa Cruz sour, at the bar of the club on the night of his victory,— "I guess Brother Nathaniel tried the wrong rooster to work the racket on when he struck me. I look green, I know, but I'm not so green as my yaller necktie makes me look. I guess I've fixed his flint for him this time, I have. He won't come anigh me again. No, sir,—he'd as soon think of combing a tiger's tail." Such was the ordinary style of conversation of the "Skinner." His wife was not overburdened with it, for he was not often at home; and when

he was at home he was generally asleep.

At the Newport villa, then, Kate was a guest when Sir Reginald Tresham halted there before pursuing his westward progress in search of the "big game" which is ever retreating further and further towards the setting sun. Margrave had made him known to his daughter, and the acquaintance had ripened quickly, as such acquaintanceships often do in the genial society of young and pretty republican maidens. Sally Peters had as much consideration for others as she would have wished anybody to have had for herself. Whenever Reginald called, she found an excuse for her own disappearance from the scene; but Kate was of an entirely unsuspecting nature, and saw nothing unusual in these arrangements. As for Reginald, he knew perfectly well that he liked the society of this vivacious and sensible half-American, half-English girl, and more than that he did not just then seek to know. He was not at all of a sentimental turn of mind, and would have laughed at the idea of falling in love. Nevertheless, the fate which overtakes most men befalls these hard-headed persons likewise; and it may be that when Sir Reginald bade farewell to his friends at Newport, he was somewhat less free in spirit than the wild buffalo of which he went in search.

The time during which the Margraves had been in England had brought about certain changes in the baronet's situation. In the first place, he had pushed his way in political life; and in the next, he had greatly strengthened his friendship with Kate. She had caught something of the fire of his enthusiasm with regard to a public career; so much was to be done for the elevation of the bulk of the people, and

for securing the just interests of all classes. And then she felt that it was all so different from that which was understood in America by the phrase "going into politics." That signified a long and weary trudge through many miry ways, with disappointment, and perhaps a blackened name and a ruined reputation, at the end of the journey. She could not but remember the famous case of the wonderful Colonel Poshkosh, who once visited her father, and who enjoyed for some time the distinction of being the "war-horse" of his State. He was a member of Congress, and made or unmade men faster than Warwick made kings. One day the spotless name of Poshkosh was found entered in a little memorandum-book, kept by the agent of a company which had been proved guilty of bribing half Congress, and by the side of the name were the figures \$75,000. The Colonel, who was famous for his smile, smiled more vigorously than ever, and tried to pass off the whole thing as a capital joke. But the joke was too much for him. The memorandum-book "knocked him," as he said, "higher than a kite." It all came of employing amateurs in the delicate business of influencing men's votes at Washington. If, instead of their own blundering agent, the company had engaged the services of that famous lobbyist Don Pedro, or even of the inferior but still capable gentleman known in the marble halls of the Capitol as the "Barber," the whole affair would have been conducted to the perfect satisfaction of all parties, and no memorandum-book would have exploded like a torpedo under the chairs of so many distinguished legislators. But the professional gentlemen were not employed, and the result was that Colonel Poshkosh fell to rise no more. If it had not been

for that misadventure, the Colonel would in due time have sat in glory in the White House. So he firmly believed, and no one could prove that he was mistaken.

But in England there is no corruption, and, indeed, no fear of any man rising to power by unfair means of any kind. Deceit, foul play, and trickery are unknown in public life. Such was Kate Margrave's firm belief; and who is there that does not know that she was right? Reginald Tresham sometimes talked to her on the subject, for he saw that she felt more interest in the events which were taking place around her than most women pretend to do. Almost imperceptibly to himself, Kate began to play an important part in his life. Scarcely any picture of the future arose in his mind's eye in which Kate was not the most prominent figure. He talked to her of his plans; he often went to her for advice; and he could not help comparing her with his cousin—as he was accustomed to call her—the Lady Selina, to the disadvantage of the latter. Perhaps in this he was not always just; but men who are placed as he then was are seldom just.

"My cousin," he told Kate one night, as they were waiting in the billiard-room for Margrave to join them, "takes no interest in anything but herself. Politics are her special aversion; it is wonderful how carefully she cultivates her ignorance of them. With you in America it is different. It always seemed to me that you took as much interest in what was going on as men. That must be one reason why so many Englishmen go there to get married."

"A very odd reason; we always thought it was because they managed to fall in love."

"Oh, of course that has some-

thing to do with it, but love is not everything. Every man likes to see those who are near and dear to him take an interest in the subjects which largely occupy his own mind."

"That sounds very like a piece out of one of your speeches to the working-men of Coalfield."

"So it does," said Tresham, with a laugh. "I plead guilty at once. I must take care that I do not get to talk like that pompous humbug Holbush, who makes none but full-dress speeches. Thank you for stopping me."

"Perhaps you imitate Mr Holbush because you are likely to serve under him. Is that it?"

"With ordinary good fortune I shall have an Under-Secretaryship at the very next vacancy; but I hope it will not be in Holbush's department. Mr Spinner was always a great friend of my father's, and he has avowed a strong desire to serve me. And with Mr Spinner's support, the rest is easy; as the party advances, I shall advance with it."

"We all hope that it will be so—my father especially."

"I wish you could have put it a little differently, and said that *you* especially hoped it will be so. Will that do?"

"You have none but friends here," said Kate, looking down. "At any rate, we expect you to do justice to yourself, and become Prime Minister. And then you

will settle down, as your mother says; she is very anxious for that."

"So I believe, but there is plenty of time. My mother married young, and she thinks that no one can make a mistake in following her example."

Kate had not intended that the conversation should take this turn. "I wish I could play billiards," she said, taking up a cue, "for then I could keep you amused till my father comes."

"Let me teach you. I will come over every evening and give you a lesson."

"And what would Lady Selina say to that?" asked Kate, with a touch of mischief in her tone.

"Why should I care what she would say? Her opinion is of no great consequence—but yours——"

"Ah, mine, of course, is of great importance. But I will not take lessons of you, and you shall not come oftener than once a-week or so."

"And then only to see your father?"

"That of course," said Kate, with a little laugh. "I am sure Lady Selina will not object to that."

It was in the mind of young Tresham to use a somewhat strong expression concerning his cousin, but luckily at that moment Margrave entered the room, and the interrupted game was renewed; and long before it was finished Kate had run off for the night.

CHAPTER VI.—MOTHER AND SON.

On the morning after this conversation, Lady Tresham resolved to ascertain whether or not there was any foundation for her uneasiness with regard to her son. She, too, had heard rumours of an impending contest for the possession

of the Margrave property, and they added to her desire to see Reginald placed beyond reach of any misadventure in marriage, and increased her regret at the apparent failure of her efforts to induce him to incline his thoughts towards

Lady Selina. The time had come, at any rate, when it behoved her to find out the true state of affairs. At breakfast, therefore, she lost no time in opening the campaign,—there is nothing like beginning early in the day, if the matter in hand promises to be troublesome.

“So there is to be a lawsuit,” said she, “over that property at the Grange. Have you heard any particulars about it?”

“I have not,”—and in so saying he spoke the literal truth, for no one at the Grange, not even Margrave himself, had heard that any decisive course had been taken. And as for Tresham, he was unacquainted even with the rumours which had so rapidly travelled over half the country.

“That is the story,” continued the mother, “and apparently it is true. A lawsuit is the last thing one could desire to have hanging over one’s head, even if there were a good answer to it. But I fancy that there is not a good answer to this. The Tiltoffs are not the pleasanter people in the world; but if they have right on their side, I suppose they ought to succeed, and I do not imagine they would have gone so far as they have done unless they felt tolerably sure that their claim could be substantiated. So much for a headstrong young man deserting his family and his country.”

“I always understood that Margrave was turned out of the house by his father on account of a purely imaginary offence which he had given. If so, it is rather hard to throw the blame upon him.”

“At any rate,” said Lady Tresham, who had opened her attack briskly, and did not mean to let it flag, “Richard Margrave went away and got married, no one knows to whom. That is always a mistake. People like to know where a man’s

wife came from, and who she was. It never was more necessary than now, when a good many women that one sees about would be puzzled to give a satisfactory account of themselves.”

“Do you mean to say there was anything wrong about Margrave’s marriage?”

“How am I to know? We cannot tell anything about it. One thing is certain—it is a great misfortune for his daughter that she has no mother to care for her welfare. Is she dead—or alive? Have you ever heard?”

Lady Tresham spoke with every appearance of perfect frankness, and no one would have suspected that she had heard long ago of the death of Margrave’s wife.

“I have heard,” said the son, beginning to feel a little uncomfortable, for now he saw by the signs that mischief was afoot,—“I have heard that she is dead. Do you know of any reason to doubt it?”

“I tell you,” replied the shrewd old lady, with a shrug of her shoulders, “that I know nothing—nobody knows anything. But I repeat, it is a misfortune for the daughter that no mother’s eye can watch over her. That is all the greater reason for the exercise of great care and prudence in one’s relations with her. A girl’s position is very soon compromised—one must consider that.”

“Why do you say this to me, my dear mother? Am I compromising Miss Margrave?”

“I do not say that you are at present; but I know more about young girls than you do, and I know the necessity of a man acting with great caution—particularly a man in your position. You are aware of my feelings in regard to your future, Reginald. I am not at all anxious to see you married

for some time to come; but when you have made your choice, let it be in a rank of life at least equal to your own—rather above it than beneath it. That is the old rule, and it is the sound one. Depend upon it, we old ladies are by no means bad judges of such matters.”

“And pray,” said the son, composedly, “in what direction would you have me look? Shall I try for a royal alliance?”

“Do not be absurd, Reginald. Let us talk seriously for a few minutes. You know perfectly well what I should like to see you do.”

“Marry Selina—so runs the plan, does it not?”

“Well, I do not deny that such a choice would give me great pleasure; for Selina, although a year or two older than you, is a most admirable woman, and would be of the greatest possible help to you in your future career. Never forget that. A man should always ask himself before thinking of marriage, Can my wife promote my success in life? As for money, that is a matter of comparatively little importance, provided that the wife has influence; for influence of the right kind will bring money, and everything else, in its train. There are women selfish enough to think of none of these things; having neither money nor influence, they entrap a man into a marriage, and hamper him in the race, or even ruin his career, without the smallest scruple. Of course,” added Lady Tresham quickly, seeing that her son was beginning to show signs of annoyance at these very unmistakable reflections, “I am not thinking now of the Margraves, or of anybody within the circle of our acquaintance. But it is a fact that unscrupulous women of this kind exist. Marriage gives everything to them, and nothing to the man. In these days especially, no

man has a right to marry unless he can be sure that the struggle for success can be materially lightened by his wife. The contest is too hard for a single possible advantage to be thrown away.”

“Well, who talks of throwing an advantage away? You surely will allow that inclination must have a little to do with such a matter as this? Would you have me sell myself to a woman I cared nothing for?”

“Sell yourself! What a phrase, Reginald! People do not sell themselves nowadays, except in romances and melodramas.”

“They do not call it by that name. But a good many marriages that you and I know of have very much that character, on one side or the other. What about Lord Splint?”

“Never mind Lord Splint,” replied Lady Tresham—for a moment, and for one only, a little thrown off her guard. Lord Splint’s case was, indeed, an awkward one to be revived at that moment, but Lady Tresham adopted him and it at once. “I consider,” she went on, “that Lord Splint has set all young men of his class a highly meritorious example. He wanted money, and he married a lady with abundance of it. Do you think he will be the less happy on that account? If you do, you are mistaken. Money makes everything more tolerable than it would be without it—even marriage.”

“Even marriage!” repeated Tresham, with a laugh. “Why, I thought you were so eager for me to get married?”

“It depends on the person you choose.”

“Some marriages would require a great deal of sweetening in the way you suggest; I must admit that.”

“And then,” continued the mo-

ther, preferring to pass over this remark, "we must remember the great importance to you of good family connections. To be sure, you might make your way in these days without them, like Mr Chirp; but you would not care to be Mr Chirp, even with his position."

"I do not know about that; he is a great man."

"No—a small man in a great position. He will not last, my son, as Mr Spinner has done, for instance."

"Let us come to your point, mother. It is not to talk of Chirp that you are keeping me here now. It is something which you deem of far greater importance."

"You are right, Reginald—I make no attempt to deceive you. I will tell you the fear which I have lately had weighing upon my heart; it is, that you will become entangled in some hasty engagement of which you might afterwards repent. Is there any ground for this fear? I ask you frankly, and I know that I may trust you to answer me truly." She looked straight into his eyes as she spoke, and it was not without a pang that she saw him partially avert his face from her scrutiny.

"I have never," said he, after a little pause, "spoken a word to Miss Margrave which could lead her to suppose that I sought the honour—for such I should account it—of a closer acquaintance than we have at present. But I cannot conceive what objection you can have to her."

"You cannot? Do you not see that the whole question we have been talking about is concerned in such a match as this would be? Who is Miss Margrave's father? A man of good birth enough, no doubt; comes of a very fair family, though it is not on a level with ours—and no man is justified in

marrying below his level, as I said before. That is my cardinal maxim on the marriage question; and depend upon it, that as you grow older, and see more of the world, you will find that it is a wise and safe one. For man or woman, marriage is the one great chance in life, and it ought to be made the most of. Women, as a rule, *do* make the most of it; men more frequently throw it away. They act as if they were sure the chance would come round to them again. Now I do not want you to commit any such imprudence."

"I wish I could find some one exactly like you, mother," said the son, taking her hand in his own; "I would marry her at once."

"My dear boy, there are women far more worthy of you than any one you have yet seen. Do not act hastily; it is all I ask. As for the Margraves, I desire to speak kindly of them. The young lady is charming—I grant it. But of her father's life, his connections, his marriage even, no one knows anything. I ask you, who was his wife? An American, so they say."

"I do not know anything about it," said young Tresham; rather disconcerted in spite of himself. "I have always understood that she was of English birth, though I confess I have heard no more than that, and scarcely know where I heard even so much. Remember, I have no right to ask a question on the subject."

"She was an American," persisted Lady Tresham, in a firm and quiet tone, and with an increasing conviction that she was conducting a successful assault. "And who are the Americans? People who are now all the rage—which is more than they were when I was a girl. Then we scarcely ever saw an American from one year's end to another; now society abounds with them.

In my young days there was a long, thin, sallow-visaged man who was asked out everywhere because he was a great orator—David Webster—Daniel Webster,—some such name as that; a man with an enormous forehead. I remember *that* perfectly. But now we have legions of such people—not all of them with enormous foreheads, I admit, but most of them heralded beforehand as greater prodigies than Samuel—was his name Samuel?—Webster. We must be civil to them, of course—it is quite the proper thing; but, thank heaven, we need not marry them or their daughters!”

“I can only repeat, mother, that I believe you are mistaken in supposing that Miss Margrave’s mother was an American.”

“There is no mistake whatever about it. What kind of an American I really do not know—perhaps a native; a woman with beads and moccasins; a sort of Pocahontas—who can tell?”

“A very good sort of woman that would be,” said young Tresham, unable to repress a smile at his mother’s zeal.

“Do not think of it, my dear son. Consider—I say it once more—consider your career. The man of all others to help you as a father-in-law would be your kinsman, the Earl of Rathskinnan. But if you will not go there, at least go to some quarter equally good. Go and talk to Mr Spinner.”

“What! about my choice of a wife?”

“No—not that, of course, but with reference to your future. He owes our family much, and is, I have good reason to believe, well disposed towards you. They say he means to remain in office for years to come.”

“He always did mean to remain there.”

“No doubt—no doubt; but there he is now, at any rate, and he will stick there if he can, depend upon it. Your father was an ally of his for a quarter of a century. Go and see him; it will remind him of the past.”

“Are you sure that he wishes to be reminded of the past? Most people think that he has a happy knack of forgetting it. Recollect that he has changed his opinions slightly since my father’s time.”

“Of course he has,” said Lady Tresham, with a cheerful smile; “every honest man changes his opinions—sometimes as often as twice a-year. Remember we are not living in the old stage-coach days. It does not do to be wiser than the people; and what is Mr Spinner but a child of the people? One must study every wish and every thought of the great public; that is Mr Spinner’s way, and I want it to be yours. You must get on, and you can only do that by ready adaptability—of course, I mean conscientious adaptability. Naturally you would always consult your conscience first, and your interests afterwards. Generally speaking, I hope both would be found in harmony. At any rate, you will go and see Mr Spinner, will you not?”

“Certainly; I have always intended to do so, and will put it off no longer.” The widow held out her hand, and her son bent down and kissed it. He was a clear-headed man, but there were times when he was not quite sure whether his mother was indulging in her favourite vein of sarcasm, or talking in plain and serious earnest; and this was one of them. Lady Tresham had always puzzled her husband; and even her son, who was of a keener intellect than his father, was frequently baffled by her. As he walked forth upon the terrace, he

felt that somehow he was baffled now; but that did not diminish his admiration of his mother's abilities.

"I do not know," he said to himself, "what my wife may be like, but I am quite sure that no man could have a cleverer mother. What a pity she has taken this violent prejudice against the Margraves! And what is all this cock-and-bull story about the Tiltoffs and their lawsuit? Can there be any truth in that? Is Margrave's position so insecure as my mother fancies?" As he paced up and down, he thought very seriously over his own position, and no

doubt many things which had been uttered that morning insisted on forcing themselves again and again upon his attention. Suggestions had been made which could not be easily dismissed: Lady Tresham did not intend that they should be. Her remarks were generally remembered. Yet she had not intended this morning to say a disagreeable thing; she thought only, as it was her duty to do, of the interests of her son.

"Decidedly," said he, after a long communing with himself—"decidedly I must go and see Mr Spinner."

CHAPTER VII.—MR DEXTER FILE.

In the pleasantest street of New York, which by common consent is now held to be Fifth Avenue—although much might be said for the picturesque neighbourhood of the Battery, long since deserted by the world of fashion,—in Fifth Avenue there stood a house which attracted no particular attention from the passer-by, but to which visitors came from all parts of the United States. And yet there were seldom any signs of gaiety, or even of the ordinary bustle of life, about the place. Social festivities were almost unknown within those walls; the brilliant equipages of wealthy New Yorkers were rarely seen to stop before the door. The rooms facing the street were gorgeously fitted up, although they seemed to be almost uninhabited. At night—when, by an odd chance, most of the occupant's visitors were in the habit of calling to see him—no lights were ever visible in the front windows, and by day the heavy velvet curtains were seldom drawn aside. At the end of a long passage leading from the street door, a few steps descended to a

back room, which presented a great contrast in its appearance to all the rest of the house. There were no handsome carpets, no mirrors, no pictures. Everything was plain and unpretending. And this was the private sanctuary of the famous Mr Dexter File, whose exploits in the field of finance had frequently astonished the world, and whose name was better known on every exchange in Europe than that of the Emperor of Russia or the master of the Turkish legions.

In the middle of this room stood a large desk, full of drawers; and a still larger iron safe completely filled up one corner. Near the safe a number of ivory knobs were inserted in the wall, and the clicking of a telegraphic instrument was heard behind a curtain which was drawn across one end of the chamber. Behind that curtain there was also a table, at which a shorthand writer was seated every evening till the last of the visitors had taken his departure; but no one who entered the house had the slightest suspicion of his existence. He did his work in silence, and the

words which were taken down were known to no one but himself and his employer. One of the knobs in the wall opened up telephonic communication with Albany, where, as everybody is aware, the legislation for the great State of New York is carried on; another communicated with Boston, and a third with Philadelphia—for great capitalists lived in those cities, and Mr Dexter File held important relations with the chief of them. The ticking behind the curtain came from a private telegraph wire which was connected with an Atlantic cable, and this cable was practically the private property of Mr File. It enabled him to ascertain the exact state of affairs in every market in Europe at any moment, and sometimes to communicate to his agents in London and Paris information which caused no slight perturbation in those markets, especially as regards the securities of Mr File's native land. It had cost a fortune to lay this cable, but it had earned a much larger one in various ways; and Dexter File knew perfectly well that it would be easy enough to get rid of it whenever it had fully served his purpose.

In the iron safe were records of transactions in stocks which would have staggered a Rothschild. Most men, even of large ideas, are content to deal with thousands, or with tens of thousands; Dexter File's dealings were frequently with millions. The formation of gigantic combinations destined to produce results more or less important wherever a stock exchange existed; the organisation of an immense speculation in which the principal railroads of the entire American continent would be affected; the contrivance of a scheme by which some popular enterprise would be exposed, or a discredited project rendered suddenly popular,—such

was the nature of the work which Mr Dexter File carried on in this room. This work absorbed all his thoughts. He did not drink, he did not smoke; books he never read; he was utterly indifferent to the temptations of the usual pleasures of life. It was useless to ask him out to dinner, for he would not go; one description of food was the same to him as another. His dinner was generally over in ten minutes. He had no animosities, and very few friendships. No woman had ever been seen inside his house—except, of course, his domestics, and they seldom came in his way. Yet, although Dexter File had so few associates, he would not have known what was meant if anybody had told him that he led a solitary life.

Many men at various times had declared war to the knife against Mr File, and had gone forth with the determination to make an end of him and his career. They soon found that they might as well have fought against the stars. Sooner or later they fled from the field in dismay, defeated, and most likely ruined. No one knew even the least of File's plans; for he had no confidants, and never talked about his affairs to any one, under any circumstances which surrounded him. He was never troubled with those weak moments which come to others, when no watch is set upon the tongue, and when confidences are given to be afterwards betrayed. Mr File's belief was that no man was to be trusted—still less any woman. His taciturnity was one great secret of his power; it made men fear him, and it also made them trust him. It was well known that whatever might happen, Dexter File would disclose nothing. Congressional committees, one after another, had summoned him before them; but al-

though he answered all their questions, they never found out what they wanted to know. File was perfectly frank and straightforward to all appearance, only he told them nothing. The secrets which committees tried to explore were locked up in his own breast; and no one, whether friend or foe, had ever been able to find the key.

Two gentlemen were seated with Mr Dexter File in the back room just described: one, sleek, round, and bald-headed, was Mr Mink, who knew as much of File's affairs as any man could be said to do, and who was supposed to be his most trusted friend; the other, a dark-eyed, black-haired, vivacious little man, was none other than the King of the Lobby, known in Washington as Don Pedro—the most good-natured man alive, and the most successful in driving conviction home to the minds of wavering Congressmen. When a man was uncertain as to which way he intended to vote, an interview of a few minutes with Don Pedro was usually found quite sufficient to enable him to come to a decision. There were few indeed who were capable of resisting his persuasive powers. In his bedroom at Washington there was a little table which was wonderfully responsive to the will of Mr File. He would touch a knob in his private office in Fifth Avenue, and Don Pedro would instantly hear a bell ring, and presently a long slip of paper would unroll itself from the little table, and on that paper he would find printed all that File wished him, at the moment, to know. It was in obedience to a summons communicated to him in this way that he was now closeted with his principal.

There had been a good deal of clicking with the telegraph instruments, for the business which had

called these three men together was of greater importance than usual, and it required the simultaneous action of agents in various distant cities. But in a few minutes all was silent again. And then it appeared that Don Pedro had a few words to say.

"We shall have some trouble over that bill which our friend wants," said he to Mink—for File was writing, or pretended to be. "There is a good deal of opposition to it."

"From what quarter?" asked File, looking up.

"Well, the fact is, that our best speaker, Blower, has gone back on us. It will be hard to do without him. Do you still attach much importance to getting this bill passed?"

"I have not changed my mind about it in any way," said File. "What is the matter with Blower?"

"He has changed *his* mind; that's all I can get out of him."

"Then let him change it back again. It will be his wisest plan." File thought of certain notes which contained a record of a conversation that had taken place between Blower and himself in that very room. It might be necessary to let the Congressman know of the existence of these notes. But that was a measure which he was very reluctant to adopt.

"I cannot make him out," continued Don Pedro, taking a cigar out of his waistcoat-pocket and putting it in his mouth without lighting it. "He says he has conscientious scruples."

"I am sorry to hear that," said File, with much gravity; "they are generally rather expensive things to me. How long has he had them?"

"A week or two. He thought the bill unobjectionable at first; now he says he has taken a different view of his duty."

"Is that so? How much did you offer him?"

"Five thousand dollars."

"Double it; see what effect that will have upon his conscience. We must have this affair arranged, and Blower is necessary. Five thousand was no price at all to offer him. You are so fond of your money, Don Pedro, that you hate to part with it."

"Well, I can but try him again," said the King of the Lobby, rubbing his black, stubbly hair very hard, still sucking at his cigar.

"Do; use your best arguments," continued Dexter File, with a hard sort of smile. "Convince his judgment. That is what they call it, isn't it, Mink?"

"I guess that's the talk," observed Mink, briefly. "Judgment is rather up in the market just now."

"It generally is when I happen to want it. But what about your other men, Don Pedro? Are they getting uneasy in their consciences too?"

"Not very bad; I reckon they can be fixed. At any rate, I can count on enough to put this bill through any day you like. Tucker of Okolona will vote for it: Tucker is a cheap man, and never suspects anything wrong. A cocktail and a hundred-dollar bill will do his business at any time. Flap, of Illinois, we shall want—I think he would be a most useful man."

"Ask him to dinner," said Mink, who hated formal dinners almost as much as Dexter File himself: "if he survives it, you can do what you like with him; if he doesn't, you can do without him."

"I have asked him for to-morrow night. With canvas-backs and unlimited champagne, much may be done with an Illinois Congressman. Then we shall begin operations next week, Mr File?"

"On Tuesday. You will hear

from me that morning." He nodded to the great lobbyist, and Don Pedro, who had by this time chewed up nearly half his cigar, passed out. Then File, making a sign to Mink to remain where he was, took up a pile of letters from the table, and singled out one which bore the English post-mark. It was a letter which Richard Margrave had written to him after his conversation with the lawyer. It described the difficulty in which he suddenly found himself placed, and dwelt briefly, but in a way which seemed to be not without its effect on Dexter File, on his anxieties concerning his daughter. "You will see," he wrote, "the necessity of my finding out who were my wife's parents, and where she was born. It is my only hope. The people by whom she was brought up, and whom, as you are aware, I looked upon as her parents, are dead. You alone of my friends know all her history. You can be the means of enabling me to repel the threatened attack upon my property, and thus of saving my daughter from misfortune—it may even be, from want, for I have no means apart from the estate left me by my father. Let me, then, ask you to help me if you can—and I have no reason to doubt either your willingness or your ability to do so."

Dexter File read this letter more than once, and held it long in his hand, pondering what reply he should make to it. It was quite true that he knew everything that could be known about Margrave's wife. He recollected her as a child, when circumstances placed her under the charge of persons who were strangers to him. He had lost sight of her for some few years; but as she advanced towards womanhood he saw her occasionally, and he was, as Margrave had said, present at her marriage.

File had not only known Margrave's wife, but he had also known her parents, and recalled them both as he sat plunged in a deep reverie, twisting Margrave's letter between his fingers. The father was a native of the place in which Dexter himself was born—a quiet little spot in the centre of New York State, consisting of a few scattered farmhouses and a cross-roads store. He worked hard, was gifted with great natural abilities, and very soon found Tonawanda too small for him. He started off to make his fortune, and Dexter File had often seen his name in the New York papers; but for some years before Margrave's marriage, File had held little communication with his old friends. He had outgrown them, and perhaps they had almost forgotten him. But he went to the marriage, in consideration of his long intimacy with the father of the bride.

As for the mother, she was a woman whom File could also distinctly recall, even after the lapse of so many years. In her early days she had been a beautiful woman—tall, dark, and with singularly fascinating eyes. For a year or so after her marriage she was a model wife; but too soon the life of her husband, immersed as he was in his business, became intolerable to her. She was young, and perhaps it was but natural that the pleasures of the world should have attractions for her which they did not possess for her husband, whose thoughts were all concentrated on one object—to get rich. For a time the husband suspected and feared nothing, which was perhaps a mistake; then he suspected too much, which was a still greater mistake. The wife declared that she was guilty of nothing worse than heedlessness and levity; the husband judged her harshly, and

left her to her fate. Then a child was born, and the husband refused to acknowledge child or mother—and there, for him, the tragedy came to an end.

Dexter remembered it all well: the suffering of the father—for though hard and severe, he was by no means a man destitute of feeling; the death of the mother; the fate of the child, brought up among strangers, not unprovided for by the father who disowned her, but left in ignorance of him, knowing nought either of his guidance or his love. It was a vision of the past which sent a pang of misery even into that iron soul.

The daughter thus adopted by her mother's friends, became Margrave's wife. He believed, as he had told the lawyer, that she was the daughter of the family whose name she bore. Her beauty was great, and Margrave was at an impressionable age. The courtship was brief: there were few friends present at the marriage, but among them was Dexter File, whose present was made in the shape of a Treasury note, which he slipped into the bride's hand on bidding her good-bye. It was a token that he had not forgotten her parents, who, long years before, had been his most intimate friends, in days when he could yet boast of having friends.

Everything came back to the capitalist's mind as he sat looking at Margrave's letter. What was he now to say in answer to it? Were there not many circumstances which even he could scarcely explain? He could solve some of Margrave's doubts; but there were others which he could not solve—there would still be left much that would remain wrapped in darkness even to his own eyes.

"You remember," he said at length to his companion, "the

woman who lived in Onondaga some years ago, and whose daughter married that young Englishman you sometimes used to meet here?"

"Very well," said Mink, with a quick glance at File; "has she turned up again?"

"No; I almost wish she had. Do you know what became of her?"

"She was in New York for some time, but it is many years ago. I thought she was dead."

"That is one thing which I want to find out." Mink seemed to be thinking the matter over for a minute or two, and then he said—

"Why not go to Captain Clinch? Depend upon it, he is your man. He will know as much about her as you would care to hear—perhaps more. He never loses sight of anybody, and he has reason to remember *her*."

"What reason? I never heard of it."

"Well, he was a great friend of M'Stinger the actor, and you recollect that the woman we are speaking of travelled with M'Stinger's company. M'Stinger died rather suddenly, and some suspicion fell upon her. Clinch will tell you all about it."

"I will see him," said File. Presently he added, in the tone of a man who is thinking aloud, "It was strange that the wife of this Englishman should have gone pretty much the same road as her mother. It must have run in the blood."

Hosea Mink looked very grave. Evidently the theme upon which File had suddenly touched was by no means an agreeable one to him. He looked at the capitalist for a moment in a questioning manner, and then he said—

"The mother was innocent, whatever the daughter may have

been. I have never had the slightest doubt about that."

"So you have always said; but unfortunately you could never get her husband to believe it."

"More's the pity. If I had done so, he would have looked after his daughter more than he did; and that might have been better for her, as well as for this friend of yours, Mr Margrave, whom she married——"

"And ran away from," said File, quickly. "As I say, it was in the blood. But the father paid for the education of the girl, did he not?"

"So the Vances always said."

"And they treated her as their own child. She wanted for nothing. How did she suffer by being left in their care? What could her father—as you call him—have done for her more than they did?"

"That's all very well so far as it goes, but the father was wrong in laying the mother's sin at the daughter's door, and refusing to acknowledge her as his child."

Then nothing more was said on either side for several minutes. File was the first to break the silence.

"It is too late," he said, "to talk about that old story. It is another matter I want to look into now. Good night. I will take your advice and see Clinch."

"Good night," said Mink, rising quickly, evidently much relieved at his release.

But Dexter File sat there still, neither moving nor regarding anything around him, plunged in thought. Then he turned to his desk, and sat down and answered Margrave's letter—an answer of three or four lines only; for whether in writing or in speaking, he never wasted a word. At last he turned out the lights and went to bed; but even then he could not at first banish from his mind the

sad story which the letter had revived. "It may be," he thought, "that Margrave's daughter will be different; the dark drop in the blood cannot last for ever. I should like to see her. Some day

I will try to manage it. In the meantime, I will go to sleep." And as he was one of the few lucky mortals who can command sleep at will, he was soon buried in forgetfulness.

CHAPTER VIII.—A SECRET CONSULTATION.

Everybody in New York knew that Dexter File was one of the richest of its inhabitants. Some people liked to say that he was the richest of all; but then they chose to forget for the moment the fortune of the Vandervoer family, which, although it had only been growing for a couple of generations, already reached colossal proportions—to say nothing of the riches amassed by the Van Toffs, of the genuine Knickerbocker stock. The Van Toffs lived in a large, old-fashioned house, surrounded by a garden, in the Second Avenue: like true Knickerbockers as they were, they had kept to the original Dutch quarter of the city, and declined to bend the knee, or even to make an obeisance afar off, to the great god Mammon, which modern New Yorkers had set up in Fifth Avenue. Nowhere is pride of family and good descent more tenaciously clung to than in America. The descendants of the "first families" of Virginia, or of the early settlers in Massachusetts, or of the Knickerbockers of New York, are among the least likely people in the world to admit the doctrine of universal equality. In the old streets near the East River in New York, there are still some spacious and comfortable houses left—the abodes of the descendants of the Mynheers, who once bought the island of the Indians for a handful of tobacco and a few rolls of skins. Now and then, when one of the good old stock dies,

everybody is astonished at the immense amount of money which he leaves behind; and most of this money goes into safe hands, where it is pretty sure to increase rather than to diminish. It was therefore an exaggeration to say that Dexter File was the richest man in the city. Perhaps the best way to put the matter would be that which he once adopted himself: "I guess I am richer than any American ought to be." And most Americans were on this point decidedly of Mr Dexter File's opinion.

Among the people who thus agreed with him were numerous representatives of that universal class which lives and thrives upon the industry and thrift of others—the freebooters who hang upon the outskirts of society, watching for an opportunity to spring at its throat. Mr File's house was perfectly well known to every member of this class; and it was equally well known, that although he might not keep large sums of ready money in an old stocking under his bed, yet that his big iron safe contained documents which were quite as valuable as money, and which might be turned into it with very little trouble by almost any one who happened to get hold of them. The railroad securities hoarded within that safe were always worth at least ten millions of pounds—so much Mr File invariably kept by him as a little reserve. And besides these, there were Government notes and bonds, and certain letters

and papers, which were of quite as much value to the persons interested in them as ingots of gold. These papers were of so much importance, that their publication would have caused more consternation in Washington than a destructive earthquake.

And yet no attempt had ever been made to rob Mr File's dwelling, whereas some of his neighbours had suffered more than once from the activity and enterprise of the various gentlemen who were skilled in the use of new and improved instruments for gaining entrance to a house without the consent of its inmates. The secret of Mr File's immunity from these visits was simple, although no one had ever found it out. He knew far too much about the police to go to them for advice or assistance. One evening, in response to a hint which he had let fall to Mr Mink, a gentleman-looking man, with smoothly shaved cheeks and a dark moustache, and wearing a large diamond solitaire in his shirt-front, presented himself at Mr File's house, and was instantly admitted. His appearance was so much in his favour, that he completely captivated the heart of the Irish girl who opened the door; and there was some excuse for her, for this gentleman and his diamond stud were everywhere and at all times a great success with her sex. A pleasanter-looking man one could scarcely meet with; and if a large lump somewhat disfigured one side of his face, that was merely owing to the fact that he had taken a fresh "chaw" of the far-famed Virginia Solace just before entering the house. If a man is to be condemned for chewing tobacco, the whole population of the West, and a large part of that of the East, might as well be "wiped out" at once.

This quiet young man was in reality none other than the famous Dandy Clinch, captain of the Bowery gang; and the distinction of the Bowery gang was, that it controlled all the other gangs in New York. Captain Clinch was the absolute ruler of his forces; and, upon the whole, he deserved his position, for he had two good points in his character which many persons who are not thieves cannot boast of—his word could always be trusted, and he was as brave as a lion. Dexter File knew of these merits; but he also knew that the Captain had one or two grave faults mingled with his virtues, and it was perhaps in the hope of getting him to correct these that he sent for him on this particular occasion.

However that may be, the Dandy remained closeted with the great financier nearly half an hour, and at the end of that time he emerged with a very cheerful smile on his good-looking face, and with the "chaw" well established in his other cheek. Mr File himself showed him to the door. The Irish maid, who had been on the watch for the departure of the brigand chief, heard the following fragment of conversation; and there was nothing in it to console her for missing the opportunity of seeing the Dandy again—

"Then that will be all that is necessary?" It was Mr File who said this.

"Yes, sir; take no further trouble."

"And if I should have a visit from any of your boys, I am to send for you at once?"

"They will not come, sir—take my word for it. You might leave all your doors unlocked every night, and not a pin would be missing in the morning."

"Very well; remember you are

to call here and see me once every quarter."

Captain Clinch undertook to remember *that*; and it is only just to him to say that his visits were made with the utmost regularity, and that in the intervals between them nothing whatever occurred to give rise to the slightest dissatisfaction on the part of Mr File. The Dandy was always allowed to see the great man, and always had a few minutes' talk with him, and invariably left the house buttoning up his breast-pocket with an air of perfect content with Mr File and all the rest of the world. This had gone on for several years without the slightest variation in the programme.

Now it happened that the quarterly visit of Captain Clinch was due on the night following that upon which File had deliberated so long upon Margrave's letter. The leviathan of American railroads was quite ready for his honest friend; the accustomed roll of Treasury notes was lying upon the table by his side. Punctually at the appointed hour the Dandy made his appearance, and sat himself down in an arm-chair, and furtively surveyed the financier with the deepest attention. Everybody who came into Dexter File's presence did the same; for he had done such incredible things, and he kept himself so secluded from the world, that there was greater curiosity to see him than there was to see all the wonderful objects ever raked together by Mr Barnum. He was a man of perhaps sixty years of age or thereabouts—tall, thin, and grey, with piercing eyes half hidden beneath a heavy canopy of bushy eyebrows. It was very difficult indeed to look fairly into those eyes, not only because they were set so far back in

the head, but owing to the fact that their owner was peculiarly skilled in the art of avoiding the scrutiny of any one with whom he happened to be holding a conversation. In manner, Dexter File was quiet and self-possessed, and in speech, as it has been said, he was very reserved. It was impossible to obtain from the expression of his countenance any clue to his thoughts or purposes, and therefore it was not at all surprising that Captain Clinch was no wiser after his study of that imperturbable visage than he was before.

While Clinch was trying to read Mr File's thoughts, the great capitalist himself was arranging in proper order the questions he intended to ask; for there was nothing that he hated more than to travel twice over the same ground, or to use two words where one could be made to do.

"Nothing happened, sir?" asked the Captain, respectfully. He very seldom addressed any one as "sir." He was a true American, and looked upon the use of "sir" as the mark of an inferior race—of "Britishers," for instance. But in Dexter's case he was overawed: there was something about the man which made him subdued and respectful in spite of himself.

"Nothing," replied Dexter, and he handed over the little roll which had been placed in readiness upon his desk. Under ordinary circumstances, the worthy Captain would have taken this packet and his leave at the same time; but there was something in his employer's manner which led him to believe that an additional communication might be expected. He waited patiently until it pleased the great man to speak.

"Do you recollect," said Dexter File at length, "old Charley Box,

the manager of the Bowery Theatre in former days?"

"Of course I do, Mr File; he's only been dead about five years. He died soon after his failure through his losses on the Stock Exchange. A good many people lose their money there."

"Is that so? Then they should keep away from it. Was there not an actor named M'Stinger once in Box's employ?"

"I guess there was; and a first-class actor he was—better than any of them foreigners from the other side, Macready and that lot. You ought to have seen him play Macbeth. When it came to the fighting scene, you might have heard him down to the Battery. His voice made the house shake."

"That must have been a treat. And what became of him?"

"The same as becomes of all of us, Mr File—he died. He was a great friend of mine, and I knew the woman who was always around with him towards the last. And a mighty queer story that was, too. He was in love with her, but I don't think she cared for him. That's the way of women; if you want them to care for you, never let them see you care for them. Poor M'Stinger was not up to that; and a hard time he had of it, according to what I heard."

"What was the trouble?"

"On one of M'Stinger's tours—the Captain called it *towers*—he fell in with a woman who was a novice on the stage, although she had played as an amateur half round the country. M'Stinger took up with her, and she went with him out West; for she was a mighty smart woman, and good-looking at that time, although most people were afraid of her—she had such an all-fired temper. At any rate, poor M'Stinger got completely under her thumb, and

took more and more to drink; and they say she used to help him at it, so that at last Mac had nothing left but the house which he lived in, and which he had bought years before. Well, sir, one morning, as the policeman was going his rounds, what should he see in front of Mac's door but Mac himself, breathing hard, but unconscious; and so he remained for about two hours, and then he handed in his checks. That was the end of M'Stinger. No actor to touch him now, Mr File—Booth is not a patch upon him."

"Where was the woman all this time?"

"She was in her own lodgings; for, you see, she did not live in poor Mac's house. She did not like him well enough to do that. Some people felt kind o' sorry for her. But the day after the funeral she produced a deed which made over to her the house and everything in it, from basement to roof; and it turned out that this deed had been executed the very day before Mac was found lying in front of his own door. After that, people began to look at her sideways, especially as it came out that Mac had been at her house all the night before, and hadn't long left her when he was picked up."

"And so there was some suspicion of foul play, eh?"

"Well, you see, Mr File, Mac generally went to bed a little wavy."

"Wavy?" repeated File.

"You know what I mean, sir—he was a little too fond of the Bourbon. The doctor said he had had an apoplectic fit, probably caused by intoxication; and so nothing was done. But the woman was watched for some time, and she knew it; and little facts gradually came out which sort o' settled suspicion upon her. But the police did not like

to take her, for there was no evidence to set against the doctor's."

"And so she ran away?"

"Ran away! Guess not. She jest sot right down where she was until the whole thing had pretty nigh blown over, when one day a woman who had lived with her as a servant, let out a story which made the police wake up pretty lively; but my lady took the hint, and neither she nor the servant has ever been seen again."

"Have you any idea where this woman — M'Stinger's friend — is now?"

"An *idee*, but that's about all. I reckon she's somewhere in South America, for she was traced to Cuba. No doubt she could make money there, for she was a real elegant actress. I wonder you never saw her, sir. But you don't go to the theatre?"

"Not very often, Captain. But didn't this woman give up the stage?"

"I never heard that she did. She was too fond of it to give it up. If you wanted to find her, Mr File, I guess it could be done — at least, we'd hunt the trail hard for you."

"Do you say the police wanted her?" said File, taking no notice of this offer.

"Well, they did for a time; but my opinion is, they couldn't have done much if they had found her. I always believed she did no harm, except to gammon M'Stinger out of his house. Drink will kill a man as sure as poison if he takes enough of it, and Mac took enough for a dozen men. The woman was said to be very respectably connected, but I never heard rightly who she was."

"The city seems pretty quiet just now," said File, suddenly changing the subject.

"Everything very dull, sir, my business included. The boys haven't had a stroke of luck for six months and more."

Then Captain Clinch got up to withdraw, for he saw that his employer had no more to say. As his hand was on the door, File turned suddenly and asked him one more question.

"What did you say was the name of the woman you have been talking of?"

"Mrs M'Stinger do you mean, sir?"

"Is that what she was called?"

"Sometimes. And yet people say that they never lived together. Her real name was a shorter one than that, and she was always known by it while she was in the West. But she changed it after she went from there—that's how it is that everybody lost sight of her."

"And her stage name in the West?"

"Was *Vance*, Mr File—Rachel Vance. No doubt she is dead by this time; it is a good many years ago since she was last heard of—at least fifteen or sixteen. Rachel Vance was the name. Shall I try to find her for you?"

"No, no; I know nothing about her. Your story interested me. No doubt you could tell many a curious tale, Captain?"

"I reckon I could, sir. Queer things have happened in New York."

"It is all pretty much as I thought," said File to himself as the door closed on his friend the Dandy.

MRS CARLYLE'S LETTERS.

THE "old style" of reviewing had something to recommend it. When we look into the Magazines (often very poor affairs, we must admit), published in London and Edinburgh towards the close of the last century, we find that their notices of books consist mainly of extracts. There are generally a few words of preface—sometimes a few words that by courtesy may be called critical; but the rest of the article is taken almost bodily from the volume that is the subject of "review." A very fair notion not only of the author's manner, but of the author's matter, was thus obtained. But we have changed all that. Our critical notices are constructed upon a quite different principle. The book is merely the peg, so to speak, on which the reviewer hangs his own individual convictions or original research. It is the occasion of the writing—nothing more. The practice had no doubt been introduced before his time, but Macaulay was the first great master of the art. In his most brilliant essays, indeed, he professes to *review*; but he has barely opened the ball before he starts on an independent adventure of his own—the unfortunate delinquent who had presumed to write a book on the subject being dismissed with a more or less contemptuous kick. There is a good deal to be said for either practice; but we think it a pity that the earlier should be entirely discarded. There are occasions when the reader desires to ascertain not what the critic thinks, but what the writer says; and the remarkable letters

of Mrs Carlyle, which Mr Froude has recently published, is certainly a case in point.

That they are remarkable letters, no one, we think, will venture to dispute,—the most remarkable, probably, that have been written by a woman—in our time at least. We do not know any letters, indeed, with which we would care to compare them—they are so idiomatic, so vivid, so altogether personal and uncommon. The story, moreover, which they disclose, is one of intense interest; but it is an interest which does not depend upon incident, which is often painful, and sometimes enigmatic and obscure. It requires not a little patience and discernment to find out what it exactly imports,—how far the husband, how far the wife, was to blame for what amounted during many years to virtual alienation. The narrative, though related with more than French vivacity, is thus essentially sombre. Into all these matters, when the evidence is complete, it may be proper to enter; in the meantime, we propose for once to revert to the earlier usage of our craft, and to lay before our readers such a summary of the contents of the volumes as may enable each for himself to form his own conclusions.

Without any considerable departure from the line marked out, however, one or two prefatory observations may be ventured upon, and, indeed, are almost indispensable. In the first place, the high literary quality of the letters is undeniable. Mr Froude, and even Mr Carlyle, may have doubted

at times the propriety of making them public property; but the risk was well worth running. No such letters, so far as we can remember, are to be found in our literature. Instinct with life and passion, brilliantly direct, bitterly contemptuous, the scorn and the pathos alike are original and un-borrowed. There is not an alien or artificial note in one of them,—every word comes straight from the heart. The woman who wrote them was indeed in one sense a great artist; but, as Polixenes says, “the art itself is nature.” They are crowded with details of domestic misadventures, which a commonplace story-teller would have made insufferably dull and insipid: but Mrs Carlyle was not a commonplace story-teller; and the fine touch of the comic artist is everywhere manifest. The mean miseries and discomforts of a narrow and unlovely life are related in the true spirit of Comedy. The soft light of the humorous imagination plays about them. Helen the cook-maid, or Jane the maid-of-all-work, are such figures as one might find in a play by Congreve or Sheridan. The language is marvellously flexible—adapting itself with natural ease and rapidity to whatever mood, grave or gay, lively or severe, happens to be the mood of the moment. The nimble wit never flags. Its *unexpectedness* is perhaps its most noticeable characteristic,—the banter has always a turn which no one else could have given it, and which constantly takes us by surprise. Ursa Major himself, and his “Immensities” and “Eternities” and “Upper Powers,” is treated with a charming playfulness—a playfulness, however, which at length (for several un-

happy years at least) assumes an almost sibylline air of severity and reticence. That Mrs Carlyle indulged in a freedom of speech which is rare in those days cannot be denied,—one fancies sometimes that she must have agreed with the old Scottish gentlewoman who held that swearing was a great ornament to conversation,—but it is never rude or vulgar, or inconsistent with the true refinement and natural delicacy of her character. Her keen and incisive intellect was impatient to intolerance of the rapid conventions of society; and this impatience is reflected in the language she uses. It cuts to the quick. But in her case, trenchant keenness of insight was closely united with true and tender sympathy; and it is hard to say which strikes us most in these letters—the fierce hostility to the unworthy, or the beautiful compassion for the unhappy. Her temperament was acutely sensitive, and this sensitiveness, easily wounded, gave vivacity to her mockery and bitterness to her reproach.

It is easy to understand the fascination which such a character must have exercised in the society to which she belonged. It may be said quite truly that there was no one who knew her who did not love her. The first and most famous men of the time were her devoted slaves. Hardly a woman then in the great London world was at once so strong and so lovable, so simple and sincere and yet so uncommon. She told William Forster once that her grandfather was a gipsy who had “suffered” for sheep-stealing at Lanark. *That*, he replied, explained the mystery,—she was a cross between the Gipsy and John Knox.¹ The

¹ “Next morning was bright as diamonds, and we walked all about the town and neighbouring heights; where, rendered unusually communicative by our iso-

weird brilliancy of her intellect had unquestionably, as Scotch people would say, something "uncanny," something elfin, about it. She was a woman who had no awe—who looked all things frankly and fearlessly in the face—to whom mental reserves and pious frauds were an abomination—who was as untamable as Meg Merrilies. Was she a woman or was she a witch? She was a very witch in her wilful humours, her irreverent mockery, her fitful gusts of passion,—a very woman in her tenderness, her purity, her compassion, her soft pitifulness.

How much of her almost eccentric temerity and defiance of convention was due to her position as Carlyle's wife, it would be difficult to say. The story of their relations, as it is disclosed in these letters, is essentially tragic. A bright and charming and ambitious girl chose to mate herself with a peasant in whom she detected the rudiments of greatness. She elected to take the risk. In her father's house she had been dearly loved, delicately nurtured. In her new home she became a household drudge,—a hewer of wood and drawer of water. It was not exactly the life she had looked for; but she set herself to discharge her new duties with a stout heart. Had her husband rightly valued her, no complaint would have come from her. She was not a woman who would have spent her leisure in idle regrets or fruitless reproaches of unkind fate.

But it must be honestly said that he never—until the very last—appeared to recognise the rarity of the jewel he had won. His life was passed in his study—in long, silent, solitary rides over the hills of Dumfriesshire—or among the lanes of suburban London. He was a victim of dyspepsia, which took to his moody imagination the form of some malignant power sent expressly to torment him. When he emerged out of the gloom of oppressive work and bodily wretchedness, he went away from her, leaving her to fight out the battle alone. He had no leisure to devote to her,—though, as afterwards appeared, he had enough and to spare for others, especially for Lady Ashburton. "What was there in Bottom to bewitch Titania?" Jeffrey had once asked in his light tone of banter; but the bewitchment (if it ever existed) did not last long: and though she strove to resist the process of disillusion, and always kept a soft place for him in her heart, and sought with even pitiful insistence to bring herself into relations of amity with the peasant people from whom he sprang, it can hardly be said that she entirely succeeded. In short, they were ill matched. She was proud and sensitive; he was vehement and despotic. Two such fiery and eruptive natures were bound sooner or later to come into collision; and, as usually happens, the woman had the worst of it. Carlyle never knew how he had wounded her till

lated position, I informed William Edward that my maternal grandmother was 'descended from a gang of gipsies'; was, in fact, grand-niece to Matthew Baillie, who 'suffered at Lanark,'—that is to say, was hanged there. A genealogical fact, Forster said, which made me at last intelligible for him; 'a cross between John Knox and a gipsy—how that explained all!' By the way, my uncle has told me, since I came here, that the wife of that Matthew Baillie, Margaret Euston by name, was the original of Sir W. Scott's 'Meg Merrilies.' Matthew himself was the last of gipsies; could steal a horse from under the owner if he liked, but left always the saddle and bridle; a thorough gentleman in his way, and six feet four in stature!"

she was dead; but then his remorse was bitter. Dr Johnson, as we all remember, by way of expiating his filial impiety, stood bareheaded in the rain before his father's door; Mr Carlyle, in a similar spirit of contrition, collected his wife's letters and journals, and prepared them for publication. (Mr Froude, we daresay, has been sometimes tempted to wish that the prophet had done his penance in person, and not by proxy.) After hearing all that is to be said on the subject, we are not inclined to attribute anything like absolute criminality either to husband or to wife. "The pity of it, the pity of it, Iago," is the fittest comment. It was a hard struggle: yet, upon the whole, they bore themselves not ignobly. A less finely fibred woman would have suited Carlyle, for whom the joys of domesticity had no particular charm, quite as well; and with another man, "little Jeannie Welsh," as her old friends called her to the last, might have led a happy and contented life.

In the meantime Mr Froude is carrying out with unshrinking fidelity and tenacity the task intrusted to him. It is obvious that the letters have been very carefully sifted, and that nearly every reference (one or two have been overlooked, indeed—notably the passage affecting the Thomas Carlyle who did *not* write the 'French Revolution,' and who was a high-minded and scrupulously honest man, quite incapable of any mean or unworthy mystification) calculated to inflict real injury on living men or women, has been carefully erased. Whether the publication will add to Carlyle's reputation is a matter on which we are not prepared to pronounce any judgment, *pro* or *con*. The people who look upon him as a god will not be pleased; but then

he was not a god, nor, for that matter, a very immaculate fellow-creature. Yet his essential force was such that he can afford to be honestly, nay, even rudely handled, and need not fear the closest and most unfriendly scrutiny. It will appear more and more clearly as time goes by, and everything is known that can be known, that while often noisy and blatant (his love of silence, as Mrs Carlyle says, being extremely platonic), he was yet a man of immense sincerity, and of real if unequal greatness. "She sleeps in a pure grave, and our peasant maiden, to us who knew her, is more than a king's daughter." So he said of his sister Margaret, who died in girlhood; so his admirers may say of the brother who earned a world-wide fame. And beside him—alongside of him, if not above him—this woman, with her high and noble regard for truth and right, and her direct and bitter contempt—this weird, witch-like, much-suffering, much-enduring little soul—will find a place. No more sincere letters than hers were ever written; and when we say that there is nowhere any trace of dishonesty in her whole life; that her soul was as limpid and transparent as her style, what higher praise can be given? The world is distinctly richer for such an addition to its group of notable women; and if, instead of this strong and individual picture—so idiomatic, so racy of the soil—Mr Froude had been content to give us a conventional sketch, from which all the colour had been washed out, he would have sinned in our opinion even more badly than his numerous censors assume that he has done. A portrait of Carlyle, from which Mrs Carlyle and all the deeper and darker shadows of his life were excluded, might, no doubt, have been manufactured;

what it would have been worth in our National Portrait Gallery is another and quite different question.

The letters—which have been amply annotated by her husband in highly characteristic fashion—begin with the first year of their London or Chelsea life, and are continued almost without interruption till Mrs Carlyle's death in 1866. The notes and annotations, let us say in passing, are exceedingly characteristic. They abound in specimens of that grave and humorous exaggeration which is so often found in his best work. He tries hydropathic treatment with disastrous results: "Admired the fine air and country; found by degrees water taken as a medicine to be *the most destructive drug I had ever tried*—and thus paid my tax to contemporary stupor, and had done with water-cure." The tear and wear of correcting 'Frederick' were almost more than flesh and blood could stand,—the Christmas of 1857 being spent, it appears, among "*the most refractory set of proof-sheets I expect in this world.*" Isabella, the obstreperous maid-of-all-work, is dismissed with quite Cromwellian curtness: "My brief request to her was to disappear straightway, and in no region of God's universe, if she could avoid it, ever to let me behold her again." On his visit to Ireland in 1846 he saw O'Connell ("chief quack of the then world"—"first time I had ever heard the lying scoundrel speak"—"the eminently despicable and eminently poisonous professor of blarney that he was") and ate a potato, the remembrance of which was tenderly cherished ever afterwards: "Dined at John Mitchell's with a select party one evening, and ate there the last truly good potato I have met with in the world." Upon the whole, his judgments of the

men he came across are more generous than we had looked for. He does justice to the genuine qualities of Lockhart: "A hard, proud, but thoroughly honest, singularly intelligent, and also affectionate man, whom in the distance I esteemed more than perhaps he ever knew. Seldom did I speak to him; but hardly ever without learning and gaining something." And of Landor he says finely: "On which evening, till near noon of next day, I was Walter Savage Landor's guest, much taken with the gigantesque, explosive, but essentially chivalrous and almost heroic old man." (On the other hand, we are not surprised to find an eloquent and omniscient Secretary of State dismissed with befitting brevity: "William Harcourt, the now lawyering, parliamenteering, &c., loud man, who used to come hither at intervals.") Of the last hours of the good old mother, who had been so much to her son, he writes with a really pathetic, an almost monumental simplicity:—

"Never was a more perfect politeness of heart, beautifully shining through its *naïve* bits of embarrassments and simple peasant forms. A pious mother, if there ever was one: pious to God the Maker and to all He had made. Intellect, humour, softest pity, love, and, before all, perfect veracity in thought, in word, mind, and action; these were her characteristics, and had been now for above eighty-three years, in a humbly diligent, beneficent, and often toilsome and suffering life, which right surely had not been in vain for herself or others. The end was now evidently nigh, nor could we even wish, on those terms, much longer. Her state of utter feebleness and totally ruined health last year (1852) had been tragically plain to me on leaving for Germany. For the first time even my presence could give no pleasure, her head now so heavy."

"Friday morning, December 23, 1853, got to the Kirtlebridge Station; a grey dreary element, cold, dim, and sorrowful to eye and to soul. Earth spotted with frozen snow on the thaw as I walked solitary the two miles to Scotsbrig; my own thought and question, will the departing still be there? Vivid are my recollections there; painful still and mournful exceedingly; but I need not record them. My poor old mother still knew me (or at times only half knew me); had no disease, but much misery; was sunk in weakness, weariness, and pain. She resembled her old self, thought I, as the last departing moon-sickle does the moon itself, about to vanish in the dark waters. Sad, infinitely sad, if also sublime. . . . At midnight were her last words to me, tone almost kinder than usual, and, as if to make amends, 'Good night, and thank ye!' John had given her some drops of laudanum. In about an hour after she fell asleep, and spoke or awoke no more. All Sunday she lay sleeping, strongly breathing, face grand and statute-like; about 4 P.M. the breath, without a struggle, scarcely with abatement for some seconds, fled away whence it had come. Sunday, Christmas Day, 1853. My age 58; hers 83."

Some of the old Annandale stories which he relates are as good as any in Dean Ramsay; and they have, besides, the merit of novelty. The figures belong to a bygone world—to a Scotland that has passed away—and yet we know that they are true to the life. What can be better than this?

"In pious Scotland 'the worl,' or 'worl's gear,' signifies riches. Margaret (Smith) Aitken, an Annandale farmer's wife, of small possessions, though of large and faithful soul, had (perhaps a hundred years ago), by strenuous industry and thrift, saved for herself twenty complete shillings—an actual £1 note, wholly her own, to do what she liked with!—and was much concerned to lay it up in some place of absolute safety against

a rainy day. She tried anxiously all her 'hussives,' boxes, drawers, a cunning hole in the wall, various places, but found none satisfactory, and was heard ejaculating, to the amusement of her young daughters, who never forgot it, 'They have trouble that hae the worl', and trouble that haena't!'"

So much for Carlyle's contributions to these volumes; and in making some selections from the "letters" we shall as far as possible confine ourselves to those which are calculated to throw light upon the characters of this curiously assorted couple. In all familiar letters the personal interest is necessarily the strongest; and in the letters before us the personal interest, for many obvious reasons, is even stronger than usual.

Mrs Carlyle's writings abound in epigram as well as in passages of really charming tenderness. Her epigrams, like the 'Pensées' of Joubert, are the concentrated expression of sense and thought; but they have a sparkle of witty scorn besides, which we miss in Joubert's. If any collection of her "ana" is made hereafter, the only difficulty of the collector will be the abundance of material. Among them some of the following (which we take almost at random) will doubtless be found:—

"I trust that my mother reported my thanks, as she was charged to do; and that however much you may all have blamed my laziness, you have not suspected me of the atrocious sin of ingratitude, 'alike hateful to gods and men:' at least it used to be so; but now that it is so common in the world, people are getting into the way of regarding it, I suppose, as they do other fashionable vices, 'with one eye shut and the other not open' (as an Irish author said to me the other day in describing his manner of reading a certain journal). Rogers the poet, who professed to be a man of extensive

beneficence, and to have befriended necessitous persons without number in the course of his long life, declares that he never met with gratitude but in three instances. I have a mind to ask him to do something for me, just that he may have the pleasure of swelling his beggarly list of grateful people to four. 'For the name of Welsh,' I flatter myself, cherishes the old Athenian notions about gratitude."

"Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof—at present more than sufficient."

"But with respect to this influenza, uncle, what think you of it? above all, how is it, and why is it? For my part, with all my cleverness, I cannot make it out. Sometimes I am half persuaded that there is (in Cockney dialect) 'a do at the bottom on it'; medical men all over the world having merely entered into a tacit agreement to call all sorts of maladies people are liable to, in cold weather, by one name; so that one sort of treatment may serve for all, and their practice be thereby greatly simplified. In more candid moments, however, I cannot help thinking that it has something to do with the 'diffusion of useful knowledge': if not a part of that knowledge, at least that it is meant as a counterpoise; so that our minds may be preserved in some equilibrium, between the consciousness of our enormous acquirements on the one hand, and on the other the generally diffused experience that all the acquirements in the world are not worth a rush to one, compared with the blessedness of having a head clear of sniffers! However it be, I am thankful to heaven that I was the chosen victim in this house, instead of my husband. For, had he been laid up at present, there would have been the very devil to pay."

"Woe to him if he fall into the net of any beautiful Italian! People who are so dreadfully 'devoted' to their wives are so apt, from mere habit, to get devoted to other people's wives as well!"

"Dear Susan, I am sorry to say this world looks always the more absurd to me the longer I live in it! But, thank heaven, I am not the shepherd set over them; so let them go their

way: while we, who are a little higher than the sheep, go ours!"

"I went into the church last night with Reginald; and when I looked at *him* and *it*, and thought of the four hundred and fifty living souls who were to be saved through such means, I could almost have burst into tears. Anything so like the burial-place of revealed religion you have never seen, nor a rector more fit to read its burial-service!"

"All the books that pretend to amuse in our day, come, in fact, either under that category which you except against, 'the extravagant, clown-jesting sort,' or still worse, under that of what I should call the galvanised-death's-head-grinningsort. There seems to be no longer any genuine, heartfelt mirth in writers of books; they sing and dance still *vigoureusement*, but one sees always too plainly that it is not voluntarily, but only for halfpence; and for halfpence they will crack their windpipes, and cut capers on the crown of their heads, poor men that they are!"

"I do not know whether it be worst to be without the power of indulging one's reasonable wishes, or to have the power of indulging one's whims."

"When my husband is at work, I hardly ever see his face from breakfast till dinner; and when it rains, as often even when it does not rain, no living soul comes near me, to speak one cheerful word; yet, so long as I am in, what the French call, my 'room of reception,' it never occurs to me to feel lonely. Send me to my bedroom for a day, to that great red bed in which I have transacted so many headaches, so many influenzas! and I feel as if I were already half buried! Oh, so lonely! as in some intermediate stage betwixt the living world and the dead! . . . I sometimes think that, were I to remain there long, I should arrive in the end at prophesying, like my great, great ancestors! Solitude has such a power of blending past, present, and future, far and near, all into one confused jumblement, in which I wander about like a disembodied spirit that has put off the beggarly conditions of time and space: and that I take to be a first development of the spirit of prophecy in one."

"Women, they say, will always give a varnish of duty to their inclinations. I wonder whether men are any better in always giving to their disinclinations a varnish of justice?"

"Well, I did the *Great Britain*. It is three hundred and twenty feet long and fifty feet broad, and all of iron, and has six sails, and one pays a shilling to see it, and it was not 'a good joy.' All these prodigious efforts for facilitating locomotion seem to me a highly questionable investment of human faculty; people need rather to be taught to sit still."

"I fancy you would find our talk amusing if you could assist at it in a cloak of darkness, for one of the penalties of being 'the wisest man and profoundest thinker of the age' is the royal one of never hearing the plain, 'unornamented' truth spoken; every one striving to be wise and profound *invita natura* in the presence of such a one, and making himself as much as possible into his likeness. And this is the reason that Arthur Helps and so many others talk very nicely to me, and bore you to distraction. With me they are not afraid to stand on the little 'broad basis' of their own individuality, such as it is. With you they are always balancing themselves like Taglioni, on the point of their moral or intellectual great toe."

"I thought Mr C. was going to kick his foot through her, when she tumbled down at his touch. If she had been his wife he certainly would have killed her on the spot; but his maid-of-all-work he felt could not be got rid of without his being hanged for her."

"My poor dear!—That was the worst journey, 'but one,' I ever read of. You can perhaps guess the exception. One good thing will come of it, I hope; and that is a certain sympathy with Quashee! You will be more disposed henceforth to grant to your black brother the compensation of unlimited pumpkins! Such is indeed the only benefit that I, 'as one solitary individual,' ever get from being made excessively miserable in any particular way; it develops a new sympathy in me for another class of human sufferers. In all other re-

spects, I should say that being made excessively miserable is not for one's soul's good at all, but the reverse. Natures strong and good to begin with (that is, the exceptional natures), may be 'made perfect through suffering.' When one can digest it, I dare say it goes to fibre; but where the moral digestion is unhappily weak, the more miserable one is, the more one grows—'what shall I say?—bad, upon my honour.'"

"It had been for three days and three nights, not Jonah in the whale's belly, but the whale in Jonah's belly; that little creature seemed to have absorbed this whole establishment into herself."

"He seems to be very fond of me, —has a perception, I think, that I don't adore his wife, and is grateful to me for that."

"I was regretting to Betty that my aunts should live in such a fuss of religion. 'My dear,' said she, 'they were idle—plenty to live on, and nocht to do for't; they might hae ta'en to waur; so we maun just thole them, an' no' compleen.'"

"Anything is better than walking when one feels like an eel in the matter of backbone."

"I have always had the same sort of attraction for miserable people and for mad people that amber has for straws. Why or how, I have no idea."

"Even when Darwin, in a book that all the scientific world is in ecstasy over, proved the other day that we are all come from shell-fish, it didn't move me to the slightest curiosity whether we are or not. I did not feel that the slightest light would be thrown on my practical life for me, by having it ever so logically made out that my first ancestor, millions of millions of ages back, had been, or even had not been, an oyster. It remained a plain fact that I was no oyster, nor had any grandfather an oyster within my knowledge; and for the rest, there was nothing to be gained, for this world, or the next, by going into the oyster-question, till all more pressing questions were exhausted!"

"Meanwhile Mr C. declares me to be his 'guardian angel.' No sinecure, I can tell him."

The more tender passages have always a note, or undertone, of sadness; but for genuineness (and *that* is the touchstone) both the tenderness and the sadness have seldom been surpassed. Not a few of them read like passages from the Great Masters; even the style has a characteristic "distinction" of its own. There is, for instance, a little dialogue enclosed in a letter to John Sterling, entitled "The Bird and the Watch," which is quite out of the common, as may be gathered from this extract:—

"Unhappy Chico! not in thy circumstances, but in thyself, lies the mean impediment over which thou canst not gain the mastery. The lot thou complainest of so petulantly is, with slight variation, the lot of all. Thou art not free? Tell me who is? Alas, my bird! Here sit prisoners; there also do prisoners sit. This world is all prison, the only difference for those who inhabit it being in the size and aspect of the cells; while some of these stand revealed in cold strong nakedness for what they really are, others are painted to look like sky overhead, and open country all around, but the bare and the painted walls are alike impassable, and fall away only at the coming of the Angel of Death."

There was an unusual wealth of affection in "Jeannie Welsh's" nature, which, though habitually restrained, was all the more lavishly bestowed when it found an outlet. Sitting on her old nurse's knee (she goes round by Edinburgh merely "for a kiss of old Betty"), or moving among her early Haddington friends, she is as nearly as possible happy. "The hearts of these two old women are as fresh as gowans. It is like being pretty well up towards heaven, being here." "The people at Haddington seem all to grow so good and kind as they grow old. That isn't the way with us in the south." And what a homely but charming picture is this!—

"I went and drank tea with Mrs David Davidson, the worst-used woman I ever knew; and at seventy-eight years of age she hasn't a drop of gall in her whole composition, and is as serene as if she had never had a sorrow. She has still the same servant, Mary Jeffrys, who was with her when I was a child; she has served her with the same relish for fifty years. 'Ye dinna find us as perfect as I could wuss,' she (Mary) said to me (the house was clean as a new pin); 'but I'm as wullin as ever to work, only no' just sae able.' At the door she called after me: 'Ye'll find us aye here while we're to the fore; but it's no' unco lang we can expect to get bided.' I don't think either mistress or maid could survive the other a month."

The habitual mood, however, is different. The hardness and the weariness of life in "this great big absurdity of a world," are constantly brought home to us, with an almost Swiftian scorn. "The triumphal-procession-air which, in our manners and customs, is given to marriage at the outset—that singing of *Te Deum* before the battle has begun—has, ever since I could reflect, struck me as somewhat senseless and somewhat impious. If ever one is to pray—if ever one is to feel grave and anxious—if ever one is to shrink from vain show and vain babble—surely it is just on the occasion of two human beings binding themselves to one another, for better and for worse, till death part them; just on that occasion which it is customary to celebrate only with rejoicings, and congratulations, and *trousseaux*, and white ribbon! Good God!" "I should not be at all afraid that after a few weeks my new maid would do well enough, if it weren't for Mr C.'s frightful impatience with any new servant untrained to his ways, which would drive a woman out of the house with her hair on end if allowed to

act directly upon her! So that I have to stand between them, and imitate in a small, humble way, the Roman soldier who gathered his arms full of the enemy's spears, and received them all into his own breast. It is this which makes a change of servants, even when for the better, a terror to me in prospect, and an agony in realisation—for a time." The hard life told upon her health and spirits, and there were moments when even Death would have been welcome.

"I would not, if I might, be blest;
I want no Paradise, but—rest,"

she exclaims, in Byron's words; and she looks forward to the unknown future with strange composure:—

"Yes, nobody out of Bedlam, even educated in Edinburgh, can contrive to doubt of death. One may go a far way in scepticism; may get to disbelieve in God and the devil, in virtue and in vice, in love, in one's own soul; never to speak of time and space, progress of the species, rights of women, greatest happiness of the greatest number, 'isms,' world without end; everything, in short, that the human mind ever believed in, or 'believed that it believed in;' only not in death. The most outrageous sceptic,—even I, after two nights without sleep,—cannot go ahead against that fact—a rather cheering one on the whole—that, let one's earthly difficulties be what they may, death will make them all smooth sooner or later, and either one shall have a trial as existing again under new conditions, or sleep soundly through all eternity. That last used to be a horrible thought for me, but it is not so any longer. I am weary, weary to such a point of moral exhaustion, that any anchorage were welcome, even the stillest, coldest, where the wicked should cease from troubling, and the weary be at rest,—understanding both by the wicked and the weary myself."

These last extracts bring us to what is not the least interesting

part of the book—the view which it presents of Carlyle's own character. Her tone, when speaking of her husband, is at once playful and bitter. She freely recognises his great qualities; but her mockery plays about him like summer lightning. In the earlier years the ridicule is always sweet-tempered, and even tender—like Miss Brontë's ridicule of Paul Emmanuel; but it grows more and more bitter as the years pass on, and she feels herself passing more and more out of his life. From allusions that occur on almost every page, we select a few, which are not more striking or touching than scores of others:—

"So never fear, dearest! Never fear about that, or anything else under heaven. Try all that ever you can to be patient and good-natured with your *povera piccola Gooda*, and then she loves you, and is ready to do anything on earth that you wish; to fly over the moon, if you bade her. But when the *signor della casa* has neither kind look nor word for me, what can I do but grow desperate, fret myself to fiddle-strings, and be a torment to society in every direction? . . . So you see, dear, here is Fortune actually smiling on you over the seas, with her lap full of dollars. Pray you, don't you be bashful; but smile on her in return. . . . Why do women marry? God knows, unless it be that, like the great Wallenstein, they do not find scope for their genius and qualities in an easy life.

'Night it must be ere Friedland's star
shall burn!' . . .

Only think of my husband, too, having given me a little present! he who never attends to such nonsenses as birthdays, and who dislikes nothing in the world so much as going into a shop to buy anything, even his own trousers and coats; so that, to the consternation of Cockney tailors, I am obliged to go about them. Well, he actually risked himself in a jeweller's shop, and bought me a very nice smelling-bottle! I cannot tell you how *wae* his little gift made me, as

well as glad ; it was the first thing of the kind he ever gave to me in his life. In great matters he is always kind and considerate ; but these little attentions, which we women attach so much importance to, he was never in the habit of rendering to any one ; his up-bringing, and the severe turn of mind he has from nature, had alike indisposed him towards them. . . . I am always wondering since I came here how I can, even in my angriest mood, talk about leaving you for good and all ; for, to be sure, if I were to leave you to-day on that principle, I should need absolutely to go back to-morrow to see how you were taking it. . . . Alas, dear ! I am very sorry for you. You, as well as I, are 'too vivid ;' to you, as well as to me, has a skin been given much too thin for the rough purposes of human life. They could not make ball-gloves of our skins, dear, never to dream of breeches. . . . God knows how gladly I would be sweet-tempered and cheerful-hearted, and all that sort of thing, for your single sake, if my temper were not soured and my heart saddened beyond my own power to mend them. . . . You have not the least notion what a killing thought it is to have put into one's heart, gnawing there day and night, that one ought to be dead since one can no longer make the same exertions as formerly ; that one was taken 'for better,' not by any means 'for worse' ; and, in fact, that the only feasible and dignified thing that remains for one to do is to just die, and be done with it. . . . Heigh-ho ! I feel just in the case of the Edinburgh meat-jack : 'Once I was happ—happ—happ—y ! but now I am mee—e—serable !' . . . How I wish this long weary book were done, for his own sake and for everybody's near him ! It is like living in a madhouse on the days when he gets ill on with his writing. . . . Life is too monotonous and too dreary in the valley of the shadow of Frederick the Great."

The Scotch Ursa Major of our century, as he appears in these letters, bears a certain resemblance to the English Ursa Major of the last. Carlyle was certainly the last man to whom such a fine and

delicate piece of mechanism as "Jeannie Welsh" should have been intrusted. Yet till her health broke down, her keenly humorous perception saved her from utter misery. Much of the Comedy in which her husband figures is just inimitable. Our readers will gain some notion of the *grotesquerie* of the situation from this little bit of mosaic, which we have pieced together quite in the rough :—

"The 'French Revolution' done, and the lectures done, he is going somewhere (to Scotland most probably) to rest himself awhile ; to lie about the roots of hedges, and speak to no man, woman, or child, except in monosyllables ! a reasonable project enough, considering the worry he has been kept in for almost three years back. . . . My poor man of genius had to sit on a jury trial two days, to the ruin of his whole being, physical, moral, and intellectual. And ever since he has been reacting against the administration of British justice, to a degree that has finally mounted into influenza. . . . He has had it in his head for a good while to write a life of Cromwell, and has been sitting for months back in a mess of great dingy folios, the very look of which is like to give me locked-jaw. . . . He has suffered unutterable things in Wales from the want of any adequate supply of tea ! For the rest, his visit appears to have been pretty successful ; plenty of sea-bathing ; plenty of riding on horseback, and of lying under trees ! I wonder it never enters his head to lie under the walnut-tree here at home. It is a tree ! leaves as green as any leaves can be, even in South Wales ! but it were too easy to repose under that : if one had to travel a long journey by railway to it, then indeed it might be worth while ! . . . Up went all the carpets which my own hands had nailed down, in rushed the troop of incarnate demons, bricklayers, joiners, whitewashers, &c., whose noise and dirt and dawdling had so lately driven me to despair. Down went a partition in one room, up went a new chimney in another. Helen, instead of exerting herself to stave the torrent

of confusion, seemed to be struck (no wonder) with temporary idiocy; and my husband himself, at sight of the uproar he had raised, was all but wringing his hands and tearing his hair, like the German wizard-servant who has learnt magic enough to make the broomstick carry water for him, but had not the counter-spell to stop it. Myself could have sat down and cried, so little strength or spirit I had left to front the pressure of my circumstances. But crying makes no way; so I went about sweeping and dusting as an example to Helen; and held my peace as an example to my husband, who verily, as Mazzini says of him, 'loves silence somewhat platonically.' It was got through in the end, this new hubbub; but, when my husband proceeded to occupy his new study, he found that devil a bit he could write in it any more than beside the piano; 'it was all so strange to him!' The fact is, the thing he has got to write—his long-projected life of Cromwell—is no joke, and no sort of room can make it easy, and he has been ever since shifting about in the saddest way from one room to another, like a sort of domestic wandering Jew! . . . Mr C., in the midst of talking to me the other evening, suddenly stamped his foot on the hearth-rug, and called out furiously, 'Get along, sir!' and he had not gone mad—had merely perceived a mouse at his feet! . . . I was kept awake the first night after my arrival (at Moffat) by—a hyena! (Yes, upon my honour; and you complain of a simple cock!) . . . We kept him in bed to breakfast, almost by main force, however, and John told him to live on slops to complete his cure; but he told John in very decided Annandale that 'he had a great notion he would follow the direction of Nature in the matter of eating and getting up, and if Nature told him to dine on a chop it would be a clever fellow that should persuade him not to do it.' . . . Figure this; [Scene—a room where everything is enveloped in dark-yellow London fog! For air to breathe, a sort of liquid soot! Breakfast on the table—'adulterated coffee,' 'adulterated bread,' 'adulterated cream,' and 'adulterated water!'] Mr C. at one end of the table, looking remarkably bilious;

Mrs C. at the other, looking half dead! Mr C.: 'My dear, I have to inform you that my bed is full of bugs, or fleas, or some sort of animals that crawl over me all night!' . . . Mr Carlyle has been so wild to get away, and so incapable of determining where to go and when to go, that living beside him has been like living the life of a weathercock in a high wind, blowing from all points at once! . . . I tried him alone for a few days, when I was afraid of falling seriously ill unless I had change of air. But the letter that came from him every morning was like the letter of a Babe in the Wood, who would be found buried with dead leaves by the robins if I didn't look to it. . . . I found him so out of sorts on my return, that I gave it up, with inward protest and appeal to posterity. . . . Lumbago, my dear, it is good that you should know in time, admits of but one consolation—of but one happiness! viz., 'perfect liberty to be as ugly and stupid and disagreeable as ever one likes!' And that consolation, that happiness, that liberty reserves itself for the domestic hearth! As you will find when you are married, I daresay. . . . The longer I live, the more I am certified that men, in all that relates to their own health, have not common-sense! Whether it be their pride, or their impatience, or their obstinacy, or their ingrained spirit of contradiction, that stupefies and misleads them, the result is always a certain amount of idiocy or distraction in their dealings with their own bodies! I am not generalising from my own husband. I know that he is a quite extravagant example of that want of common-sense in bodily matters which I complain of. Few men (even) are so lost to themselves as to dry their soaked trousers on their legs! (as he does),—or swallow five grains of mercury in the middle of the day, and then walk or ride three hours under a plunge of rain! (as he does), &c. &c. . . . On the New Year's morning itself, Mr C. 'got up off his wrong side,' a by no means uncommon way of getting up for him in these overworked times! And he suddenly discovered that his salvation, here and hereafter, depended on having, 'immediately, without a moment's

delay,' a beggarly pair of old cloth boots, that the street-sweeper would hardly have thanked him for, 'lined with flannel, and new bound, and repaired generally!' and 'one of my women'—that is, my one woman and a half—was to be set upon the job! Alas! a regular shoemaker would have taken a whole day to it, and wouldn't have undertaken such a piece of work besides! and Mr C. scouted the idea of employing a shoemaker, as subversive of his authority as master of the house. So neither my one woman, nor my half one, having any more capability of repairing 'generally' these boots than of repairing the Great Eastern, there was no help for me but to sit down on the New Year's morning, with a great ugly beast of a man's boot in my lap, and scheme, and stitch, and worry over it till night; and next morning begin on the other!"

These extracts are, we think, more informing and explanatory than the most elaborate comment could be. The mixed nature of the man is revealed with surprising vivacity. His arbitrariness, his masterfulness, his wilfulness, the gloomy cloud which so seldom lifted, the awkward and ungainly tenderness, the gruff and whimsical humours, are grouped together into a living picture which a Rembrandt or a Millais could not surpass.

The more attentive reader of these letters will observe that the coldest and most reproachful (when "yours faithfully" is substituted for "your own Jane" or "your unfortunate Goody") belong to the period when Carlyle was haunting Lady Ashburton's drawing-room; and the Diary during the same time discloses even stronger feeling. She was cruelly wounded.

"October 31.—Rain! rain! rain! 'Oh, Lord! this is too ridiculous,' as the Annandale farmer exclaimed, starting to his feet when it began pouring in the midst of his prayer for a dry hay-time. I have no hay to be got in, or anything else that I know of, to be got in; but I have a

plentiful crop of thorns to be got out, and that, too, requires good weather."

"November 5.—Alone this evening. Lady A. in town again; and Mr C. of course at Bath House.

'When I think of what I is
And what I used to was,
I gin to think I've sold myself
For very little cas.'"

"November 7.—Dear, dear! What a sick day this has been with me! Oh, my mother! nobody sees when I am suffering now; and I have learnt to suffer 'all to myself.' From 'only childishness' to that, is a far and a rough road to travel.

'Oh, little did my mother think,
The day she cradled me,
The lands I was to travel in,
The death I was to dee!'"

"April 21.—I feel weaklier every day, and my soul also is sore vexed—oh, how long! I put myself in an omnibus, being unable to walk, and was carried to Islington and back again. What a good shilling's-worth of exercise! The Angel at Islington! It was there I was set down on my first arrival in London, and Mr C. with Edward Irving was waiting to receive me.

'The past is past, and gone is gone.'"

Mr Froude, in a very judicious note, has told us quite simply all that there is to tell about the estrangement which Carlyle's devotion to this "most queen-like woman" occasioned; and with his explanation we must bring our extracts to a close. It is pleasant to know, however, that the breach was healed later on, and that Jeannie Welsh's closing years were among the happiest and brightest of her married life.

"When he was absorbed in his work, she saw but little of him. The work was a sufficient explanation as long as others were no better off than she was. But when she found that he had leisure for Bath House, though none for her, she became jealous and irritable. She was herself, of course,

invited there ; but the wives of men of genius, like the wives of bishops, do not take the social rank of their husbands. Women understand how to make one another uncomfortable in little ways invisible to others, and Mrs Carlyle was made to feel that she was admitted into those high regions for her husband's sake, and not for her own. She had a fiery temper, and a strong Scotch republican spirit, and she would have preferred to see Carlyle reigning alone in his own kingdom. Her anger was wrong in itself, and exaggerated in the form which it assumed. But Carlyle, too, was to blame. He ought to have managed his friendships better. He ought to have considered whether she had not causes of complaint, and to have remembered how much he owed to her care for him. But Carlyle was wilful, and impatient of contradiction. When his will was crossed or resisted, his displeasure rushed into expressions not easily forgotten ; and thus there grew up between these two, who at heart each admired and esteemed the other more than any other person in the world, a condition of things of which the trace is left in this diary. The shadow slanted backwards over their whole lives together ; and as she brooded over her wrongs, she came to think with bitterness of many recollections which she had laughed away or forgotten. Carlyle's letters during all this period are uniformly tender and affectionate, and in them was his true self, if she could but have allowed herself to see it. 'Oh,' he often said to me after she was gone, 'if I could but see her for five minutes to assure her that I had really cared for her throughout all that ! But she never knew it—she never knew it.'

One last word ; and the last word cannot perhaps be said better than it is in the letter of an enthusiastic, if somewhat transcendental, German correspondent, now lying on our table : "After all," he remarks, "there is some-

thing very noble and queenly, even if in a gipsy fashion, about the heroine of this strange story. Though she has got the mortal stab, she does not show it, but folds her cloak, with a proud and careless smile, across the wound. To the bitter end, she will not fail in one jot or tittle of her duty,—will help, while the life-blood ebbs, the man she has sworn to help. And out of this unswerving fidelity to a higher law there grew a nobler content—something finer than happiness—something of that ideal joy which is the crown of him who has fought a good fight, who has finished his course, who has kept the faith. And herein was victory,—the evil shadows slunk back, the cloud of sorrow lifted off, and left her soul unclouded. And ere she passed quite away from our earth, to whatever of bliss or woe lies beyond, she was permitted to know that her singular fidelity had been at last recognised, and that the man who had blindly wounded her was eager to make what of recompense or atonement was yet possible. A vulgar criticism will impress the likeness of its own sordid commonplace upon the tragic history—will appreciate neither the heroic constancy of the wife, nor the moving sincerity of the husband's remorse ; but men and women who are not critics will feel that the story which is disclosed is no mean record of domestic misadventures, but one of those high and pathetic themes which, while human nature remains what it is—a bitter riddle, an inscrutable enigma—will continue to stir to their depths our love, our pity, and our hate."

"UNFATHOMED MYSTERIES."¹

UNDER such titles as "Thought-Reading," "Brain-Waves," &c., we have recently heard much free discussion of that strange and utterly incomprehensible influence which we are driven to assume must be exerted by certain minds on those which (from some affinity as yet unexplained) are subject to their power.

I suppose there are few persons who have failed to remark how often they have turned to a friend to make some comment totally irrelevant to the subject which may have been under discussion, and are startled by hearing the very words they meant to utter addressed to themselves. Hence the saying, "You have taken the words out of my mouth." Or again: how often we are seized by a sudden impulse to write to some far-away, long-neglected friend, and lo! our letter crosses one from him, perhaps in mid-ocean, proving that the same impulse must have impelled him to write at the same time.

To whatever cause we must ascribe this unsolved problem—whether electricity, magnetism, or any kindred agency—the reality of these influences appears to be beyond question. Whether it may in any way account for such very puzzling "lucky hits" as are occasionally made by the "spiritualists," I am utterly at a loss to discover. Yet it seems possible that, in some inexplicable manner, some

of these persons may have acquired a power (which might prove a very inconvenient one) of reading their neighbours' innermost thoughts—thoughts so deeply buried that they themselves are scarcely conscious of their existence.

A lady has just been describing to me a *séance* at which she was recently present in a London drawing-room. It was given by a gentleman who wished simply to prove the power of thought-reading, without making any claim whatever to supernatural power. Calling up a girl, who was a total stranger to him, but a friend of my informant, he told her that he was going out of the room, and she was to take two slips of paper, write a name on each, and fold them up neatly, before his return. The girl being an American, wrote the names of two of her countrywomen—one in the United States, the other present at the *séance*.

The gentleman immediately returned, blindfold. He bade the girl take one of the folded papers, and press it in the palm of his hand with her own finger, while with her other hand she was to press his finger upon his own brow, as if helping him to intensify his power of thought-reading. Presently he said, "This is a very uncommon name: it is troublesome to read." Then he spelt MARY GREENHOWER, without any mistake whatever. Then he said, "This lady is in America. She

¹ [It seems necessary to explain that the personal experiences narrated in this paper are those of a writer whose good faith is unimpeachable, whose powers of observation are of a very high order, and who most positively affirms that every detail herein related is accurately described without any exaggeration. We have never in spiritualistic literature met with more striking proof of the wonderful success with which professional mediums practise their delusions.—ED. B. M.]

is very ill. You are in great trouble about her." Strange to say, the young lady had just received a letter to say that her friend was suffering from a serious attack of fever, and she certainly was in considerable anxiety about her.

The second slip of folded paper was then produced, on which was written the name of my friend Mrs S——s; but the blind reader at once said,—“Why, you have written ‘Mrs’ instead of putting a Christian name.” He then read the surname without hesitation (also an uncommon name), and immediately added,—“Why, this lady is present in the room,” so he would say nothing more concerning her. The lady in question was my informant. She had no acquaintance whatever with the thought-reader.

He then left the room, leaving those in it to agree on some object which he was to touch. He returned, blindfold as before, and a gentleman, not known to him, was deputed to walk beside him, pressing one finger on his brow, but in no way guiding him. The seeker several times remonstrated with this gentleman, saying that he felt he was inimical to him—was resolving not to think of the object; that if he would do so, he could find it far more rapidly; that he made no pretence to any supernatural power, but wished simply to show the power of thought-reading. All this time he slowly advanced from point to point, now and again pausing before some object, but always saying “No, it was not this,” till at length he suddenly seemed satisfied, and actually did touch the thing selected. He gave various other tests of his power, which excited considerable wonder in those who beheld them.

As all well-authenticated evi-

dence in any way bearing on the subject must possess a certain value in the eyes of those who are seeking a solution of the question, I may be excused for describing an incident of so personal a character that I should otherwise shrink from relating it. I have been told that what seemed to me a very strange experience, was really nothing out of the common, but would appear a perfectly natural incident to those who are in the habit of dabbling in spiritualism.

Probably, however, there are multitudes of persons who, like myself, have always rather avoided the subject. For my own part, I have always had the greatest dislike to everything connected with it, and to all the *séances* in which “darkened rooms,” “soft touches of spirit hands,” “table-rappings,” “chair-liftings,” “sounds of low music,” &c., &c., formed items, which, to say the least of it, are suggestive of some form of deception.

Two years ago, however, I chanced to find myself in Boston (Massachusetts), the fortunate guest of one whose hospitable home has for many years been the centre of the most delightful society in that literary city. Knowing Boston to be a centre of so-called spiritualism, I remarked to a friend of my host that it was really quite wrong that travellers should be there and not see something of the spiritualism for which it is so famous. He replied that he himself knew nothing whatever about it, but that if I cared to interview a medium, he would find out how to arrange the meeting, and would be glad to escort me. Of course I agreed, and he went off to ask an acquaintance learned in such matters how he was to set about it.

His friend told him that it was

the simplest thing in the world. He had only to go to a central office, called "The Banner of Light," and there he would obtain all necessary information. To this office he accordingly proceeded, and was received in the most business-like manner. "He wished to see a medium?" Certainly. He had only to select the one he preferred. Thereupon a large book of reference was produced, like a servants' register, in which were entered the names and addresses of a multitude of professional mediums, on any one of whom he was at liberty to call and make his own arrangements.

Quite at random he took note of several addresses and drove off to the first on his list. He was received by an unpleasant-looking woman, in a dingy house, and resolved to try his luck elsewhere. At the next house he was received in a pretty room by an attractive little lady of fragile and delicate appearance. She consulted her list of engagements, and said she could spare an hour on the following day, when she would expect us.

Three other ladies had by this time expressed a wish to accompany us. The medium, Mrs. N. W., made some demur to the presence of so many, on the score that it was much more fatiguing to her. However, she waived this objection, and on the following morning we proceeded to her house. We were a party of five, almost strangers one to another—certainly not knowing one incident in one another's lives. Mrs. N. W. did not know even our names. Had she done so, they could certainly have conveyed nothing to her mind.

We started immediately after breakfast, on a brilliant winter's morning, cold and crisp, with bright sunshine. We were all in the most mirthful frame of mind

—amused by the novelty of the proceeding, and certainly without one thought of anything serious in the matter. The only definite idea we had concerning the coming interview was, that we would ask the medium to tell us about a packet of papers which I had lost and could not trace,—not that we for one moment expected her to throw any light on the subject.

On arriving at her house, we were received by a tidy little maid, and were shown into a little drawing-room, into which the full sunlight poured, lighting up every corner. There was no question of darkened rooms or mysticism of any sort: only the simplest furniture—a few pretty cane chairs adorned with blue ribbons. We all carried large bunches of most fragrant winter violets; and when, after a few moments, Mrs. N. W. entered the room, we offered her a bunch, which she accepted pleasantly, observing, "All good spirits love flowers." Though our friend had prepared us to see a very fair, delicate little lady, we were all startled by the unnatural pallor of her wax-like complexion—due, we supposed, to passing so large a portion of her life in some unnatural condition.

After a few words of greeting, during which our previous levity was considerably toned down by her evident earnestness in the matter on hand, she asked us to sit in a small circle, holding hands, for about one minute (all in full sunshine). Then she said, "I must sleep;" and passing her hand a few times across her own face, she went off into a sort of waking trance. Then, much to our amazement, in a strange, unnatural voice, she began to pray a simple and most earnest prayer to the Great Spirit of all good and holiness, that He would bestow

upon us all goodness, and grant us a closer union with the spirits of all His children; and especially she prayed that none but good spirits might be allowed to communicate with us. I must confess that we were all utterly taken aback—so entirely incongruous was this solemn appeal with the spirit in which we had sought the interview.

Ere we had recovered from our astonishment, our medium commenced talking in a shrill child's voice. (The idea seems to be, that during the trance the medium is no longer himself or herself, but is merely a passive agent, of whose faculties some spirit present takes the mastery, while acting as spokesman for all others present.)

Turning to one of the ladies, she told her that several of her near relations, who were dead, were present, and desired her to deliver certain messages. Knowing nothing about the lady in question, I took little interest in what was said, but I saw that she did so, and that she seemed rather surprised.

Suddenly turning to the gentleman who had brought us, she told him that his father was standing beside him. She proceeded to describe him minutely, and said he bade her tell his son that his blessing rested on him because of his lifelong devotion to his invalid sister. This was startling; and I learnt subsequently that the invalid sister and the brother's devoted care were prominent facts in his life's history. Then she told him that a young girl—"Nelly"—was coming close up to speak to him; that she said how bitterly she had grieved at having to leave him, for she had been so happy with him that she had no wish to enter the spirit-world. Then turning aside, as if speaking to the

girl, she said: "Now, Nelly, you must not cry; for if you do so, I cannot hear what you say." A few moments later she said, "Nelly bids me tell you that you are not to trust George so thoroughly. You know who I mean by George. A man who transacts business for you,—no relation, only a business friend. She says he is not acting well for you. Those last shares he bought are not good. You had better look after that matter."

Throughout this communication,—of which I omit many details,—our friend was evidently much astonished; and though, of course, I could not venture to make any inquiry concerning his lost love, I did ask if there was such a person as "George," and was told in a whisper that there was, and that in every particular the medium had rightly described their relations.

Suddenly Mrs N. W. turned to me, saying that a spirit was pressing forward to get close to me,— "a short, thick-set man; he has been an old-fashioned-looking fellow ever since his boyhood." She then proceeded to give a most minute description of various physical peculiarities, so very marked as to be quite unmistakable. Yet so little had I dreamt of harbouring one thought concerning the sacred dead at such a time, that I could scarcely believe I heard aright when she added, "He says he is your brother!—his name is J O H N. That is John." She again commented freely on his personal appearance, adding, "But what a good companion he is; and how he does love sport!" Then suddenly pressing her hand on her head, she said, with a look of great pain, "Oh, poor fellow! how dreadfully he suffered here before he died!"

Now I am positively certain

that it was not till nearly all these details had been minutely described that my own thoughts definitely recurred to the brother who, of all the dear ones gone hence, would, I think, draw nearest to me, were it in his power; the one brother who, in bodily presence, differed so strangely from all his stalwart brethren, though excelled by none in his skill as a mighty hunter; the brother who, after long years of toil in Ceylon, had died of a sudden and agonising pressure on the brain, at the very moment when he had definitely decided on returning home—so that the same ship which was to have brought him back to England brought the tidings of his death.

Ere I had fully realised what had been said, the medium resumed. "There is a dark-complexioned woman standing beside him, who loves you both dearly." Then she minutely described her, adding, "she is your sister." She took my hand, and wrote three letters, so plainly that there could be no mistake, saying each as she did so—I D A. Doubtless the name had risen to my mind, so that thought-reading might account for this. But certainly not one soul in all America knew any one of the facts which Mrs N. W. told me that day; so that by no possible means could she have obtained any information concerning my family, even had she known my name, which she did not.

Then, apparently as a means of identification, and although my own thoughts had most certainly not turned to the subject, she went on to say how terribly this spirit had suffered in her last long illness,—how the internal complaint had puzzled and baffled all the doctors, whereas she (the medium) saw plainly that the cause of death had

been different from what they imagined, and she named another malady.

Feeling these revelations to be terribly painful, and being, moreover, determined that neither by look nor word would I allow any one present to detect how strangely true was every syllable spoken, I tried to turn the subject; but the medium went on—as if analysing some curious case—to describe various prominent features of a character which, in its various moods, was more strongly marked than that of any other woman I have ever known.

"Oh," she said, "how full of fun and mischief she is! What a capital racy story she can tell, and how witty she is! But some days, when she is in great pain, you know, she is so low and depressed that for days together she can scarcely speak. And then the moment she is a little better she is as full of wit and frolic as ever."

All this (with other strangely accurate details) was so startlingly exact a description of one endowed with most rare conversational powers, and a fund of mother-wit which bubbled to the surface whenever the pressure of great physical pain was removed for a little season, that I could scarcely credit my hearing (especially as ten years had elapsed since those days of alternating mirth and suffering). But a moment later the medium added, "She wants me to tell you, that you need fear nothing in coming to the spirit-world, for there are so many there who love you, and wait to welcome you."

The medium added, "There is a young man standing close to your sister; she is speaking to him." She went on to describe one who was buried on the field of Alma in 1854; and as I plainly recognised

her description, I asked, with carefully assumed indifference, what was his name? In my own mind I thought of the name by which we always addressed him. She replied, "I will tell you when I hear it." A moment later, to my amazement, she uttered, not the name that was in my mind, but that by which his wife *alone* called him! Then she said, "There is another lady with them—also a sister; she is taller, and has smooth dark hair. She has an uncommon name—S E Y—I cannot make out the last syllable." I need scarcely say that the name of my eldest sister, Seymour, had presented itself vividly to my mind, yet she could not make this out. This, then, was clearly not thought-reading.

She did not lose more than a few seconds in this effort. Then turning from me to a lady who sat opposite, she said, "I have much to tell you—from Annie, your sister-in-law." She then described the spirit in question, and, correcting herself, said, "Oh! her name is not Annie—it is Fanny. I had not heard rightly at first." Then she said, "Come close, that I may tell you in a whisper, for you will not like the others to hear what I have to say, and it is no concern of theirs."

She spoke for some minutes in a whisper, quite inaudible to the rest of the party; but I watched the lady who was thus addressed start, as if utterly amazed by what was said, and she appeared more and more perplexed as she listened. She told us afterwards that she could not possibly repeat what had been said to her, but that it had reference to strictly private family affairs, which she was convinced that no one outside of her own domestic circle could possibly know.

On returning home, she told her relations what had been said, and all were alike perplexed. She said her father had the greatest horror of spiritualism, and had never allowed any of them to dabble in it; and evidently this revelation confirmed his objections.

As soon as this private aside was ended, I asked Mrs N. W. whether she could tell anything about people who were still alive, in the ordinary acceptation of the word. She replied in the affirmative; whereupon I said there were two men concerning whom I should like to have information. I certainly did not expect to receive any, but my thoughts turned to my brother and my half-brother, both in Afghanistan.

She said, "Tell me in what sort of country to look for them—a hot country or a cold one?" It was in the depth of winter, so I replied, "A cold country."

After a moment's pause, she said, "I see them both. One is more nearly related to you than the other. He is your brother. His name is FRANK. I think he must be some sort of merchant, for he has long trains of animals carrying heavy burdens. There are strange wild-looking people about him—something like our wild Indian tribes, but different. I think there must be some disturbance or trouble in the country, for he seems to be anxious for peace,—something like what was going on where the poor Prince Imperial was killed.

Strange to say, this brother was then in charge of a land transport corps, oppressed by the amount of work thrown on his shoulders, in organising means of transporting all stores to the front, and personally inspecting every detail. The long caravans of laden camels and pack-horses might well have seemed

suggestive of trains of merchandise.

I asked her to tell me the name of the other man. At first she could not, for she said he was ill—not seriously ill, but that somehow she could not make out his name. Some minutes later she said, "The name of that other man—the one who is not so closely related to you—is F R E D. They will both come home safely."

So far all she had said was extraordinarily accurate. Now, however, she seemed to be exceedingly weary, and as if speaking at random. I asked if she could tell me about a lost packet of papers. She replied, "Oh yes; they are lost to you for ever. You need take no further trouble to recover them." (I did recover them a few days later.) She then volunteered to tell me that I should very soon go "across the pond" (*Anglicé*, return to England, which, in fact, I did a week later); that an old friend would come to welcome me, but that within ten days he would die suddenly. Her description of this gentleman so far resembled a friend who actually did most unexpectedly come to meet me, that I frankly confess to having been unable to shake off an uneasy qualm till the allotted ten days were well over. But I am thankful to say that in this case also, our medium proved herself quite unable to prophesy, for my friend continues to this day in perfect health.

The fragile little woman now said she was very tired, and must awaken. She passed her hand over her face, shivered, and seemed by a voluntary effort to come out from her trance. She appeared utterly exhausted, and confessed to feeling so. The death-like pallor which had at first struck us so painfully, seemed even more ghastly than

before. Strange to say, all this had occurred within the hour which she had previously allotted to us—for a specified pecuniary consideration. Throughout the *séance* she had continued to speak in the strained unnatural voice, purporting to be that of the child who was supposed to be speaking through her agency. We were glad once more to hear her speak in her natural voice. She told us she had other appointments in the course of the day, and must rest; so we left her, and passed out into the crisp sunlight of the New England winter, and went on our way, feeling considerably bewildered by our interview.

Much of what she had said was so utterly unaccountable, that I, for one, could not put it from me for days. It really seemed as if, but for lack of time, and the presence of others all claiming their share of one short hour, she might have gone on speaking consecutively, as one who had something definite to tell; or else, if there were any fraud in the matter (which seemed quite impossible), I might have obtained some clue to it.

I could not attribute her words to thought-reading; for in almost each case the thoughts were entirely of her suggestion: and in several instances where she addressed the others, she had to explain something of which she had to remind them; saying, "Don't you remember?" and they answered, "Yes; but I had forgotten."

I confess to having felt the strongest wish to repeat the interview, but I had arranged to leave Boston on the following morning, so had no further opportunity. All my friends there assured me that it was just as well, as many of them had been tempted for a while

to attend similar *séances*, either seeking a solution of the matter, or in the *bonâ fide* hope of obtaining messages from the silent land. All agreed in assuring me that they had never arrived at anything satisfactory, and had only been led to disquiet themselves in vain. They said it was very unusual for any medium to be as definite in her statements as the lady we had visited. Altogether, they strongly recommended me to be content with this glimpse from the threshold of spiritualism, and to let it alone.

From whatever point I considered the question, it appeared equally incomprehensible. Strange enough that a totally unknown girl, in a foreign land, should, without any bidding of ours, be able minutely to describe the frail bodies which, so many years previously, had been laid beneath the sod, in lands so widely separated. But stranger still, that if the spirits of our loved ones were indeed now around us, and had found a voice capable of whispering their messages, the first impression they should seek to convey should have reference to the physical pain which we so fondly believe is all forgotten when the spirit forsakes its mortal body. This, however, seems to be an unvarying feature in all these manifestations, as they are called. Various people subsequently described to me their experiences of similar phenomena (if such they be) but in every case the medium, almost as a matter of course, began by describing the symptoms of the disease which had caused the spirit to forsake its house of clay.

One gentleman told me how he, like ourselves, a total stranger in Boston, had, from the merest curiosity, sought an interview with a medium, selected quite at random. She at once proceeded, unasked,

and greatly to his distress, minutely to describe his dead father and brother, and other kinsfolk who had passed over "to the majority." Anxious to turn her attention from topics which he felt to be at once too sacred and too painful to be touched upon under such circumstances, he asked if she could give him any particulars concerning an absent friend. He gave her no clue whatever to the person of whom he was thinking; and, much to his astonishment, she almost immediately proceeded to describe him, and the room in which he was sitting; also two ladies who were present,—one elderly and grey-haired, who sat in a corner of a sofa—the other young and handsome, a Spanish-looking girl, with glossy raven-black hair. The gentleman was sitting at the piano. When asked whose music he was playing, the medium replied, "His own." She was asked his name, and replied that she could not tell till she heard it mentioned. Soon afterwards she mentioned a very uncommon name by which he was very rarely addressed, and said it was the name by which the grey-haired lady called him. She then added his surname.

A few days later our traveller returned to the town where his friend lived, and made a point of going to see him as soon as possible. He inquired where he had been the previous week? His friend replied that he had been absent, but had been obliged to return unexpectedly on a certain day (the very day in question). "Who had he found on his return?" "Only his mother." "No one else?" "Oh yes; late in the afternoon Miss ——— chanced to arrive." (Then the accuracy of the medium was undoubted. Her description of the handsome Spanish-looking girl,

with glossy raven-black hair, exactly answered to the lady in question.) "And what were they all doing at sunset?" "Nothing special. He was playing the piano, and they were listening." "Whose music was he playing?" "Oh, he was improvising." "Might he see the room in which they were sitting?" "Why, certainly."

So he led the way to a room exactly answering to that described by the medium, and the grey-haired mother pointed out the corner of the sofa which was her accustomed seat in the twilight, and the chair occupied by the dark-haired girl; and the picture was recognised as being altogether accurate.

On leaving Boston, I remained for some days in New York, where, on my happening to refer to this subject, a lady asked if I should care to attend a spiritualist meeting on the following Sunday morning. On the principle that travelers must see all things, I assented; and we found our way to a large crowded hall, where a great congregation had assembled, as if for a religious service. A good choir of six or eight well-trained voices sang very pretty semi-sacred anthems at intervals; and copies of 'Progressive Hymns' were freely distributed in the hall. These were sung in parts by the whole congregation, with that peculiar harmonious faculty which appears to be the birthright of our American cousins, though known to us chiefly in connection with the teaching of Messrs Moody and Sankey. Almost all these hymns had reference to our union and communion with those who have crossed the narrow stream of death. Some were prayers to the Father of all spirits,—the great undivided family which includes all, whether still clothed in flesh or emancipated from its bondage.

Others were appeals to the spirits of the departed, assumed to be present, and full of sympathy with all concerns of those we call living.

But the main feature of the meeting was what we may call the sermon. A remarkable and very eloquent address on "The Spiritualism of the Bible." The speaker (who had hitherto born the title of Reverend in some branch of the Christian Church, but had lately "advanced" so far as to become a leader in "Progressive Religion") was well versed in the sacred Scriptures; and (being thoroughly master of that torrent of words, which seems, in America, to be the natural talent of the majority, instead of a special gift to a very few, as with us), moreover, not being withheld by any reverent shrinking from introducing the most sacred topics in connection with the most questionable events of the moment, his discourse was certainly as startling as can well be imagined.

To our ears this method of treating sacred subjects could not but sound painfully irreverent,—to many it would appear almost blasphemous. But this was evidently not the intention of the speaker, nor the impression produced on his hearers. His one object was to prove that the reality of spiritualism rests on evidence of precisely the same character as that of Christianity—namely, the indubitable testimony of a certain number of chosen witnesses. As in the days of old, spiritual revelations were never made to "all the people," but only to a select few, whose testimony others have ever since been required to accept in faith, so, he maintained, it is now in this present time. The supernatural is ever around us, though our ordinary human eyes are not capable of discern-

ing it. They need some special enlightenment, which in certain cases has been bestowed, as when, in an hour of imminent danger, when the King of Syria had sent horses and chariots, and a great host to encompass the city of Dothan, that he might capture Elisha the prophet, and the servant of the prophet was distraught with fear, his master said to him, "Fear not; for they that be with us, are more than they that be with them. And Elisha prayed, and said, Lord, I pray Thee, *open his eyes, that he may see.* And the Lord *opened the eyes of the young man; and he saw: and, behold, the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha.*"

The invisible protectors were there already. All that was needed was that the eyes of the young man should be made capable of discerning them.

Again, when the angel of the Lord stood in the pathway of Balaam, "for an adversary against him," neither the prophet nor his two servants discerned his presence. At three points in the road the angel stood in the way, and the ass, beholding him, turned aside, and where the path was so narrow that she could not turn aside, she fell; but not until the Lord *opened the eyes of Balaam* did he recognise the Presence in which he stood. Apparently his servants never saw the angel at all, any more than did the men which journeyed with Saul of Tarsus, when there shone around him a light from heaven, so radiant that for three days he was left without sight, and the Lord Himself spoke with him. But his companions stood speechless, hearing a voice but seeing no man. When, in consequence of this marvellous manifestation, Saul the persecutor

had been transformed into Paul the apostle, it was probably in no merely symbolic sense that, referring to the long array of saintly dead, he implied their present interest in the living, as an incentive to holiness of life, when, addressing the Hebrews on their life-warfare, he encouraged them to earnestness, by the recollection that they are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses.

Referring to the fact that every medium is supposed to be simply the agent whom some emancipated spirit adopts as his representative, so that in spiritualistic circles every communication is said to be made, not by the medium, but by the spirit whom he represents, and the medium, while under this influence, speaks, and is spoken of, as being that spirit,—the lecturer quoted the concluding words of the Old Testament, promising the return of Elijah the prophet. These he took in connection with St John the Baptist's declaration that he was *not* Elias; whereas the Master, in speaking of him, said plainly, "If ye will receive it, this *is* Elias, which was for to come."

Rapidly quoting one case after another of recent so-called spiritual manifestations, sworn to on oath by a given number of eminent spiritualists (some of whom were citizens of note then present, and all of which were instances apparently fully believed in by the large assemblage whom he addressed), he turned to the sacred page, and thence read some story of supernatural interest, supported by apparently very similar evidence to that brought forward to prove the case in question. So he ran through the various Scriptural books, always speaking of the favoured kings and prophets as "mediums."

He made no allusion to Saul's

interview with the witch at Endor, probably because of the distinct references there made to the Divine prohibition of all manner of witchcraft; to the penalty of death awarded under the Levitical law to the man or the woman that hath a familiar spirit, and the strict prohibition to consult wizards, or witches, or necromancers, or such as have familiar spirits, or use divination, as the heathen do—but concerning which, the chosen people are told that, "As for thee, the Lord thy God hath not suffered thee so to do. For all that do these things are an abomination unto the Lord; and because of these abominations the Lord thy God doth drive them out from before thee."

In glancing at the old story, however, and considering it in its relation to the spiritualism of the present day, it struck me very forcibly that no manner of doubt is thrown on the reality of the supernatural power possessed by certain persons, whether called witches or mediums. In fact, the story of Saul's visit to the witch reads strangely like that of a nineteenth-century spiritualistic *séance*. He says to his servants, "Seek me a woman that hath a familiar spirit, that I may go to her, and inquire of her." A little while previously he might have chosen his medium from a list as long as the register of "The Banner of Light" at Boston in the year of grace 1882. But he had recently, probably at the bidding of Samuel, caused all such to be put to death, in obedience to the Levitical law. So his servants had to inquire diligently. Then they came and told him, "Behold, there is a woman that hath a familiar spirit at Endor." He goes to her disguised, that she may not know him. She

says, "Whom shall I bring up to thee? And he said, Bring me up Samuel." It does not appear certain that he said this name aloud. Probably he only willed it, for the moment the woman perceived that it was Samuel who appeared to her, she cried with a loud voice, in sore fear. Then the king said to her, "Be not afraid. What sawest thou? What form is he of? And she said, An old man cometh up, and he is covered with a mantle; and Saul perceived [from her description] that it was Samuel. And Samuel said to Saul, Why hast thou disquieted me, to bring me up?" Then he told him of the certain punishment that must fall on him, because he had not obeyed the voice of the Lord; and how he must be delivered into the hand of the Philistines; and that he and his three sons were to be slain. "To-morrow," he said, "shalt thou and thy sons be with me."

This witch, or medium, must have been a woman well to do, and probably of good social standing, to have escaped detection in the recent witch-persecution; and, moreover, there is nothing about her suggestive of claptrap incantations or other modes of mystifying her visitors. On the contrary, she seems to have been a good housewife and a hospitable soul; for when she perceived Saul lying prone on the earth, in anguish of spirit, she suspected the truth—that he was also weak through fasting. So she persuaded him to rest on her bed, while she hastened to kill a fat calf and cooked it, and made cakes of flour, and set meat before Saul and before his servants; and so she strengthened them ere they went forth to the fatal battle-field.

The lecturer dwelt especially on various recent cases of apparitions,

evidently familiar to all his hearers — of spirits having appeared to mediums in various parts of the country, desiring them to go and deliver certain messages to other persons. These he did not hesitate to support by Scriptural parallels, as when the angel of the Lord appeared to Ananias, bidding him go and minister to Saul in his blindness, and lay his hand on him that he might receive his sight. He quoted various instances of persons who, having quite recently been charged with such messages, had actually been suddenly transported, by some means totally unknown to themselves, from the place where they were, to some distant spot, where they were to do the special work assigned to them. He described several such incidents as having occurred within his own knowledge; and his congregation apparently accepted his statements as gospel. But, lest any unbeliever should cavil, he reminded his hearers of how St Philip was commanded to go into the desert between Jerusalem and Gaza, there to meet the Ethiopian eunuch, and to interpret the Scriptures which he was reading; how, so soon as the new convert had been baptised, as they came up out of the water the Spirit of the Lord caught away Philip, that the eunuch saw him no more. *But Philip was found at Azotus*—a distance, said the preacher, of about thirty-seven miles. It was customary, he said, in the Christian world to accept this statement; and why should they deem it incredible that mediums should be similarly transported in this present age?

He swore positively to having himself seen a visible hand appear in the night, and write on the wall in letters of light a message from one of his kinsfolk concerning cer-

tain family matters. "You say you cannot believe this? Then turn to Daniel, and read of the Hand that wrote on the wall at Belshazzar's feast." The magnitude of the one cause, and the triviality of the other, seemed a matter of no moment in his estimation.

Then he spoke of the petition of Elisha the prophet, that a double portion of Elijah's spirit might rest upon him; and his master's reply—"Thou hast asked a hard thing; nevertheless, *if thou see me when I am taken from thee*, it shall be so unto thee. And, behold, there appeared a chariot of fire, and horses of fire, and parted them both asunder; and Elijah went up by a whirlwind into heaven. *And Elisha saw it.*" With reference to this subject, the lecturer affirmed positively that he himself, in common with other mediums, had *often* stood by deathbeds, and had actually beheld a radiant spirit float upward from the body at the moment of death, clothed in transcendent light.

He quoted a multitude of cases in rapid succession of recent spirit apparitions, where the dead had suddenly and distinctly become visible in a company of mediums. In some instances he referred by name to the citizens who had been the honoured mediums to whom special revelations had been made. I cannot say that the substance of these revelations appeared in any case to have been worthy of note, or to have required special messengers. Nevertheless he did not scruple to claim credence for every statement he brought forward, on the ground that the evidence adduced was precisely similar to that on which we accept the fundamental truths of the New Testament; and he thereupon proceeded to quote

every instance in which our Lord appeared to His disciples.

Such a method of handling sacred subjects was, I need scarcely say, most painfully jarring to the ear of those who were not "Progressive Religionists;" and if I venture to quote one more illustration from this singular discourse, I do so solely as a characteristic American expression of contempt for their own Government. The speaker told us how he knew, beyond all doubt, that what we call death was merely passing from one condition of life to another. That he had proved it in the case of his own mother, because she had not only frequently appeared to him, but also, on various occasions, to many friends; and he could summon fifty different men, all well known in this city of New York, who would swear to having seen her after she was said to have died. Turning to the Epistles, he read of One who was seen by His disciples—sometimes when they were alone, sometimes in company, in open air, or within closed doors; and at one time He was seen of above five hundred brethren at once.

"I should like to know," said the lecturer, "where (*out of Congress*) you would find five hundred men who would agree to tell a lie, or fifty either—especially when, as in each case I have quoted, they could only gain opprobrium thereby?"

After more hymn-singing and anthems, the crowded congregation dispersed; and as we passed through an outer hall we saw large book-stalls, where books, periodicals, and a great variety of newspapers were offered for sale—all treating of spiritualism. That so large a literature on such a subject could exist,

was in itself a new revelation to me, and spoke volumes for the number of persons who must take a certain definite interest in the matter. I was, however, by no means prepared to learn that the avowed spiritualists in the United States are estimated at ten millions—so says Judge Edmunds of America.

Still more startling is it to be told that "there is scarcely a city in Europe where spiritualists are not reckoned by hundreds, if not by thousands; that regularly established communities habitually meet for 'spiritual' purposes, and that they reckon among them individuals of every class and avocation, nominal members of all branches of the Christian Church."¹

The learned Jesuit, Father Perrone, tells us that upwards of two thousand treatises in defence of this system have been published since the year 1860, and that he believes these modern professors of divination to be undoubtedly working by diabolic agency. He shows that their whole system is identical with the prohibited necromancy, or "art of communicating with devils;" and declares his conviction that at these *séances* evil spirits may truly personify the souls of the departed, but that for all Catholic Christians such commerce with the emissaries of evil is without excuse.

We further learn that London itself supports no less than five spiritual papers—at least it did so in the year 1871.² Whether their number has increased or diminished since that date, I cannot tell. But in looking over some extracts from those, I am struck by finding that they assume as acknowledged facts various mani-

¹ 'Scepticism and Spiritualism.'

² The Debateable Land, p. 175. R. Dale Owen.

festations similar to those alluded to by the lecturer in New York. For instance, in a paper read by Mr T. Grant to the Maidstone Philosophical Society in 1872, as being "A Scientific View of Modern Spiritualism," he describes various classes of mediums, one of which he calls the missionary medium, because it is irresistibly compelled to go on some given errand, without knowing why or whither, wherever the spirit guides him. Mr Grant asserted that he was acquainted with a medium of this class in Maidstone, who, though too weak to walk far under ordinary circumstances, was nevertheless, when under this influence, enabled to walk long distances without feeling fatigue, at the most unreasonable hours of day or night; and *has several times been instantaneously transported from one place to another, miles apart.*

Again, we were struck by the exceedingly practical nature of the communication which we heard the Boston medium make to my companion respecting certain business transactions. It would appear, however, that such revelations are not without parallel in Britain. Thus, in a singular record of a multitude of strange and unaccountable facts, collected by the Rev. F. G. Lee,¹ he quotes the following story, giving the name and address of his informant:—

"A commercial firm at Bolton in Lancashire had found that a considerable sum of money, which had been sent to their bank by a confidential clerk, had not been placed to their credit. The clerk remembered the fact of taking the money, though not the particulars; but at the bank nothing was known of it. The clerk, feeling that he was liable to suspicion

in the matter, and anxious to elucidate it, sought the help of a spirit medium. The medium promised to do her best. Having heard the story, she presently passed into a kind of trance. Shortly after, she said: 'I see you on your way to the bank. I see you go into the bank. I see you go to such and such part of the bank. I see you hand some papers to a clerk. I see him put them in such and such a place under some other papers. And I see them there now.' The clerk went to the bank, directed the cashier where to look for the money, and it was found,—the cashier afterwards remembering that in the hurry of business he had there deposited it."

The gentleman who narrated this story stated that a relation of his had written to the commercial firm in question, to ask whether the facts here stated had actually occurred, and he had received a reply in the affirmative. Mr Lee applied to this gentleman for a corroboration of the story, and in due course received the following answer: "Nov. 9, 1874.—Your account is correct. I have the answer of the firm to my inquiry at home now."

The advance of modern science has taught us to despise the superstitions of the dark ages. Necromancy and witchcraft are deemed things of the past. Yet under new names, and with refinements better suited to this nineteenth century, the same beliefs would seem to be at work. A few years ago, a simple little heart-shaped piece of wood, called "Planchette," running on wheels, and pierced by a pencil, became a favourite drawing-room plaything, and was required to act the part of the divining-rod in the hand of the Eastern magicians. So eerie were the answers thus obtained to various questions, that

¹ Glimpses of the Supernatural. Henry S. King & Co.

in many cases the inquirers took alarm, and solemnly condemned their "Planchette" to an *auto da fè*. We know of one which was deliberately sunk in the Nile, and another in the Thames, as being decidedly "uncanny."

Then we have had the whole array of evidence concerning table-turning and spirit-rapping, which for so many years formed a fruitful topic of conversation and wonder. Add to these, numerous indisputable stories of unaccountable apparitions, such as those vouched for by Mr Lane and his sister during their residence in Egypt;¹ and also such mysterious rappings as continued for years to disturb the pious home of the Wesleys; and many other instances equally well authenticated.

All I can learn on this subject, and its effect on those who have gone most deeply into its study, inclines me to believe that it is one which it is well to leave untouched, and so my inquiries have gone no further. From what I can gather, I infer that the whole question of Spiritualism is full of difficulty; that those who start on the endeavour to follow it out soon find themselves plunged in an intricate labyrinth, from which escape becomes more and more hopeless the further they advance,—a labyrinth in which light becomes darkness, and in which they who once enter are beguiled ever onward, in the vain hope of grasping something tangible, which for ever eludes their quest.

¹ Manners and Customs of the Modern Egyptians. E. W. Lane.

THE LADIES LINDORES.—CONCLUSION.

CHAPTER XLVI.

AFTER this there ensued a brief pause in the history of the family in all its branches: it was a pause ominous, significant—like the momentary hush before a storm, or the torrent's smoothness ere it dashes below. The house of Lindores was like a besieged stronghold, mined, and on the eve of explosion. Trains were laid in all directions under its doomed bastions, and the merest breath, a flash of lightning, a touch of electricity anywhere, would be enough to bring down its defences in thunders of ruin. It seemed to stand in a silence that could be felt, throwing up its turrets against the dull sky—a foreboding about it which could not be shaken off. From every side assaults were preparing. The one sole defender of the stronghold felt all round him the storm which was brewing, but could not tell when or how it was to burst forth.

The others were all heavy with their secrets—all holding back something—afraid to divulge the separate course which each planned to take for themselves. A family will sometimes go on like this for a long time with the semblance of natural union and household completeness, while it has in reality dropped to pieces, and holds together only out of timidity or reluctance on the part of its members to burst the bonds of tradition, of use and wont. But on one point they were still united. Carry was the one subject upon which all were on the alert, and all agreed. Rintoul had no eyes for Edith's danger, and Edith—notwithstanding many an indication which would have been

plain enough to her in other circumstances—never even suspected him; but about Carry the uneasiness was general. "What is that fellow doing hanging about the place?—he's up to no good," Rintoul said, even in the midst of his own overwhelming embarrassments. "I wonder," was Lady Lindores' way of putting it—not without a desire to make it apparent that she disapproved of some one else—"I wonder how John Erskine, knowing so much as he does, can encourage Mr Beaufort to stay." "Mamma! how can you suppose he encourages him—can he turn him out of his house?" cried Edith, flaming up in instant defence of her lover, and feeling her own guilt and hidden consciousness in every vein. There was no tender lingering now upon Beaufort's name, no hesitation or slip into the familiar "Edward." As for Rintoul, he had been providentially, as he felt, delivered from the necessity of speaking to his father of his own concerns, by being called away suddenly to the aid of a brother officer in trouble. It tore his heart, indeed, to be out of reach of Nora; but as Nora would not see him, the loss was less than it might have been, and the delay a gain. Edith's story was in abeyance altogether; and their mourning, though it was merely of the exterior, brought a pause in the ordinary intercourse of social life. They did not go out, nor receive their neighbours—it was decorous to refrain even from the very mild current of society in the country. And this, indeed, it was which made the pause possible. Lord Lindores was the only mem-

ber of the family who carried on his usual activities unbroken, or even stimulated by the various catastrophes that had occurred. He was more anxious than ever about the county hospitals and the election that must take place next year; and he began to employ and turn to his own advantage the important influence of the Tinto estate, which he, as the little heir's grandfather, was certainly entitled, he thought, to consider as his own. Little Tommy was but four; and though, by a curious oversight, Lord Lindores had not been named as a guardian, he was, of course, in the circumstances, his daughter's natural guardian, who was Tommy's. This accession of power almost consoled him for the destruction of his hopes in respect to Millefeurs. He reflected that, after all, it was a more legitimate way of making himself indispensable to his country, to wield the influence of a great landed proprietor, than by any merely domestic means; and with Tinto in his hands, as well as Lindores, no man in the county could stand against him. The advantage was all the greater, since Pat Torrance had been on the opposite side of politics, so that this might reasonably be concluded a county gained to the Government. To be surè, Lord Lindores was far too highminded, and also too safe a man, to intimidate, much less bribe. But a landlord's legitimate influence is never to be undervalued; and he felt sure that many men who had been kept under, in a state of neutrality, at least, by Torrance's rough and brutal partisanship, would now be free to take the popular side, as they had always wished to do. The influence of Tinto, which he thus appropriated, more than doubled his own in a moment. There could not have been a more

perfect godsend to him than Torrance's death.

But the more he perceived and felt the importance of this, the more did the presence of Beaufort disturb and alarm him. It became daily a more urgent subject in the family. When Lord Lindores got vague information that Carry had met somewhere her old lover on the roadside—which somebody, of course, saw and reported, though it did not reach his ears till long after—his dim apprehensions blazed into active alarm. He went to his wife in mingled anger and terror. To him, as to so many husbands, it always appeared that adverse circumstances were more or less his wife's fault. He told her what he had heard in a tempest of indignation. "You must tell her it won't do. You must let her know that it's indecent, that it's shameful. Good heavens, just think what you are doing!—letting your daughter, your own daughter, disgrace herself in the sight of the whole county. Talk about the perceptions of women! they have no perceptions—they have no moral sense, I believe. Tell Carry I will not have it. If you don't, I must interfere." Lady Lindores received this fulmination with comparative silence. She scarcely said anything in her own defence. She was afraid to speak lest she should betray that she had known more than her husband knew, and was still more deeply alarmed than he was. She said, "You are very unjust," but she said no more. That evening she wrote an anxious note to John Erskine; the next day she drove to Tinto with more anxiety than hope. Already a great change had come over that ostentatious place. The great rooms were shut up; the less magnificent ones had already begun to undergo a trans-

formation. The large meaningless ornaments were being carried away. An air of home and familiar habitation had come about the house. Carry, in her widow's cap, had begun to move lightly up and down with a step quite unlike the languor of her convalescence. She was not convalescent any longer, but had begun to bloom with a soft colour and subdued air of happiness out of the cloud that had enveloped her so long. To see her so young (for her youth seemed to have come back), so fresh and almost gay, gave a wonderful pang of mingled pain and delight to her mother's heart: it showed what a hideous cloud that had been in which her life had been swallowed up, and to check her in her late and dearly bought renewal of existence was hard, and took away all Lady Lindores' courage. But she addressed herself to her task with all the strength she could muster. "My darling, I am come to—talk to you," she said.

"I hope so, mother dear; don't you always talk to me? and no one so sweetly," Carry said, with her lips upon her mother's cheek, in that soft forestalling of all rebuke which girls know the secret of. Perhaps she suspected something of what was coming, and would have stopped it if she could.

"Ah, Carry! but it is serious—very serious, dear: how am I to do it?" cried Lady Lindores. "The first time I see light in my child's eye and colour on her cheek, how am I to scold and threaten? You know I would not if I could help it, my Carry, my darling."

"Threaten, mamma! Indeed, that is not in your way."

"No, no; it is not. But you are mother enough yourself to know that when anything is wrong we must give our darlings pain even for their own dear sakes.

Isn't it so, Carry? There are things that a mother cannot keep still and see her dear child do."

Carry withdrew from behind her mother's chair, where she had been standing with one arm round her, and the other tenderly smoothing down the fur round Lady Lindores' throat. She came and sat down opposite to her mother, facing her, clasping her hands together, and looking at her with an eager look as if to anticipate the censure in her eyes. To meet that gaze which she had not seen for so long, which came from Carry's youth and happier days, was more and more difficult every moment to Lady Lindores.

"Carry, I don't know how to begin. You know, my darling, that—your father is unhappy about you. He thinks, you know,—perhaps more than you or I might do,—of what people will say."

"Yes, mother."

Carry gave her no assistance, but sat looking at her with lips apart, and that eager look in her eyes—the look that in old times had given such a charm to her face, as if she would have read your thought before it came to words.

"Carry, dear, I am sure you know what I mean. You know—Mr Beaufort is at Dalrulzian."

"Edward? Yes, mother," said Carry, a blush springing up over her face; but for all that she did not shrink from her mother's eyes. And then her tone sunk into infinite softness—"Poor Edward! Is there any reason why he shouldn't be there?"

"Oh, Carry!" cried Lady Lindores, wringing her hands, "you know well enough—there can only be one reason why, in the circumstances, he should wish to continue there."

"I think I heard that my father had invited him, mamma."

"Yes. I was very much against it. That was when he was supposed to be with Lord Millefleurs—when it was supposed, you know, that Edith—and your father could not ask the one without asking the other."

"In short," said Carry, in her old eager way, "it was when his coming here was misery to me,—when it might have been made the cause of outrage and insult to me,—when there were plans to wring my heart, to expose me to— Oh, mother, what are you making me say? It is all over, and I want to think only charitably, only kindly. My father would have done it for his own plans. And now he objects when he has nothing to do with it."

"Carry, take care, take care. There can never be a time in which your father has nothing to do with you: if he thinks you are forgetting—what is best in your position—or giving people occasion to talk."

"I have been told here," said Carry, with a shiver, looking round her, "that no one was afraid I would go wrong; oh no—that no one was afraid of that. I was too proud for that." The colour all ebbed away from her face; she raised her head higher and higher. "I was told—that it was very well known there was no fear of that; but that it would be delightful to watch us together, to see how we would manage to get out of it,—and that we should be thrown together every day. That—oh no—there was no fear I should go wrong! This was all said to your daughter, mother; and it was my father's pleasure that it should be so."

"Oh Carry, my poor darling! No, dear—no, no. Your father never suspected—"

"My father did not care. He

thought, too, that there was no fear I should go wrong. Wrong!" Carry cried, starting from her seat in her sudden passion. "Do you know, mother, that the worst wrong I could have done with Edward would have been whiteness, innocence itself, to what you have made me do—oh, what you have made me do, all those hideous, horrible years!"

Lady Lindores rose too, her face working piteously, the tears standing in her eyes. She held out her hands in appeal, but said nothing, while Carry, pale, with her eyes shining, poured forth her wrong and her passion. She stopped herself, however, with a violent effort. "I do not want even to think an unkind thought," she said—"now: oh no, not an unkind thought. It is over now—no blame, no reproach; only peace—peace. That is what I wish. I only admire," she cried, with a smile, "that my father should have exposed me to all that in the lightness of his heart and without a compunction; and then, when God has interfered—when death itself has sheltered and protected me—that he should step in, *par exemple*, in his fatherly anxiety, now!—"

"You must not speak so of your father, Carry," said Lady Lindores; "his ways of thinking may not be yours—or even mine: but if you are going to scorn and defy him, it must not be to me."

Carry put her mother down in her chair again with soft caressing hands, kissing her in an *accès* of mournful tenderness. "You have it all to bear, mother dear—both my indignation and his—what shall I call it?—his over-anxiety for me; but listen, mother, it is all different now. Everything changes. I don't know how to say it to you, for I am always your child, whatever happens; but, mamma, don't

you think there is a time when obedience—is reasonable no more?"

"It appears that Edith thinks so too," Lady Lindores said gravely. "But, Carry, surely your father may advise—and I may advise. There will be remarks made,—there will be gossip, and even scandal. It is so soon, not more than a month. Carry, dear, I think I am not hard; but you must not—indeed you must not——"

"What, mother?" said Carry, standing before her proudly with her head aloft. Lady Lindores gazed at her, all inspired and glowing, trembling with nervous energy and life. She could not put her fears, her suspicions, into words. She did not know what to say. What was it she wanted to say? to warn her against—what? There are times in which it is essential for us to be taken, as the French say, at the half-word, not to be compelled to put our terrors or our hopes into speech. Lady Lindores could not name the ultimate object of her alarm. It would have been brutal. Her lips would not have framed the words.

"You know what I mean, Carry; you know what I mean," was all that she could say.

"It is hard," Carry said, "that I should have to divine the reproach and then reply to it. I think that is too much, mother. I am doing nothing which I have any reason to blush for;" but as she said this, she did blush, and put her hands up to her cheeks to cover the flame. Perhaps this sign of consciousness convinced the mind which Lady Lindores only excited, for she said suddenly, with a tremulous tone: "I will not pretend to misunderstand you, mamma. You think Edward should go away. From your point of view it is a danger to me. But we do not see it in that light. We have suffered

a great deal, both he and I. Why should he forsake me when he can be a comfort to me now?"

"Carry, Carry!" cried her mother in horror—"a comfort to you! when it is only a month, scarcely a month, since——"

"Don't speak of that," Carry cried, putting up her hands. "What if it had only been a day? What is it to me what people think? Their thinking never did me any good while I had to suffer,—why should I pay any attention to it now?"

"But we must, so long as we live in the world at all, pay attention to it," cried Lady Lindores, more and more distressed; "for your own sake, my dearest, for your children's sake."

"My children!—what do they know? they are babies. For my own sake! Whether is it better, do you think, to be happy or to be miserable, mother? I have tried the other so long. I want to be happy now. I mean," said Carry, clasping her hands, "to be happy now. Is it good to be miserable? Why should I? Even self-sacrifice must have an object. Why should I, why should I? Give me a reason for it, and I will think; but you give me no reason!" she cried, and broke off abruptly, her agitated countenance shining in a sort of rosy cloud.

There was a pause, and they sat and gazed at each other, or, at least, the mother gazed at Carry with all the dismay of a woman who had never offended against the proprieties in her life, and yet could not but feel the most painful sympathy with the offender. And not only was she anxious about the indecorum of the moment, but full of disturbed curiosity to know if any determination about the future had been already come to. On this subject, however,

she did not venture to put any question, or even suggest anything that might precipitate matters. Oh, if John Erskine would but obey her—if he would close his doors upon the intruder; oh, if he himself (poor Edward! her heart bled for him too, though she tried to thwart him) would but see what was right, and go away!

“Dear,” said Lady Lindores, faltering, “I did not say you might not meet—whoever you pleased—in a little while. Of course, nobody expects you at your age to bury yourself. But in the circumstances—at such a moment—indeed, indeed, Carry, I think he would act better, more like what we had a right to expect of him, if he were to consider you before himself, and go away.”

“What we had a right to expect! What had you a right to expect? What have you ever done for him but betray him?” cried Carry, in her agitation. She stopped to get breath, to subdue herself, but it was not easy. “Mother, I am afraid of you,” she said. “I might have stood against my father if you had backed me up. I am afraid of you. I feel as if I ought to fly away from you, to hide myself somewhere. You might make me throw away my life again,—buy it from me with a kiss and a smile. Oh no, no!” she cried, almost violently; “no, no, I will not let my happiness go again!”

“Carry, what is it? what is it? What are you going to do?”

Carry did not reply; her countenance was flushed and feverish. She rose up and stood with her arm on the mantelpiece, looking vaguely into her own face in the mirror. “I will not let my happiness go again,” she said, over and over to herself.

John Erskine carried his own

reply to Lady Lindores’ letter before she returned from this expedition to Tinto. He, too, was one of those who felt for Lady Car an alarm which neither she nor Beaufort shared; and he had already been so officious as to urge strongly on his guest the expediency of going away,—advice which Beaufort had not received in, as people say, the spirit in which it was given. He had not been impressed by his friend’s disinterested motives and anxiety to serve his true interests, and had roundly declared that he would leave Dalrulzian if Erskine pleased, but no one should make him leave the neighbourhood while he could be of the slightest comfort to *her*. John was not wholly disinterested, perhaps, any more than Beaufort. He seized upon Lady Lindores’ letter as the pretext for a visit. He had not been admitted lately when he had gone to Lindores—the ladies had been out, or they had been engaged, or Lord Lindores had seized hold upon him about county business; and since the day when they parted at Miss Barbara’s door, he had never seen Edith save for a moment. He set off eagerly, without, it is to be feared, doing anything to carry out Lady Lindores’ injunctions. Had he not exhausted every argument? He hurried off to tell her so, to consult with her as to what he could do. Anything that brought him into contact and confidential intercourse with either mother or daughter was a happiness to him. And he made so much haste that he arrived at Lindores before she had returned from Tinto. The servant who opened the door to him was young and indiscreet. Had the butler been at hand, as it was his duty to be, it is possible that what was about to happen might never have happened. But it was a young foot-

man, a native, one who was interested in the family, and liked to show his interest. "Her ladyship's no' at home, sir," he said to John; "but," he added, with a glow of pleasure, "Lady Edith is in the drawing-room." It may be supposed that John was not slow to take advantage of this intimation. He walked quite decorously after the man, but he felt as if he were tumbling head over heels in his eagerness to get there. When the door was closed upon them, and Edith, rising against the light at the end of the room, in front of a great window, turned to him with a little tremulous cry of wonder and confusion, is it necessary to describe their feelings? John took her hands into both of his without any further preliminaries, saying, "At last!" with an emotion and delight so profound that it brought the tears to his eyes. And Edith, for her part, said nothing at all—did not even look at him in her agitation. There had been no direct declaration, proposal, acceptance between them. There was nothing of the kind now. Amid all the excitements and anxieties of the past weeks, these prefaces of sentiment seemed to have been jumped over—to have become unnecessary. They had been long parted, and they had come together "at last!"

It may probably be thought that this was abrupt,—too little anxious and doubtful on his part, too ready and yielding on hers. But no law can be laid down in such cases, and they had a right, like other people, to their own way. And then the meeting was so unexpected, he had not time to think how a lover should look, nor she to remember what punctilios a lady should require. That a man should go down on his knees to prefer his suit had got to be old-fashioned in

the time of their fathers and mothers. In Edith's days, the straightforwardness of a love in which the boy and girl had first met in frank equality, and afterwards the man and woman in what they considered to be honest friendship and liking, was the best understood phase. They were to each other the only possible mates, the most perfect companions in the world.

"I have so wanted to speak to you," he cried; "in all that has happened this is what I have wanted; everything would have been bearable if I could have talked it over,—if I could have explained everything to *you*."

"But I understood all the time," Edith said.

There is something to be said perhaps for this kind of love-making too.

And the time flew as never time flew before—as time has always flown under such circumstances; and it began to grow dark before they knew: for the days were creeping in, growing short, and the evenings long. It need not be said that they liked the darkness—it was more delightful than the finest daylight; but it warned them that they might be interrupted at any moment, and ought to have put them on their guard. Lady Lindores might come in, or even Lord Lindores, which was worse; or, short of those redoubtable personages, the servants might make a sudden invasion to close the windows, which would be worst of all: even this fear, however, did not break the spell which enveloped them. They were at the end of the room, up against the great window, which was full of the grey evening sky, and formed the most dangerous background in the world to a group of two figures very close together, forming but one outline against the light. They

might, one would think, have had sense enough to recollect that they were thus at once made evident to whosoever should come in. But they had no sense, nor even caution enough, to intermit their endless talking, whispering, now and then, and listen for a moment to anything which might be going on behind them. When it occurred to Edith to point out how dark it was getting, John had just then entered upon a new chapter, and found another branch of the subject upon which there were volumes to say.

"For look here," he said, "what will your father say to me, Edith? I am neither rich nor great. I am not good enough for you in any way. No—no man is good enough for a girl like you—but I don't mean that. When I came first to Dalrulzian and saw what a little place it was, I was sick with disgust and disappointment. I know why now—it was because it was not good enough for you. I roam all over it every day thinking and thinking—it is not half good enough for her. How can I ask her to go there? How can I ask her father?"

"Oh, how can you speak such nonsense, John. If it is good enough for you, it is good enough for me. If a room is big or little, what does that matter? And as for my father——"

"It is your father I am afraid of," John said. "I think Lady Lindores would not mind; but your father will think it is throwing you away. He will think I am not good enough to tie your shoe,—and he will be quite right—quite right," cried the young man, with fervour——

"In that case," said a voice behind them in the terrible twilight—a voice, at the sound of which their arms unclasped, their hands leapt asunder as by an electric

shock; never was anything more sharp, more acrid, more incisive, than the sound,—“in that case, Mr Erskine, your duty as a gentleman is very clear before you. There is only one thing to do—Go! the way is clear.”

“Lord Lindores!” John had made a step back in his dismay, but he still stood against the light, his face turned, astonished, towards the shadows close by him, which had approached without warning. Edith had melted and disappeared away into the gloom, where there was another shadow apart from the one which confronted John, catching on the whiteness of its countenance all the light in the indistinct picture. A sob, a quickened breathing in the background, gave some consciousness of support to the unfortunate young hero so rudely awakened out of his dream, but that was all.

“Her father, at your service,—entertaining exactly the sentiments that you have attributed to him, and only surprised that with such just views, a man who calls himself a gentleman——”

“Robert!” came from behind in a voice of keen remonstrance; and “Father!” with a cry of indignation.

“That a man who calls himself a gentleman,” said Lord Lindores deliberately, “should play the domestic traitor, and steal into the affections—what she calls her heart, I suppose—of a silly girl!”

Before John could reply, his outline against the window had again become double. Edith stood beside him, erect, with her arm within his. The touch filled the young man with a rapture of strength and courage. He stopped her as she began to speak. “Not you, dearest, not you; I,” he said. “Lord Lindores, I am guilty. It is true what you say,—I ought to have

gone away. Had I known in time, I should have gone away—(‘Yes, it would have been right:’ this in an undertone to Edith, who at these words had grasped his arm tighter); but such things are not done by rule. What can I do now? We love each other. If she is not rich she would be happy with me—not great, but happy; that’s something! and near home, Lord Lindores! I don’t stand upon any right I had to speak to her—perhaps I hadn’t any right—I beg your pardon heartily, and I don’t blame you for being angry.”

Perhaps it was not wonderful that the father thus addressed, with his wife murmuring remonstrance behind him, and his daughter before him standing up in defiance at her lover’s side, should have been exasperated beyond endurance. “Upon my soul!” he cried. He was not given to exclamations, but what can a man do? Then after a pause,—“that is kind,” in his usual sharp tone, “very kind; you don’t blame me! Perhaps, with so much sense at your command, you will approve of me before all’s done. Edith, come away from that man’s side—this instant!” he cried, losing his temper, and stamping his foot on the ground.

“Papa! no, oh no—I cannot. I have chosen him, and he has chosen—”

“Leave that man’s side. Do you hear me? leave him, or—”

“Robert! Robert! and for God’s sake, Edith, do what your father tells you. Mr Erskine, you must not defy us.”

“I will not leave John, mother; you would not have left my father if you had been told—”

“I will have no altercation,” said Lord Lindores. “I have nothing to say to you, Edith. Mr Erskine, I hope, will leave my house when I tell him to do so.”

“Certainly I will,—certainly! No, Edith darling, I cannot stay,—it is not possible. We don’t give each other up for that; but your father has the best right in his own house—”

“Oh, this is insupportable. Your sentiments are too fine, Mr Erskine of Dalrulzian; for a little bonnet laird, your magnanimity is princely. I have a right, have I, in my own—”

Here there suddenly came a lull upon the stormy scene, far more complete than when the wind falls at sea. The angry Earl calmed down as never angry billows calmed. The pair of desperate lovers stole apart in a moment; the anxious, all-beseeking mother seated herself upon the nearest chair, and said something about the shortening of the days. This complete cessation of all disturbance was caused by the entrance of a portly figure carrying one lamp, followed by another slimmer one carrying a second. The butler’s fine countenance was mildly illuminated by the light he carried. He gave a slight glance round him, with a serenity which made all these excited people shrink, in his indifferent and calmly superior vision. Imperturbable as a god, he proceeded to close the shutters and draw the curtains. John Erskine in the quiet took his leave like any ordinary guest.

The mine had exploded;—the mines were exploding under all the ramparts. This was the night when Rintoul came home from his visit; and Lady Lindores looked forward to her son’s composure of mind and manner, and that good sense which was his characteristic, and kept him in agreement with his father upon so many points on which she herself was apt to take different views. It was the only comfort she could think of. Edith would not appear at dinner at all;

and her mother was doubly afraid now of the explanation of Carry's sentiments which she would have to give to her husband. But Rintoul, she felt with relief, would calm everything down. He would bring in a modifying influence of outdoor life and unexaggerated sentiment. The commonplace, though it was one of the bitternesses of her life to recognise her son as its impersonification, is dearly welcome sometimes; and she looked forward to Rintoul's presence with the intensest relief. She gave him a hint, when he arrived, of her wishes: "Occupy your father as much as you can," she said. "He has had several things to think of; try and put them out of his head to-night." "I think I can promise I will do that, mother," said Rintoul. The

tone of his voice was changed somehow. She looked at him with a certain consternation. Was Saul also among the prophets? Had Rintoul something on his mind? But he bore his part at dinner like a man, and talked and told his stories of the world—those club anecdotes which please the men. It was only after she had left the dining-room that Rintoul fell silent for a little. But before his father could so much as begin to confide to him what had happened in the afternoon, Rintoul drew his chair close to the table, planted his elbow upon it to support himself, and looked steadily into his father's face. "I should like to talk to you, if you don't mind—about myself," he said.

CHAPTER XLVII.

The profoundest of the many wounds inflicted upon Lord Lindores, at this terrible period of his life, was that which he thus received at the hands of Rintoul: it was so altogether unexpected, so unlike anything that he had imagined of his son, so sudden, that it took away his breath. For the first moment he could not speak in the bitterness of his disappointment and outraged expectations. "You," he said at length, "Rintoul! I have been prepared for folly on the part of your sisters, but I have always felt I had a tower of strength in you."

"There is no difference in me," said Rintoul,—“I should be just as ready to back you up about the girls as ever I was; but if you will recollect, I never said a word about myself. I consider it as our duty to look after the girls. For one thing, they are not so well qualified to judge for themselves. They see

things all from one side. They don't know the world. I wouldn't let them sacrifice their prospects to a bit of silly sentiment; but I never said a word about myself. That's different. A man has a right to please himself as to who he's going to marry, if he marries at all. Most fellows don't marry at all—at least it's usual to say so; I don't know that it's true. If you'll remember, when you spoke to me of Lady Reseda, I never said anything one way or another. I have never committed myself. It has always been my determination in this respect to take my own way."

Lord Lindores was subdued by this calm speech. He was almost cowed by it. It was very different from Carry's tears, and even from Edith's impassioned defiance. Rintoul knew perfectly well what he was about. There was no excitement to speak of in his steady con-

fidence in his own power. And his father knew very well that there was nothing to be done. A family scandal might indeed be made: a breach in their relations, —a quarrel which would amuse the world. He might withdraw Rintoul's allowance, or refuse to increase it, but this, though vexatious, was not in any way final; for the estates were all strictly entailed, and his heir would have little difficulty in procuring what money he needed. It was like fighting against a rock to struggle with Rintoul. When their father worked himself up into a rage, and launched sharp phrases at the girls, bitter cuts and slashes of satire and fierce denunciations, these weapons cut into their tender flesh like knives, and they writhed upon the point of the paternal spear. But Rintoul did not care. A certain amount of vituperation was inevitable, he knew, and he did not mind it. His father might "slang" him as much as he pleased; fierce words break no bones, and he knew exactly how far it could go. Lord Lindores also knew this, and it had the most curious composing and subduing effect upon him. What is the use of being angry, when the object of your anger does not care for it? There is no such conqueror of passion. If nobody cared, the haviest temper would learn to amend itself. Lord Lindores was aware that Rintoul would hear him out to the end,—that he would never, so to speak, turn a hair,—that he would reply with perfect coolness, and remain entirely unmoved. It would be like kicking against a blank wall,—a child's foolish instinctive paroxysm of passion. Therefore he was not violent with Rintoul, nor sharply satirical, except by moments. He did not appeal to his feelings, nor stand upon his own

authority. If indeed he could not keep his exasperation out of his voice, nor conceal his annoyance, he did this only because he could not help it, not with any idea of influencing Rintoul. But it was indeed a very serious blow which he had received,—the most telling of all.

"After this," he said, "why should I go on struggling? What advantage will it be to me to change Lindores into a British peerage? I could not enjoy it long in the course of nature, nor could I afford to enjoy it. And as for my son, he will have enough to do to get bread and butter for his numerous family. A season in town, and a seat in the House of Lords, will after this be perfectly out of the question."

"I suppose it's just as likely as not that the House of Lords will be abolished before my time," said Rintoul calmly,—“at least they say so.”

"They say d——d nonsense, sir," cried the Earl, touched at his tenderest point. "The House of Lords will outlive you and half a hundred like you. They don't know Englishmen who say so. I had hoped to see my family advancing in power and influence. Here was poor Torrance's death, for instance, coming in providentially to make up for Edith's folly about Millefleurs." Here Lord Lindores made a little pause and looked at his son. He had, beyond expectation, made, he thought, an impression upon him. "Ah," he said, "I see, you forgot the Tinto influence. You thought it was all up with my claims when Millefleurs slipped through our fingers. On the contrary, I never felt so like attaining my point as now."

"That is not what I was thinking, father," said Rintoul, in a slightly broken voice. He had

risen from his chair and walked to the window, and stood there, keeping his face averted as he spoke. "I cannot tell you," he said more earnestly, "the effect it has upon me when you speak of getting an advantage from—what has happened. Somehow it makes my blood run cold. I'd rather lose everything I have than profit by that—accident. I can't bear the idea. Besides," he added, recovering himself, "I wouldn't build so upon it, if I were you. It's all in Carry's hand, and Carry will like to have things her own way."

"This exhibition of sentiment in respect to Pat Torrance takes me altogether by surprise," said Lord Lindores. "I was not aware you had any such friendship for him. And as to Carry. Pooh! Carry has not got a way of her own."

This subject, though it was so painful to Rintoul, brought the conversation to an easier level. But when the young man had left him, Lord Lindores remained for a long time silent, with his head in his hands, and a bitterness of disappointment pervading his mind, which, if it had not a very exalted cause, was still as keen as any tragedy could require. He had let things go much as they would before he came to his kingdom; but when Providence, with that strange sweep of all that stood before him, had cleared his way to greatness, he had sworn to himself that his children should all be made instrumental in bringing the old house out of its humble estate—that they should every one add a new honour to Lindores. Now he said to himself bitterly that it would have been as well if his brothers had lived,—if he had never known the thorns that stud a coronet. What had the family gained? His son would have been quite good enough for Nora Barrington if he had never

been more than Robin Lindores; and John Erskine would have been no great match for his daughter, even in the old times. It would have been as well for them if no change had come upon the fortunes of the family,—if all had remained as when they were born. When he thought of it, there was a moment when he could have gnashed his teeth with rage and mortification. To have sworn like a trooper or wept like a woman, would have been some relief to his feelings; or even to clench his hands and his teeth, and stamp about the floor like a baffled villain on the stage. But he did not dare to relieve himself by any of these safety-valves of nature. He was too much afraid of himself to be melodramatic or hysterical. He sat and gnawed his nails, and devoured his own heart. His house seemed to be tumbling about his ears like a house of cards. Why should he take any further trouble about it? Neither money nor importance, nothing but love, save the mark! idiocy—the passing fancy of boys and girls. Probably they would all hate each other in a year or two, and then they would understand what their folly had done for them. He thought of this with a vindictive pleasure; but even of that indifferent satisfaction he could not be sure.

Meanwhile there was, as may easily be supposed, the greatest excitement in the house. Rintoul told his mother and sister, and was half angered by their sympathy. Edith, who was herself in great agitation, received the intimation with delight; but this delight was quite distasteful to her brother, who stopped her by a wrathful request to her not to think this was a nonsensical affair like her own. "I know what I'm about; but as for you, it is just a piece of idiocy," he said: at which poor

Edith, aghast, retired into herself, wounded beyond description by this rejection of her sympathy. Having thus snubbed his sister, he defied the alarmed surprise and tempered disapprobation with which his mother heard his story. "I know that you were never a very great friend to Nora," he said. "I suppose when another girl cuts out your own, you can't be expected to be quite just. But my father and I understand each other," said Rintoul. He went out after having thus mowed down the ranks on either side of him, in a not uncomfortable frame of mind, carrying with him, in order to post it with his own hand, the letter to Colonel Barrington, which he had informed his father had been written on the previous day. And this was quite true; but having written it, Rintoul had carefully reserved it till after his interview with his father. Had Lord Lindores been very violent, probably Colonel Barrington would not have had his letter: not that Rintoul would have given Nora up, but that he had, like most wise men, a strong faith in postponement. Wait a little and things will come right, was one of the chief articles of his creed; but as Lord Lindores—kept down by the certainty that there was very little to be made of Rintoul except by giving him his own way—had not been violent, the letter went without delay.

Thus, as it sometimes happens, the worst of the family misfortunes was the one that was condoned most easily; for certainly, in the matrimonial way, Rintoul's failure was the worst. Daughters come and daughters go—sometimes they add to the family prestige, sometimes they do the reverse; but at all events, they go, and add themselves to other families, and cease to be of primary importance as

concerns their own. But the eldest son, the heir, is in a very different position. If he does nothing to enrich the race, or add honour to it, the family stock itself must suffer. Nora Barrington would bring some beauty with her to Lindores, but not even beauty of an out-of-the-way kind,—honest, innocent, straightforward, simple beauty, but no more,—and no connections to speak of; her uncle, the head of her family, being no more than a Devonshire M.P. This was very sad to think of. Rintoul, in his matter-of-fact way, felt it as much as any one. There were moments even when he seemed to himself to have been unfairly dealt with by Providence. He had not gone out of his way to seek this girl,—she had been put down before him; and it was hard that it should have so happened that one so little eligible should have been the one to catch his heart. But to do him justice, his heart being caught, he made no material resistance. He was entirely steadfast and faithful to his own happiness, which was involved. But it did not occur to him as it might have done to a feebler mind, that he was in any way disabled from opposing the unambitious match of his sister in consequence of the similar character of his own. He held to his formula with all the solidity of judgment which he had always shown. When his mother pointed out to him his inconsistency, he refused to see any inconsistency in it. "I never would, and never did, say anything as to myself. I never meant to give up my own freedom. The girls—that's quite different. It was your duty and my duty to do the best we could for the girls. I say now, a stop should be put to Edith. Erskine's a gentleman, but that's all you can say. She will

never be anybody if she marries him; whereas, if she had not been a fool, what a far better thing for her to have had Millefleurs. I should put a stop to it without thinking twice; and I can't imagine what my father means not to do it." This was Rintoul's opinion upon his sister's affairs.

"And supposing Colonel Barrington had been of the same opinion in respect to Nora?" Lady Lindores said.

"In respect to Nora? I consider," said Rintoul, "that Nora is doing very well for herself. We are not rich, but the title always counts. A fellow can't shut his eyes. I know very well that there are a good many places where I—shouldn't have been turned away: though you don't think very much of me, mother. Colonel Barrington is not a fool; he knows Nora couldn't have been expected to do better. You see cleverness is not everything, mamma."

"I think you are very clever, Robin," his mother said, with a smile and a sigh—a sigh of wonder that *her* son (always such a mystery to a woman) should feel and talk and think so unlike herself; a smile that he should be so much justified in doing so, so successful in it. Both the smile and the sigh were full of wonder and of pain. But she was comforted to think that Rintoul at least was capable of something heavenly—of true love and disinterested affection. That was something, that was much, in the dearth of fame.

Thus Rintoul's marriage was consented to, while Edith's was first peremptorily denied, then grudgingly entertained, and made the subject of delays and procrastinations enough to have wearied out any pair of lovers. But they had various consolations and helps to support them, the chief of which

was that they lived so near each other, and were able to meet often, and talk over in infinite detail every step that was taken, and all the objections seen by others, and all the exquisite reasons in favour of their love which were known to themselves. And Lady Lindores was from the first upon their side, though she respected her husband's unwillingness to bestow his daughter so humbly. Carry was to her mother a standing admonition against any further weakness on this point. In every word and step by which the young widow showed her thankfulness for her deliverance, she struck with horror the fine sense of fitness and reverence which was in her mother's mind. Lady Lindores had not been false in the sentiments of pity and remorseful regret with which she had heard of the death of Torrance. There are some souls which are so finely poised that they cannot but answer to every natural claim, even when against themselves. Had she been Torrance's wife, all the privileges of freedom would not have emancipated her from that compassion for the man struck down in the midst of his life, which took almost the shape of tenderness and sorrow. And when Carry exulted, it gave her mother a pang with which her whole being shivered. God forbid that she should ever be instrumental in placing another creature in such a position as Carry's! She stood very gently but very firmly against her husband on Edith's behalf. She would not consent to interfere with the love and choice of her child.

Carry adopted her sister's cause with a still warmer devotion. She promised her support, her help in every possible manner, would have sanctioned an instant rebellious marriage, and settled half of her

own large jointure upon Edith to justify the step, if she could have had her own way, and would scarcely listen to the suggestions of prudence. This nervous partisanship was not of any great advantage to the lovers, but still it gave them the consolation of sympathy. And by-and-by the whole county became aware of the struggle, and took sides with the warmest feeling. Old Sir James Montgomery, as everybody knows, had entertained other views; but when he heard of Nora's promotion, and of the position of affairs in general, his kind old heart was greatly moved. He went off instantly to talk over the matter with Miss Barbara Erskine at Dunearn, from whose house Nora had just departed. "To think that this should have been going on all the time, and you and me never the wiser," the old general said,— "the little cutty! But no doubt they were left in great tribulation as to what my lord the Earl's majesty would say."

"Young persons have a great notion of themselves nowadays," said Miss Barbara; "they will not hear of advice from the like of you or me. Yet I think Nora might have said a word to an old friend. I am getting blind and doited. I never suspected anything. What my heart was set on was to get her for my nephew John."

"Just that," said Sir James, nodding his head; "that was my own idea. But you see John, he has chosen for himself — and a bonny creature too, if she is as good as she is bonny."

"I am not very fond of the family. What are they but strangers? My heart is most warm to them that I know," said Miss Barbara. But this was a very mild statement, and uttered with little vehemence, for Miss Barbara

was not insensible to the pleasure of having an Earl's daughter in the family. "There is no doubt about the beauty," she added, "and there's a great deal of good in her, from all I hear."

"With those eyes ye may be sure there's no harm," said Sir James, growing enthusiastic. "And I like the lad that had the sense to see what was in my little Nora. She'll make a bonny countess, and I wish she was here that I might give her a kiss and tell her so. But this Lady Edith is a bonny creature too; and as for Lord Lindores himself, he's no stranger, you know—he's just little Robby Lindores that both you and me mind. The one that has raised a prejudice, I make no doubt, is just that foreign wife of his——"

"She is not foreign that ever I heard——"

"Well, well—maybe not according to the letter; but she has foreign ways, and without doubt it is her influence that has kept the family from settling down as we had a right to expect. My Lady Rintoul will set that right again. Bless me, who would have thought that little Nora—— But we must let by-gones be by-gones, Miss Barbara. We must just stand up for the young couple, and defeat the machinations of the foreign wife."

Sir James laughed at this fine sentence of his; but yet he meant it. And even Miss Barbara agreed that this stranger woman was no doubt at the bottom of the mischief. When Sir James departed, the old lady felt herself nerved to a great exertion. By this time it was winter, and she went out but seldom, the pony-chaise being a cold conveyance. But that night she electrified her household by ordering the "carriage" — the old carriage, never produced but on occasions of great solemnity—

for the next day. "Where will ye be going?" Janet asked open-mouthed, after she had got over the shock of the announcement. But her mistress did not condescend to give her any answer. It was through Agnes, at a later hour, that information descended upon the household. "Sae far as I can make out, she is just going to Lindores to settle a' about thae two marriages," Agnes said in great excitement. "What two marriages? Ye think of nothing but marriages," said Janet. But nevertheless that excellent person was as much excited as any one when the huge vehicle drew up at the door next morning, and stood out in the rain to hear the orders which were given to the coachman. Agnes, seated within in attendance on her mistress, gave her a little nod with her eyelids, as much as to say, "Who's in the right now?" "To Lindores." "Bless me!" said Janet, "single women are aye so keen on that subject. They would ken better if they had ever had a man o' their ain."

And indeed Miss Barbara's magnificent intention was to make a proposal to Lord Lindores, which must, she could not doubt, make everything smooth. Lord Lindores was a gentleman, and took pains not to show the old lady, to whom the credit of the house of Dalrulzian was so dear, that he did not think the Erskines good enough to mate with his family: which was also a laudable exercise of discretion; for Miss Barbara was very strong in dates, and knew when the earldom of Lindores was founded, and who was the first of the family, as well as the exact period when the Erskines were settled at Dalrulzian. Lord Lindores forbore, partly out of good feeling, partly from alarm, and partly because Miss Barbara's offer

was not one to be refused. If it should so happen that he might be compelled to give in, then the settlement upon Edith of Miss Barbara's fortune would make a very distinct difference in the case. He did not intend to give in, but still—— The proposal was received with great politeness at least. "There are many things to be taken into consideration," he said. "I had other plans—— You will excuse me if I cannot give up my intentions in a moment, because two young people have chosen to fall in love with each other——" "It is what we all have to do, my lord," said Miss Barbara, who was old-fashioned, and gave every man his title. "It is the only thing, in my experience, that it is useless to fight against." Then Lord Lindores made her a fine bow, and declared that this was a most appropriate sentiment from a lady's lips; but a man must be excused if he took a graver view. There was a sharp accent in his voice which not all his politeness could quite disguise. "For my part," Miss Barbara said, "I have just had to swallow my own disappointment, and think nothing of it; for what I had set my heart upon was to wed my nephew John to Nora Barrington, that now it appears, in the arrangements of Providence, is to be your lordship's daughter-in-law, my Lady Rintoul." Lord Lindores jumped up at this as if a knife had been put into him. He could scarcely trust himself to speak. "I can't allow it to be an arrangement of Providence," he cried, bitterly, but recovered himself, and forced a smile upon his angry countenance, and assured Miss Barbara that her proposal was most generous. He gave her his arm to the drawing-room, in which Lady Lindores and Edith were sitting, and withdrew,

with his face drawn into a certain wolfish expression which his wife was aware meant mischief, but without betraying himself in speech. When he got back to his library, he launched a private anathema at the "old witch" who had taken it upon herself to interfere. But nevertheless, in Lord Lindores' mind there arose the conviction that though he never would consent, yet if he did—why, that Miss Barbara and her proposal were worth making a note of: and he did so accordingly. Miss Barbara, on her part, left the Castle half affronted, half mollified. She was angry that her proposal did not settle everything in a moment; but she was touched by the sweetness of Edith, and a little moved out of her prejudices in respect to Lady Lindores. "She has no foreign accent," she said, suddenly, in the midst of the drive, to the astonishment of Agnes—"no more than any of us. And she has none of that sneering way,—my lord yonder, he just cannot contain himself for spite and ill-will—but I cannot see it in her. No doubt she's one of them that is everybody's body, and puts on a fine show—but nothing from the heart."

Some time after this another incident, which had no small bearing upon the story of one of these young pairs, occurred at Dalrulzian. Rintoul had never concealed his opposition, but neither had it ever become a subject of personal conflict between John Erskine and himself. He had gone away after his own explanation, for time did not stand still while these events were going on, and even a Guardsman has periods of duty. Shortly after he returned to Lindores, some question about the boundaries of the estates made it expedient that there should be formal communications between the two houses. Rin-

toul undertook to be the messenger. He had been with his regiment for the last two months, and he had not inquired into local events. He was, therefore, not in the least prepared for the sight that encountered him when he knocked at John Erskine's door. It was opened to him by Rolls, in all the glory of shining "blacks" and snowy neckcloth, as composed, as authoritative, as fully in command of himself and everything about him, as he had ever been. Rintoul, though he was a lord and a soldier and a fine fellow, gave a jump backwards, which scattered the gravel on the path. "Good lord, Rolls!" he cried. It was not an agreeable surprise. He had done his best to forget Rolls, and he had succeeded. To have so many painful associations thus recalled was unpleasant; and the sight of him, so suddenly, without warning, an undeniable shock.

"Ay, my lord, it's just Rolls," said the butler, barring, as it were, his entrance. Rolls regarded the young man with a stern air; and even when Rintoul, recovering himself, began to express pleasure at his return, and great interest in hearing how it was, the face of Rolls remained unmoved. He changed his mind, however, about barring the entrance, and slowly showed Rintoul into the vacant dining-room, which he entered after him, shutting the door.

"I'll easy tell your lordship how I got out," he said; "but there's mair pressing matter in hand. They tell me, my lord, that ye will not yield to have my maister, John Erskine of Dalrulzian, for Lady Edith's man. I would like to hear if that's true."

"It's a curious sort of question to ask," said Rintoul. "I might ask what's that to you, Rolls?"

“Ay, so ye might—it would be just like you, my lord; but I do not think it would be politic in all the circumstances. What for are you opposing it? Ye’re to marry Miss Nora, and get your ain will and pleasure. I wish her much joy, poor thing, and strength of mind to bear a’ that’s before her. What is your lordship’s objection to my maister, if I may make so bold as to ask?”

“You are not very complimentary,” said Rintoul, growing red.

“No, I’m no’ complimentary, my lord; it’s no’ my line. Will you tell me what’s set you against this marriage? for that is what I would like to ken.”

Rintoul tried to laugh, though it would have pleased him better to knock his monitor down. “You must see, Rolls, that a thing like this is my own concern,” he said.

“It’s my concern as well,” said Rolls. “There’s mair between you and me, my lord, than I’m wanting to tell; but if I was in your lordship’s place, I would not rin counter to them that has proved themselves your best friend——”

“Rolls! what are you doing here?” cried John Erskine, with amazement, suddenly opening the door.

The countenance of Rolls was quite impassive. “I was giving my Lord Rintoul an account of my marvellous deliverance out o’ my prison, sir,” he said, “and

how it was thought I had suffered enough in my long wait for the trial. And that was true. Much have I suffered, and many a thought has gone through my head. I’m real ripened in my judgment, and awfu’ well acquaint with points o’ law. But I hope I may never have anything more ado with such subjects—if it be not upon very urgent occasion,” Rolls said. And he withdrew with a solemn bow to Rintoul, in his usual methodical and important way.

Rintoul had come to see John Erskine upon a matter of business; but they had never ceased to be friends—as good friends, that is, as they ever had been. And the similarity of their situation no doubt awakened new sympathies in their minds. At least, whatever was the cause, this meeting did much to draw them together. It was now that Rintoul showed to John the real good feeling that was in him. “I have not been on your side, I confess,” he said. “I have thought Edith might do better. I don’t hide it from you. But you need not fear that I will stand in your way. I’m in the same box myself. My lord likes my affair just as little as he likes yours. But of course if she sticks fast to you, as she’ll certainly do, what can he make of it? Everything must come right in the end.”

CHAPTER XLVIII.

Thus between threats and promises, and patience and obstinacy, it came gradually to pass that Lord Lindores had to yield. He made that winter a very unhappy one to his family—and it was not more agreeable to himself; for it was not long before he arrived at

the conviction that he could make nothing by his opposition. In Rintoul’s case, this had been evident to him from the very first, but he had tried for some time to delude himself with the idea that Edith would and must yield to his will. The successive

stages of wrath, bewildered surprise, impatient certainty, and then of a still more disagreeable conviction that whatever he might say or do he would not overcome this girl, went over him one after another, irritating and humiliating his arbitrary spirit. A father may consent to the fact that beyond a certain point he cannot coerce his full-grown son; but to be opposed and vanquished by a chit of a girl, is hard upon him. To see a soft, small creature, whom he could almost blow away, whom he could crush in his hand like a butterfly, standing up in all the force of a distinct and independent being before him, and asserting her own will and judgment against his,—this was almost more than he could bear. He came, however, gradually to a perception of what can and what cannot be done in the way of moral compulsion. It had succeeded with Carry, and he had not been able at first to imagine that it would not succeed equally with Edith; but gradually his mind was undeceived. He had in reality given up the contest long before he would confess to himself, and still longer before he would allow to the world, that it was so. If he could do nothing else, he would at least keep his household in suspense, and make the cup as bitter as possible to them before they should be allowed to touch the sweet.

Lord Lindores, with all these vexations upon his head, experienced for a moment an absolute pause in his individual career and prospects. He was assailed with that disgust which is one of the curses of age and experience. *Cui bono?* it is the oldest of reflections and the most persistent. To what good is all the work and labour under the sun? What did it matter to him to gain an empty

distinction, if his children were to melt away on all sides of him, and merge into the lower classes—which was how, in a moment of natural exasperation, he represented the matter to himself. But afterwards there was a reaction, as was equally natural. He reflected that he was only fifty-five, and that what a man enjoys himself is more to him than anything his grandchildren are likely to enjoy. If he was sure of never having any grandchildren, it would still be worth his while to be Lord Dunearn in the peerage of Great Britain, and take his seat and wear his robes in Westminster. Till these glories were attained, what was he?—a mere Scots lord, good for nothing. A man's children are not the only interests he has in life; especially when they are married he can shake them off—he can re-enter the world without encumbrance. And Lord Lindores remembered that life and the pleasures of his rank could be enjoyed soberly with his wife at a moderate expense if the young people were all off his hand. He had been but an uncomfortable husband of late years, and yet he loved his wife as she loved him, in frequent disagreements, in occasional angers and impatiences, and much disappointment. What would become of the world if love did not manage to hold its footing through all these? The boys and girls of the highflown kind are of opinion that love is too feeble to bear the destruction of the ideal. But that is all these young persons know. Love has the most robust vitality in the world—it outlives everything. Lord Lindores was often irritated beyond description by his wife, who would not understand his ways, and was continually diverging into ridiculous by-paths of her own. And she was more

disappointed in him—more hurt and mortified by his shortcomings than words can say. But yet they loved each other. So much, that it gradually began to dawn upon him with a sense of solace, that when the House of Lords called him, as he hoped, he and she together, without any young people to trouble them, would yet take their pleasure together, and enjoy it and their elevated position, and be able to afford it, which was the best of all. She, at fifty, was still a handsome woman; and he had a presence which many younger men might have envied. It is doubtful whether the imagination of Lady Lindores would have been equally delighted with this dream: but it would have pleased her to know that he looked forward to it, which is next best. Animated by this thought, Lord Lindores gathered himself together and returned to public business with all his heart and soul. He took possession unhesitatingly, as has been said, of the Tinto power and influence. Torrance had opposed him in politics, and thus neutralised the advantage of a family union against which nothing in the county could stand. But now, with a sigh of satisfaction, Lord Lindores drew into his hand the influence of Tinto too.

This went on for some time with little warning of the insecurity of tenure by which he held his power. Beaufort had at last withdrawn from Dalrulzian, though it was not absolutely certain that he had left the neighbourhood. The minds of the family were, however, eased by his abandonment of the ground so far. And Lady Car lived very quietly, seldom making her appearance out of her own grounds, and never once appearing at Lindores. She would not, indeed, on any argument, return to her old home. Though she was

urged by her mother and sister with many soft entreaties, Carry would never yield on this point. Her countenance seemed to blanch when it was suggested, though she would give no reason but a tremulous oft-repeated "No, no; oh no, no." When she drove out, she would sometimes call at the door to fetch them, sometimes to convey them home, but they could not induce her to cross the familiar threshold. She was uneasy even in the very neighbourhood of the house, and breathed more freely when it was out of sight. This extraordinary objection to her father's house kept her almost a prisoner in her own; for where could a widow of but a few months go, except to her parents? No other visiting was possible. She was not even, they thought, very desirous of Edith's society, but liked to be alone, interesting herself in the alterations of furniture and new arrangements she was making; a great many of the faded grandeurs upon which Pat Torrance prided himself had already been put away. For the moment this was the only sign of feeling herself her own mistress which Lady Car displayed.

Other revolutions, however, were at hand. There came a moment when it happened that one of the orders Lord Lindores had given was disobeyed, and when an explanation was asked, the answer given was that Lady Car herself had given other orders. This irritated her father greatly, and he made up his mind that the uncertainty in which things were could exist no longer—that he must have an explanation with his daughter. He set out for this purpose with a little impatient determination to bring Carry to her senses. He had been tolerating much which it was ridiculous to go on tolerating. All the family had humoured her,

he felt, as if she had been an inconsolable widow, broken-hearted and incapable of any exertion. At this, he could not but smile within himself as he thought of it. It was a pity, perhaps, for Torrance, poor fellow, but it could not be doubted that it was a most fortunate accident for Car. To be his wife, perhaps, had its disagreeables, but there could be no more desirable position than that of his widow; and to indulge Carry's whims as they had all been doing, and keep every annoyance out of her way as if she had been heartbroken, was too absurd. He decided that it would be well to have a clear understanding once for all. She was left by the will in uncontrolled authority, and it was full time to show her that this did not, of course, interfere with the authority of her father, who was her natural guide and protector. "Your husband, of course, took this into consideration," he intended to say. But it cannot be denied that he had to brace himself up for the interview with a clear sense that it might be a painful one; and that, as he went along, Lord Lindores did, what was a great tribute to the altered position of Carry—arranged the subjects of their interview in his mind, and settled with himself what he was to say.

A great deal can happen in a neighbourhood, even when it is full of gossiping society, without reaching the ears of the persons most intimately concerned, and Lord Lindores had been kept in ignorance of much which had alarmed and disquieted his wife. She was aware, but he was not, that Beaufort still lingered in the vicinity, not living indeed in one place, but making frequent expeditions from Edinburgh, or from the further north, sometimes to the little hotel at Dunearn, sometimes to other

little towns in the neighbourhood, from which he could come for the day, or even for a few hours, to see Carry in her solitude. Lady Lindores had discovered this with all the pain of anxiety and wounded disapproval,—wounded that Carry could think it right to do what seemed to herself so little suited to the dignity and delicacy of her position: and though scarcely a word had been said between them on the subject, it had brought pain and embarrassment into their intercourse; for Carry was irritated and wounded beyond measure by the consciousness of her mother's disapproval. She, of whom Torrance had declared in his brutal way that she was too proud to go wrong, was incapable indeed even of conceiving the possibility that "going wrong" should be in any one's thought of her. In her own mind, the fervour with which she had turned back to the love of her life, the eagerness with which, at the very earliest moment, she had sought his pardon, were the only compensations she could give him for the falsehood into which she had been forced and the sufferings that had been inflicted upon him. How could she pretend to build a wall of false delicacy around herself and keep him at a distance, while her heart was solely bent upon making up to him for what he had suffered, and conscious of no sentiment but an overwhelming desire for his presence and society? That she should be obliged to enjoy this society almost by stealth, and that her mother, even her mother, should object and remonstrate, gave Carry the keen and sharp offence with which a delicate mind always resents a false interpretation of its honest meaning. It seemed to her that her first duty now was to be true—always true. She had been false with horrible consequences:

to conceal now the eager bound of her heart towards her true lover would be a lie—especially to him who had suffered, as she also had suffered, from the lies of her life. But Lord Lindores, when he made up his mind that Carry must be brought to her senses, was in no way aware how difficult the position was, and how far those senses had gone astray.

He had taken a considerable round to think over the subject, so that it was getting towards evening when he rode up the long avenue to Tinto,—so late that the workmen whom Carry employed in the changes she was making were leaving their work, when Lord Lindores went into the house and made his way towards Carry's sitting-room. He sent away the butler, who, with an air of alarm and surprise, started out of the partial twilight to conduct him to his daughter. It was, he felt, something of a reproach to him that the man looked so much startled, as if his mistress's father could be an unwelcome visitor. The room was not lighted, save by the glow of a large fire, when Lord Lindores opened the door, after a knock to which no answer was returned. There was a sound of several voices, and he was surprised to see the tall figure of a man standing against the fire-light. Who was the man who was visiting Carry? It was not Rintoul, nor any one else he knew in the neighbourhood. Nobody about was so tall, so slight, though there was something in the outline of the figure that was familiar to him. But there was an agitated conversation going on, which made the speakers scarcely distinguishable in the twilight, unconscious of the knock of the new-comer or his entrance. To his surprise it was his wife's voice which he heard first, saying tremulously: "Mr

Beaufort, I can do nothing but return to what I said before. *Qui s'excuse, s'accuse*. You may have the very best of reasons, but it is an injury to Carry that you should stay here."

"An injury to me! How can it be an injury to me? It is my only consolation, it is the only help I have. I have told you from the first, mamma. Edward has been wronged, only not so cruelly wronged as I was myself; oh, nobody could be that! And now that we can make it up to each other—and learn to forget it,—you would chase him away a second time—for what? because of what *people*—the world—those who know nothing about us—may say!"

Carry was standing by the mantelpiece, her tall figure in its black clinging dress scarcely distinguishable at first, but the animation with which she spoke, and the natural eloquence of her gestures, brought it out against the white marble. Then there came Beaufort's deeper voice: "You know, Lady Lindores, I am ready to do whatever is best for her. If I can comfort her after all that has happened to her, how can I go away? I wish to do only what is best for her."

"I beg to remark," said Lord Lindores, coming forward, "that I knocked before coming in. This, I suppose, is why your servant looked alarmed when he admitted me. Is this gentleman, may I ask, living here?"

Carry drew back at the sound of his voice as if she had received a blow. She clung to the edge of the tall white mantelpiece, shrinking, her figure drawn together, an impersonation of terror and trouble. Beaufort started too, but slightly, and stood instinctively out of the way to make room for the new-comer. Lord Lindores went

straight forward to the fire and took up his position with his back to it, with a certain straightforward ease and authority, like a man in his own house, who has no doubt of his right to do his pleasure there. But as a matter of fact, he was by no means so certain as he looked.

"We did not hear you," said Carry, with a breathless gasp in her voice. "We were talking—over points on which my mother does not agree with me."

"I can easily imagine that," he replied.

And then there was a dreadful pause. Lady Lindores, on the other side of the fire, did not move or speak. It was the crisis of Carry's fate, and except in defence or help of her child, the mother vowed to herself that she would take no part. It was hard, but it was best for Carry. Whatever was going to happen to her, she must decide for herself now.

"I asked," said Lord Lindores, in that calm, clear, collected voice, which was so strange a contrast to the agitation of the others, "whether this gentleman is living here? If so, it is very inappropriate and unsuitable. Your mother would prefer, I am sure, if Mr Beaufort is here about any business, to offer him a bed at Lindores."

There was a universal holding of the breath at this extraordinary proposition. Had he burst into all the violence of passion, they would have been prepared, but not for this politeness and calm.

"I am not living here, Lord Lindores," said Beaufort, with some confusion. "I am on my way from the North. I could not resist the temptation of staying for an hour or two on my way to inquire——"

"That was very kind," he

said; "and kindness which interferes with personal comfort is very rare. If you are going to Edinburgh, you must remember you have two ferries to cross."

"Probably," Beaufort cried, faltering a little, "I shall stay all night in Dunearn. Lady Caroline—had some commissions for me."

"You had much better come to Lindores. Commissions, Carry! I suppose Mr Beaufort is acting as a sort of agent for you in your new arrangements. Is it *bric-a-brac*? You young men are all learned in that."

Nobody made any reply, but the very air seemed to tingle with the extraordinary tumult of feeling. To accept Beaufort as an ordinary caller, and to invite him to Lindores, was a master-stroke. But the two people between whom he stood were so surcharged with passionate feeling, that any touch must produce an explosion of one sort or another. This touch was given inadvertently by Lady Lindores, who—terribly bewildered by the course that things were taking, but feeling that if Beaufort could be induced to go to Lindores, it would cut the thread better than any other expedient—rose softly out of the twilight, and coming forward to him, laid her hand upon his arm: "Yes, yes, that is much the best. Come to Lindores," she said.

At which Carry lost the control of herself which people in their ordinary senses have. Between panic and passion she was beside herself. Fear has a wild temerity which goes far beyond courage;—her tall straight figure seemed to fling suddenly out of the shade, and launch itself upon this milder group. She put Lady Lindores away with a vehement gesture. "Mother," she cried, "do not you meddle. Edward! do not go, do

not go ; it is a trap, it is a snare. If you go it will all be over, all over !” Her voice rose almost to a scream. She had reached the point at which reason has no longer any hold, and all the reticence and modesty of nature yields to the wild excitement of terror. She was trembling all over, yet capable of any supreme effort of desperation,—ready to defend to the last, against the same powers that had crushed her before, her last hope.

“Carry,” said Lord Lindores,—he kept up, at incalculable cost to himself, his tone of conciliation,—“I do not understand what you fear. Is it I that am to lay traps or snares ? I forgive you, my poor child ; but this is a strange way to talk to Mr Beaufort,—he cannot stay here——”

“I have no intention of staying here, Lord Lindores,” said Beaufort hastily. “You may be sure I will not expose her to any comment.”

“I am very sure, nevertheless, that you are doing so,” said Lord Lindores.

The contrast of this brief dialogue with Carry’s impassioned tones was extraordinary. She felt it through the haze of excitement that surrounded her, though her intelligence of all outside matters was blurred by the wild strain of her own feelings, which would have utterance. “Father,” she said hoarsely, putting her hand on his arm, “go away from us—do not interfere. You know what you made of me when I was in your hands. Oh, let us alone now ! I am not a girl—I am a woman. I am the same as you, knowing good and evil. Oh,” she said suddenly, “if you want to keep any respect for me, go away, go away, for I don’t know what I am saying. My head is turning round. Mother,—Edward ; don’t you see that I am losing my reason ? Oh, don’t

let him interfere—let him go away.”

Lady Lindores caught her daughter in her arms, in a trembling effort to control and calm her. “Carry, my dearest ! you will be sorry afterwards——”

“Oh, yes, I shall be sorry,” cried poor Lady Car, drawing herself out of her mother’s hold,—“sorry to have been unkind, sorry to have betrayed myself ; but I must, I must. I cannot hold my peace. Oh, father, let me alone ! What good will that do you to make me wretched ? What good has it done you ? Nothing, nothing ! I might have been poor and happy, instead of all I have come through ; and what difference would it have made to you ? You have killed me once ; but oh, think how cruel, how tyrannous, if you tried to kill me again ! And you see nobody speaks for me ; I am alone to defend myself. Father, you shall not interfere again.”

She had resumed her hold on his arm, grasping it half to support herself, half to enforce what she was saying. He now put his hand upon hers and detached it gently, still keeping down his anger, retaining his tone of calm. “My poor child, you are overdone ; let your mother take care of you,” he said compassionately. “Mr Beaufort, we are both out of place here at this moment. Lady Caroline has had a great deal to try her ; we had better leave her with her mother.” Nobody could be more reasonable, more temperate. His compassionate voice and gentle action, and the way in which he seemed about to sweep away with him the somewhat irresolute figure of the man who had no right to be there, filled Carry with a wild pang. It seemed to her that, notwithstanding all her protest and passion, he was about to be victorious once

more, and to rob her of all life and hope again. She stretched out her arms wildly, with a cry of anguish: "Edward, are you going to forsake me too?"

Edward Beaufort was very pertinacious in his love, very faithful, poetically tender and true, but he was not strong in an emergency, and the calmness and friendliness of Lord Lindores' address deceived him. He cried, "Never!" with the warmest devotion: but then he changed his tone a little: "Lord Lindores is perhaps right—for the moment. I must not—bring ill-natured remark——"

Lady Car burst into a little wild laugh. "You have no courage—you either," she said, "even you. It is only I, a poor coward, that am not afraid. It is not natural to me, everybody knows; but when a soul is in despair—— Then just see how bold I am," she cried suddenly, "father and mother! If there is any holding back, it is his, not mine. I have been ready—ready from the first, as I am now. I care nothing about remark, or what anybody says. I will hear no reason; I will have no interference. Do you hear me, all? Do you hear what I say?"

"I hear—what I am very sorry to hear, Carry,—what you cannot mean. Mr Beaufort is too much a gentleman to take advantage of this wild talk, which is mere excitement and overstrained feeling."

She laughed again, that laugh, which is no laugh, but an expression of all that is inarticulate in the highest excitement. "I am ready—to fulfil our old engagement, our old, old, broken engagement, that we made before God and heaven. I have been like Dante," she said; "I have lost my way, and made that dreadful round before I could find it, through hell and

purgatory; yes, that is it—through hell—— And now, whenever Edward pleases. It is not I that am holding back. Yes, go, go!" she said; "oh, though I love you, you are not like me, you have not suffered like me! go—but don't go with my father. He will find some way of putting everything wrong again."

The two gentlemen walked solemnly, one behind the other, to the door: on the threshold Lord Lindores paused. "I don't suppose you will suspect me of any designs upon your life," he said, with a bitter smile, "if I repeat that you will be welcome at Lindores."

"I had made all my arrangements," said Beaufort, with some confusion, "to stay at Dunearn."

Lord Lindores paused for a moment before mounting his horse. "All that she has been saying is folly," he said; "you may be certain that it will not be permitted——"

"Who is to stop it? I don't think, if we are agreed, any one has the power."

"It will not be permitted. It would be disgraceful to you. It would be a step that no gentleman could take. A foolish young woman, hysterical with excitement and exhaustion and grief——"

"Lord Lindores, you forget what that young woman has been to me—ever since I have known her. I have never wavered——"

"Then you have committed a sin," the Earl said. He stood there discomfited, in the darkness of the night, scarcely remembering the servants, who were within hearing,—not knowing what further step to take. He raised his foot to put it in the stirrup, then turned back again. "If you will not come with me—where we could talk this out at our leisure—at least you will go away from here," he said. Beau-

fort did not reply in words, but hastened away, disappearing in the gloom of the avenue. Lord Lindores mounted his horse, and followed slowly, in a tumult of thought. He had not been prepared for it,—he was unable now to realise the power of wild and impassioned resistance which was in Carry. He was giddy with astonishment, as if his horse or his dog had turned round upon him and defied him. But he tried to shake off the impression as he got further from Tinto. It was impossible; it was a mere bravado. She would no more hold to it than— And since there was delicacy, decorum, propriety—every reason that could be thought of, on the other side—no, no! He would forgive poor Carry's passion, for she could no more hold to it— Even her mother, who had been so difficult to manage before, her mother would fully support him now. He tried to console himself with these thoughts; but yet Lord Lindores rode home a broken man.

Lady Lindores sat and cried by the fire, while Carry swept about the room in her passion, crossing and recrossing the firelight. The servants at Tinto were more judicious than those at Lindores. They were accustomed to scenes in the drawing-room, and to know that it was indiscreet to carry lights thither until they were called for. In the late Tinto's time the lamps, when they were carried in abruptly, had lit up many an episode of trouble,—the fierce redness of the master's countenance, the redness so different of his wife's eyes. So that no one interrupted the lingering hour of twilight. Lady Lindores sat like any of the poor women in the cottages, unable to stand against the passion of her child. How familiar is the scene,—the mother crying by the fireside, descended from her dig-

nity and power to sway (if she ever possessed any), to sheer helplessness and pathetic spectatorship, unable, with all the experience and gathered wisdom of her years, to suggest anything or do anything for the headstrong life and passion of the other woman, who could learn only by experience, as her mother did before her. Carry paced up and down the room from end to end; even the shadowy lines of her figure, even her step, revealed the commotion of her soul: when she came full into the firelight she stood still for a moment, her hands clasped, her head thrown back, confronting the dim image of herself in the great mirror against a ruddy background of gloom. And Carry in her passion was not without enlightenment too.

"No," she said passionately, "no, no. Do you know why I am so determined? It is because I am frightened to death. Oh, don't take an advantage of what I am saying to you. How do I know what my father might do this time? No, no. I must keep out of his hands. I will rather die."

"Carry, I will not interfere. What can I do between you? But these are not all conventionalities, as you think—there is more in them.

"There is this in them," she said, with a strange pathetic smile, "that Edward thinks so too. He is not ready like me to throw away everything. He might be persuaded, perhaps, if my father put forth all his powers, to abandon me, to think it was for my interest—"

"Carry, I do not wish to support you in your wild projects: but I think you are doing Edward injustice."

"Thank you, mother dear; your voice is so sweet," she said, with a sudden softening, "why should you cry? It is all a black sea round

about me on every side. I have only one thing to cling to, only one thing, and how can I tell? perhaps that may fail me too. But you have nothing to cry for. Your way is all clear and straight before you till it ends in heaven. Let them talk as they like, there must be heaven for you. You will sit there and wait and watch to see all the broken boats come home,—some bottom upwards, and every one drowned; some lashed to one miserable bit of a mast—like me.”

“Carry,” said Lady Lindores, “if that is the case,—if you do not feel sure—why, in spite of everything, father and mother, and modesty and reverence, and all that is most necessary to life, your own good name, and perhaps the future welfare of your children—why will you cling to Edward Beaufort? You wronged him perhaps, but he did nothing to stop it. There were things he might have done—he ought to have been ready to claim you before—to oppose your—”

Carry threw herself at her mother’s feet, and laid her trembling hand upon her lips. “Not a word, not a word,” she cried. “Do you think he would wrong my children? Oh no, no! that is impossible. His fault, it is to be too good. And if he did nothing, what could he do? He has never had the ground to stand on, nor opportunity, nor time. Thank God!

they will be his now; he will prove what is in him now.”

Which was it that in her heart she believed? But Lady Lindores could not tell. Carry, when she calmed down, sat at her mother’s feet in the firelight, and clasped her close, and poured out her heart, no longer in fiery opposition and passion, but with a sudden change and softening, in all the pathos of trouble past and hope returned. They cried together, and talked and kissed each other, once more mother and child, admitting no other thought. This sudden change went to the heart of Lady Lindores. Her daughter’s head upon her bosom, her arm holding her close, what could she do but kiss her and console her, and forget everything in sympathy. But as she drove home in the dark other fears came in. Only one thing to cling to—and perhaps that might fail her—“one miserable bit of a mast.” What did she mean? What did Carry believe? that her old love would renew for her all the happiness of life, as she had been saying, whispering with her cheek close to her mother’s—that the one dream of humanity, the romance which is never worn out and never departs, was now to be fulfilled for her?—or that, even into this dream, the canker had entered, the sense that happiness was not and never could be?

CHAPTER XLIX.

When a pair of lovers are finally delivered from all those terrible obstacles that fret the current of true love, and are at last married and settled, what more is there to be said about them? One phase of life is happily terminated,—the chapter which human instinct has chosen as the subject of romance,

the one in which all classes are interested,—those to whom it is still in the future, with all the happy interest of happiness to come,—those to whom it is in the past, with perhaps a sigh, perhaps a smile of compassion, a softening recollection, even when their hopes have not been fulfilled, of what was and

what might have been. The happinesses and the miseries of that early struggle, how they dwindle in importance as we get older,—how little we think now of the crisis which seemed final then—things for which heaven and earth stood still; yet there will never come a time in which human interest will fall away from the perennial story, continually going on, ever changing, yet ever the same.

Before proceeding to the knotting up of other threads, we must first recount here what happened to Lord Millefleurs. He did not take any immediate steps in respect to Miss Sallie Field. They corresponded largely and fully at all times, and he told her of the little incident respecting Edith Lindores, in full confidence of her sympathy and approval. Perhaps he gave the episode a turn of a slightly modified kind, representing that his proposal was rather a matter of politeness than of passion, and that it was a relief to both parties when it was discovered that Edith, as well as himself, considered fraternal much better than matrimonial relations. Miss Sallie's reply to this was very uncompromising. She said: "I think you have behaved like a couple of fools. You ought to have married. You can tell her from me that she would have found you very nice, though your height may leave something to be desired. I don't myself care for girls,—they are generally stupid; but it would have been exceedingly suitable, and pleased your parents—a duty which I wish I saw you more concerned about." Lord Millefleurs, in his reply, acknowledged the weight and sense "as always" of his correspondent's opinion. "I told dear Edith at once what you said; but it did not perhaps make so much impression on her as it would otherwise have

done, since she has got engaged to John Erskine, a country gentleman in the neighbourhood, which does not please her parents half so well as a certain other union would have done. Pleasing one's parents after all, though it is a duty, is not paramount to all other considerations. Besides, I have never thought it was a commandment to which great attention was paid *chez nous*." Miss Field's reply was still more succinct and decided: "I don't know what you mean by *chez nous*. I hate French phrases when simple American will do as well. If you think we don't love our fathers and mothers, it just shows how far popular fallacy can go, and how easily you bigoted Englishmen are taken in. Who was it that first opened your eyes to the necessity of considering your mother's feelings?" Peace was established after this, but on the whole Lord Millefleurs decided to await the progress of circumstances, and not startle and horrify those parents whom Miss Sallie was so urgent he should please. Some time after she informed him that she was coming to Europe in charge of a beautiful young niece, who would have a large fortune. "Money makes a great deal of difference in the way in which dukes and duchesses consider matters," she wrote, enigmatically, "and so far as I can make out from your papers and novels (if there is any faith to be put in them), American girls are the fashion." Lord Millefleurs informed his mother of this approaching arrival, and with some difficulty procured from her an invitation to Ess Castle for his Transatlantic friends. "I wish there was not that girl though," her Grace said; but Lady Reseda, for her part, was delighted. "She will go to Paris first and bring the very newest fashions," that young lady cried.

The ducal mansion was a little excited by the anticipation. They looked for a lovely creature dressed to just a little more than perfection, who would come to breakfast in a diamond necklace, and amuse them more than anybody had amused them in the memory of man. And they were not disappointed in this hope. Miss Nellie F. Field was a charming little creature, and her "things" were divine. Lady Reseda thought her very like Daisy Miller; and the Duchess allowed, with a sigh, that American girls were the fashion, and that if Millefleurs *would* have something out of the way——

But in the meanwhile Millefleurs left this lovely little impersonation of Freedom to his mother and sister, and walked about with her aunt. Miss Sallie was about eight or nine and thirty, an age at which women have not ceased to be pleasant—when they choose—to the eye as well as to the heart. But the uncompromising character of her advice was nothing to that of her toilette and appearance. She wore short skirts in which she could move about freely when everybody else had them long. She wore a bonnet when everybody else had a hat. Her hair was thin, but she was scrupulous never to add a tress, or even a cushion. She was not exactly plain, for her features were good, and her eyes full of intelligence; but as for complexion, she had none, and no figure to speak of. She assumed the entire spiritual charge of Millefleurs from the moment they met, and he was never absent from her side a moment longer than he could help. It amused the family beyond measure, at first almost more than Nellie. But by-and-by the smile began to be forced, and confusion to take the part of hilarity. It was Miss Sallie Field herself at last who

took the bull by the horns, if that is not too profane a simile. She took the Duke apart one fine evening, when the whole party had strolled out upon the lawn after dinner—"Your son," she said, "is tormenting me to marry him," and she fixed upon the Duke her intelligent eyes. His Grace was confounded, as may be supposed. He stood aghast at this middle-aged woman with her Transatlantic accent and air. He did not want to be uncivil. "You!" he said, in consternation, then blushed for his bad manners, and added, suavely, "I beg you a thousand pardons—you mean—your niece." That of itself would be bad enough. "No," said Miss Sallie, with an air of regret, "it does not concern Nellie. I have told him that would be more reasonable. Nellie is very pretty, and has a quantity of money; but he doesn't seem to see it. Perhaps you don't know that this was what he wanted when I sent him home to his mother? I thought he would have got over it when he came home. I consider him quite unsuitable for me, but I am a little uneasy about the moral consequences. I am thirty-eight, and I have a moderate competency, not a fortune, like Nellie. I thought it better to talk it over with you before it went any further," Miss Sallie said.

And when he took this middle-aged and plain-spoken bride to Dalrulzian to visit the young people there, Millefleurs did not attempt to conceal his consciousness of the objections which his friends would no doubt make. "I told you it was quite unsuitable," he said, turning up his little eyes and clasping his plump hands. "We were both perfectly aware of that; but it is *chic*, don't you know, if you will allow me to use a vulgar word." Edith clasped the arm of

John when the Marquis and Marchioness of Millefleurs had retired, and these two young people indulged in subdued bursts of laughter. They stepped out upon the terrace walk to laugh, that they might not be heard, feeling the delightful contrast of their own well-assorted youth and illimitable happiness. The most delightful vanity mingled with their mirth, that vanity in each other which feels like a virtue. It was summer, and the air was soft, the moon shining full over the far sweep of the undulating country, blending with a silvery remnant of daylight which lingered far into the night. The hills in the far distance shone against the lightness of the horizon, and the crest of fir-trees on Dalrulzian hill stood out against the sky, every twig distinct. It was such a night as the lovers babbled of on that bank on which the moonbeams lay at Belmont, but more spiritual than any Italian night because of that soft heavenly lingering of the day which belongs to the north. This young pair had not been married very long, and had not ceased to think their happiness the chief and most reasonable subject of interest to all around them. They were still comparing themselves with everything in earth and almost in heaven, to the advantage of their own blessedness. They were amused beyond description by the noble couple who had come to visit them. "Confess, now, that you feel a pang of regret," John said—and they stood closer and closer together, and laughed under their breath as at the most delightful joke in the world. Up-stairs the Marchioness shut the window, remarking that the air was very cold. "What a fool that little thing was not to have you," she said; "you would have done very well together." "Dear Edith!"

said Millefleurs, folding his hands, "it is very pretty, don't you know, to see her so happy."

The observations made down-stairs, upon the actors in this little drama, were very free, as was natural. Rolls himself, who had held a more important rôle than any one knew, was perhaps apt to exaggerate the greatness of his own part, but with an amiable and benevolent effect. His master, indeed, he looked upon with benevolent indulgence, as knowing no more than a child of the chief incident. If Rolls had not been already bound to the house of Dalrulzian by lifelong fidelity, and by that identification of himself and all his interests, his pride and self-regard, with his "family," which is something even more tenacious and real than faithfulness, he would have been made so by the fact that John, without in the slightest degree realising that Rolls was suffering for him, had given orders to Mr Monypenny to secure the most expensive assistance for his trial. The pride, contempt, satire, and keen suppressed emotion with which this act filled the old servant's bosom, were beyond description. "It was just downright extravagance," he said to Bauby; "they're a' fuils, thae Erskines, frae father to son. Laying out all that siller upon me; and no' a glimmer o' insight a' the time. An' he had had the sense to see, it would have been natural; but how could he divine my meaning when there was no conscience in himsel'? and giving out his money all the same as if notes were things ye could gather on the roadside?" "He mightna understand ye, Tammas, but he ken't your meaning was good," said Bauby. Their position was changed by all the changes that had happened, to the increase of their grandeur if not of their happiness. Rolls had now a tall

and respectful youth under his orders, and Bauby was relieved, in so far as she would allow herself to be relieved, of the duties of the kitchen. It was gratifying to their pride, but there is little doubt that they sighed occasionally for the freedom of the time when Rolls was alone in his glory, dictator of the feminine household, and Bauby's highest effort of toilette was to tie a clean apron round her ample waist. She had to wear a silk gown now, and endeavour to be happy in it. Rolls's importance, however, was now publicly acknowledged both out of doors and in. He was looked upon with a kind of admiring awe by the population generally, as a man who had been, as it were, like Dante, in hell, and came out unsinged—or in prison, which was nearly as bad, issuing forth in a sort of halo of innocence and suffering. It might have been possible that John Erskine or any of the gentlemen of the country-side had quarrelled with Tinto and meant mischief; but Rolls could not have meant anything. The very moment that the eyes of the rural world were directed to him, it was established that accident only could be the cause of death, and everybody felt it necessary to testify their sympathy to the unwilling instrument of such an event. The greatest people in the county would stop to speak to him when occasion offered, to show him that they thought no worse of him. Even Lord Lindores would do this; but there was one exception. Rintoul was the one man who had never offered any sympathy. He turned his head the other way when Rolls approached him,—would not look at him when they were, perforce, brought into contact. While Rolls, for his part, regarded Lord Rintoul with a cool and cynical air of obser-

vation that was infinitely galling to the object of it. "Yon lord!" he said, when he spoke of him, contemptuous, with a scoff always in his tone. And Rolls had grown to be a great authority in legal matters, the only person in the neighbourhood, as was supposed, that knew the mysteries of judicial procedure. But his elevation, as we have said, was modified by domestic drawbacks. Instead of giving forth his sentiments in native freedom as he went and came with the dishes, direct from one table to another, it was necessary to wait until the other servants of the household were disposed of before the butler and the housekeeper could express confidentially their feelings to each other. And Bauby, seated in her silk gown, doing the honours to the Marquis's man, of whom she stood in great awe, and the Marchioness's woman, whom she thought a "cutty," was not half so happy as Bauby, glowing and proud in the praises of a successful dinner, with her clean white apron folded over her arms.

"This is the lord that my leddy would have been married upon, had all gone as was intended," Rolls said. "He's my Lord Marquis at present, and will be my Lord Duke in time."

"Such a bit creature for a' thae grand titles," said Bauby, yawning freely over the stocking which she was supposed to be knitting. "Eh, Tammas, my man, do ye hear that clatter? We'll no' have an ashet left in the house."

"It's a peety she didna take him—it would have pleased a' pairties," said Rolls. "I had other views mysel', as is well known, for our maister here, poor lad. Woman, cannot ye bide still when a person is speaking to ye? The ashets are no' your concern."

"Eh, and wha's concern should

they be?" cried Bauby; "would I let the family suffer and me sit still? My lady's just a sweet young thing, and I'm more fond of her every day. She may not just be very clever about ordering the dinner, but what does that maitter as lang as I'm to the fore? And she's an awfu' comfort to my mind in respect to Mr John. It takes off the responsibility. Me that was always thinking what would I say to his mammaw!"

"I have nothing to say against my lady," said Rolls, "but just that I had ither views. It's a credit to the house that she should have refused a grand match for *our* sake. But it will be a fine ploy for an observer like me that kens human nature to see them a' about my table at their dinner the morn. There will be the Earl himsel', just girning with spite and politeness—and her that would have been my ain choice, maybe beginning to see, poor thing, the mistake she's made. Poor thing! Marriages, in my opinion, is what most shakes your faith in Providence. It's just the devil that's at the bottom o' them, so far as I can see."

"Hoot, Tammas—it's true love that's at the bottom o' them," Bauby said.

"Love!" Rolls cried with contempt: and then he added with a grin of malice—"I'm awfu' entertained to see *yon lord* at our table-end. He will not look the side I'm on. It's like poison to him to hear my voice. And I take great pains to serve him mysel'," he said with a chuckle. "I'm just extraordinary attentive to him. There's no person that I take half as much charge of. I'm thinking his dinner will choke him some day, for he canna bide the sight o' me."

"Him that should go upon his knees to ye every day of his life!" cried Bauby indignant.

"We'll say no-thing about that; but I get my diversion out o' him," said Rolls grimly, "though he's a lord, and I'm but a common man!"

The marriage of Lady Car took place a little more than a year after Torrance's death. It was accomplished in London, whither she had gone some time before, with scarcely any one to witness the ceremony but her mother. She preferred it so. She was happy and she was miserable, with the strangest mingling of emotions. Lady Lindores made vain efforts to penetrate into the mind which was no longer open to her as her own. Carry had gone far away from her mother, who knew none of the passions which had swept her soul, yet could divine that the love in which she was so absorbed, the postponed and interrupted happiness which seemed at last to be within her grasp, was not like the love and happiness that might have been. When Beaufort was not with her, her pale countenance, that thoughtful face with its air of *distinction* and sensitive delicacy, which had never been beautiful, would fall into a wan shadow and fixedness which were wonderful to see. When he was with her, it lighted up with gleams of ineffable feeling, yet would waver and change like a stormy sky, sometimes with a lightning-flash of impatience, sometimes with a wistful questioning glance, which gave it to Lady Lindores all the interest of a poem united to the far deeper, trembling interest of observation with which a mother watches her child on the brink of new possibilities. Were they for good or evil?—was it a life of hope fulfilled, or of ever increasing and deepening disappointment, which lay before Carry's tremulous feet?

They were not the assured feet of a believing and confident bride. What is love without faith and confidence and trust? It is the strangest, the saddest, the most terrible, the most divine of human passions. It is seldom that a woman begins with such enlightenment in her eyes. Usually it is the growth of slow and much-resisted experience, the growing revelation of years. How sweet, how heavenly, how delightful, when love is blind! How wise the ancients were to make him a child—a thing of caprice and sweet confusion, taking everything for granted! But this to Carry was impossible. When her mother took her into her arms on her wedding morning, dressed in the soft grey gown which was the substitute for bridal white, they kissed each other with a certain solemnity. At such a moment so much is divined between kindred hearts which words can never say. "I want you to remember," said Carry, "mother dear—that whatever comes of it, this is what is best." "I hope all that is most happy will come of it, my darling," said Lady Lindores. "And I too—and I too——" She paused,

raising a little her slender throat, her face, that was like a wistful pale sky, clear-shining after the rain—"But let it be what it may, it is the only good—the only way for me." These were the sole words explanatory that passed between them. Lady Lindores parted with the bridal pair afterwards with an anxious heart. She went home that night, travelling far in the dark through the unseen country, feeling the unknown all about her. Life had not been perfect to her any more than to others. She had known many disappointments, and seen through many illusions: but she had preserved through all the sweetness of a heart that can be deceived, that can forget to-day's griefs and hope again in to-morrow as if to-day had never been. As she drew near her home, her heart lightened without any reason at all. Her husband was not a perfect mate for her—her son had failed to her hopes. But she did not dwell on these disenchantments. After all, how dear they were! after all, there was to-morrow to come, which perhaps, most likely, would yet be the perfect day.

THE STATE OF EUROPE :

THE NEW TREATIES AND THE LAST CALM.

SINCE the year opened, some new treaties or "understandings" have been on foot, which reflect the uneasy and unstable condition of European affairs. The new Triple Alliance, by which Italy (*vice* Russia discharged) becomes united with the Germanic Powers, is another precaution against, if not preparation for, certain international contests which are reckoned as impending. Perhaps it is also a consequence—certainly it is an opportune sequence—of an earlier treaty or arrangement, of which we shall next speak. It is also the first notable illustration of the new order of things of which we lately wrote—namely, of that general desire of European nations and Governments to expand into foreign regions, with the result that the extra-European rivalries thus created are being reflected back upon the politics or international relations of our own small but supremely restless and domineering Continent.

The new Kingdom of Italy, it must be confessed, has showed itself fond of fishing in troubled waters, and has frequently obtained by alliances what it could not have acquired by its own strength. By the help of Napoleonic France, Italy saw the Austrians driven behind the Mincio; and by mingling in the Germanic quarrels, she finally got possession of Venice and the Quadrilateral. Since then, Italy has been on the watch to get hold of what she styles "*Italia Irredenta*"—namely, the southern portion of the Tyrol, and Austria's Dalmatian provinces on the Adriatic. At the same time,

sharing the general passion, Italy has been bent upon acquiring territory in Northern Africa; and she still smarts under the bold trickery whereby Republican France suddenly forestalled her by appropriating Tunis. Further, as she knows she is not a match in war for her Gallican neighbours, Italy fears lest Tripoli also will by-and-by be snatched from her ambition by the mailed hand of France. She cannot forgive France—she has nothing to hope from that power; and she now sees that if she is not to be permanently circumscribed in her ambition, she must play her old game of allying herself with a stronger Power. Accordingly the Italian Government publicly repudiates "*Irredentism*," and is happy to conclude an alliance with Germany and Austria, which will make her secure against France, give her some backing in her African projects, and which, in the event of war, would probably enable her to reclaim Nice from her old ally, France.

As regards the other side of this Tripartite Treaty for mutual defence, no one entertains any doubt. It is simply another precaution which the two Germanic empires take against the apprehended war with Russia supported by France. Hitherto Austria has been compelled to be ready to face two ways at once; and her power of co-operating with Germany against Russia (or against Russia and France simultaneously) has been weakened by the necessity of defending her southern provinces against the hardly veiled ambition of Italy. Already this effect of the new

treaty is in operation; and the "order of battle" of the Austro-Hungarian army, now safely neglecting the Italian frontier, is framed so as to confront only the hostility of Russia.

This strengthening of the famous Austro-German alliance comes opportunely. Indeed that may pretty safely be inferred of any such event with which Prince Bismarck has to do. Russia and France combined are a truly formidable foe; and Austria at least might well feel nervous so long as Italy could join in the fray as her special assailant. But with Italy included in their alliance, the Germanic Powers may face the future in calm, and Russia must now revise even her recently shaped hopes, if not altogether resign her coveted wardenship of the Balkans for the less attractive guerdon of conquest in Asia Minor. With respect to the treaty, the Italian journal, the 'Rassegna,' agrees with the Austrian press in thinking that the nearest danger of war is between Austria and Russia; and it adds that "the general European interest and immediate Italian interest require that Panslavism under the lead of Russia should not triumph and inundate Europe. Austria would be a bulwark for Italy against that terrible colossus, and it would be the duty of Italy to support Austria even if there were no treaty." The motives of the German Powers in concluding this new alliance are too obvious to need conjecture. As the 'Neue Freie Presse' remarks, "This new grouping of Powers frees Austria from the danger which hitherto has existed, of having to face two enemies at once." But we would call attention to some recent diplomatic incidents and procedure which serve to show that such a strengthening of Austria's position was not

superfluous, and occurs very opportunely.

Austria has recently been wavering,—under the pressure of external temptation, combined with a not unnatural reluctance to confront the worst at once. The "Sick Man" of Europe is approaching another and probably a final crisis; and, led by the double-headed eagle of Russia, the birds of prey are preparing to descend upon the moribund carcase. It will be a very serious matter—*now*, as it proved thirty years ago. Consultation, agreement, pre-arrangement, is requisite. The intending despoilers cannot afford to fight with one another; and Russia's hope is that, by mutual co-operation, the *coup de grace* may be delivered so swiftly and surely that the Western Powers, at present angrily jealous and disunited, may have no time for effective intervention. Austria hesitates,—reluctant to engage in so perilous an enterprise; and Austria is the one great movable piece on the chess-board of Europe. Russia, Germany, France—each of these Powers has at present a distinct and fixed rôle, from which it is impossible for her to diverge. But Austria sways to and fro, and might fall either into the one camp or the other. True, Austria would rather make no change: she is well content as the ally of Germany, and also she feels how dangerous it would be to take sides with Russia. The hug of the Russian bear is a perilous fondling; and the ally of the Muscovite colossus is too likely to share the fate of the jackal which went a-hunting with the king of beasts, and was remorselessly taught to understand "the lion's share." Austria dare not fight Russia single-handed,—although every Hungarian sabre would leap from

its scabbard in such a war; and although she feels safe in company of the well-trained German legions, Austria thinks, "How much better would it be could we do without fighting altogether, and simply share in the spoil!" The Court of Vienna has not been wavering in her treaty-loyalty to Germany, but in her hostility—or at least in her tactics of hostility—towards Russia.

Any one who has given thought to European affairs might anticipate, or even confidently reckon upon, the occurrence of such a preliminary crisis—this hesitation and vacillation in the policy of Austria. It seems easy to make preparations for a distant danger. The respective parts may be accepted and assumed calmly and without trepidation, even with comfort and confidence. Nay more, even when the prepared-for danger presents itself, if it come as a direct attack upon one's self, there is little scope for hesitation, and self-preservation impels one to the combat. But what Power would wilfully provoke the hostility of two allied neighbours, each well-nigh a match for herself? And how different, how delicate, how equivocal becomes an alliance and prepared-for defence, when there is no direct attack made or threatened; and also when, on the contrary, the mistrusted Power professes to desire—and in one sense (that is, for the present, and in the first place) truly desires—to act in full concert with its allied neighbours, and profusely promises to observe their interests as much as her own, in a conjoint enterprise in which the spoils will be large and tempting? Under such circumstances, how natural that the alliance should be shaken, and that the allied Power which is the most tempted, and which would first be endangered by hostilities, should desire

to parley, vacillate, perhaps even refuse to adhere to the original programme of the alliance?

It may be that the present turn of affairs was discussed, at least in general terms, when the momentous Austro-German alliance was contracted. At that time Prince Bismarck held in his hand conclusive proofs that the Russian Government, then led in foreign policy by Prince Gortschakoff, was full of wrath towards Germany, and was laboriously plotting against both of the Germanic Powers. So conclusive was this evidence, forwarded by Prince Bismarck to his hesitating sovereign, that despite his loyal affection for his Romanoff relatives, the old Emperor William felt compelled to agree to an exclusive alliance with Austria as a matter of imperial duty. Indeed, at that time, so closely impending was a war between Russia and her Germanic neighbours, that there was a menacing muster of forces on both sides,—an advance into the salient bastion of Poland (then filled with Russian troops) was planned, by the German and Austrian armies from opposite sides, with the view of catching the advanced Muscovite army as in a vice, beginning the war by a new Sedan. But the Czar Alexander shrank from the ordeal, making personal overtures to his uncle William; the two monarchs met at Königsberg,—amicable relations were re-established, and the daring and ever-plotting Prince Gortschakoff soon afterwards gave place to the pacific M. Giers.

The aged Prince has now closed a vigorous old age in official repose at Baden; and M. Giers has been engaged in a tour among the Courts of Central and Southern Europe—from Varzin to Rome, and back to St Petersburg

vid Vienna,—a tour “for the sake of health,” yet which has given rise to much serious and apprehensive conjecture upon the Continent. It must be allowed that Prince Gortschakoff had much to show in behalf of the policy of his life,—although, happily for Europe, he was outwitted and out-generalled ere its crowning stage by the redoubtable Bismarck. Russia’s long-desired conquest of Constantinople must be made either with the help of Austria or over her corpse. Czar Nicholas reckoned he could count upon the co-operation of Austria, in gratitude for his intervention in Hungary, and as a result of the enmity then sown between Austria and her Hungarian subjects; but the imperious Schwartzemberg early proclaimed that Austria might surprise Europe by “an act of splendid ingratitude,”—partly (or in the eyes of the Czar, wholly) fulfilled by the leaning of Austria to the Western Powers during the Crimean war. It was at the close of that war that Prince Gortschakoff acceded to the direction of the foreign policy of Russia, and made it his ambition to avenge or redeem that defeat. For long, he made it his game to support Prussia, in order to weaken Austria, while arraying these two Powers in mortal enmity to each other: so that Austria thus weakened, and unaided by Germany, must either become friendly or submissive to Russia, or else be destroyed. Meanwhile (he reckoned) Russia could obtain the alliance of France against the new Germanic empire; so that Prussia, after all, could be robbed of the fruits of the wars which, with the support of Russia, she had successfully waged: and Russia would virtually become lord-paramount of Europe, and be able to carry to completion

her destruction of the Ottoman empire.

The sagacious and adroit re-establishment of friendship between the two great Germanic Powers nipped this Muscovite scheme of policy at the very moment when its success seemed secure; and since then an angry growl from Varzin has sufficed to keep in check the ever-bubbling animosity of the Muscovites towards their Germanic neighbours. But Russia is a young country; its people feel vaguely that they have a great future before them. The dream of a vast Panslavic empire is natural enough,—especially since the Germans have accomplished a somewhat similar object, and when the principle of Nationality is the new and accepted basis of territorial settlements. Last summer, the Slavic passion was fermenting. Skobeloff, the “White General”—the darling and hope of the Russian army—audaciously announced the Muscovite idea, the thought and aspiration of the millions of his countrymen, when he proclaimed that it is the mission of Russia to unite the whole Slavonian peoples of Europe, and emancipate them from oppression by a successful war against the hated German race; and publicly, in Poland as elsewhere, he challenged the students and his brother officers to drink to a Gallo-Russian Alliance against the common foe. Then he went to Paris, where (as has recently been acknowledged) he took counsel with Gambetta with respect to the future war of the *revanche*; but hardly had Skobeloff returned to his own country—probably chafing that the hour had not struck for him to mount his white charger and lead in the fray—than he suddenly expired in a pleasure-house in one of his exuberant orgies at Moscow.

Gambetta, too, is dead. France has lost her only representative man, and possible leader. The head and front of belligerent France is gone: there is literally no one who can speak for France, or with whom a foreign Government could confidently negotiate. President Grevy stands solid and firm in his loyal respectability, but without either the will or the ability to take the initiative in any direction; the Ministry are nobodies, much readier to resign than to defend themselves; while the Chambers consist of factions, instead of political parties,—are devoid of character, and carry but little weight with the nation. France herself does not know her own mind. She looks for a chief to represent and guide her; and, finding none, dissatisfaction prevails in some quarters, uneasiness in all,—the *malaise* which often precedes a disastrous commotion.

Skobeloff is gone,—Gambetta is gone; and M. Giers goes on diplomatic travels. If Gambetta, last August, was distrustful of the efficacy of a Russian alliance, not less surely may the troubled Czar or his Minister cease to rely for the present upon an alliance with headless and quavering France. In truth, there is no Power in Europe which at present desires war, or which would not prefer to postpone a contemplated war to some future and more convenient season. Germany only desires peace,—the maintenance of the existing *status* and territorial arrangements. Although ready, if war should come, to turn these arrangements still more decisively in her own favour, Germany desires *to be let alone*—to consolidate her still young Empire, and, by developing her industries, to lessen or remove the discontent which the costs of an armed peace

beget among no inconsiderable portion of her poorer classes. The brave and stout-hearted old Emperor, too, earnestly desires to close his waning life in peace,—especially as a war would almost inevitably place him in active hostility with his imperial relatives at St Petersburg. Austria likewise will engage in no offensive war. Indeed, although ready enough to aggrandise herself, one must look far back in her history to find any instance of a war in which Austria has been the true assailant.

And yet, will all this suffice to avert a not distant war? Not once, but a score of times, has “stress of circumstance” forced into conflict nations or Governments which would have been only too content to remain at peace. There is a Providence in the affairs of men which shapes our ends, rough-hew them as we may. And there are many things which make thoughtful men to ask, to what strange goal is Europe now being led?—and whither through the dark is Providence guiding the nations? Is it to some dread storm and night, preparatory to the dawning of some brighter day? The removal of Skobeloff, Gambetta, and Gortschakoff, at the present juncture of affairs, will doubtless be the subject of moralising remark in future times. Even Bismarck, Moltke, and their brave old Emperor must soon pass away,—a clearance of the great figures of the Past which was likewise noticeable a century ago, when the French Revolution was about to convulse Europe like the outburst of a long-slumbering Vesuvius. The sudden death of Gambetta (yet Skobeloff’s was still more sudden), as the bells were beginning to toll for the New Year 1883, must have been profoundly

impressive to all who, even by a blind presentiment, felt what momentous events might lie in the womb of that New Year. Gambetta was the head and front of martial France; and for the hour, his disappearance has temporarily thrown the "war of revenge" into the background from loss of a leader. But far more important, as it seems to us, is likely to be the influence of his disappearance on the domestic fortunes of his country—of "*la belle France*," the "*grande nation*," to whose renown and prosperity he was devoted with the whole passion of his soul. In proportion as the war of revenge grows dim in the sight and hearts of the people, the grand self-control requisite for its successful realisation must become relaxed. So long as the hope was lively,—so long as men thought first of restoring the glory of France, and winning back the lost provinces by a war of liberation,—no one grudged the heavy Budgets which were quietly preparing for it; and even the teeming forces of revolutionary discontent were half willing to postpone their "social Revolution" until that patriotic project was accomplished. But now, what remains to divert the wild masses of Socialism and of Anarchy from their purpose? Ay, and what man or Government now is left in France to control the fierce masses, and stay them midway in their wild career? Already there is "uneasiness" everywhere; and in their hearts at least, the orderly classes, the well-to-do people, the bulk of the nation, are beginning to crave again for "the strong man"—for some individual or Government who shall have alike the will, the strong nerve, and the iron hand to "save Society"!

The chiefs of Germany see all this plainly; and with the steady,

calm, but pitiless judgment of the Teuton, they are ready to act—if need be to strike—in whatever fashion may be best for themselves—for Germany. Possibly some of our readers—who are to be found in India, as elsewhere—may have seen the elephant in presence of a snake: perhaps the great brute is standing harnessed, quiet and motionless, as if only waiting for his master; but his small keen eye keeps watch upon every movement of his foe,—till, quick as lightning, his ponderous hoof is advanced and planted crushingly, and the snake is demolished ere its poison-fangs have been full raised to strike! Somewhat so does Germany, in its chiefs, watch the present movements of troubled France,—meditating what is to be the issue, even while the French themselves know not what they desire, much less whither they are going. And so the current of events rolls on in the dark to an unknown issue!

Men of science tell us that the whole universe is in ceaseless motion—from the largest of suns down to the molecules of plants and the atoms of the "dead" rocks. And (they tell us further) the fundamental cause of this perpetual movement and change is Evanescence—the principle of decay and disappearance, with the effects of a resulting vacuum. It is the vacuum produced by the lightning-flash which begets the thunder, the loud collision of the surrounding clouds or air. Evaporation keeps in ceaseless motion the whole volume of the waters; and the very dust which we daily sweep from our roads or our furniture is the waste of a ceaselessly decaying world, ere it be built up anew into other forms. And all such death brings action as well as change,—setting in motion the surrounding bodies or atoms to fill the vacuum.

So is it, likewise, in the affairs of nations and the career of mankind. And so is it at present in Europe, where decay in one part (or more, perhaps) will upset the existing equilibrium, and threatens to create a whirlpool of belligerent conflicts, despite the general, if not universal, desire to remain at peace.

The primal difficulty is the old story of the "Sick Man," as first told by Czar Nicholas thirty years ago in the royal saloons of St Petersburg. Nicholas was so proud of his army, of the military machine which it had been the pride of his life to review and perfect,—and so confident, too, in his ascendant influence with Prussia and Austria,—that it is doubtful if a war, at least of this kind (of the Cross against the Crescent, with Constantinople as the prize) was really against his heart; but he could not blind himself to the wide ring of storm-waves which such an attack would set in motion; and shrewdly he sought to prevent a European war by timely consultation and a free offer to the other Powers of a full share in the spoils. But never yet, from the bargaining of the first Napoleon with the first Alexander downwards, has a general agreement been possible where the spoil is so great, and the central gem so peerless yet undivisible.

But the attempt is being made anew. Hardly possible is it that it should not be so. The Turkish empire is moribund. Thirty years ago, when Nicholas said that Turkey was "sick," he mentally took into account the fact that he himself was longing, and, as he thought, was able, to administer to the somewhat sturdy patient the *coup de grace*. But now, Turkish empire is really sick. True, other countries—European countries, too—have been quite as sick; indeed, far more torn by domestic dissen-

sions, and with quite as feeble an Executive. But the Turks hold one of the fairest and the most coveted regions of the world—the natural seat or centre of Asio-European dominion,—the place where, if ever such were established, a true Universal Empire of the Old World would most fitly have its seat. [That is, so long as Africa is still an undeveloped Continent; for, thereafter, the natural centre of the Old World's power, as of its commerce, would be the Syrian Isthmus,—some new Jerusalem, with a new sea created by the inlet of the waters of the Mediterranean into the Dead Sea,—filling the deep trough of the Valley of the Jordan, and extending southwards through the Wady and old water-course of Arabia to the Red Sea.]

The position, then, is this:—The dominion of the Ottomans is crumbling. Although supported by a race as manly, hardy, loyal, and redoubtable in arms as any to be found in the world, the empire of the Ottomans has at all times been mainly dependent upon the vigour and sagacity of its Sultans, the lineal descendants of Othman. But families seem to wear out, like everything mortal; and although there is no sure law in such things—although a Bajazet or a Solyman the Magnificent may appear suddenly, even from the loins of a decaying line, still there is no sign of any such advent, and the present Sultan is quite incompetent to pass the electric shock of personal power and genius through the half-paralysed system of imperial administration. Let alone, it is possible—it is quite conceivable—that the recent ferment of the Ottoman mind might eventuate in some new and stabler system of government,—or some new chief and leader might appear on the scene. But Turkey *will not be let alone* :

she is surrounded by Powers which have no desire to witness such a regeneration,—nay, who would passionately and covetously rush in to prevent it. Her enemies wait at her gates; and their mutual jealousy alone keeps their sword in the scabbard, and postpones the war-cry, “To Constantinople!”

But for how long? The year now commenced can hardly come to an end without a crisis in Continental affairs, together with the gathering of war-clouds in the valley of the Danube and on the heights above Erzeroum. The Russian Government complains that the Porte does nothing to remedy the disorders and misgovernment in Armenia. That is Russia's well-known mode of beginning a quarrel with her Ottoman neighbour. It looks so just, so beneficent! “Let us all join together in this demand,” says Russia, “and then the Porte, seeing we are in earnest, will make the requisite reforms, and all will be well.” At the same time, the Russian Government, with its bribes and emissaries, takes care that the disorders do not cease,—rather that they culminate in an insurrection, to end either in the defeat of the Turks, or else in the Turks dealing to the insurgents the sanguinary fate which was meant for themselves. Then Europe is appealed to, *à la* the “Bulgarian atrocities:” so that, whichever way the affair goes, Russia gets her pretext for war, and also, from her position and covert preparations, is the first in the field. Or a revolution may take place at Constantinople; and, either to support the Sultan, or to restore order—it matters not which—a Russian naval squadron and *corps d'armée* may land at the north end of the Bosphorus, and occupy the long-coveted Byzantium. This

was the meditated game a few years ago, when Russia got wind of the impending dethronement of Abdul Aziz; and it is to defeat any direct *coup de main* upon his capital from the sea that the present Sultan bestows so much attention upon the new torpedo-batteries, which (barring accidents) appear to have rendered the Straits henceforth impassable by a hostile fleet. We apprehend Lord Beaconsfield will be famous for this (among other things), that he was the last Prime Minister who successfully despatched the British Fleet to force the passage of the Dardanelles. Unfortunately for the Sultan, although he is safe against any direct seaward approach, his palaces and his capital are within a single march of the Black Sea, and are within reach of a Russian *coup de main* without a Muscovite vessel forcing its way into the Bosphorus. Yet even this form of the danger is discerned by the foreboding Porte, and a scheme for insulating Constantinople by means of a canal has been postponed only for lack of money to execute it.

M. de Giers has been welcomed and *fêted* at Vienna as no previous visitor had been since Prince Bismarck came to the Austrian capital to conclude with Count Andrassy the Austro-German Alliance. A dozen banquets in a few days, given by the Emperor and highest circles of Vienna; interviews and consultations with the Foreign Minister and the more important of the Archdukes; secrecy preserved, and no “interviewing” permitted on the part of the Press. Count Kalnocky, too, is a different sort of statesman from Count Andrassy,—the latter, like all Hungarians, being utterly opposed to any intimacy with the Muscovite. Indeed, even at these banquets to

the Muscovite diplomatist, it was noticeable that the Hungarian nobility kept aloof,—albeit the Austrian Court, by its choice of country-seats and in other ways, had been courting an increase of popularity among the Hungarians. The Magyars, as is notorious, dislike any more annexations of Turkish territory, which would add to the already numerically preponderating Slavic population of the empire, and amongst whom they are embedded. In such territorial extension the brave Hungarians foresee a paving of the way to Muscovite Panslavism, under which they would be compelled to share the sad fate, the national extinction, which has befallen their gallant half-kinsmen of Poland. On the other hand, most of the Austrian generals are Slavs, who are urgent for further annexations of north-western Turkey; and the Court is reputed favourable to the same policy.

Possibly, perhaps probably, no new "Treaty" was signed as the outcome of M. de Giers's diplomatic visit to Vienna; but that a new and highly important arrangement was come to between the Russian and Austrian Courts we feel assured, and it is hardly doubted anywhere. Doubtless, too, it is a written agreement—which, though denied as a treaty, will be ere long appealed to as such. It may be remembered that Prince Bismarck at first took suspicion; and M. de Giers's visit to Varzin was followed by the publication of the terms of the Austro-German Alliance—which forbids the admission of any other Power: doubtless as a reminder both to Russia and Austria that Germany meant to adhere to *that* Treaty, and meant to watch over it. Even with the Austrian Court M. de Giers was doubtless prepared to find a steady adherence to the German

alliance. He could not openly seek for a breach between the two Germanic Powers,—although he must hate that alliance as the most serious obstacle to the hopes of Muscovite ambition. "Not for a moment," he would say to Austria, "do I suggest any withdrawal from that Alliance; but surely, with perfect loyalty to it, we may make arrangements mutually advantageous for us; and which, as advantageous to you, cannot be disagreeable to the German Government." We do not believe for a moment that Prince Bismarck liked this affair, or that he did not scent the danger that, by this entanglement of so-called mutual interests, Austria would be caught in the Muscovite wiles, and be led further and to different results than Count Kalnocky and his Emperor contemplated. Yet, powerful as Germany is, Prince Bismarck must here be wary. He cannot afford to undo his own great work of the Austro-German Alliance by offending and alienating the Court of Vienna by insisting that Austria must refuse to listen to the ostensibly favourable overtures of Russia. Indeed, when M. de Giers at the outset went to Varzin, explaining the object of his mission as entirely favourable to Austria, what could the great German Chancellor reply, but to this purport,— "If you convince Austria that your proposals are advantageous for her, that is enough for Germany"? Yet plainly Prince Bismarck had his mistrust,—else, why unfold like a banner the terms of the Austro-German Alliance—that diplomatic bulwark against Russia and Russian conspiracies of which he was the author, and for the realisation of which he had put forth the whole energies alike of his influence and of his consummate skill? And even when M. de Giers

reached Vienna, the German Ambassador, the Prince de Reuss, kept aloof from the Muscovite diplomatist and from the banquets in his honour. But to remove this Germanic opposition, the Grand Duke Nicholas came to Berlin, charged with assurances from the Czar that he desired in all respects to maintain with Germany the close and intimate alliance, and community of dynastic interests, which had prevailed in his father's time.

What Prince Bismarck thinks of these Muscovite professions and overtures, or how far he finds it possible to place any reliance upon a Czar unnerved by the terrors and perils of his position, we cannot assume to say. But Austria, at present, is the Power most concerned in the new Russian overtures; and doubtless, after having issued his warning, and also after having received the "reassuring" mission of the Russian Archduke, the German Chancellor did not feel at liberty to make any open interposition in the negotiations at Vienna. Possibly he mumbled or grumbled anew his old saying, that the Eastern Question is not to Germany worth "the bones of a single Pomeranian *landwehrmann!*" But that saying was not truthful: it was but an excuse for a neutrality which it was then incumbent upon the German Government to maintain. And further, it was said at the time that the German ambassador at Vienna was instructed to appeal to the Hungarian party against the Muscovite proclivities of the Court.

However, the new arrangement—which History will probably prefer to call a Treaty—has been concluded. Instead of fighting in rivalry for the spoils of Turkey, Russia and Austria are disposed to co-operate, and share the spoil amiably (*if they can!*)—Russia, how-

ever, comforting herself with the belief (a very old and established one on her part), that whatever she may allow Austria to get at first, can be taken back from her by-and-by! Indeed, in a Panslavic empire, what place could there be for Austria?—or what fate but destruction and disappearance? Nor is Austria, on her part, likely to be much deceived. Still, it is so tempting to adjourn the evil day! It is so easy to compromise instead of to fight,—it seems so needlessly rash to reject overtures and draw the sword;—why not accept the proffered gains, which will be immediate, when it is conceivable that the comrade in robbery may play fair, or that we can outwit him, after all? But is Bismarck hoodwinked? Nay, with the Austrian Court itself, is it not rather want of nerve than of discernment that tempts it into the path of danger? The gallant Hungarians—truly, we are sorry for them. Not once, but often, have they saved the Austrian empire: and they deserve a better fate than to be engulfed and overpowered amidst the gathering and rising masses of the Slavonians. Better, even, if need be, to split off from Austria, and, along with their kinsmen the Poles and the German-peopled provinces of Austria, unite with the Teuton race, and help the Germanic Empire to be the bulwark of Europe against the mighty Slavic avalanche from the East. Polish lance and Hungarian sabre saved medieval Europe alike from Turk and Tartar: their help would be needful again if a disunited Europe should need to be bulwarked against the westward movement of colossal Slavism.

The important mission of M. de Giers was successful—at least in its prime object. He failed, and the Grand Duke Nicholas failed, to re-

establish the Kaiserbund—to regain admittance for Russia into the Alliance with the two German Powers. But he obtained the concurrence of Austria with Russia in some pre-arrangement for destroying Turkey and distributing her spoils. Whether that arrangement will be honestly observed by Russia, after the *coup de grace* has been conjointly struck, is another question. We do not believe it for a moment. Nor (we venture to think) does Prince Bismarck. Another, and seemingly a happy part of the arrangement is (it is said), that there is to be no precipitancy of attack. Both of the co-operating Powers are to hold off until Turkey is actually *in extremis*. Which means that each Power is suspicious of its ally, and therefore they bind themselves not to seek to get the start of one another. In common parlance, they agreed to start fair, and thereafter to share equally,—Turkey being meanwhile allowed to live her brief day in peace, without external attack or the stirring up of internal commotion. Here, also, we feel sceptical. Both in Armenia (about which Austria cares little) and in Eastern Roumelia (for which Austria cares much), Russian emissaries and diplomacy are at work. Does Austria believe that this Muscovite sapping and mining will cease? Perhaps not. More probably she thinks she can do as much for herself in the Bosnian quarter, where Austrian influence is already working its way towards Novi Bazar.

And so, as the first result of the new Treaty (or in deference to diplomatic punctilio, let us call it “arrangement”), there is to be a calm. But will it be kept?—and how long will it last? The Danubian Commission has completed its amicable discussions in London; but how long will it be before the pre-

sent settlement is swept away, and the work of the pen be revised by the sword of war? And, even in Mr Gladstone's eyes, what now is to become of the interesting young peoples—Servian, Roumanian, Bulgarian—for the sake of whose possible future he was well content that Russia should resume and prosper in her old nefarious game of the Wolf and the Lamb at the expense of Turkey? And what about “Hands off!” now? We must wait (not long) and see. But what if, after all, the imperial conspirators or co-operators fall out?—or if, on the other side of Europe, France plunges into another of her Revolutions? The very seriousness of the outlook repels conjecture, and probably will drive many to take refuge in a blank scepticism,—clinging (as perhaps Austria consoles herself) to the glimmer of hope which lurks in the proverb of the careless Spaniard, “*Who has seen To-morrow?*”

While Russian diplomacy has thus been seeking for friendly co-operation with Austria, with a view to an approaching reopening of the Eastern Question, the Alliance which the two German Powers have concluded with Italy shows that neither of these Powers is blind to the contingencies of the future. This Triple Alliance renders temporarily hopeless any further development of Muscovite ambition *in Europe*; but all the more will it impel Russia to find the coveted outlet for her ambition through her Asiatic gates,—in which quarter she will come in contact only with Great Britain! Indeed, can we not already hear those Asiatic gates creaking on their hinges, preparatory to a further Muscovite advance—down through Armenia?—perhaps, also, eastward to Herat?

Europe, in truth, seems waiting for another Waterloo,—or, as some may prefer to call it, an Armageddon. Even were there no probable sanguinary social troubles and domestic convulsions,—even, too, were there not some States still young and growing, while others are old and wealthy, if not decaying,—nay, even were there no mutual jealousies as to foreign settlements and influence—apart from all these things, is it possible for a vast vacuum of power to occur in the heart of the world without setting in motion the surrounding mass, and exciting conflict among neighbouring opposites,—especially when the region of vacuum is the Ottoman empire, and the neighbouring rivals are the greatest military Powers of the world? True, there is not a European nation—or any civilised nation anywhere—which prefers war to peace; nor any Government which will not, subject to its own

interests, do its utmost to avoid the outbreak of hostilities. Indeed, this was the very object of M. de Giers's diplomatic tour—as also of the new Triple Alliance. But, literally, every great Power in Europe is deeply interested in the inheritance of the "Sick Man." And can so vast a whirlpool as that occasioned by the sinking of the Ottoman empire be created in the very heart and most regal part of the Old World, without destroying the equilibrium of Europe? The Czar Nicholas reckoned that this might be achieved by means of preliminary arrangements with England, supported by the neutrality of Prussia and the subserviency of Austria. Yet the scheme, so carefully planned to satisfy all parties, ended—we know how. Will the result be less widely disturbing now, when the change of ownership is likely to affect Constantinople and the whole region of the Levant?

CURIOSITIES OF POLITICS.

OUR INEXPIABLE WRONG TOWARDS IRELAND.

“A PARAMOUR,” said Francis Flute, the bellows-mender, “is, God bless us ! a thing of nought.” That was explanation enough for the bellows-mender and for his Athenian comrades. A mysterious, unseen, unmeasured essence, whose personality it were impious to deny, but whose form and character it were equally impious to pry into. We have all a pitying smile for the easy convictions of these clowns—for the simple way in which they were content to let a word pass into the region of weird unhallowed terms, which it is hardly lawful for a man to utter, while they never thought of finding out what it really meant.

Yet it is to be feared that the acceptance as a mysterious belief of a matter which it might cost a little trouble to investigate, is not uncommon among persons laying claim to higher intelligence than was possessed by Flute and his associates. Persistent iteration will, even in these enlightened days, cause men to receive articles of social faith of which they can give no account, and which they rather take on trust than trouble themselves to look into. Mr Tulliver, of ‘The Mill on the Floss,’ laid it down that there is no harm in thrashing a “raskill”; and did not imagine it possible that there might be two opinions as to whether the man whom he had thrashed was a “raskill” or not. He, honest man, had been quite satisfied with the voice of his gossips that Wakem, as a “raskill,” was *hors de la loi*; and he died in the belief that the outlawry was not confined to this world. A greater than Mr Tulli-

ver—namely, the learned Dr Johnson—seems to have taken a great many things for granted only because he had heard them affirmed in his youth.

The same indolent credulity which characterises some individuals may also be observed in sections—sometimes in large sections—of communities. Hence it comes about, as may be supposed, that we find so many men, with ample capacity for examining the grounds of their belief if they should choose to do so, speaking of the many and grievous wrongs which England has done to Ireland, as if these were proved by the strongest evidence. They have received the belief, no doubt, because Irish orators delight, and for long have delighted, in vaguely proclaiming the cruel and tyrannical acts of Great Britain, without ever specifying what those acts are. Now it is carrying docility of conviction somewhat to excess, to be persuaded on mere assertion of the so great offences of ourselves or of our forefathers. Our character as a people is worth taking better care of than this.

Many, without doubt, must have examined: but it is almost certain that none ever discovered in what the wrongs consisted, for none have ever reported discoveries on the subject. It would puzzle, probably, the most ingenious accuser to set forth in clear language the evil that we have done either in the present day or in times past. If this be so, if a clear indictment cannot be framed, the charge against us will be of but little value. It did very well for Burke to speak of Taste as a delicate and aerial faculty

which will not bear the chains of a definition; but a delicate aerial and undefinable charge against a nation ought not surely to be of any account.

It is notoriously true that from the commencement of the century which is now growing old, the acts and sentiments of Britain towards Ireland have all been benevolent. There have been continued removals of disabilities, concessions to Irish demands, and deferences to Irish feeling. Britain has not stopped short after giving what she could justly and honestly bestow, but she has arbitrarily confiscated the property of unoffending persons to create a fund with which to gratify Irish malcontents. In this latter offering she acted towards them as the Boers of the Transvaal have since lately acted towards Great Britain: they were minded to pay £10,000 of the indemnity which they had agreed to pay her, so they robbed the tribes that had been friendly to her, and laid some of the spoil at her feet. Yet, though Britain followed a course which was dishonest, and otherwise ill-advised, to stop the mouths of blatant Irishmen, none can deny that she did it with the sincerest wish to appease their hatred, and convince them of her goodwill. It is impossible to point to any action of hers that can reasonably be called recent, which has been dictated by vindictiveness, spite, or even severity towards Ireland, however great may have been the provocation which she received from thence. Neither is she yet tired of doing, at cost to herself, such kindnesses as may be likely to prove benefits; she is eager, if there be a real grievance unredressed, or a gift which she can prudently bestow, to offer it in testimony of her amicable disposition.

Yet every one of her advances

has been received not only without a gracious response, but literally with a rush of virulence and malvolence greater than what prevailed before it was made. All along the rancour has increased in the ratio of the square of the gift. Now, after many substantial and painfully contrived oblations, she is greeted with a fury of malignity and accusation such as she did not encounter in days when she had not formed the wish to conciliate. Supposing that she has ever been verily guilty concerning Ireland, surely seventy or eighty years spent in devising and enacting measures of remedy and reconciliation should have caused the fury to abate somewhat, rather than have inflamed it to incandescence!

It must be a deep-seated and not very respectable animosity which has only a hyæna-like return to make for every attempt at propitiation. And it is a by no means magnificent or proud animosity; for Ireland takes care to pocket all that is presented to her, though she rails and snaps as her fingers close on the donations.

Britain asks in vain what she has done that she should excite such indomitable enmity. Her position resembles that of the proverbial Dr Fell; she is antipathetic to the Irish community. But this is not all. Dr Fell, so far as his history is known, had only to bear the consciousness that he could not excite a kindly feeling; Britain has not only this knowledge to mortify her, but she is assailed by the Irish impracticables with assassinations, incendiarisms, and violent demolitions, in return for amicable advances. Not antipathy only but substantial injury is the response to her hint of peace, and to the little present which she invariably takes in her hand when

entreating that the Irish hatchet may be buried. This is the practical answer; but she gets no verbal explanation of why she is so detested, nor of how her enemy may be softened. It is a Quilp-like disposition that she has to deal with.

Some tell us that it is because Britain will not grant Home Rule that Ireland is so irreconcilable. But this can hardly be the solution of the problem, because the mere refusal of a demand which it might be ruinous to Britain to concede, though it may cause disappointment, can scarcely be a cause of hatred. Moreover, whenever the desire for this change or that has been affirmed by cunning politicians to contain the secret of Ireland's hostility, it has always been found that the granting of that particular change has in no wise improved the situation, but has rather added to the old grudge because the concession was not greater. So our friend Jack Ginger and his comrades, when they had obtained half-a-dozen of wine on credit, drank in it bad luck to the wine-merchant because he would not trust them for a dozen.

Yet there must be a cause for all this animosity, say many thinking men; and probably they say so truly, although they may not seek the cause exactly in the right direction. Their search is narrowed by the perpetual bellowing about grievous injury; and they confine their examination to the conduct of Britain, trying to find in it the *teterrima causa*, instead of scanning the whole horizon and looking outside of Irish clamour for a clue. The Government have been notably purblind in thus approaching the question. They boasted that they would probe the wound, ascertain its character and real seat, and that they would apply the right remedy. Yet so

far they have only made the disorder fifty times worse. Confusion, under their treatment, has become worse confounded; the tongue of sedition and defiance has been whetted like that of a serpent; if the Irish threatened us with whips before the late messages of peace were framed, they assail us with scorpions now, after that we have tendered our *amende*. Government has signally failed, and why? Because they persisted in believing that there was really some heinous offence, and in trying to discover it. They stumbled at that stumbling-stone. It is congenial to their disposition to proclaim Britain in the wrong; and, the wish being thus father to the thought, they were the more easily led away from a true scent.

There is something, no doubt, which continually brings out the ferocity—no measured ferocity—of the Irish nature. The Irishman has got a raw which keeps him for ever infuriated. He probably understands his own disorder as little as our Government does. He must vent his fury somewhere, and he discharges it upon tame, fawning Britain. 'Maga' has not left it till to-day to state where, in her opinion, the Irish shoe pinches. We have not grown sapient after the event. We stated long ago that the real Irish disease is poverty. Irish habits are such, that even on a generous soil Irish husbandmen would probably be hard put to it to live; how impossible then must it be for them to thrive on a sterile globe exacerbated by a cruel climate! Intemperance, unthrift, ignorance, laziness, a hankering after political excitement and after tumult, a base appetite for alms—these qualities must condemn the Irish peasant to squalor and misery; but unfortunately they do not render him insensible to the

well-doing of his more thrifty neighbour. Though he will not himself be steady or industrious, he can view with deadly envy the Scotch or English hind who keeps above the world by hard-handed industry and inflexible application. The competence of a decent community acts on him like a red rag on a bull, and sends him howling to gunpowder and dynamite, and the commission of cold-blooded cruelties that a Mohawk or a Zulu would with horror put far from him. As undeserving Cain rose upon his favoured brother and slew him, so will the reckless Irishman nourish ever a deadly hatred against, and wreak a fearful vengeance upon, those who dare to be more thrifty than himself. We once more invite our countrymen to think seriously on this view of the matter.

Assuming now that poverty is the real disease, or the root of all the diseases, let us examine how these diseases are likely to be affected by the social proceedings of Irishmen. Irishmen are the persistent opponents of all improvement of their native land. The arts by which mere manual labour may be superseded or made more productive they scare from them as if they were abominations. Men of science, speculators, inventors, capitalists, though they would seem to be needed in Ireland as much as in any undeveloped region in the world, dare not exercise their professions there on pain of death or ruin on the first occasion when they may find themselves (it matters not whether innocently or otherwise) out of harmony with Irish prejudices and jealousies. Sanitary improvements and "the resources of civilisation" are viewed with intense disapprobation. Thus the tendency would seem to be to keep behind all the rest of the

world, while hating and envying the rest of the world for getting in advance of Ireland. In their frantic fury our Hibernian neighbours destroy property mercilessly, and are at immense pains to prevent the field from yielding its increase. Harvests, growing crops, farming stock, are destroyed as readily and as cruelly as human life. Even the rich man's luxuries, which are a means of giving employment to the poor and of distributing money, are driven away as if they were ruinous inventions. Interdicting the hunting must have greatly impoverished many districts that already were poor enough!

Now, if we are right in viewing poverty as the groundwork of Ireland's troubles, it is clear that tendencies and practices such as have been described, must greatly aggravate the ill condition of things, and by consequence increase the discontent and swell the clamour against England's wrong-doing. Everything is being done to intensify the disease. One may learn from a discussion which took place in the House of Commons before Easter, that some honourable members are, a little late in the day, beginning to have their visions somewhat cleared as to this matter. The discussion alluded to was as to the possibility of attracting capital towards Ireland. Alas! the handling of such a design in that assembly, though not intended as such, was in fact the severest irony! For in whatever degree Irish wrong-headedness and perversity may have been instrumental in scaring away capital from Ireland, the action of the legislature has been a thousand times more detrimental in the same direction. The legislature confiscated capital by transferring the property of landlords to their

tenants, thus not only taking from capital the protection of the law, but actually making the law its most formidable dispellant. What Whittington's cat was to the rats and mice, that is the fear of confiscation to capital. The State, by that ill-advised act, set its seal to the Irishman's infatuation and folly. The intention may have been, that the confiscation should be special and exceptional; but it has been inflicted once, and no promise or protestation will cure the dread that it may be resorted to again if temporary relief from strong pressure may be obtained thereby. Your sensitive plant does not shrink from the touch more certainly than your capitalist avoids the spoiler, whether legal or illegal. The sages in the Commons may advise a long time before they will attract capital towards Ireland. They should have thought a little more seriously of how they were influencing capital three years ago.

According, then, to this course of reflection, the people of Ireland, and those who from England govern Ireland, are doing all they can to increase Irish poverty—that is to say, Irish discontent, and Irish rancour against England.

We have not yet, as we find, run over all the unpromising circumstances of the case. For some little time certain Englishmen, exasperated and alarmed at the horrible and wholesale destruction which the Irish have been attempting and threatening on this side the Channel,—indignant, too, at the attitude of the Government, which is so little careful of innocent persons and so tolerant of and indulgent to criminals,—have counselled us to ward off the danger, and in some sort to punish the criminals, by refusing employment to Irishmen in general. We cannot dispute the assertion that many

Irishmen, by connecting themselves with murder-societies and rings confederated for purposes of wholesale destruction, have justly earned this retribution. But to indiscriminately inflict it would be in the highest degree unadvisable. It would give some colour to the Irish complaint of England's asperity towards Irishmen, which it is not desirable to give. Worse than this, it would sooner or later cause the thousands of Irishmen at present profitably employed in Great Britain to regurgitate on their native pandemonium, where there are too many mouths already. The result could scarcely fail to be a grievous famine. At the least it would be a desolating poverty, and we have said what, in our opinion, Irish poverty engenders. Our utmost patience ought to possess us against thus answering Irish outrage. If the Government will not do their duty either to the peaceful or to the turbulent, there are ways of putting pressure on them better than through the sides of the Irish. And no Irishman who may have left the land of blood and terror in which he was born should by any means be forced back to it.

A sound policy would operate in quite the opposite direction to this, and endeavour to diminish the number of mouths dependent for food on the poor soil and the thriftless husbandry. Emigration would seem to be the only remedy left after the most ill-judged legislation that has been enacted. Opportunities for it ought to be freely given: if they should be used, the pressure of want may to some extent be relieved, and there may be some cessation of crime and of the trumpeting of the wrongs done by England. It has also been suggested that, although there be no hope of private capi-

tal flowing towards Ireland, yet something may be done to create employment by the expenditure of public moneys there. But it must depend on circumstances whether public money laid out in national works, or so-called national works, may prove a boon. If the works designed should be of real public advantage, and be prosecuted with zeal and in good earnest, with a view to future utility, they may be efficacious in soothing discontent. The Ordnance survey of Ireland was a work of this description. The Governments of the period desired to have it accomplished, and their officers looked sharply to its progress. It was worked principally by Irishmen, and in the main it was well and economically carried out, furnishing while it lasted employment, and instruction too, to many thousand persons. The discipline was strict, and it was always insisted that the worth of all that was paid for labour should be yielded by the workmen. If works of equal utility could be similarly carried out, they might be very serviceable. But we have no opinion of works set on foot merely to give employment to a number of people. These do not amount to much more than simple alms-giving. To make harbours and warehouses in places where there is not the slightest prospect of a trade springing up, would be worse than useless. Encouragement of fisheries might perhaps be of happier result; but, whatever may be done, the full tale of labour should be exacted for every payment.

When all shall have been done that the Government can do with public moneys, the great problem may have been postponed, but it will not have been solved. A Minister not too vain and obstinate to confess an error, and sufficiently heroic to

reverse the engines of the State, might possibly, by acting with great decision, remove the dread suspicion which now exists of possible confiscation, and to some extent smooth the way for the much-desired return of capital. He might, out of the public purse, compensate Irish landlords for the rents which have been taken from them, and for the tenant-right which has been created at their expense. Restitution like this would be the best possible guarantee that the thought of confiscation is dead and buried. And if, at the same time, the laws were earnestly put in force so as to protect property, there might be some chance of a favourable reaction. But no half measure will do this; the further seizure of property must be entirely eliminated from men's minds by the fulness and sincerity of the *amende* to the landlords.

The great success of the Crimes Act is a proof of the direction in which Government ought to make its power felt. Such an Act will never of itself cure the insane hostility which Irishmen cherish towards Britain; but it will restrain outrage within bounds, and so keep the ground prepared for the introduction of salutary influences,—and influences, to be salutary in Ireland, must tend to create a demand for labour, and to introduce money as wages, not as doles. Nobody, it is presumed, imagines in these days that force can be a perfect remedy for even so mad and irrational a movement as the Irish *Jacquerie* against Great Britain and against the laws; but force may at least protect peaceably-disposed subjects, which some Governments might think a more urgent duty than giving the rein to criminals, and making treaties with them. We will take Mr Chamberlain's definition of the

proper object with which to use force—viz., to prevent the misguided insurgents from injuring themselves, as you put madmen into strait-waistcoats. But in the doing of only this the supremacy of law may be vindicated, and a great moral lesson be conveyed.

It might calm the impatience of those who are so much disposed to boycott the Irish in England, and it might prove a most wholesome safeguard, if the Legislature would pass an Act attaching the penalty of death to using or supplying explosive substances for unlawful purposes in Great Britain and Ireland.

Some protection is manifestly wanted, for it is absurd that the lives of citizens great and small, and the public buildings and merchandise of the nation, should not be fenced as strongly as is possible against the acts of miscreants who are more bent upon unprovoked destruction than the Thugs of India, and more able to effect it wholesale through the discoveries of modern science. Our Thugs do not hesitate to plot the destruction of our people in groups and masses : why should the law be at all squeamish about taking the lives

of the wantonly cruel Thugs? A dozen or so of them hanged off at early morning would not create an irremediable void in society, and might probably have the effect of moderating the resort to explosives.

We have worked the sentimental vein and the blood-guiltiness of Britain to a most serious extent without effecting the least improvement, but rather with an exasperation of the complaint and the creation of a condition which is likely to make the complaint permanent. Those among us who were the most impressed by the chorus about wrongs must have begun to see by this time that they have not been on the right track. They must perceive that, if they would pass their own days in quiet, they must hold down Irish insurrection and crime with a firm hand ; and that, if they would do lasting good to Ireland, they must begin by again respecting, and by giving proof that they respect, the rights of property.

This is not the whole secret of healing the Irish sore,—but it is a secret without the knowledge of which the sore will never be healed.

OUR FASHION OF PENITENTIAL PSALMODY.

There breathes at this moment, it is to be feared, many a Briton with soul so dead that he is ready to denounce, and to decree penance for, any acts of five years old and upwards, done in the name of our native land. Did Britain fight, or did she forbear to fight ; did she acquire territory, or did she neglect to acquire it ; did she gather the heathen under her wing, or did she leave them to their savagery ; did she ask for her own, or did she decline to seek all that was her due ;

did she incline to the right or incline to the left ; did she enrich herself or impoverish herself ; did she do or leave undone : inquiry into the circumstances of a case is needless, for she was sure to be wrong. We, in this liberal and enlightened period, have at length become alive to the iniquities and transgressions of our predecessors : we confess that all who went before us were thieves and robbers ; and, alas the day ! we bewail their grievous sins, and de-

sire the whole nation to sit in sack-cloth and ashes, and to purge itself from these misdoings of the past!

There is so much of the Maw-worm in this wail, it sounds so like an enlargement upon the old text of "I likes to be despised," that many are disposed to attribute it to religious self-abasement. We have, as they say, a strong dash of the old Puritans in our blood, and all this whining confession that we have sinned, and the more emphatic proclamation that our fathers sinned in all that they did, represent the form which Puritan snivelling assumes in the nineteenth century. But they who talk in this way have given surely but little attention to the general character of the old Puritans as Englishmen. As private persons they were ready enough to acknowledge that they were miserable sinners; but we can hardly accuse them of having yielded themselves servants of fanatical drivel where their country was concerned. During the Commonwealth, when they had the upper hand, whatever may have been their shortcomings, they showed themselves keenly alive to the honour of England, and allowed no liberty to be taken with that. No; if we are to look back to those unsettled days, we cannot do so without admiration of the respect which England commanded, and the good name among the nations which "my Lord Protectour" acquired for her. Oliver endured no slight from her enemies, and was not mean enough to desert her friends. Oh for just the weight of his little finger to lay on Ireland just now! It would indeed effect a transformation for the better.

Certainly then, if we seek a pedigree for this fancy of depreciating our own nation, we must not trace it back in the direction of the saints of the Commonwealth.

If we look only at results, we shall find a much closer resemblance between the times of the Merry Monarch, when the Dutch fleet sailed up the Thames, when England was a worthless and faithless ally, and the present times, when we buy off enemies, take beatings, and desert those who have befriended us. Charles and his courtiers did not, as we are aware, snuffle about blood-guiltiness to veil their poltroonery; but it comes to much the same thing to us whether we are dishonoured through sybaritism or cant.

But indeed we see no reason to think that the defamers of their native land are a distinct tribe of Puritans or of any other persuasion whose descent can be traced, and who have always had the same unnatural tendency by inheritance. It is much more likely that this is some despicable fashion which has seduced our weaker minded brethren. Such fashions do take people who enjoy repose and well-doing such as are not common to many peoples. Prince Arthur said that he had seen gentlemen in France assume the air of melancholy only for wantonness; and some wantonness it must be which prompts Englishmen to pretend this kind of penitence for everything that England has done.

When the Scribes and Pharisees took to building the tombs of the prophets, and to garnishing the sepulchres of the righteous, and to the cant that, if they had lived in the days of their fathers, they would not have been partakers with them in the blood of the prophets, they received a rebuke which we may be sure that they merited well—"Ye be witnesses unto yourselves, that ye are the children of them which killed the prophets. Fill ye up then the measure of your fathers."

To say sooth, our modern Pharisees do in remarkable ways fill up the measure of their fathers, their fine professions notwithstanding. They can lay hold of the territory of another nation just as readily as their fathers ever did. They can draw the sword, and commence a bloody war. They can even pound a flourishing city to fragments with bombs of unprecedented weight and destructive power. We recollect when, twenty years ago or so, the then king of the Two Sicilies proposed to bombard Palermo, which city was at the time rebellious; and we remember well the shout of humane consternation which was sent up by our Pharisees at the bare contemplation of such an act. "Bombardment," said they, "is too cruel and too barbarous an expedient to be resorted to by any nation under any circumstances in these civilised days. It cannot be tolerated. Nature revolts against such an atrocity." Yet not twelve months have elapsed since these humanitarians were laying Alexandria in ashes, or since they despatched an army to fight an insurgent Pacha in the Turkish dominions. And to this day we are holding Egypt in our grasp solely by the right of the strongest, and in opposition to the wish of the sovereign of that land. Well may it be said that we are witnesses to ourselves that we descend from the fathers, against whom our Pharisees are framing constantly such heavy indictments! Well may it be said that, if there was iniquity in our fathers, we fill up the measure of it!

Now, if we who live in 1883 cannot, with all our zeal for peace, avoid wars and bombardments and violent seizures of territory, may it not be fairly inferred that our fathers, in what they did,

were under necessities similar to those which at present control ourselves? If we can excuse our own deeds by saying that we would have avoided them if we could, but the other factors in the problem were too strong for us, and we had to resort to means which we abhor, why may not the same excuse be admitted for that which our fathers did? It was not more barbarous than what we have been lately doing ourselves; why should it have proceeded from worse motives than ours? We have discovered that the preservation of peace is not always in the power of an individual nation; for, as there must be at least two parties to a quarrel, both sides must incline to peace before peace can be maintained or achieved. Our predecessors may have encountered quite as unreasonable and impracticable opponents as we have. They too may have been most anxious for peace, but compelled to go to war. How, then, can we stigmatise all their actions as unjust, and affect to be shocked at proceedings of which our own are the exact counterpart?

History certainly does not prove the England of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries to have been particularly quarrelsome or particularly grasping. There can be no doubt that, in her exhaustive wars immediately after the French Revolution, she showed much moderation. And we think that if our Pharisees were as much addicted to argument as they are to invective, they would very soon find their injurious aspersions on those who went before us to be untenable. There is this difference, it is true, between our former wars and our wars which are quite modern, that whereas the former were conducted in the spirit of honour, the latter are often characterised by what is sneaking and

cowardly, as witness our affairs in the Transvaal.

Mr Bright lately made it a reproach that the country had spent £4,414,000,000 in wars and war debts since the beginning of the century. This can be blameworthy only on the supposition that Great Britain went willingly into these wars, that she made them for evil purposes, and that her position would now have been better than it is if she had refrained from drawing the sword. But can these things fairly be said of her? Her only choice lay between going to war as she did, spending her money as she did, finally triumphing as she did, and standing tamely to be overrun and subjugated by a fierce unsparing adversary. She could fall upon the French empire and be broken, or she could let the French empire fall on her and grind her to powder. No expenditure of money was too great for the preservation of our independence and the humbling of a power so aggressive as France then was. Before blame is attributed to our fathers for waging those great wars in which the British navy first, and then the British army, acquired so great renown, it would be well to reflect on the fate which would have come upon them if they had hesitated to contend as they did. Surely it

ought to be regarded as their misfortune rather than their fault that they could preserve our national existence only at the heavy cost which they so nobly incurred. It is a pity that Mr Bright does not show us what ought to have been done instead of fighting, and what our condition would now have been if things had been ordered as he would have advised.

As we have before said, we hope that this frequent depreciation of national acts and attitudes is but a freak which in a short time will pass away, as do all the fashions of this world. It operates injuriously for the country, inasmuch as it leads to silly acts involving serious detriment, and as it shows us to foreign States as a people entitled to but little respect. For if, by the showing of our own affected penitents, the country appears to have run a career of persistent rapine, provocation, and unjust fighting, we cannot be surprised if the stranger within and without our gates condemns us for our wickedness and despises us for our want of patriotism. The time has been when libellers of our native land would have led a not pleasant life in Britain. We have changed all that for the present; but the whirligig of Time will surely bring in his revenges.

GLEANINGS FROM GUY.

Some short explanation of the above heading may be proper. There was, we believe, near the beginning of this century, a Mr Guy, well known for his works on elementary science: his grammar, his geography, his catechisms, found their way into the majority of English schools. *Gleanings from his works* might therefore indicate some imitation of his method, some

adaptation to the end of the century of a culture which may be supposed to have very well suited the beginning of it. But, except for his having borne a name to which a peculiar celebrity is attached, nothing was further from our thoughts just now than the Mr Guy of the school-books. The Guy named at the top of this page is the great inventor of demolition, the father

of all them that work in explosives, the genius whom we have hitherto commemorated on the fifth of November, though it is possible that ere another November his fame may be eclipsed by that of some of his successors in art.

We will ask of any candid reader whether he has not been accustomed to regard the great intentional destroyer Faux as simply a very dark historical figure altogether removed from these our days—whether he has not classed him with the Malmsey butt and the hot-irons in Berkeley Castle, as one of the monstrous things of the past, which could have nothing to do with us save to point a moral, or adorn a tale or a bonfire? We own to a similar mistake ourselves, and perceive how decided a mistake it has been. Guy Faux, instead of having fretted and strutted his hour upon the stage, and then being heard of no more, except in the way of legend or November ordnance, is a typical man calculated to show (if we could have received it) what was to happen to us in these latter days. To us he appears now as one born out of due time, and his real place not where we find him, but as a contemporary of Mr Gladstone. Taking the will for the deed, the stupid Government of Guy's day ruthlessly extinguished his ingenuous life, though he had murdered nobody. An assassin of that grasp of mind, unsuccessful through no contemptible pity or remorse on his own part, deserved, so the illogical minds of that day thought, to die, as richly as if he had achieved his great purpose. In this more discriminating age, Guy, balked

through external agency of his will, would have had his valuable life preserved, and lived probably to plot many a wholesale demolition. It must be the opinion of our present legislators that Guy did not deserve to die,¹ because they have been careful that those who now or hereafter may be in his case shall not forfeit their lives.

Guy, though he lately seemed to us to have subsided into a mere historical figure, has at length become, as we see and feel, the father of many blasters who may yet be as the sand on the sea-shore for multitude. This resuscitation of his craft required very peculiar conditions to bring it about. It required the invention of new explosives, it required a most abnormal state of mind and sentiment among the people of Britain, and above all it required a Ministry glaringly unjust and intensely incapable. It has had all these favouring influences; and here, thanks to our bad Government, we have the secret terrible presence of the Guidites about our beds and about our paths. Our lives, our properties, our institutions, are in jeopardy every hour.

However fiendish may have been the conception of the original Guy and his conspirators, his modern representatives are no whit behind him in devilry, and they have infernal machines to work with which, compared with his simples, are as lightning to a cracker. It was in his great mind, as we know and commemorate, to demolish at one blow the Crown, the Royal Family, and the three Estates of the Realm, the Lords

¹ We do not overlook the fact that Guy was guilty of high treason, while the wretches who prepared the Birmingham arsenal may probably not be indictable as traitors. But this difference does not damage the argument, because, treason or no treason, it is evidently not the intention to execute Guidites unless their horrible attempts should succeed, and life should be taken by them.

Spiritual, the Lords Temporal, and the Commons. The Guidites of to-day made provision for the destruction of nearly all modern London, and they dared to store their thunderbolts in the vicinity of the sacred Caucus itself. It is horrible to think of the jeopardy in which lay for a time the sublime body last named. Oh, what a fall (after a rise) would have been there, my countrymen! And it is curious to observe how closely, with one important exception, the circumstances of the modern plot have followed those of the ancient. The same discovery after the dangerous chemicals had been amassed, the same carting away by the police of what it had cost so much money and trouble to bring together, the same widespread horror at the peril so narrowly escaped. The exception alluded to is, that no modern conspirator has been caught preparing the explosion, and that if he had been caught he would not have got his deserts. It may be excepted, too, that on Guy's failure, our ancestors returned thanks to God, and ordained an annual thanksgiving for their escape. Now, unless Mr Bradlaugh should think it a fit occasion for blaspheming, it is probable that there will be no mention of an overruling Providence in connection with the matter.

We said above that it required a most abnormal state of mind and sentiment among our people to admit of such a terror stalking deliberately and almost without challenge through the land—and so it did and does. Our enemies and disturbers and the liers-in-wait for our lives amount at the most to two millions of ill-conditioned Irishmen. We in Britain are fourteen to one against them if we choose to stand for our lives and make an end of these infernal *feux*

d'artifice. We can unquestionably stamp out the danger if we will; and where such diabolical plots are formed against us, we need not be squeamish about our methods of defence. All means should be lawful against such unsparing villains as the Guidites. But the means are not used. The inference is that the inhabitants of Britain choose to perpetuate this terror, and not to meet it half way, run it down, and stifle it. We have been lucky enough for once to discover the machinations of the murderers. We have no right to count upon similar success when all may be ready another time; and it behoves us to remember that one explosion of dynamite effected by the bloodthirsty Guidites will cause a horror such as we are little accustomed to in this land, and leave behind it a lasting regret at our tameness and indecision.

We said, moreover, that it is to the injustice and incapacity of the present Government that these gleanings from Guy are chiefly due. They are the last phase of the terrible evil which commenced in Ireland immediately after the Liberal Ministry had taken office, and which has gone on intensifying year after year until it has crossed the Channel and assumed this formidable shape. Never before, as we suppose, were turbulent subjects so led on from disobedience and discontent to open lawlessness, flagrant crime, and now to wholesale assassination in this island, by the very persons whose duty it was to check disorder in its beginnings, and to prevent, as well as to punish, breaches of the law. The weak concessions which have been made to outrage and pressure were alone sufficient to demoralise a people; and when we remember that men in high position were not ashamed to preach the doctrine that crime

and outrage are the surest means of obtaining political changes, we need not be astonished even at the monstrous growth to which the conspiracy against society has attained. The answer to the messages of peace is nitro-glycerine, and the threat of violent deaths to Englishmen at large. No candid person who may look about him, and take note of the terror which caused our legislature to pass a Bill through both Houses in a single evening, can for a moment dispute that the Irish policy of the Government has been a failure, and worse than a failure, for it has aggravated the disease. Ministers can no longer safely creep about amid their guards, for dynamite respects policemen as little as it does their august charges.

We can explain the tolerance shown to these incapable and mischievous Ministers only on the supposition that a majority of the country would rather be misgoverned than not. It has been going from bad to worse for three years continuously, and now this island is to be turned into a volcano. The electors know very well that they have a remedy in their own hands. They can dismiss their worthless servants and try others. Even if it be said that the change would bring them no better guardians, it may be answered that it could not possibly bring worse, and therefore there would be nothing risked by the trial. Men ought to reflect that this Irish trouble began with

the coming in of the present Administration, and that it has been *progressive* ever since. We remember one of our comic friends to have portrayed the Irish threats as a pot of ale with a high froth on it, which John Bull is contemptuously blowing off. This was, if we err not, in 1881: nobody in 1883 talks of Irish threats as froth; the threats are altogether too likely to be realised. Men are bound to consider, moreover, that the Ministry which has allowed the mischief to increase to its present bulk and big assemblance, will surely allow it to become still more formidable. And are we prepared to have the Guidites blowing us and our property up in all directions, and dancing lilts and jigs over the heaps into which they have turned once flourishing Britain? This is not a fantasy: the catastrophe of which we write may be upon us suddenly, and no time should be lost before rescuing the country from the miserable guardianship under which it is in so great peril. Let us think of the pure accident by which the magazine of explosives at Birmingham was brought to light. While Parliament is passing Acts, the enemy is burrowing in darkness under our feet. What is wanted is intelligent action; and we shall act untruly to ourselves and to our children if we leave the land any longer in the hands of men who have had so long a trial, and who have proved to be so incapable.

RECENT GERMAN NOVELS.

THAT the Germans are not much of a novel-reading nation is shown by the prices at which their novels are published. The circulating-library system does not flourish, to the prejudice of the publishers; and yet the trade can profit but little by that. The Germans are a frugal race,—generally speaking they are far from rich; and they are the last people to indulge freely in the costly luxury of light literature, slightly stitched in paper, often issued in three or four widely printed volumes, and selling at from twelve to twenty shillings. The German seldom reads on a journey, although his slow-going trains should give him ample leisure. The men envelop themselves in contemplation and tobacco smoke, while the more industrious of the ladies may meditate over their knitting-needles. And unless among avowedly literary people, we rarely see the living-rooms littered with a fascinating profusion of books. Yet of late years novel writing has been rapidly on the increase, so it may be supposed that a taste is being slowly developed, which authors may turn to more profitable account. In the meantime, the novels, as may be supposed, reflect the predominating tendencies of the national life and character. German society is seldom volatile or frivolous: even in the great capitals there is little of that whirl of dissipation which lasts through our ever-lengthening London season, and has such attrac-

tions for the Parisians and their foreign visitors, even in these duller days of the Republic. With the exception of a few very wealthy landowners among the highest nobility, and some of the new-made millionaires, not many people have much money to throw away. The tastes of the Germans are simple; their habits are homely; and the middle classes, who with us must be aping their betters and giving entertainments out of all proportion to their means, are still content to amuse themselves in music-gardens, where they gossip between the pieces over ices and beer. There are few fashionable balls, with flirting-bowers among the hothouse plants; few garden-parties, with sequestered lawns embosomed in shady alleys; and, moreover, the tone of morality is creditable for the most part, which is another misfortune for the social novelist. For the scenes which are his favourite subjects in other countries would have slight interest for the great majority of his native-born readers, as they would have little personal sympathy with his more *risqué* situations. Novelists like Spielhagen have attempted something in that way,—though they have dealt chiefly with financial sensations, and sought their excitements in speculations on the Bourse. But, as a rule, the Teutonic purveyors of fiction carry a certain amount of earnestness, and the results of study or research, even into their romances and the

Nur ein Wort. Von Georg Ebers. 1883.

Die Mühle im Wisperthal. Von Ernst Pasqué. Berlin: Otto Janke. 1883.

Felicitas. Von Felix Dahn. Leipzig: Breitkopf & Härtel. 1883.

Ihr Einziger Bruder. Von W. Heimburg. Leipzig: Leopold Gebhardt. 1883.

shorter *novellen*. On the one side, the interest of their tales is either archæological or historically dramatic. On the other, it is to be sought in the simple, everyday domestic stories of the lives of country gentlemen, peasants, or well-to-do farmers, whether in the sandy plains of Pomerania, in the valleys of the Black Forest, or in the mountain districts. While between the two is occasionally interposed the mystic or metaphysical novel, which generally shows considerable talent and originality, but which, notwithstanding, is painfully heavy reading.

As for simplicity, it is an admirable thing; but even when illuminated by genius, it is apt to become wearisome. Peasant-life can scarcely offer great variety in character-studies; and the descriptions of cottage interiors and the delineations of picturesque woodland scenery speedily begin to pall upon one. So we regretted Auerbach for old friendship's sake, because he had often pleased us; yet he had done his work before being gathered to his fathers, so that his death was no very terrible loss. And as for the many who had imitated him, they fell far short of their master; while the historical novel, which still flourishes in the Fatherland, has long since fallen into disrepute in France and England. The genius of a Scott, a Dumas, or a Bulwer is rare, and even the works of those immortal writers are sadly neglected by the new generation. What we crave for are pictures of contemporary life, with vivid presentations of contemporary types and incidents. And there is this to be said for these pictures artistically, that they inevitably involve a certain amount of realism, since it is the aim of the author to sketch what he sees, and to write from his personal knowledge and observation.

While it is certain that the greater intricacies of latter-day individualities give infinitely freer scope for shrewd moral analysis than retrospective dreams of the misty figures of former ages, which the most talented author must conjure up from his fancy. It is true that the German historical romance is almost invariably instructive, even should it fail to be entertaining. The author has been at pains to verify his facts, having carefully consulted and compared the authorities. Sometimes, like Ebers, he is almost a specialist in his particular department of study. The probable fault of the work is that, whether archæological or medieval, it is apt to smell objectionably of the museum or the library. There is seldom much reason to complain of a quick succession of spirited incidents, but these are apt to be interspersed with learned digressions, which may be of no little value as history, but which hang heavily upon the action. And even from the historical point of view, the fervent patriotism of the Germans makes us inclined to distrust their impartiality. From the days of Arminius downwards, the heroes of German history and romance have always been represented as transcendently heroic, and they are far in advance of our conceptions of their time. Courage, and even the qualities of leadership, we may be willing enough to concede to them, and a rude generosity has been not uncommon among semi-barbarians; but they are credited besides with all the gentler virtues—with the disinterestedness of a Cato and the continence of a Scipio. That painting in rose colour we find well-nigh universal; but in other ways, and from the purely critical aspect, we are disposed to give the preference generally to the shorter *novellen*, which are become a favourite

form of German composition. Some of these *novellen* by Paul Heyse are of admirable interest, both for spirited concentration of plot and dramatic reproduction of manners; and his "Glück von Rothenburg," in the latest volume of his collected tales, is a singularly favourable specimen of his style; while the "Zuricher Novellen" of Keller show close observation of the Swiss character, and the "Brandenburger Novellen" by Fontane and Putitz are likewise deserving of warm commendation.

But we have said more than enough by way of prelude to a notice of some of the novels that have recently appeared. Thanks to the careful workmanship with which we have credited them, German novelists are seldom prolific, according to English notions. The late Mr Trollope might have given a book and a half in the year to the most facile of them, and easily beaten him in the commonest of canters. We cannot write an article on the subject at a moment's notice and be sure of finding matter for review in works of yesterday by the most distinguished experts. Still as it happens, both Spielhagen and Ebers, who rank foremost among the most eminent and popular of their contemporaries, have come again before the public in the last few months. Of Spielhagen's 'Angela,' out of our regard for him we shall say nothing, because we find it altogether unworthy the reputation of the author of 'Sturm und Fluth.' Many of the scenes are absurd to extreme improbability: some of the characters are grotesque beyond the borders of caricature. But the 'Nur ein Wort'—'Only a Word'—of Ebers, although ranking below the Egyptian novels that made his reputation, is nevertheless something better than an average specimen

of the German historical school. English readers ought to be tolerably well acquainted with Dr Ebers's works, since almost all of them have been translated into our language; and already, indeed, an excellent translation of 'Nur ein Wort' has been executed by Miss Clara Bell, and published by the Messrs Macmillan. Sticking to the scenes and subjects by which they have won their first laurels, seems perpetually to be landing successful novelists in difficult dilemmas; for they must either be content to repeat themselves with ever-diminishing effect, or they must break ground in unfamiliar fields which are far less suited to their genius. As Mr William Black's pinions invariably fail him when he tries to soar out of the latitudes of the Hebrides—we must admit that his 'Adventures of a Phaeton' were something of an exception—so Ebers falls below his former self when he suspends his researches among the memorials and reminiscences of the Pharaohs. He could not have written those Egyptian novels of his without the assistance of a lively and romantic imagination,—for his archaeological research, although it recommended them to *savants*, was almost inartistically paraded. But we suspect that his enthusiasm over favourite themes fanned the smouldering fires of his genius; and we find the proof of our surmise in the fact, that he has comparatively failed with subjects that should be far more popularly attractive. Nothing in the historical way could offer greater scope to descriptive and dramatic talent than the heroic sublimity of the defence of Leyden against the Spaniards—that crowning illustration of the famous motto of the United Provinces, "*Luctor et emergo.*" The episodes of the pro-

tracted siege that might have inspired a Homer, form the most striking and fascinating chapters in Motley's *History of the Netherlands*. And the novelist enjoys infinitely greater opportunities than the historian, since he may indulge his unfettered fancy with practical licence. Yet undoubtedly Ebers, in his '*Burgomeister's Wife*,' considered as the novelist opposed to the historian, comes far behind the talented American writer. Characters that must have felt all the passions and all the emotions, as deeply as any mortals before or since, are pulled about the stage like puppets, and get upon stilts when they rise to heroics.

As for his '*Nur ein Wort*,' it pleases us much more; though partly, perhaps, because our expectations had been less highly excited. There is no grand central theme which demanded magnificent handling; and what is at once the fault and the salvation of the story, is the extreme discursiveness of the action. We see at once that there can be no attempt at concentration, and that the old rule of the unities in time and place is to be set absolutely at defiance. The nearest parallel to the book which we can recall in English fiction is Mr Charles Reade's '*The Cloister and the Hearth*;' and indeed the resemblances are in many respects so striking, that Dr Ebers would seem to have borrowed from the English model. In the one story, as in the other, a boy of humble birth is driven from home by stress of circumstances to seek his fortune. In the one case, as in the other, he goes the tour of civilised Europe, making acquaintance with many remarkable people. Only Dr Ebers is more ambitious than Mr Reade, inasmuch as his hero

forms far more exalted friendships, and figures prominently in memorable public events. And while the one hero and the other return to the loves of their boyhood, Dr Ebers brings his love-tale to a happy ending, in pleasant contrast to Mr Charles Reade. And that thoroughly conventional termination to the German novel is perhaps significant of the differences between the two. In '*Nur ein Wort*' there is no such searching analysis of sorrow-stricken affection, working up to a double climax of passion, but calming down under the soothing consolations of religion, as that when the father of the future Light of Learning is severed from his true love by malevolent intrigue. The Ulrich of '*Nur ein Wort*' could never have dreamed of the peace of the cloister, and must have stormed through the excitements of an adventurous life, distracted by scores of conflicting influences. And accordingly, we have a superabundance of action, while the psychology of the story is superficial. Possibly on that account there are many readers who will find it none the less interesting reading. And although the story as a whole but imperfectly satisfies us, in its several parts it is often admirable. The descriptions of mediæval cities, scenery, and manners are excellent; and the sketches of such historical personages as Philip of Spain, of his half-brother Don John, and of Alexander of Parma, although coming far short of the Louis XI. of Scott and Victor Hugo, are carefully drawn after safe authorities.

Yet, as the somewhat enigmatic title implies, and as we should confidently have expected, there is a thread of the mystic and fantastic running through the story. The "*Only a Word*" is suggested by the

childish prattle of the future hero and a little girl-companion. With a marvellous precocity, considering their circumstances, they are speculating on the word which might inspire a career, and indicate the purposes of a life-governing ambition. His stormy after-experiences involve the hero in many doubts—whether that word is Art or Power, Fame or Ambition. In fact, he proves to be so remarkably gifted by nature, that he only needs to will and persevere that he may achieve and triumph. His prospects in boyhood are unpromising enough. Ulrich is the son of a village blacksmith, and a great domestic sorrow has made his father a misanthropic recluse. Adam, who had skill in his trade, might have been a prosperous man—for smiths, who were clever armourers as well, were in demand in those stirring times. But in an evil hour he had been caught by a pretty face, and had married a gay young actress belonging to a travelling theatrical troop. Fondly attached to her husband as she once was, Florette's Bohemian blood had tempted her to criminal indiscretions, and she crowns her infidelities by an elopement, to which she consents from sheer love of change. The embittered husband withdraws to a back-of-the-world village, where he works his forest-forge for a bare livelihood, and brings up his only boy. The young Ulrich develops his strength and readiness of resource by running half-wild among charcoal-burners who have turned poachers. Yet, at the same time, as the author means him for nobler things, his education is not entirely neglected, nor is he altogether removed from gentler influences. His father's only friend is a learned Jewish refugee, with the inevitable only daughter, whom Ulrich pets and patronises. In the be-

ginning, the book is a story of that perpetual medieval struggle, between religion and bigotry on the one hand, and the freedom of human thought on the other. The meddling of well-meaning but fanatical friends disturbs the peace of the friendly families that were vegetating in the forest hamlet of Richtberg. There Ebers has indicated, with considerable power, the almost insensible progress of enlightened toleration which had permeated Catholicism since the dawn of the Reformation. Nothing was easier then than to set an avalanche in motion, meant to crush the helpless who were suspected of heresy; nothing more difficult than to arrest or divert it, with the best will in the world, and with considerable power as well. Malicious tongues have brought a charge against the Jew; and merciful judges are constrained to pronounce sentence. The easy-going lord-abbot of the great convent that owned these domains is impelled to issue the mandate of arrest, even after his learned librarian has borne generous testimony to the benevolence and marvellous attainments of the Hebrew who has offended the Church. And the good-natured Count of Frohlingen musters his dogs and retainers to hunt the fugitives, carried away by the excitement of the chase, although the quarry is a kindly human being. That exciting chase has a dramatic *dénouement*—when the hunted Jew, after saving the life of his pursuer, is slain himself by a chance arrow-shot. The regrets of the noble Count come too late; and all he can do is to secure immunity to the smith, who has compromised himself by favouring the flight of the heretic.

But the little neighbourly circle in Richtberg has been broken up; and Ulrich, separated from the

father he believes dead, is henceforth thrown upon his own resources. Thenceforth, or at least for a long time, he serves chiefly as the medium for introducing us to a succession of noteworthy personages, and as our guide before a panorama of contemporary manners. As we may suppose, he has as many lives as any cat; and, like a cat, whatever may chance to him, he is always alighting on his feet. So his adventures begin, appropriately enough, with a lucky jump out of a window, from the upper chamber in which he was locked up out of the way of danger, while his Jewish tutor came to his untimely end. Ulrich sets out peniless and pluckily to seek his fortune, naturally more doubtful than ever as to the magic word which is to sound the key-note to his future. At first it seems probable that the word will be "Art." The good Samaritan who saves him, in the extremity of his distress, is Antonio Moor, the famous Flemish painter. Moor has taken a fancy to the courageous lad, and subsequently distinguishes in him some promise of artistic genius. He is travelling to the Court of Spain, and he takes the clever boy in his train, and adopts him as his trusted pupil. At the Spanish Court we make acquaintance with the capricious Philip, who, with all his haughty asceticism of manner, nevertheless feels the need of occasional human expansion. Disdaining to seek confidants among his obsequious courtiers, and standing rigidly on the punctilious formalities of his Court, he has made something like a friend of the foreign painter. In an evil moment Moor is tempted to forget the distance between the arbitrary tyrant and the gifted painter. In the heat of a friendly argument,

he taps the monarch lightly with his mahl-stick. And in an unguarded moment, Ulrich, who was unluckily a witness to the scene, betrays it to a gossip who has wormed himself into his confidence. Moor is forced to fly; and Ulrich redeems his fault by confessing it, and by risking his life to save his master's.

Had he held fast to the talismanic word of "Art," he might have done well after all among the art-loving Spaniards. There were munificent patrons to be found among the *grandees* who had been enriched by the silver mines of the new world. But Ulrich's blood runs hot in his veins, and he is deficient in the solidity of the German character. He is of stature almost gigantic, and skilled in the use of weapons. Left without a guardian, if not without friends, he becomes a ruffler, a drinker, and a gambler: and men of his type are in request, when Spain is at war with the infidel, and at bay in the revolted Netherlands. He is flattered, besides, by the attentions of no less a personage than Don John of Austria, who has seen the smith's son tame a vicious horse, with a magic that anticipated the exploits of Mr Rarey. So Ulrich "takes his Spanish Majesty's shilling," and covers himself with laurels at the battle of Lepanto, having made the acquaintance of one Miguel Cervantes, while cruising under the admiral's flag in the Gulf of Corinth. But he gambles or gives away his money as fast as he wins it, and Glory is now become the adventurer's watchword.

Thanks to recklessness, courage, and profusion combined, we find him next set in the forefront of the battles in the Netherlands. As thorough-paced a soldier of fortune as Dugald Dalgetty, his chivalry

consists in stanchness to his colours; while in his excesses he salves his conscience with the reflection that he is fighting for the infallible Church. And his conscience has some need of soothing, for he is to the front in storms, rapine, and slaughter. He is responsible for them, moreover; for the troops have mutinied, and chosen him as the most daring for their Electo or commander. The boy from the Black Forest believes now that Power, not Glory, is the veritable watchword. But we cannot sow the wind without reaping the whirlwind, and the children will suffer for their parents' faults. Dr Ebers relieves his chronicles of battle and military intrigue with some of those more moving scenes from the domestic drama which sooner or later must be *de rigueur*. Navarrete, which is the Spanish *nom de guerre* of the German Ulrich, meets his missing mother under melancholy circumstances. Although his morals have deteriorated, his filial feelings are outraged by finding her the petted mistress of a Spanish soldier. There is considerable pathos in the struggles of the poor woman—who has erred rather from her volatile nature than from essential vice—between the influence of her newly discovered son and of the lover who has been so generous to her. Deciding to leave the latter for the former, she falls a victim to his Spanish vindictiveness. Nearly as tragical is Navarrete's restoration to his long-lost father. The stout old smith has become a naturalised Netherlander, and had settled at Antwerp before the terrible "Spanish Fury." That his son should be the bloodthirsty Electo of the papistical mutineers, who have been foremost in the sack of so many flourishing communities, is, in his Protestant judgment, an intoler-

able horror and an indelible disgrace. When Navarrete has made his way into Antwerp, to come to a secret understanding with the Spaniards in garrison, his first thought is to go and fall upon his father's neck. His father receives him with reproaches and curses, and is ready to strike him down with his heavy hammer. It is only the interposition of the daughter of the old Jew, Ulrich's old forest companion, who has ever since been the smith's adopted child, which prevents a domestic tragedy being enacted on the armourer's threshold. Then the story is brought somewhat abruptly to a satisfactory conclusion. Navarrete, left for dead in the attack on the entrenchments, is saved by the daring self-devotion of his old child-love; and her influence, conspiring with the softening discipline of a sick-bed, restores him, through sincere penitence, to the love of a father who in his innermost heart has always been proud of him. So, although the novel, as a whole, is in a measure disappointing, we have a vivid picture of the soldier-life of the period, slightly toned down and idealised by the art of the novelist.

Herr Ernst Pasqué has centred his action at a spot more or less familiar even to the tourists who have been hurried up and down the Rhine by steam. And many of the travellers who care to linger in the side valleys must have admired the calm sylvan beauties of the Wisperthal. The date of the novel is during the war of the Spanish succession, when Marlborough and Eugene were driving the French marshals before them, in the campaigns which changed the fortunes of Europe, and brought the Grand Monarque in sorrow to the grave. The general plan of the book is very similar to that of 'Nur ein

Wort.' Here, too, we have the adventures of a low-born soldier of fortune, who, availing himself of each opportunity of distinguishing himself, rises to court favour and high command. But although Pasqué is less known to fame than Ebers, we pronounce his work the more artistic of the two. There is more of human interest in it; and the interest is deeper and more continuous. What seems to be a malignant combination of circumstances troubles the course of a fervent love-affair; but although the lovers lose sight of each other among leaguers and battle-fields, the relations between them are never broken off. The plot itself is simple; and we may foresee from the first the inevitable ending. But many of the incidents are devised with extreme ingenuity, and Herr Pasqué shows more of the quality of humour than is common with German authors. There is a dash of French *verve* in not a few of the situations, which might suggest material for sparkling *vaudevilles*. At the same time, as is too often the case in German fiction, we recognise a certain want of tact and of knowledge of the world which violates probabilities, and carries caricature into scenes which would be more effective if they were less exaggerated. He is one of those ultra-patriotic Germans we alluded to in our preliminary remarks, who think it fair to take any liberties with their pictures of the foreigner, and practise upon the ignorance or the prejudices of their countrymen. Not content with painting in the darkest colours the reverses which befell the French army through those sanguinary wars,—and a simple narrative of the facts might surely have satisfied him,—he assigns to representative Frenchmen, in his comedies, rôles, which are often humiliating

and almost invariably ludicrous. From his commanders-in-chief down to the rank and file, they come by the worst when they contend with the Teuton, either in love or war. Whatever might have been the comparative fighting merits of the soldiers in the ranks, a generous enemy, not to speak of a conscientious historical artist, might have surely given the French gentleman of the period credit for the gallantry of both kinds which was his distinguishing characteristic. The wiles of a French conqueror of hearts might be foiled by the virtue of a daughter of the Fatherland: but if he had served with honour among his comrades in arms, he must have set small store by his life. Yet Herr Pasqué makes a gay and dashing young marquis, who has had the pluck to follow a fair one in time of truce into the enemy's country, hide himself ignominiously and literally among the ashes in the Wisperthal Mill, when baffled by the prowess of the maiden's male protector; while the peasant-bred heroine, by the readiness of her wit, gets the better of amorous courtiers of the highest rank, when they are facing each other in dialogue and repartee. But as we believe that Pasqué's novels have not been translated into English, and as he certainly does not look for admirers in France, that is chiefly an affair between himself and his conscience, as it may probably have increased his popularity at home; while his patriotism, from the artistic point of view, has a more satisfactory side to it, since it gives warmth to his sketches of peasant life, and colour to the vivid pictures of German scenery. The rapturous fervour of his greeting to the Rhine, in his opening sentences, shows at least the earnestness of sentiment with which he goes to

his work, and the sympathetic admiration which gives life and tone to descriptions which often sparkle like gems in the setting of the story. To give the spirit of his thought, we are bound to translate rather freely; and it will be seen that the raptures are toned down by a touch of the practical and the satirical.

"I greet thee, thou vine-crowned Rhine, pride of my homeland, with thy green hills and heights, thy sweet valleys and heaths, with thy enchanting Lay and Legend world. Thou longing of boy-nature, pleasure of the youth, placid joy of the man come to maturity, I greet thee, to linger on thy banks, to dream over long-past days, and to tell of them, where other people lived and loved and suffered in thy world of those days, finding the brightness of delight in thy beauties, and in the delicious juice of thy vines.

"That thou art lovely as scarcely another river on the earth,—witness the thousands who each year are borne upwards and downwards on the steamers over thy waves, and, from their snug seats under the shady awning, admire the unrivalled charms of thy landscapes. But only to learn to know thee in flying travel, and inevitably primed and prepared for their raptures by the red book in their hands. And as you are rapidly surveyed, so you are quickly forgotten; for one picture presses fast upon another, and each fresh one seems more beautiful to the eye than that which has died away so quickly in the distance."

In the "good old times" of the seventeenth century the Rhine banks and the Wisperthal must have been beautiful as now; but they presented very different aspects, morally as well as materially. The fortresses which had escaped the ravages of war had almost ceased to be a protection to the surrounding cottages and hamlets, though they represented possibilities of tyranny and suffering to which the peasants had half re-

signed themselves through habit. The inhabitants of the Wisperthal seem to have been comparatively fortunate. The lord of the land, the high and well-born Count von Fürsteneck, although he owed allegiance to the Elector of Mayence, had somehow managed to make friends with the French invaders. Hospitable by nature, and a hard drinker, he delighted to open his cellars to the soldiers of either nation. And the tenants of his Schönborn mill in the little valley benefited by the "benevolent neutrality" of their lord. All the more so, that the widow of the defunct miller had been the daughter of a cellar-master of the castle, and the foster-sister of a child of that noble house. There is a secret between her and the jovial Count, and the secret seems to be somehow connected with the birth of her only surviving daughter. The secret excites our curiosity through some chapters, but it is not kept from us for very long. The fair maiden, who passes for the daughter of the mill, is really the child and heiress of the Graf von Fürsteneck, born in lawful though secret wedlock. It would have been more gratifying to his family pride, although perhaps worse for the young woman, had it pleased him to reveal the paternity sooner. For the pretty Fränzchen has almost grown to woman's estate, and has already been revolving in her mind the pretensions of her numerous admirers. And there, Herr Pasqué, contrary to the German custom, threatens to touch upon delicate ground. Although neither of them has acknowledged the passion, even to themselves, the mutual attachment of Fränzchen and her supposed brother prevents her lending an ear to any one else. The somewhat premature revelation of her real parent suddenly relieves

the author from an embarrassment when the situation is becoming overstrained. Fränzchen finds, to her surprise and delight, that she may love her Reinold with a clear conscience,—and now that the floodgates upon her feelings are removed, they break out in a torrent of tenderness; while Reinold, abandoning himself hopefully to a legitimate passion, is raised to the seventh heaven of delight. Of course the young couple had reckoned without the Herr Graf, who very naturally objects to so terrible a *mésalliance*. Longing to be rid of the miller's son, circumstances chance to serve him, and his course seems clear. He is entertaining a French colonel who is come in search of German recruits. Reinold, who has the strength and stature of a giant, is the very man to make a magnificent heavy dragoon. Trepanned, when he has driven a load of flour into the French lines, he is lost for long to sight, although still dear to memory in the Wisperthal. His mother and the beautiful Fränzchen bemoan his absence; and even the Count, moved by the mother's tears and arguments, has been persuaded to try to fetch him back. That is more easily proposed than executed, though it gives Fränzchen an opportunity of showing the power of her charms. There is a rather powerful scene, where she prevails upon a rejected suitor to go to the French camp in Alsace in quest of his happier rival.

The messenger fails in his mission, for the French appreciate Reinold too highly to be ready to give him back to his liege-lord. But Reinold has a will of his own, and is the very man to help himself. He seizes on an opportunity and takes "French leave," disappearing with his horse and full accoutrements. Once fairly be-

yond the lines, it is no difficult matter to make his way to the armies of his countrymen; and he brings them, besides, the best of recommendations in the persons of a couple of French spies he has picked up *en route*. It might seem that his troubles were at an end, and that he had nothing to do but return and be married. But he has fallen into the hands of an ingenious novelist, who has no notion of letting him off so easily. Thenceforward, and through the rest of the story, he is a rising soldier of fortune in spite of himself. The loadstone of love draws him steadily towards the Wisperthal; but circumstances and his soldierly qualities are too strong for him. We have a stirring account of battles, skirmishes, and storming parties, in which the love-sick and peaceably-disposed Reinold is perpetually to be found in the front. Anxious as he is to be back with his Fränzchen, he cannot help showing his heroism when fired by martial excitement. He scatters groups of the enemy with his single arm. He displays extraordinary intelligence, when it is a question of fathoming their movements. He cuts down standard-bearers; he captures colours; he plants flags on bastions under the hottest fire; he rescues noble comrades at the most imminent peril to himself. No wonder that he becomes the darling and hero of his corps; that honours and advancement are absolutely forced upon him; that it is difficult or impossible for him to obtain his discharge, even although he had come voluntarily into the ranks. The struggle between love and honour is natural, and very naturally depicted. Reinold is as constant to the girl he has left behind as could reasonably be expected, considering all things; for any occasional

deafness to the soft whispers of love is more than excused by the stern calls of duty. And indeed it is to his credit, even as a lover, that he struggles seriously for his discharge, since the career he is following with signal success offers brilliant openings to his ambition.

Some of Pasqué's military portraits are admirable, reminding us in their spirit and truthfulness of the more modern studies by Hackländer. Reinold of course stands apart: he is a hero, and heroically idealised. But the rough and honest individuality of the Rittmeister of the regiment is nearly as good as anything of the kind can be. The veteran Wambold smells all over of the pipe-clay; and yet the routine of regular discipline through a lifetime has not quenched the true military fire. With his brusque manner and abrupt speech, he is nevertheless the best and most genial of comrades. In fact, it is the sterling character of the hearty old trooper which shapes Reinold's fortunate career, and influences his finer nature. When Reinold talks of casting off his cuirass for the miller's coat, it is Wambold who constrains him to reverse his decision. When his superiors dangle honours before his eyes, if he yielded to these glittering seductions, he might seem to have sacrificed true love to ambition. But Wambold speaks to him as soldier to soldier—with the fond pride of a father or the earnestness of an admiring friend. It is Wambold who embodies the spirit of *camaraderie*, which is the charm which enchains Reinold. And to the very last, and even when the wars are over, Herr Pasqué makes good use of the veteran. He plays the leading part in the intricate "Comedy of Errors," which brings the clever novel to an appropriate *dénouement*

—playing it so naturally and so very indifferently as to make it extremely amusing.

Yet Reinold and his adventures must after all be somewhat commonplace, since he is merely brave and strong and ready-witted—qualities which, though they have their value in time of war, scarcely lend themselves to much originality of invention. In history, as in fiction, from a Bonaparte to a Charles O'Malley, one military life is very like another, so far as the objects of the novelist or dramatist are concerned. It is a different affair altogether when a young and beautiful woman goes bravely forth, like a lamb among the wolves, to wander about the campaigning ground; when beggared peasants were driven to the roads; when the country was scoured by reckless troopers; and when each officer in command was permitted absolute licence, so long as he did his duty as a soldier. Fränzchen, who is overflowing with hope and natural spirits, has a singularly honest, healthy nature. Though her lover's long silence is disquieting, her faith in his constancy is never shaken. She is pious, too, and believes that, by the blessing of our Lady of Lorch, Reinold will sooner or later return in safety. But she would rather he came back sooner than later; and she believes that Heaven helps those who help themselves. Her resolution is taken, when her messenger has come back with a report that the missing one seems to be literally lost. Thenceforward patience is more difficult to her, and inaction intolerable. How can she endure the sight of Reinold's mother's tears; and the old lady's grief seems likely to be contagious. "Calm yourself, mother," she says; "you shall see him again. Build upon God's help, and on—my love to

your son, which encourages me to venture everything, — everything. Patience till the right moment shall arrive! Even if he be not wearied yet of the wild rider life, I shall fetch him home all the same. And I shall be sure to find him, and to bring him back with me." With these words of conviction, forth she goes upon the quest—the old lady, whom her bereavement has perhaps made selfish, making no serious attempt to dissuade her. Highly born as the peasant-nurtured maiden is, she has qualities that will go far to help her through her difficulties. She has a heavy hand for any single ruffian who may be insolent, and a ready tongue with a ready wit. As it happens, she is helped by the beauty and the engaging manners that might well have brought her to grief. She has the luck to cross the debatable land between the armies in all honour; and once arrived at the French camp, she finds safety in the multitude of her admirers. She is adopted as the "daughter of a regiment," or at least as its *vivandière*, and every man is ready to die for her. In fact, as may be supposed, the chief danger is, that some of her new French acquaintances become far too fond of her. One of the most effective scenes in the book—or, we should rather call it, a series of scenes—is when Fränzchen runs the gauntlet of the attentions and proposals of a succession of formidable and urgent adorers. Intruding more or less unceremoniously on her little apartment, superior treads fast upon the heels of superior, each having to submit to discomfiture in turn, embittered by a subordinate being witness of his mortification. The chain of situations is ingeniously interwoven, and the characters play their parts cleverly in the genteel comedy. A French division is gar-

risoning the fortress of Bethune; and when men of all ranks were martyrs to *ennui*, the charms of the new German *Marketenderin* make a general sensation. First, presents himself a gallant young cornet, a marquis as well, courteously paying his insinuating court, in which there is nothing very alarming. A more dangerous visitor, equally unwelcome to both, is the captain of the troop, likewise a nobleman, who rates his cornet with rough military irony, and after assuming paternal airs with the fair Fanchon, which sit indifferently on him, drops the mask, and falls back on threats. Upon him the tables are suddenly turned by the appearance of his colonel, the Count d'Armagnac, who is shorter and sharper with the captain than the captain had been with the cornet. The count, thanks to his greater age and superior standing, performs "the heavy father" with more plausibility, till his feelings suddenly getting the better of him, he pulls the "dear child" upon his knee. The stool on which he has been sitting breaks beneath the double weight, and the discomfited wooer rolls over upon the floor. In these humiliating circumstances he is found by a new arrival—no less a personage than the lieutenant-general, the Duc de Biron, who comes down mercilessly upon Colonel d'Armagnac, when he snarls, and would willingly show his teeth. No wonder that the virtuous Fanchon becomes somewhat agitated as she is hurried forward from surprise to surprise. For the magnificent duke makes love with the graceful manners, but with the inflexible resolution, of the Grand Seigneur of the period. His gallantry is perfect; he never loses his temper; and he treats Fanchon with airy courtesy and *de haut en bas*, as a beauty who ought to be

honoured by his attentions, and who had better resign herself to be grateful. He is grieved to be constrained to hint at compulsion; but he has a dozen lackeys on duty outside the door, trained to be deaf to the prayers and remonstrances of any prisoner. Meantime they arrange an elegant collation, which he hopes, and indeed insists, that she shall share with him. No wonder that Fanchon gives herself up for lost, and for the first time really repents her daring expedition. But salvation comes once more, and when she has ceased to expect it, and in the person of no less illustrious an individual than the Prince de Rohan-Soubise, then commanding in Bethune. The prince sends the duke in turn to the right-about, after a sharp altercation; and he proposes to appropriate the collation as well as the *vivandière*. But the baffled Duc de Biron has his revenge; and Providence is clearly fighting for Fanchon against the contending chiefs of the French armies. A messenger has arrived post-haste from Marshal Villars, "bloody with spurring, fiery-red with speed;" and the prince, though sorely *contre-cœur*, can only obey the summons. And although we have little sympathy with the duke in the circumstances, we have been wrought up to such a pitch of expectation, that we cannot help rejoicing in the prince's discomfiture. There is considerable humour in the closing dialogue.

"A mounted messenger from the Marshal Villars!" shouted the duke to the prince, with a smile of triumph. 'Monseigneur must rise immediately'—the prince had sat down to the duke's collation—"and ride as speedily as possible to the headquarters at Douai. Order of his Majesty!"

"The devil! So I must go to Douai, must I?—a ride of hours!" exclaimed the prince, thoroughly taken

aback, now casting undecided glances at Fanchon, and again at the table so invitingly spread before him; 'and immediately—immediately?'

"Order of the king," answered the duke, with a sarcastic smile, and slightly bending. 'Moreover, Monseigneur himself has spoken the words—duty first: pleasure afterwards.'

"Assuredly; and now I must practise them myself," said the prince, with a sigh. 'So we must make a start of it, and take our seat, not at table, but—on horseback.'

And when the prince is loath to leave the beauty to the affectionate attentions of the Duc de Biron, he is relieved from his embarrassment by the troopers of Count d'Armagnac's regiment. With the discomfited cornet as their spokesman, they have gathered round the quarter to ask that their *vivandière* may be given back to them. Never were semi-mutineers more welcome to a general. The prince is only too ready to gratify them; and the duke is disappointed of the *tête-à-tête* he had already confidently counted upon.

Fanchon, like her lover Reinold, has to transfer her services from the French to the Germans. It need hardly be said, that a maiden so specially favoured by Providence eludes all the snares that are spread for her, and escapes the slaughter and diseases that thin the contending armies. And the adventures of the pair come to a climax in the lively game at cross-purposes we have alluded to, when both, in their bright anticipations of the future, can afford to trifle with their impending bliss. Reinold has been ennobled by his sovereign the Elector, who, learning his love-story, and interested in all the circumstances of the case, condescends to exercise his sovereign rights so as to promote the "Comedy of Errors." The low-

born miller's son is formally invested with the fiefs and dignities of the Fürstenecker family, which have lapsed, in default of male heirs, to the Electorate. Meantime the noble Fraulein Fränzchen has been enjoying them in all honesty; while there can be no question of her right to her father's personality. When she hears of her lover's approaching return, in ignorance of the promotion and dignities conferred on him, she dons her working dress as maid of the mill, with the intention of giving him an agreeable surprise, leaving a spinster aunt to do the honours of the castle; while Reinold, perhaps from the inspirations of latent sympathy, decides to come back to the Wisperthal *incognito*, sending his old friend the Rittmeister Wambold to play the Graf in his place. There is some clever by-play where the jolly Rittmeister makes love to the mature *châtelaine*; but the point of the situation is in his frank disgust when the maiden of the mill makes unmaidenly advances to him. Then he exaggerates his soldier-like brusqueness, resolving that the innocent Reinold shall be undecieved at any cost. We need hardly add that the engaged pair have come to an understanding, and that the confidence which has endured so much is not to be shaken by misconceptions. And all mysteries are cleared away in the closing scene, where the curtain comes down upon general jubilation. The novel, in short, is extremely bright and readable, with fun and pathos, and a superabundance of incident. Nor is our interest exclusively concentrated upon the leading characters. The jovial Count of Fürsteneck is a capital though favourable representative of the Rhenish nobility of the period, with his feel-

ings and sense of honour dulled by self-indulgence, though one and the other may be touched when he is approached in the right way. The warm-hearted and motherly old woman of the mill is very good, with the courage which is stirred to activity by her affections, and which makes her speak out her mind on occasion, without fear or favour. The bluff old Rittmeister we have already praised; and there is an admirable peasant, whose passion for Fränzchen plunges him into faults which he bitterly regrets, but inspires him, by way of atonement, to deeds of sublime devotion.

'*Felicitas*,' by Dahn, is likewise a historical romance, but it is rather a novelette than a novel. It carries us back to the decay of the Western Empire, when the outlying provinces were being torn from the hold of the feeble representative of the Cæsars, who kept his shadowy court in Ravenna. Weakened garrisons of mongrel mercenaries with difficulty held their own among the mixed population that filled the cities, against the growing audacity of the invading barbarians. And the state of society would have been even more deplorable, had not the Church been rising on the ruins of the temples; and as she had been making proselytes among some of the most warlike of the German hordes, was often able to shelter the helpless under the shadow of the cross. Those stirring times offer ample scope to the fancy of the romance writer—though it is never easy to paint personages so remote from us realistically, or to make us enter with interest and sympathy into the stormy vicissitudes of their lives. We can only say that few historical novelists have been more successful than Herr Dahn in grap-

pling with difficulties that are well-nigh insurmountable. We do not assert that we feel so much at home with the inhabitants of Juvavum, as if they had lived *Unter den Linden* in Berlin in this century, or had been in the habit of going for their *sommer-frisch* to the Baths of Nassau or Bohemia. But, all things considered, they are made very actual to us; and Herr Dahn has turned archæological and historical researches to good account, with hardly a sign of ostentatiously parading his knowledge. The chief blemish in his book is one to which we have already alluded in speaking generally of German historical novels, and of 'The Mill in the Wisperthal' in particular. He idealises beyond all credibility; and his patriotic fancy conjures up paragons of chivalry in the long-descended leaders of the northern tribes, who were certainly as bloodthirsty as they were brave. Though, to do him justice, it is not with the Germans alone that he idealises; and he presents us to officers among the Roman legionaries and irregulars, who were worthy of the Republic in its iron prime; while on the other hand, if he too often sketches in rose colour, we cannot complain of the lack of contrasts, in the way of blacks and lurid crimson. There are men who are monsters of atrocity or meanness, and there is no doubt but that in these cases the representations might be photographs—as there are sacks, slaughterings, fire-raising, and servile revolts, by way of thickening the horrors round the heroine of the tale. And such horrors are not only natural, but indispensable to anything like a faithful narrative of the fierce border warfare between the barbarians and the Imperial guards of the frontier. But we should do Herr Dahn's work

grave injustice if we left it to be supposed that it was truculently sensational, or even a simple novelette of savage incidents and manners. On the contrary, its great charm is in the poetry and sentiment he has gracefully diffused through it; and the key-note to the spirit which has inspired him is to be sought in a triple play upon the word that is his title. We may note, by the way, that Herr Dahn, who is doubtless a tolerably competent judge, seems to be not unconscious of the merit of his book. At least he has dedicated it to Gottfried Keller, and Konrad Meyer of Zurich; and the former is well known as one of the most original of Swiss novelists, and the author of the extremely clever "Zuricher Novellen."

The idea of Dahn's story came to him in this wise—he tells the story very prettily in his preface. A few years ago he was engaged in literary work at Salzburg—in the archives of the town, in the library, in the museum of antiquities; and his studies were especially directed to the events of the fifth century. Refreshing himself after the toils of the day, he used to stroll out in the balmy summer evenings in the environs of a town almost unrivalled for beauty of situation. "Thought and fancy were filled with the pictures of the life and changing history of the last of the Romans in these Mountain-lands." And thought and fancy were fed by the abundant remains of Roman monuments, with the coins and inscriptions—for Salzburg had been a famous station of the legionaries, under the high-sounding name of Claudium Juvavum. One evening he made a little discovery of his own.

"In dreams of this kind—not without the silently-breathed wish that one day I might decipher for myself

some little memorial of the Roman age in this soil so rarely rich in memories—I lost myself of an evening deeper and deeper in the copsewood to the right of the Römerstrasse, climbing upwards and guided by the gentle murmur of a brook, over ground profusely strewn with shattered stones and pottery ware, thickly overgrown with the green of mosses and ivy.

“But beneath the covering of moss there was frequent cracking under my feet. I repeatedly picked up pieces of tiles and pottery. Were they Roman? There was nothing on them to lead me to a definite conclusion.

“I resolved that on that day I should trace out the bed of the streamlet higher than I had done before, till possibly I might find my way to its source, which I expected to be on the gentle slope of a hill of moderate height. For I knew that the Romans, with their peaceful villas as with their military stations, loved to build by the running water.

“It was hot enough that summer evening; I was footsore and head-weary, . . . but half-an-hour afterwards I had gained the height—‘the Heiden-Schupf,’ as it was popularly called. Delightfully numerous and large the fragments of stone had become on the last bit of ground I had crossed: among them pieces of grey and reddish marble, as they had lain there in shivers through uncounted centuries; and it really proved to be as I had suspected—right under the crest of the hill, the fountain bubbled from the ground. Apparently it had once been built in with masonry: in places the stonework was still recognisable,—carefully polished light-grey marble enclosed it here and there in a graceful setting, and around lay strewn innumerable tiles. My heart beat violently, and not only in consequence of the toilsome climb, but likewise, I confess it, with hopeful expectation—I was still extremely young—that here and to-day either Mercury the Roman, or Wotan the German god of wishes and discoveries, might mean to offer me at last the longed-for memorial of the Romans of Juvavum. The name of the place—the Heiden-Schupf—went back undoubtedly to the Roman occupation,—for here the Heidenstrasse is

called the Römerstrasse; and in addition, there was encouragement in the source of the stream, the traces of the marble basin, the numerous tiles: then the sun broke shortly before his setting, straight through the copsewood, and showed me a tile lying full in front of me—cement. I picked up the tile and examined it: it was unquestionably that Roman cement, which, growing as hard as stone in the course of centuries, is so significant of the building of the Eternal Rome.”

Though it has only indirectly to do with the story, we have quoted the beginnings of the adventure at length, because it is an excellent example of Herr Dahn’s style. Close to the cement-covered tile, he comes upon a lettered marble; and, in short, he succeeds in deciphering, on what must have been the threshold-stone of a villa, the inscription—

“Hic habitat Felicit . . .
Nihil mali intret.”

The evening’s research has proved doubly fortunate to him. He has not only found the memorial he was seeking, but the theme for a romance. Felicitas! Luck—Good Fortune once dwelt here: but did the fond inscription prove a spell to conjure away the misfortunes of that terrible period? “But stay!—at that period we meet already with ‘Felicitas’ as a woman’s name: might the inscription, perhaps, playing with a graceful *double entendre*, mean, ‘Here dwells Good Fortune—that is to say, my own Felicitas: let nothing evil approach her, over our threshold.’” And on that far-fetched fancy he constructs his romance; and the fair woman who bore the happy name becomes the central point of the plot, and of the interest of the story. And the story opens, all the circumstances considered, with a bright

promise of happiness for the inmates of the villa on the Heiden-Schupf. The town of Juvavum is walled and well garrisoned, and the inhabitants are tolerably prosperous. Art flourishes still, even on the outworks of the tottering Empire, though it begins to be debased; and Fulvius, who has built the villa, is a sculptor. The beautiful young wife to whom he is devoted might have sat as his model for angels or goddesses. Of course he is not the only man who admires her: the Roman tribune commanding in the place regards her with eyes of lust and longing. Backed by his licentious soldiery, he is the autocratic master of the town, and we have too good reason to fear for Felicitas. But even in these circumstances, and in the general corruption of manners, the abuse of high-handed force is being curbed. The tribune can invoke the instrumentality of a usurer, whose advances have given him a hold upon the rising artist. And there is still more formidable machinery to be set in motion; for the usurer, who has made his money by fraud and extortion, practises all the wiles of a low attorney. He happens to know, and he suggests it to his friend and patron the tribune, that Felicitas is not legally the property of her husband. She is born of a family of slaves who had been freed, but the proof of their liberation is supposed to have been lost in one of the frequent conflagrations. It is true that a witness to the act of liberation is alive in the person of Johannes, the good priest of Juvavum; but if necessary the priest may be silenced, and, as matter of fact, he is silenced. We are presented at the opening with a picture of the wedded felicity, which seems likely very soon to be so

rudely disturbed. And there is a very probable sketch of the state of the middle-class society of the time, in the talk between the bright young married couple and their good friend and relative Crispus, who comes with a warning of the troubles that may possibly be in store for them. This Crispus is a type of the pre-historic "Philistine," with a heart of gold and a face of copper; for, thanks to his devotion to good living and the vine, he is the very image of a bloated Silenus. The threatening troubles take terrible shape; but the spell on the threshold works, as it continues to work, whenever anything "uncanny" comes near the *haus frau*. The tribune, with his *âme damnée* the money-lender, are brought to signal grief when they attempt to force the door with its talisman; for the great man slips and sprains his leg, while the artist summarily sends Mephistopheles the usurer to the right-about.

The temporary disappointment of the tribune could only have brought a delay; but before he is pronounced convalescent he has graver matters to occupy him. The German horsemen are at the gates of the town, concealing numbers and movements behind the thick screen of its forests. The warriors of two separate tribes have allied themselves, and Juvavum passes into their hands after some sharp fighting. The general confusion is heightened by a servile revolt,—for the slaves seize the opportunity to rise against their oppressors. The money-lender naturally has to run for his life, and shrewdly seeks shelter in the last place where people would be inclined to look for him, namely, at the horns of the altar in the Christian sanctuary. And when all is confusion and horror; when the Germans

and the infuriated slaves are "looting" the different quarters; when the flames are rising from the streets amid the shrieks of slaughtered citizens and outraged women, —then the spirit of the religion of peace and goodwill is glorified. Calm in the Christian's indifference to death, the good presbyter Johannes stands out a very noble figure, dominating even the victory-flushed leaders of the barbarians. It is he who, forgetful of former wrongs, extends the protection of the cross to the miserable usurer, though, as it happens, the grovelling wretch gains nothing thereby, being murdered in his priestly disguise for the benefactor for whom he has been mistaken. It is he who, addressing himself with fervent eloquence to his co-religionists among the slaves, throws oil upon their unbridled passions at the wildest. And it is he who, presenting himself to the Germans, cross in hand, impresses them with his saintly dignity, and makes terms for the captured town.

Events so thrilling must necessarily divert the interest, but it returns again and again to concentrate itself round the lonely villa of the heroine. Her husband, who has taken arms for the defence, is missing, and she has to do the honours to a couple of formidable guests, who might cause Fulvius almost as much anxiety as the tribune. We assume, of course, that the German strangers will find no sympathy within the villa, though the young Liuthari, the heir to the ruler of his tribe, is as handsome and gallant a warrior as could be seen in a summer day. His blood boils hotly in feverish veins; he has as keen a perception of the Beautiful in woman as the sculptor; and though he shows a delicacy of demeanour beyond all praise, his suddenly con-

ceived passion for Felicitas might prove too much for his generosity. Happily he has a mentor at his elbow, in the person of his grizzled old fosterfather in arms; and the respectable Haduwalt, an anti-type of Wambold, looks on Felicitas as a father, and takes the charming young woman under his protection. He will not have his gallant young comrade make a plaything of the shrinking beauty; and anything more serious is out of the question. He means the youth to make a marriage of love and convenience with the lovely heiress of a rival tribe. The upshot is, that in entertaining these gentle barbarians, Felicitas entertains a pair of angels unawares. The impassioned tribune had determined on flight, but he was resolved that he would not go without the sculptor's wife. Attended by a couple of daring followers, he pays the villa a nocturnal visit, in the expectation that he will find its mistress unprotected. We need hardly say that he is fatally deceived, and his second attempt at crossing the mysteriously guarded threshold is his last. Heavy with wine and an excellent supper, Haduwalt, who has linked himself with a string to Felicitas, sleeps through the attempt at housebreaking and the subsequent fighting. But Liuthari, who disdains to call to his comrade for aid, proves himself quite equal to the occasion, disposing of the tribune as well as his followers. When Fulvius comes back to his villa rather late, all that is left for him is to express his gratitude. His beautiful wife is even more eloquent; and the city having been handed over to the victorious Germans, the young couple have good reason to congratulate themselves on the change of masters. The son of the chief, in the moment of victory, is more gen-

erous and as self-denying as ever. He claims the villa on the Heathen's-hill as his share of the spoil, and bestows it on the happy occupants as their freehold. He assures them of his protection, and, by way of guarantee, stands sponsor to their little boy, on whom he bestows a ring of priceless value. And he is so far rewarded by making a brilliant marriage, which seems likely in all respects to prove a happy one. And if we have seemed latterly to treat the plot of the novelette somewhat lightly, none the less is it exceptionally thrilling and dramatic.

In classifying the German novels we said that, when not historical and archaeological, they were, for the most part, peacefully commonplace and domestic. And we have a very creditable specimen of the romantic family tale in 'Ihr Einziger Bruder,' by W. Heimbürg. Though the author has written sundry other stories, we are compelled to own that we have never before made her acquaintance—for we venture to assume from internal evidence that W. Heimbürg is a lady. 'Her only Brother' may be somewhat spun out; but nevertheless it is an excellent and entertaining story, and may be confidently recommended for family reading. In one respect it is in strong contrast to 'Only a Word' and 'The Mill in the Wisperthal.' Here we have no disregard of the unities of time and place: on the contrary, all the sensational business is transacted in the precincts of a venerable residence on the storm-beaten shores of the North Sea. The various incidents and episodes have their rise in the ordinary play of feeling or passion; and any further effects are only to be found in sketches of old-fashioned manners, or descriptions of half-savage

nature. The story sounds true; it is the more impressive that it is simple; and yet there is something of trickery, or rather of the artificial, in the style, which strikes us as being artistically overdone. There is an almost invariable coincidence between the action of the story and the state of the weather. We may foresee that we are to have a tale of trouble and suffering, from the opening study of the secluded locality where the scenes are to be laid. The novel begins tellingly enough:—

"A violent storm had raged all through the day, and seemed now, in the twilight that was fast settling down, to be bursting through all the bounds that had been set to its fury. It swept straight from the North Sea over the broad heath of Lunenburg, and dashed itself against the grey walls of the 'Herren-haus,' shook the mighty elm-trees in the garden, rustled in the shrubs, and stripped the last of those yellow leaves from the bare branches, which the November frosts had still left on them."

And subsequently, whenever trouble is impending over any of the inmates of the "Herren-haus," there comes another violent storm from the sea, or else a heavy canopy of rain clouds draws over the lowering heavens; while, when fortune throws her gleams of light across their paths, these are sure to come in the material form of soul-cheering sunshine. There is all the less reason that a theatrical style of appropriate sensation should be overdone, since the very probable events of the tale supply an abundance of quiet excitement. We are interested from the first in all the inhabitants of the manor-house; they enlist our sympathies by their good old-fashioned German kindness and simplicity of manners; and we feel personally concerned in the misunderstand-

ings which drove them to infinite trouble, by destroying their domestic harmony. In fact, in the novel, as its title might perhaps imply, the strong family affections of the German race are glorified, and even exaggerated. The heroine, Anna Maria von Hegewitz, has the maidenly makings of a perfect *haus frau* in her. She is ardently affectionate, and yet thoroughly practical. She loves her only brother the Baron with such an intensity of devotion, that it would seem she has no heart to spare for any other mortal—though that, as it turns out, would be a misconception. She is his head housekeeper within doors; she is his chief bailiff without. Within, she always goes about soberly attired in a housekeeper's apron, with a basket of cupboard-keys slung to her waist: without, she superintends the dairy and poultry departments; she balances the farm-books with the quickness of a professional accountant, and gives all instructions to the farming-men during her brother's brief absences. She enjoys perfect health; she is exceedingly handsome. We need hardly say that she has no idea of nerves; and, in short, with her blue eyes and golden hair, and the ancient blood of the Hegewitzes in her veins, she is the genuine heroine of a German domestic novel.

And the readers of the romance are permitted to have an insight into her real character, which is denied to those who are nearest and dearest to her. We know her to conceal passionate emotions under an apparently phlegmatic exterior, and to rise unpretentiously to sublime heights of self-denial, while all the time she is the victim of most irritating misconceptions. She is pledged to devote her life to her only brother; but she had made her arrangements in ignor-

ance of a woman's nature. The Baron von Stürmer, a near country neighbour, has paid her court, and she has discovered that she loves even more than she respects him. He comes to tell her that he can never be happy without her; and being willing enough to believe him, she has not the heart to condemn him to misery. The love that has warmed her into agitating emotion seems to give the beloved object the first claim on her. All things considered, she would have undoubtedly said "Yes," had she not happened to overhear a confidential conversation. They say that listeners never hear any good of themselves; in this case, the listener heard nothing good for herself. Her probable engagement has been broken to her brother by an old aunt, who lives with them in the position of a mother. Klaus von Hegewitz has a noble nature, and is capable of selfishly blighting his sister's prospects. But in the surprise of an entirely unexpected communication in a man's natural self-seeking, he grumbles at his approaching loss. He reminds his aunt how he himself had parted from a woman he had dearly loved because he would not be separated from the little sister his mother had recommended to him on her deathbed. Anna Maria shudders and nearly swoons; but she has heard enough. Crushing back her feelings into her aching breast, she goes away to give her suitor his dismissal. Stürmer, who had counted on a very different answer, takes his departure in a violent reaction of feeling, believing Fräulein von Hegewitz to be as cold as she appears; and even her brother, on second thoughts, by a cruel irony of destiny, comes to an identically similar conclusion, in his astonishment at her refusing so eligible an offer. So that Anna Maria, by her

act of self-devotion, has loosened the tie she refused to break.

She had cast all her hopes of a cheerful worldly future to the winds, in the belief that her brother was a confirmed bachelor; and she had consoled herself with the thought of being his perpetual friend and comforter. Any marriage he could possibly have made would have jarred and shocked her; but she could never have dreamed of the trials and torments in store for her. Klaus's good nature and gratitude have welcomed under their roof the child-daughter of an old Italian tutor. The little Susanna is not only a *roturière* by birth, but she has Bohemian blood in her veins. Her mother had figured on the stage, and had been very little "better than she should be." Susanna takes after her maternal parent. As she grows up, she becomes more and more bewitching; but she is volatile, capricious, and cold-hearted. If like in love draws to unlike, it was not unnatural that the grave and good-natured Baron von Hegewitz should be attracted by the charms of his adopted daughter, when they were habitually thrown together in the dull old manor-house. And it is equally conceivable that the notable Anna Maria, who could not train her young pupil to the mysteries of housewifery, and who was far less susceptible to feminine beauty, while she positively detested feminine wiles, should be unable to enter into her brother's feelings. His weakness has shaken her idol, if it has not shattered it; but, do what she will, she cannot prevent the marriage. Von Hegewitz, who loves with all the depth of a deliberate nature, will be master in his own house; and he looks upon his sister's prepossessions as prejudices. So he marries Susanna, and weds himself to misery.

Not that the little Italian is painted as one of the fiend-women—those favourites with the old German romancists—who hide diabolical instincts under appearances of candour, and develop their poisonous fangs with their growth. She is simply capricious and heartless, as we have described her. She is incapable of appreciating the devotion of an honourable man, though she delights in displaying her influence over him by her exigencies; and naturally she can never resist a flirtation. So she brings Baron von Stürmer to her pretty feet, while he is still in ignorance that she is betrothed to his dearest friend. When Stürmer discovers the truth, his honour saves him, and he seeks safety from his temporary delirium in flight. A French novelist would have undoubtedly precipitated events by compromising the pair, after Susanna had given her hand to Von Hegewitz; but here we recognise the superior purity of German feminine inspiration, which goes out of its way to avoid pitch and petroleum. The author is content with simply killing the noble-minded Klaus, by making him catch a mortal illness, when gratifying a childish whim of his wife's. And after all, Susanna, who is as little capable of remorse as of real affection, simply seeks distraction and consolation in change of scene; and throwing the charge of her new-born baby upon its aunt, goes to the Riviera, where she marries a rich Englishman. Then, and somewhat unexpectedly, we were delighted to find that Anna Maria's self-sacrifices were to be rewarded. Stürmer, who has been disenchanted by prolonged absence, and who has reason to suspect that he had been somewhat hasty in his impressions as to the coldness of Fräulein von Hegewitz's nature, strives again to warm the

household beauty into a responsive glow, and this time he has no reason to complain of any want of success.

There is homely comedy, pathos too, and much of human nature as well, in some of the scenes which describe the troubles of Anna Maria, when the Baron had already fallen in love with Susanna, and while he and his sister were playing at cross-purposes. The Fräulein was doing her best to educate a penniless girl who had her own way to make in the world; but the Baron was looking on indignantly at the humiliations of a suffering angel. Klaus is unbosoming himself to his old aunt.

“See'st thou, aunt! I had believed nothing in the world could change me now. I fancied I had become a quiet, peaceable man; but every one of my nerves has thrilled, since it has been borne in upon me, how abominably that girl was treated. Once, as a little boy, I had to look on in helpless indignation while two great lads tortured a cockchafer; they had scrambled up a tree, because I had bitten and scratched them. My small limbs could not carry me up after them; but my speechless rage, the overpowering emotion in my childish heart, I have never forgotten to this day. And it was precisely the same thing when I heard those childish feet perpetually tripping backwards and forwards in the house, now on the kitchen-stairs and again in the passages. Do you fancy I have been able to forget how she grew continually more and more wearied, when Anna Maria's merciless voice was ringing in my ears, “Here, Susanna!” or “Come, then, Susanna, quick; we must go down to the milk-cellar!””

But if Susanna had to complain of much well-meant severity, she was avenged when Stürmer, in ignorance of her engagement, had come to make her proposals, while the Fräulein Anna Maria believed that the formally-announced visit was meant for her. Anna Maria and her aunt talk the Baron's note over, never doubting of his meaning; and the business-like young lady of the “Herren-haus” has been transformed by her brightening prospects into a beaming angel of love and light. When she reads the missive of the man whom she believes to be her lover, she forgets her reason and all her self-composure. “The letter fluttered to the floor, her flaxen head buried itself in my lap, and her arms silently stole round me. ‘Tante, ach, Tante!’ she stammered out.”

The subsequent disillusioning was the more terribly cruel. “I see her now so clearly before me in that moment; Anna Maria, as she gripped so firmly to the back of a chair, deadly pale to the very lips; Stürmer near her with his looks riveted on Susanna; Brockelman standing behind them with the lamp.” Such are some stray specimens of the style of a story which is worked up ingeniously, though with somewhat wearisome reiteration, to a highly emotional climax. And although we have had to own to having no previous knowledge of “W. Heimbürg” and her novels, we shall be very glad to improve our acquaintance with her on any future occasion.

MAY-DAY POLITICS.

Two years have now rolled by since the grave at Hughenden closed over all that was mortal of Lord Beaconsfield. On the second anniversary of his death, in the presence of a mixed assemblage, representing every type and phase of English active and reflective life, and embracing men of all political parties, his statue was unveiled by loving and reverent hands, and henceforth will convey to the passers-by some just idea of what was the outward form of the patriot-statesman, whom, discarded in a moment of petulant caprice, the English people would gladly, were it possible, recall to power and leadership. Of the affecting incidents of that ceremonial it is not our purpose to speak. They will not be forgotten by those who had the privilege to witness it; and they testified more than the most eloquent of sermons or addresses to the deep, wide, and enduring sense of national loss entertained throughout the empire. This statue, raised by subscription, has thus taken precedence, in point of time, of that which by vote of the House of Commons is to be erected in Westminster Abbey. Why works of this kind undertaken by or on behalf of the nation, should occupy a longer time in construction than those originated by private effort, is a subject of curious speculation: of the fact, perhaps the most striking instance is that of the circumstances attending the funeral of the Duke of Wellington in St Paul's in 1852. The tomb in the crypt was not closed over the hero's coffin till the spring of 1858, and it fell to the lot of the First Commissioner, who was responsible for the solemn ceremony of the former

year, after an exile of five years from office, to witness in the same official capacity, in conjunction with the present Duke of Wellington and the authorities of the Cathedral, the concluding ceremony of that august and memorable burial. But still longer and more remarkable was the delay which occurred in completing and erecting the monument to the great Duke in the cathedral itself. The causes of that delay are recorded in the pages of Hansard and the records of the Office of Works; but before they were removed, the artist, a man of rare genius, died of worry and a broken heart, and the monument, though erected, is still unfinished, and is deprived of its full effect by a singularly inappropriate wooden screen, which mars its appearance, but which the cathedral authorities decline to remove. These thoughts, however, springing out of the ceremony of April 19th, must not lead us into æsthetic polemics, though a most interesting, and possibly useful, paper might be written on the injury done to art and artists by Government patronage and supervision under a political system such as ours. The late Prince Consort, once deploring the evil fate which had befallen so many public works in London, was told by his interlocutor, the then First Commissioner, that it was the artistic price paid for the blessing of constitutional government; and the Prince, with his accustomed good sense, accepted the explanation. Turning, then, from the statue of our illustrious leader, let us consider very shortly the present aspect of affairs under the management of his successful

traducers and unsuccessful successors.

In ordinary times, May-Day may be said to mark the close of the first half of the Parliamentary session; and on all grounds—social, political, and physical—it is to be hoped that this year a determined stand will be made against the pernicious practice of extending the session into September, in order to enable Ministerial orators to boast of the number of Bills turned into Acts during the dog-days. After devoting a whole autumnal session to manipulating the rules and forms of the House of Commons as they thought fit, Ministers can no longer throw the blame of their own mismanagement, as they have done during the last two years, on the House, or any section of it; and the manner in which the House gave a second reading to their Bankruptcy Bill, after one night's debate, and passed all the stages of their startling Explosives Bill in less than an hour, ought to satisfy the appetite for prompt legislation of even Mr Labouchere. But with all these elements of legislative success in their favour, the Government of all the Talents and all the Virtues do not occupy a triumphant position at this the turning-point of their fourth session. In Parliament their chariot-wheels drag but slowly; in the country, as election after election testifies, they are steadily losing ground. Abroad, in India, in the Colonies, their policies are perpetually failing, and doubt, perplexity, and confusion attend their plans. The French Treaty of Commerce and the Convention of Prætoria having broken down, it seems to have occurred to these politic schemers that a fine show of diplomatic energy might be made, and an apparent check—on paper—be given to reviving French acqui-

tiveness, by the concoction of a Treaty with Portugal, by which that venerable little State should be put in possession of our old friend Major Longbow's kingdom of Congo,—possession which we had no more right to give than it had to take; but, alas! the scheme got wind prematurely, and Manchester in the person of Mr Jacob Bright, and Liverpool in that of Mr Whitley, having exposed and denounced it, Mr Gladstone meekly bowed his head to the commercial and philanthropic storm he had raised, and the Congo Treaty, with its surrender of the thirteen tribes with whom we have engagements, has gone the way of the French Treaty of Commerce and the Prætoria Convention.

Half the time which, at the commencement of the Session, Lord Hartington was disposed to allow to our occupation of Egypt has already passed, and every report from that country postpones still further the date of our departure. Whether the ingenious paper constitution which the ready wit of Lord Dufferin has excogitated, and the oriental indifference of the Khedive and his advisers promptly accepted, will work while supported by the bayonets and sabres of Sir Evelyn Wood, is extremely doubtful; but that it will suddenly collapse so soon as that support is withdrawn is absolutely certain, and of that certainty no one is more convinced than Lord Dufferin himself. The whole pith of his lengthy and rhetorical despatch lies in a couple of sentences towards its close: "A great part of what we are about to inaugurate will be of necessity tentative and experimental. This is especially true as regards the indigenous Courts of Justice, and the new political institutions, both of which will have to be worked by persons the

majority of whom will be without experience or instruction. Had I been commissioned to place affairs in Egypt on the footing of an Indian subject State, the outlook would have been different. The masterful hand of a Resident would have quickly bent everything to his will, and in the space of five years we should have greatly added to the material wealth and well-being of the country by the extension of its cultivated area, and the consequent expansion of its revenue; by the partial if not the total abolition of the *corvée* and slavery, the establishment of justice, and other beneficent reforms.”¹

For reasons—into the merits of which we need not enter, and which are shortly given by Lord Dufferin—another plan has been adopted, of the success of which the only chance lies in the indefinite prolongation of our armed occupation—at the expense, it is true, of the unfortunate Fellaheen, who will thus be charged with the maintenance of two armies, both, it is likewise true, commanded by eminent English generals. The whole situation is one of admirable inconsistency and absurdity, and affords an eloquent commentary on the non-intervention homilies of the Mid-Lothian campaign. If Mr Gladstone should this autumn visit his sorely-tried constituents, we would suggest three questions to be put to him: 1st, Why did he invade Egypt? 2d, Why does he remain in armed occupation of the country? and 3d, When does he intend to leave it? If Mr Bright could be induced to be present when those questions are asked and answered, we are disposed to think that considerable interest and excitement would ensue.

In India Lord Ripon, a vain and weak man, having succeeded in embroiling the natives with the Europeans, appears inclined to fly before the storm he has raised, and to leave to his successor the irksome, possibly dangerous, task of allaying it. As in Ireland, so in India, the action of the Government has set class against class, race against race, and has shaken the basis on which confidence in our rule, and, consequently, a free employment of capital in industrial enterprises, depend. The great work which, during Lord Lytton's viceroyalty, Sir Richard Temple was so actively and successfully pressing forward, the railway to Quetta, has been abandoned, and the official apologist of the present Indian administration, Sir Lepel Griffin, in the remarkable letter which appeared in the 'Times' on April 6, urges the recommencement of that work as essential to our obvious interests in that part of our Empire. As time rolls on, it becomes more and more apparent that the frontier policy of Lord Lytton was in its cardinal points right and wise, and that the rapid and alarming progress of Russia in Central Asia can only be successfully encountered by a recurrence to it.

Of the pitiable condition of our sovereignty in the Transvaal, were it not for the sufferings of the unfortunate natives, it would be difficult to speak without laughing; and the lengthened debates, and cloudy and self-contradictory explanations and apologies of the Government, serve only to prove the practical folly as well as the deep disgrace of the humiliating surrender at Prætoria.

Those debates have done something more. - They have shown the

¹ Egypt, No. 9 (1883), p. 83.

two statesmen, whom we indicated in a previous number as, barring Mr Gladstone, the two most powerful men on the Whig-Radical side of the House, Mr Forster and Mr Goschen, in complete accord against the policy pursued by the Government in South Africa. That conjunction is full of interest and import for the future. As if to emphasise his dissent from that policy, Mr Goschen rose to answer the President of the Board of Trade, and although he failed then to catch the Speaker's eye, his speech, delivered a little later, did traverse, and was felt by the House to traverse, the whole line of policy and conduct embodied in Mr Chamberlain's speech and Mr Gladstone's resolution. It is worth noting that since Mr Forster's resignation this is the first occasion on which he and Mr Goschen have together opposed the Government: will it be the last? and if not, what will be the effect of such a combination on the heterogeneous array which still, though in diminished numbers, and with many searchings of heart, follow Mr Gladstone's tortuous and ignoble lead? The gossip of the lobbies, to which Mr Chamberlain appealed at Birmingham in support of his mendacious charge of intentional obstruction against the Tory party, bears constant witness to the want of certainty and directness of purpose which now characterise the leadership of Mr Gladstone. Of this his treatment of the Transvaal question and the Affirmation Bill are signal proofs. When Sir M. Hicks Beach, early in the Session, gave notice of a vote of censure on his Transvaal policy, and asked, according to custom, for a day on which it could be discussed, Mr Gladstone evaded the demand: when Mr Gorst brought forward his more limited motion

for protecting the two Bechuana chiefs, and Mr Cartwright had formulated a colourless amendment to it, and had proposed it from a back bench behind the Government, the Liberal flock believed that the member for Oxfordshire was to be their bell-wether, after whom they should troop victoriously, if not gloriously, into the division lobby: but, to their surprise, the Prime Minister, after subjecting the phraseology of motion and amendment to a minute and searching criticism, accepted only the preamble of the latter, and tacked to it a recognition of the inability of the Transvaal Government to restrain their lawless subjects on the western frontier, together with the expression of a hope that her Majesty's Ministers would make adequate provision for the interests of the ruined chiefs. Mr Gladstone having thus chosen his battle-ground, and fixed a distant morning sitting for the fray, Parliament adjourned for the Easter holidays.

Before the debate was resumed, an agent, accredited or unaccredited, of the Transvaal Government, in the person of its Attorney-General, arrived in England, and shortly afterwards Mr Gladstone announced his intention of expunging from his amendment all reference to the inability of the Transvaal Government to restrain its unruly subjects. The Ministerial battle-ground being thus shifted, the fight was recommenced on the 13th ult. Of the debate itself we will only say that it is doubtful whether the attack or the defence was the more damaging to the Ministerial position; but this we desire to note, that at the close of it Mr Gladstone expressed a wish to withdraw his luckless amended amendment, for which not a word had been said, and which the usually docile Mr

Cartwright had expressly repudiated.

Similar fickleness and pliability are observable in his management of the Affirmation Bill. As introduced and explained by the Attorney-General, it loyally fulfilled the contract entered into with Mr Bradlaugh at the opening of the Session, and would, on its becoming law, have permitted that gentleman, without a further appeal to his constituents at Northampton, to take his seat; but the religious feeling of the three kingdoms was aroused by the proposed transaction, and the hitherto tractable Scotch members showed signs of rebellion. In answer, therefore, to a question put by Mr M'Lagan, the Attorney-General announced that he would, in Committee, deprive the Bill of its retrospective character, and make it conform to the precedent of 1828. We would respectfully ask whether Mr Bradlaugh and Mr Labouchere regard the Bill thus altered as fulfilling the agreement by virtue of which Mr Bradlaugh withdrew his cohorts, and abstained from troubling his perplexed patrons at the opening of the Session? The concession may buy off a certain amount of opposition on the Ministerial benches, but it will fail to divest the Bill of its purely Bradlaughian character on the one hand, and to secure the gratitude and support of that gentleman and his friends on the other. Meanwhile Whitsuntide is approaching, and the Bradlaugh Relief Bill has not yet been read a second time. The tactics which have inspired this delay are obvious, and are observable in the arrangement of other Ministerial measures. They consist in pressing forward the least debateable bills, and retarding to the last moment those which are likely to encounter serious opposition, so that when

Parliament is weary a rush may be made with them, and a fictitious and artificial agitation be excited in the country to overbear opposition in either House. The Causes and Liberal Associations have, in this matter, shown their hand a little too soon; and their diverting appeal to Mr Gladstone to keep Parliament sitting until all the measures mentioned in the Queen's Speech have become law will, we doubt not, be treated with just contempt.

If, indeed, we may venture upon a word of advice to the Opposition in both Houses of Parliament, it would be to disregard utterly all threats based on the assumption that the feeling out of doors is in favour of Radical changes, or the maintenance, at any price, of the existing Government. The whole of the contentious measures, constituting their stock-in-trade for the present Session, beginning with the Bradlaugh Relief Bill, and ending with that for the better government of the metropolis, may be rejected without ruffling the public composure. Should any such catastrophe befall the legislative efforts of the Ministry, they can, if they choose, appeal to the constituencies; and the Tory party need not fear the result.

A slight reference to recent elections, and a cursory study of recent political meetings, will justify this language on our part. Excluding Liverpool, on both sides, the seats gained by the Tory party since 1880 are 12, those gained by their opponents 2, leaving a net balance in our favour of 10 seats; while of the seats temporarily disfranchised for bribery, 5 were held by Tories, 7 by Radicals. Excluding, therefore, the confusing element of the Home Rulers, the case as between Tories and Radicals, stands thus: In 1880, Radicals,

353; Tories, 239—majority, 114. In 1883: Radicals, 336; Tories, 244—majority, 92,—a diminution of itself sufficient to mark a decided change in the electoral mind; but a little examination of the facts shows that the change is not confined to one part of the country, or to any particular class of constituencies. From Buteshire to Cornwall, from little Evesham to populous North Durham, the Tory tide has steadily advanced; nor is it observable only in contested elections, but is clearly discernible in seats like Westminster and Preston, retained without a fight; like Haddingtonshire, Mid Cheshire, Cambridge University, and Wigan, held by increased majorities; while the gain, without a fight, of the principal commercial seaport of the South, following the decisive victory at Salisbury, demonstrates the strength of the political reaction in the south of England. That Lord Salisbury should have been well received in the hardware capital ought not to surprise any one acquainted with the real feelings and disposition of English working people; but that his reception should have been of so enthusiastic a character as to extract from Mr Chamberlain that exhibition of malignant vulgarity which has been gibbeted by the Duke of Argyll, could hardly have been expected. The Caucus must indeed be trembling in its cradle when the President of the Board of Trade was impelled, in its defence, to cast off the thin veneer of gentility he had worn of late years, and appear in his native dress of foul-mouthed intolerance. The Whig-Radical party now know the real character of the politician who wields the democracy which they fondly, but foolishly, hope to lead and control. The same heartiness and hopefulness which were

so conspicuous at Birmingham have characterised the numerous Tory meetings throughout the country, and augur well alike for any bye-elections which may take place this year, and for the general election, which we are inclined to think will occur before long, and with this constituency. It is announced indeed, apparently on authority, that Ministers, if defeated on the Affirmation Bill, will disregard that check, and proceed with their tale of legislation without the support of Mr Bradlaugh's voice and vote. Be it so; there will probably be other defeats in store for them before the close of the Session, and the longer they postpone the evil day the greater will be the burden of humiliation they will have to carry, and the difficulty of explaining to the constituencies the difference between their speeches in Opposition, and their conduct in office.

The debate and division on Mr Pell's motion respecting Local Taxation prove the diminished hold the Government have on the confidence of the House, and the desperate straits to which they are reduced to avoid absolute defeat in an assembly where, as we have shown, their nominal majority still approaches 100. Old platitudes, and new socialistic doctrines, invented for the occasion, were urged with all the fire and eloquence of Mr Gladstone's best days to defeat a motion, the principle of which, in order to avoid a crushing overthrow, he had admitted last year, and for the carrying of which into operation he is about to ask Parliament to vote £200,000 a-year. If, as in his despair he contended on the 17th ult., "Every time we place a grant in aid upon the Consolidated Fund, we commit the offence of laying upon labour a very large proportion of the

charge heretofore borne by property," how came it that last year he accepted without demur Colonel Harcourt's demand for a subvention on behalf of disturnpiked and main roads, and has inserted in the Estimates for the current year the sum we have mentioned for that purpose? That the new argument is as false in fact as it is dangerous in its application, requires little demonstration. Rates, as Mr Pell conclusively showed in his masterly opening statement, fall with peculiar severity on the poor occupiers in the great towns, and probably no class would be more benefited by the changes he advocated than the very men in whose nominal behalf Mr Gladstone uttered that sophistical protest. The ulterior danger lurking—not obscurely—in its application, is its obvious and avowed intention to persuade the poor that our present system of Imperial taxation is only rendered just to them by maintaining an unjust system of local taxation on real property, and thus to hold up to public odium those who seek to redress, by the most simple and available means—adopted by himself last year—a crying injustice, the existence of which he does not deny. Language so reckless and arts so transparent may have had some slight effect at the moment; but if so, the narrow majority of twelve obtained by them in a House of 450 members, will not compensate the Minister in the long-run for the dismay and contempt with which such tactics must inspire all those of whatever politics who do not wish to see the doctrines of Prudhomme enunciated by English Ministers. They, too, will note how closely in point of time this new socialistic departure on the part of the Prime Minister follows upon Mr Chamberlain's exposition of the unearned

increment of rent theory at Birmingham.

No wonder when such principles dominate the Treasury bench the Duke of Argyll should wax eloquent in their denunciation, and the 'Edinburgh Review' maintain a mournful but significant silence. For six months that old and consistent advocate of Liberal Whiggism has refrained even from good words on the subject of politics, unable to praise and unwilling to censure the aberrations of a Government which still retains in its ranks a Granville, a Hartington, and a Spencer. But the moment is at hand when the Whigs will have to choose between their old principles and the new Radicalism of the Birmingham school. That from among their ranks may arise, if he have not already arisen, another Burke to make a successful appeal from the new to the old professors of their historical policy, is the best wish we can form for them and their country. When we read the recent letters of the Duke of Argyll and Lord Gray, the termination of Mr Burke's appeal to their ancestors appears singularly applicable to the present condition of affairs, and as such we reproduce it:—

"The Whigs of this day have before them, in their appeal, their constitutional ancestors; they have the doctors of the modern school. They will choose for themselves. The author of the Reflections has chosen for himself. If a new order is coming on, and all the political opinions must pass away as dreams which our ancestors have worshipped as revelations, I say for him that he would rather be the last (as certainly he is the least) of that race of men, than the first and greatest of those who have coined to themselves Whig prin-

ciples from a French¹ die, unknown to the impress of our fathers in the Constitution."

Of the growing alienation between the two sections of the Whig-Radical party the debates and divisions on the Pensions to Lords Alcester and Wolseley are a pregnant proof. The contrast between the triumphant, defiant tone assumed a few months ago by Ministerial speakers on the Egyptian campaign, and the apologetic, halting explanations now advanced in deprecation of Radical opposition to the grants to those eminent commanders, gives an accurate measure of the decline and fall of the factitious popularity derived by Mr Gladstone and his colleagues from the battle of Tel-el-Kebir and the occupation of Cairo; and the outspoken indignation of Messrs Labouchere, Rylands, Illingworth, and others, found such substantial backing in the Division Lobby as to justify the most serious apprehension on the part of the Government as to their future hold over those terrible gentlemen below the gangway. Mr Gladstone's extraordinary incapacity to understand the Assembly of which he is the leader is once more exhibited in his avowed determination to withhold from the knowledge of the House such measures as those for the Reform of the Municipal Gov-

ernment of London, Tenants' Compensation, and County Government, until the second reading of the miserable Bradlaugh Relief Bill has been carried. A more barefaced or preposterous threat was never made against a deliberative Assembly, and we trust it will be treated with proper disdain. Between Easter and Whitsuntide the Government have been compelled to abandon the Irish mail contract and the Budget proposals respecting the duties on silver plate, and to modify essentially or to withdraw their proposed arrangements with Portugal about the Congo.

On the other hand, they have developed a readiness for annexation which, commencing at Rotumah, may carry them as far as New Guinea or Candahar. Whether, then, we look to the increasing activity and growing popularity of constitutional Toryism out of doors, or to the blunders, defeats, and dissensions of our opponents in Parliament, we are warranted in asserting that the final hour of political retribution cannot be far distant, and that the gross political imposture which was installed in office by a deluded people in 1880, will have ceased to mismanage the affairs of the Empire before the recurrence of another May-day.

¹ Query Birmingham?

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. DCCCXII.

JUNE 1883.

VOL. CXXXIII.

STEPHEN'S HISTORY OF THE CRIMINAL LAW.

MR JUSTICE STEPHEN has in this work contributed to general as well as legal literature a hitherto un-written chapter of history. There are certain parts of it, of course, which will interest only the professional reader. But the whole subject is of as much general importance as any within the range of history and politics, and is, moreover, treated by the author in a way which is evidently intended, both from its style and the constant discussion of subjects of wide practical importance, to attract a more extended circle of readers. The book, notwithstanding that on the whole it cannot be said to have been very carefully revised, contains a vigorous sketch, in that easily readable form which a man who is master of his subject can always impart, of the past history and present condition of the criminal law, and a series of very definite and decided opinions upon those points which are still

subjects of controversy. There is probably no man living with better qualifications for the task. For nearly thirty years he has, as he says in this book, given special attention to the administration of this branch of law. Amongst the different codes which were passed for India during his short tenure of the legal membership of council, criminal procedure was one of the most important. He drew the draft criminal code which in 1878 was introduced into Parliament by Sir John Holker on behalf of Lord Beaconsfield's Ministry, and served on the commission to which that draft was referred. The measure, or a portion of it, has since been promised in the speech from the Throne. The experiment of a penal code has now been made for twenty-three years in India—that *corpus vile* on which so many legislative experiments have been made—with signal success. Clearness and simplicity have been intro-

duced where it is obviously of the highest public importance that they should prevail. The practical as apart from the historical value of this book is that it demonstrates that the time is ripe for a similar measure of codification in England, and forcibly directs public attention to certain subjects, to which we will hereafter advert, on which it is essential that public opinion should mature itself.

The growth of criminal law in this country, and of the mode of its administration, has been essentially English—connected with the different stages of our political history—influenced by successive changes in public sentiment with regard to crime, and what was safe and fair in the mode of dealing with it. The French and German penal codes are, as Sir James Stephen points out, rational versions and developments of the criminal law of Rome. That is not the case with ourselves. Our law is of home manufacture, the result of successive adjustments between the executive power, as represented by royalty on the one hand, and the ecclesiastical and legal professions or powers on the other. Each crime, and each step in the course of a criminal proceeding, from arrest down to conviction and punishment, may be said to have a separate history. The sources of it lie in the ancient customs and institutions which are familiar to the students of constitutional history, in Acts of Parliament, in State trials. The latter alone consist of thirty-three formidable volumes. Students, for the first time, have the benefit of the guidance of a man intimately acquainted with these sources of knowledge, to a clear view of the results to be derived from them. We propose to lay before our readers such of those results as we think will prove

most interesting. There are few who in the course of their lives have not been deeply interested in the proceedings of their own assize courts, or in the sensational trials of the day. They will not learn with indifference that each step in the trial has a history which connects it with the vicissitudes of national life, and that the whole system, as it has grown up, has in the course of time proved the parent of other systems, which exist at this day in India and the fifty-two colonies of Great Britain, and provide for the public peace, for security to life, property, and reputation, amongst a considerable portion of the human race.

One advantage of going back to the origin of any law is that idle discussions about first principles soon settle themselves in a practical manner. The question is often raised, What right has society to punish the individual at all? It is often objected to any administration of criminal law at all likely to be adequate to the purpose for which it exists—viz., to secure the lives and fortunes of mankind from outrage—that it is repressive, coercive, an unwarrantable interference with the liberty of the subject. In Ireland, for instance, in the last two or three years, agrarian and other crimes have been allowed to attain proportions inconsistent with public peace and security. A large portion of the voters of this country, under the guidance of responsible leaders, who descant with an admiring sympathy on the blessings of anarchy and gloat over landlords running for their lives, have been taught to believe that the supremacy of law is inconsistent with liberty, and that to repress crime is to stifle political discontent, destroy the momentum which is to carry Government measures, and

brutally to coerce a nation. Under this system, according to the evidence of Mr Forster, a large portion of the Irish population was given up to outrage, murder, and to misery which was emphatically described as worse than death. Because A., B., and C. are dissatisfied with the existing condition of society, and desirous of altering it, they are to be allowed, not an extended licence themselves to resist the Government and agitate for changes, but to outrage or murder with impunity and as of right, D., E., and F., who are not dissatisfied therewith, or who, being dissatisfied, nevertheless prefer to acquiesce therein. The death of Lord Frederick Cavendish marks the dividing point of time at which these theories ceased to predominate. From that time the Government have been engaged in hunting out criminals and stamping out crime, with so much of success as might be expected, having regard to a state of society which had long been delivered over to the blessings of anarchy and deprived of those measures either of law or procedure which would have been sufficient to maintain order.

Now, what is the view which history gives of the manner in which Government assumed the duty of repressing crime? The answer is, that in doing so it abolished the right of private retribution. The duty sprang from that abolition, and one hardship of a government throwing up the reins in the face of growing outrage, in order to carry their measures, is that the right of private vengeance does not revive. The result is, that an unofficial civil war is waged, in which the disaffected are armed, and the orderly members of society are helpless. The Government allow crime, but prevent retribution of any kind, and in that

respect civilisation becomes worse than barbarism—as the unfortunate residents in Ireland have learned to their cost. In the earliest times crimes were mostly those of violence, and they were kept in check by the fear of private vengeance. Private war, blood-feuds, and general anarchy prevailed. In the north-west borders of India that state of things largely exists at the present day. The Wahabee who killed Lord Mayo was a member of a family engaged in a blood-feud with another family. He was said to have been convicted of murder and transported to the Andaman Islands, mainly on suspicion arising out of the existence of a known blood-feud. And in medieval Europe the same practice obtained. Dante records in the 29th canto of "L'Inferno" how he meets the spirit of a murdered kinsman, and how he pointed with menacing look at Dante because his violent death was yet unavenged, and therefore all of his blood were still partners in his shame. And in the 23d canto of "Il Purgatorio" we have—

"Chi n'ha colpa creda
Che vendetta di Dio non teme suppe,"

in allusion to an old superstition, according to which it was believed that if the murderer ate a sop of bread and wine on the grave of his victim within nine days of the murder, the right of vengeance was forfeited. To guard this right the relations of the murdered man watched his tomb, in order to prevent the ceremony from being accomplished.

The next stage in civilisation is when public authority, still regarding crime as an act of private war, steps in to reconcile antagonists on established terms, and gradually to prescribe, then to limit, and then to abolish, the operations of

private warfare. All countries seem to have begun by legalising that which they could not prevent. They invested individuals with the legal right of inflicting summary punishment on wrong-doers where offences injure them personally. The Anglo-Saxons called that the law of *infangthief*. An anecdote is given in a note which shows a similar notion of justice as prevailing amongst the Mohammedans. A crowd was surrounding in 1831 the mangled bodies of a man and woman near Peshawur. On the approach of the chief, one of the crowd stepped forward and narrated in a trembling attitude that he had discovered his wife in an act of infidelity and had put both parties to death. The chief asked a few questions, and then said in a loud voice, "You have acted the part of a good Mohammedan, and have performed a justifiable act." The Saxon laws are full of this right of summary execution. *Infangthief* long survived the Conquest, though the exercise of the right was put under restrictions. A long step towards the abolition of such a right was made when the central authority was strong enough to establish some sort of a police, whose duty it was to arrest criminals and to recover stolen property. When abstract and unpractical questions like that, whether society has a right to punish the individual, are started, or the doctrine is laid down that you cannot effectively repress crime without unwarrantably restricting the liberties of the people—a doctrine which is abominably cruel as regards the well-affected orderly portion of any nation—it is as well to remember that the whole of criminal procedure and law grows out of the primary duty of Government to maintain internal peace. To discharge that duty it must not

merely abolish the right of private vengeance, but it must exert public authority with a view to repress the acts which excite to vengeance, partly by inflicting punishment, partly by its acts expressing and encouraging general reprobation of them. The foundation in England and elsewhere of criminal law and procedure is the prerogative of keeping the peace. It is as old as the monarchy itself. Offences are still charged as having been contrary to the peace of our sovereign lady the Queen. The allegiance of the subject is his duty; his correlative right is to have the Queen's peace maintained and preserved.

A very slight sketch indeed of the history of this law since the period when legal history may be said to begin, is all that we need trouble our readers with. Every one knows that the earliest and simplest mode by which Government enforced responsibility, when they were strong enough to do so, was by the system of holding every one in a district or other locality responsible for his neighbours. This led to the criminal being accused by the neighbourhood where he lived, by those best able to know or ascertain his conduct. Accusation under those circumstances was originally equivalent to conviction. If the accused denied the charge, he might undergo the ordeal if he pleased; but that was framed so as in reality to be an appeal to God to work a miracle on his behalf. He had to handle hot iron or plunge his arm into boiling water, and in either case to be unhurt. Or if he pleased he could undergo the ordeal of water; in which case if he sank and was drowned that was a proof of innocence, if he floated and was saved that was a sign of guilt, and he was hanged.

The Normans introduced, and

William the Conqueror and Henry II. especially exercised to the utmost, a far stronger government than had ever before been put in force in this island. Institutions and laws assumed a more definite shape; and in the early part of the thirteenth century Bracton wrote a treatise, which is the earliest general view that we obtain of the criminal law of this country, and the first known attempt to reduce it to a general system. Its accuracy is confirmed by other writers who flourished in the reign of Edward I. An interval of 350 years passed before any other legal writer of eminence on this subject appeared. That carries us to the time of Sir Edward Coke, in James I.'s reign. Bracton's work gives an account of eleven capital crimes and an unspecified number of misdemeanours. It stands as the foundation on which the rest was built. During that interval of 350 years the law underwent considerable changes, but they have to be traced in the statute and year books. In that time about twenty statutory felonies and as many misdemeanours were added to the crimes known to Bracton. They were principally crimes of violence directed against the public peace and the administration of justice; for the statutes did not at this time attempt to deal with crimes of dishonesty, such as cheating, embezzlement, forgery and the like, which are hardly noticed. The Star Chamber had, however, under the fiction of declaring the law, converted into misdemeanours acts which previously were not criminal at all—as, for instance, perjury by a witness—and assumed jurisdiction also to repress such offences as libel, forgery and conspiracies, latterly with great severity.

Then came Coke's work, of which Sir James Stephen does not give a

very glowing account. Another 150 years passed away, till Blackstone wrote at the beginning of the reign of George III. The seventeenth century was not an important era of criminal legislation; the attempts at law reform in the time of the Commonwealth proved abortive. The eighteenth century was a more active time; and when Blackstone wrote, capital felonies had increased to the number of 160.

Blackstone may be said to have been the first who rescued the law of England from chaos. "He did," says Sir James Stephen, "exceedingly well for the end of the eighteenth century what Coke tried to do and did exceedingly ill about 150 years before; that is to say, he gave an account of the law as a whole, capable of being studied not only without disgust but with interest and profit." He lamented, as well he might, that among the variety of actions which men are daily liable to commit, no less than 160 are declared by Act of Parliament to be felonies worthy of instant death. The next era in criminal law was from 1826 to 1832, when Sir Robert Peel's Acts of consolidation and amendment were passed. They, however, left a large portion of the law in its original confused and intricate condition, notwithstanding the improvements they effected. In 1861 six consolidation Acts were passed, which are described by Sir James Stephen as exceedingly cumbrous and ill arranged, reproducing faithfully, though under somewhat different forms, the defects of the system of which they are at present the final result. That is the state of things which is rightly considered to render a criminal code an urgent public necessity. Experience in India has shown that it is possible to have the whole

criminal law of a country simple, clear, easily understood, and at the same time effective. A similar enactment for this country has already been drawn, revised by a commission composed of the most eminent lawyers in England, and only awaiting an opportunity for being passed. It may be, however, that until public opinion is aroused upon the matter, neither the zeal of the Ministry, nor the inclination or leisure of Parliament, will be adequate to the occasion.

We have hurried over the mere stages, as it were, in the growth of the legal system. The way in which criminal law acts is by punishment. An outline of the history of punishment—of the way in which the Government prescribed severity, and the legal and ecclesiastical professions stepped in, to mitigate it, till everything was reduced to confusion, and any punishment whatever was as uncertain a consequence of crime as if the prisoner had tossed for it—will be recognised at once as characteristic of the English people in all stages of their history,—their love of compromises, checks, and counter-checks, and distaste for uniform system. Death was originally the chief and most usual punishment. William the Conqueror, notwithstanding the ruthless savage nature of the man, disliked the punishment of death in cold blood, and substituted mutilation for it. Mutilation is a punishment mentioned in the assize of Clarendon and Northampton, in the time of Henry II. In the reigns of Richard I., Henry III., and Edward I., death was the penalty inflicted. In the two last-mentioned reigns it was the common punishment for felony. It continued to be so, as to treason and nearly all felonies, down to the year 1827, till public opinion revolted, and an era set in of mercy

and of proportioning the penalty to the crime. Juries latterly would not convict, and the necessary and healthy sentiment of abhorrence of crime was changed into a disastrous sympathy with the criminal. But ages before public sentiment rose in rebellion against the system of barbarous severity, the English people had in their own practical unsystematic way managed to a great extent to elude it. First of all—and this was the foundation of all the rest—the clergy successfully asserted a claim to be free from the jurisdiction of secular courts. So a clerk came to be subject to the ecclesiastical courts only, which merely enjoined him to purge himself of his offence, probably by some mode of penance and fasting. In early times a clerk was delivered up to the ordinary as soon as he was imprisoned on suspicion of any crime whatever. The Norman kings, and especially Henry II., might struggle against this claim as much as they pleased. They failed, and the clerk in holy orders possessed immunity from civil punishment. Later on, in Edward I.'s time, this immunity began to be disputed, and a clerk was not allowed to claim his clergy until after he was convicted. The next step was that the courts might deliver him up *absque purgatione*, in which case he was to be imprisoned in the bishop's prison for life. But restriction on the privilege, which originally was confined to the tonsured clergy, was followed by a wide extension of its application. In 1350 it was enacted that all manner of clerks, as well secular as religious, should thenceforth enjoy the privileges of Holy Church. In construing this statute, the courts, ever, except in the time of the Stuarts, on the alert in favour of liberty and against

tyranny, extended the privilege to every one who could read, whether he had the clerical dress and tonsure or not. All women, however, except professed nuns, were for centuries excluded from the benefit of clergy, as it was called. Another grotesque exception was that *bigamus*,—not a bigamist in our sense of the word, but a man who “hath married two wives, or one widow,”—was also excluded. In 1547 a statute was passed which gave every peer of the realm, although he could not read, a privilege of a similar kind. It thus happened that, though all felonies were capital offences, a large proportion of offenders escaped scot-free. They were entitled to benefit of clergy, and could not be punished at all. At the beginning of the eighteenth century, women and those who could not read were admitted to benefit of clergy, and then every one charged with a clergyable felony became liable to a slight punishment in lieu of death. The benefit had always consisted in being excused from capital punishment; and at one time a man who could read could commit as many murders as he pleased with impunity. Later, a man who claimed it was branded on the thumb, unless he was a peer or a clerk in orders, and was not allowed to claim his privilege a second time.

The effect of such a clumsy system—barbarous severity on the one side, hand in hand with capricious exemption from all punishment whatever—was as bad as possible. Yet benefit of clergy was a recognised privilege till 1827. While it flourished in full vigour, the result was to reduce the administration of criminal justice to a sort of farce. But as soon as the privilege had been extended to all who could read, then it was found absolutely

necessary to cut it down. The benefit began to attach to particular offences when there were no longer specially favoured offenders. Then, of course, its application was restricted by the easy device of transferring clergyable felonies to the category of those which were not clergyable. During the eighteenth century a great deal was done in that way. The general result was that, down to the reign of George IV., death was in theory the usual punishment. Persons, however, convicted of clergyable offences, “fell upon their knees and prayed their clergy,” upon which some other sentence was substituted. With regard to all other convicted felons, they were sentenced to death; but the judge might order them to be transported instead. From 1827 downwards a considerable change has been effected in the criminal law, and it may be that it now errs, in some instances, too much in the direction of lenity. Sir James Stephen's opinion upon it seems to us to be in many ways so valuable, especially looking to the quarter from whence it comes, that we submit it for the consideration of our readers. With regard to the punishment of death, he says:—

“My opinion is, that we have gone too far in laying it aside, and that it ought to be inflicted in many cases not at present capital. I think, for instance, that political offences should, in some cases, be punished with death. People should be made to understand that to attack the existing state of society is equivalent to risking their own lives. Again, if a man commits a brutal murder, or if he does his best to do so, and fails only by accident; or if he ravishes his own daughter (I have known several such cases); or if several men, acting together, ravish any woman, using cruel violence to effect their object, I think they should be destroyed, partly in order to gratify the indignation which such crimes produce, and which it is desirable that

they should produce, and partly in order to make the world wholesomer than it would otherwise be, by ridding it of people as much misplaced in civilised society as wolves or tigers would be in a populous country. If by a long series of frauds artfully contrived, a man has shown that he is determined to live by deceiving and impoverishing others; or if, by habitually receiving stolen goods, he has kept a school of vice and dishonesty, I think he should die. . . . But I may remark that I would punish with death offences against property only with great deliberation, and when it was made to appear, by a public formal inquiry held after a conviction for an isolated offence, that the criminal really was a habitual, hardened, practically irreclaimable offender. I would on no account make the punishment so frequent as to lessen its effect, nor would I have any doubt as to the reason why it was inflicted. I suspect that a small number of executions of professional receivers of stolen goods, habitual cheats, and ingenious forgers, after a full exposure of their career and its extent and consequences, would do more to check crime than twenty times as many sentences of penal servitude. If society could make up its mind to the destruction of really bad offenders, they might in a very few years be made as rare as wolves, and that probably at the expense of a smaller sacrifice of life than is caused by many a single shipwreck or colliery explosion."

The author recurs to this topic on several occasions; he at the same time is in favour of giving the judge power to forego capital sentence in cases of murder. There are many degrees of murder, and a judge knows perfectly well when the extreme penalty will be remitted, and might be relieved from passing a sentence which is nugatory. In his own experience, out of ten cases in which he has been compelled to pass sentence, in six it was commuted; and in reference to only one out of those six had he any doubt as to its probable remission, or the propriety of its being remitted. There are crimes which

fall short of murder, and which yet deserve the gallows more thoroughly; for instance, a brutal case tried by Mr Justice Stephen himself, where a man entrapped a mere lad with money about him into a Metropolitan Railway carriage, and only just failed of effecting his death through his wounded victim crawling out of his way under the seat. But the objection to our minds of increasing the death penalty is not that it is not deserved, but that it strikes the imagination of people in general more than it does that of the criminal class. Lamson, for instance, an educated man, actually murdered his victim the very same week that Lefroy, another sensational murderer, was hanged. Obviously capital punishment did not deter him. The public mind, on the other hand, is so sensitive on the subject, that a murderer may be said to have three chances of escape more than other people. 1. The reluctance to set the criminal law in motion if there is any doubt at all; 2. the reluctance to convict; 3. the piteous appeals for mercy which are raised in almost every case, with or without reason, as the time for execution approaches. Even in the case of Palmer, whom Sir James Stephen denounces several times over as the most horrible villain that ever lived—who murdered his friend, wife, brother, according to true bills found by the grand jury—public meetings were held denouncing the verdict and summing up, and calling for a reprieve. Serjeant Ballantine in his reminiscences alludes to it as a well-known incident in all sensational cases—the revulsion of feeling produced by a conviction. The public watches with engrossing interest the piecing together of every link in the chain of evidence, and then when the case is complete, and the villanous deed demonstrated beyond a doubt, out

comes a burst of public sympathy ; and we even read of flowers and presents making their way to the condemned cell, as if some victim interesting to gods and men was about to be sacrificed on the altar of patriotism and public virtue.

Transportation is a punishment which is unknown to the rising generation. It was unknown at common law, though exile, coupled with an oath of abjuration, was the resource of a criminal who took sanctuary and confessed his crime. The earliest instances of transportation as a punishment occurred in the reign of Charles II., when pardons were granted to persons capitally convicted on condition of their being transported. All through the eighteenth, and the early part of the present century, an immense number of Acts were passed, by which various terms of transportation were allotted to particular offences. This punishment was gradually abolished between 1853 and 1864, principally on account of the objection of the colonies to receive the convicts sentenced to it ; and penal servitude, or imprisonment and hard labour in public works, was substituted for it. On the other hand, imprisonment itself is as old as the law of England, and from very early times enactments were made as to the provision of jails. Large numbers of ancient castles were used as prisons, some of which are still used for that purpose, as, for instance, at Norwich, Cambridge, and York. Nearly every Court had its own particular prison. The Marshalsea was especially the prison for the Court of King's Bench, while the Fleet was the prison of the Star Chamber and of the Court of Chancery. Horrible cruelties used to be practised in them ; and, generally speaking, the prisons were in an infamous condition until their reformation,

in consequence of the labours of Howard, which began in 1773.

In discussing this most important question of punishment, Sir James Stephen lays very little stress upon it as regards the deterrent effect produced by fear of it. Let any one ask himself, he says, to what extent a man would be deterred from theft by the knowledge that by committing it he was exposed, say, to one chance in fifty of catching a bad fever, of such a nature as would inflict upon him the same amount of confinement, inconvenience, and money loss as six months' imprisonment with hard labour. He contends that the way in which punishment works is by giving definite and solemn expression to the hatred which is excited by the commission of the offence. The sentence of the law is to the moral sentiment of the public, in relation to any offence, what a seal is to hot wax. It converts into a permanent final judgment what might otherwise be a transient sentiment. On this principle he contends that its moral guilt is a reason for increasing the severity with which a crime is punished. To put it in his own words, it is highly desirable that criminals should be hated, that the punishments inflicted upon them should be so contrived as to give expression to that hatred, and to justify it so far as the public provision of means for expressing and gratifying a healthy natural sentiment can justify and encourage it. He insists that the importance of expressing a proper hostility to criminals has of late years been much under-estimated. It is useless, he adds, to argue on questions of sentiment. He avows his own in these words : " My own experience is that there are in the world a considerable number of extremely wicked people, disposed, when opportunity offers, to get what

they want by force or fraud, with complete indifference to the interests of others, and in ways which are inconsistent with the interests of civilised society. Such persons, I think, ought, in extreme cases, to be destroyed." He denounces those sentiments which he says commonly prevail upon the subject, as "based on a conception of human life which refuses to believe that there are in the world many bad men who are the natural enemies of inoffensive men, just as beasts of prey are the enemies of all men."

Passing from crimes and punishments, we come to the procedure which is adopted when an offence has been committed. The five steps are arrest, preliminary examination, indictment, trial, verdict. Every one of these steps has its separate history. The forms in which we see them at present, and in which they are more or less familiar to every one, have resulted, like our laws themselves, from the contest between power and privilege, authority and liberty, which runs through the whole life of the English nation. The details of those histories are more or less intricate, and would have involved a laborious examination; but Sir James Stephen has undertaken and executed the task, and a general sketch, which his book enables us to give, does not involve any dry or antiquarian disquisitions.

An offender was a disturber of the king's peace; the prerogative of keeping it involved the right to apprehend its disturber. That prerogative was exercised in early Norman times through conservators of the peace—that is, the sheriff, coroner, and constable. Various enactments, from Henry II. down to Edward I., regulated the exercise of that right. In addition to that, the system of frankpledge, under which every

one was responsible for his neighbours, involved the right of every one to arrest an offender. In Edward III.'s time justices of the peace were established. If the offender was not arrested on the spot, hue and cry might be raised. And in order to render the system effective, every one was bound to keep arms to follow the cry when raised. All towns were to be watched and the gates shut at night, and all travelling was put under severe restrictions. The hue and cry only fell into disuse as a system of summonses and warrants was gradually established by the justices of the peace, who began by granting "hue and cry"—that is, issued orders which enabled the offenders to be followed from township to township. In this way society bridged over the wide interval which separates an age, in which all sorts of criminals, and especially all thieves, were regarded as enemies, to be put to death almost like wild animals—from an age in which the right even to arrest them is carefully guarded and defined. The rule remains that any one has a right to arrest for felony actually committed, or for misdemeanour which involves breach of the peace. The constable or police officer is under a duty to do so, and may also arrest on reasonable suspicion. But in recent years great changes have been made in the position of the officers—that is, policemen and constables—by whom arrests are made. Quite in recent years a disciplined force, in the nature of a standing army, for the prevention of crime and the apprehension of offenders, has been provided throughout the country. They form, as Sir William Harcourt recently observed, our first line of defence; and latterly, in the matter of detecting dynamite conspiracies, they have greatly

distinguished themselves. From the earliest times down to our own days there were only two bodies of police in England—viz., the parish and high constables, and the watchmen in cities and boroughs. Nothing could exceed their inefficiency. In the time of James I. constables were often absent, being for the most part husbandmen engaged in the fields; watchmen were of the Dogberry kind—aged, feeble, and paid at starvation rates. In a great number of towns there were no watchmen or police officers of any kind except the constables, who were unsalaried officers. Writing of the middle of last century, Mr Green remarks—"There was no effective police; and in great outbreaks the mob of London or Birmingham burnt houses, flung open prisons, and sacked and pillaged at their will."

The state of things in London was supposed to be mitigated in 1796 by the establishment of eight constables at Bow Street, known as Bow Street runners, and six others at each of seven other police-offices in London—making in all fifty constables, who gave their whole time to their business. There were also sixty-seven mounted police, forming what was called the horse-patrol, who patrolled the roads near London for the suppression of highwaymen. It was not till 1829 that the metropolitan police was established, which was followed in 1836 by the establishment of a borough police, and in 1856 by the complete establishment of a county police. The safeguard of the innocent portion of the public against any misdirected energies of the force is, that every one arrested must be brought to trial speedily, and is entitled, and has been since 1679 entitled, on the slightest delay, to a writ of *habeas corpus*, in order to have the

grounds of his detention examined. The Act which gives him that right is the strongest legal guarantee of personal liberty that the nation possesses.

The next step to arrest, which is bound to follow immediately, is the preliminary inquiry. Originally all cases of public importance were inquired into by the Privy Council; while common cases were not inquired into at all, except in the single instance of a coroner's inquest. It was in the middle of the sixteenth century that justices of the peace were first authorised to make a formal preliminary inquiry; and even then a justice acted as a prosecutor—often as a principal witness. The oppressive feature of the whole business was, that the magistrate acted summarily and secretly; and until the trial came on, the prisoner was not allowed to know of what he was accused. It was not till after the Revolution that an Act was passed which gave to a prisoner a copy of the indictment five days before his trial. Even then he was not allowed to see the depositions—that is, the evidence which was going to be given against him. The notion was, as the old lawyers always expressed it, that his innocence, and that alone, must save him. The idea of giving an accused person the means of protecting himself against perjury or a false charge, seemed utterly foreign to their ideas. Even as late as 1824, Mr Justice Park, in a summing up, alluded with approval to the practice of withholding the depositions from a prisoner. It was not till 1849 he became entitled to a copy of them; and not till 1867 that he could call his witnesses before the magistrate, and have them bound over to appear at the trial. As regards his right to bail in certain cases, that is very ancient. It dates back to

the reign of Edward I. ; and justices derived considerable income by arresting and then pocketing the fees which they got on admitting to bail.

With regard to indictments, it was, from very early times down to very recent times, necessary that they should be of the most technical accuracy and completeness. That rule operated to prevent or mitigate the evils arising from looseness in the definition of crimes in the same irregular and capricious manner in which benefit of clergy mitigated severity of punishment. The slightest variance between the thing stated and the thing proved entitled the prisoner to be acquitted. For instance, if a man was indicted for the murder of John Smith, and was proved to have murdered James Smith, that was a variance which entitled him to be acquitted, though he might be afterwards indicted again for the murder of James. Here is an instance given which the author describes as one in a thousand. A man from mere wantonness stabbed a lady whom he met in St James's Street. The indictment stated that, on January 18, 1790, he "maliciously assaulted her, with intent to cut her clothes," which was then a capital offence ; "and that he, on the said January 18, 1790, did" (*then and there* was here omitted,) "cut her clothes, to wit," &c. It was objected that it did not appear from this that the assault and the cutting the clothes were all one act ; and that, as far as the indictment went, the assault might have been in the morning, and the cutting of the clothes in the evening. The flaw would have been avoided by inserting the words *then and there* ; but their omission was held to entitle the prisoner to an acquittal. It is impossible to imagine a system more calculated to bring law into discredit than

one in which technicalities such as these made the administration of justice a solemn farce. It was popular, however, because it mitigated, though in an irrational capricious manner, the severity of the old criminal law. While, in favour of the prisoner, it was provided that the most trumpety failure to fulfil the requirements of this system should secure him impunity ; on the other hand, it was provided, in favour of the Crown, in an equally irrational manner, that the prisoner should not be entitled to a copy of the indictment in cases of felony, but only to have it read to him slowly when he was put up to plead. This apparently was to put difficulties in the way of his taking advantage of any defect. The harshness of that rule, in its turn, was mitigated by allowing any person present to point it out, and imposing on the judge, in a sort of way as counsel for the prisoner, the duty of doing so. In short, says Sir James Stephen, it is scarcely a parody to say that, from the earliest times to our own days, the law relating to indictments was much as if some small proportion of the prisoners had been allowed to toss up for their liberty. He adds that, in practice this system is, to a great extent, a thing of the past ; but legally it is still in full force, except so far as it has been relaxed by a few specific enactments. The whole system, however absurd it may seem, worked well, and was not merely a protection in a capricious way against undue severity, but it was also a protection against that looseness in the definition of crimes which operates so hardly against the accused, and throws so much power into the hands of the judges. When crimes themselves are defined with the utmost certainty and precision, indictments may be safely reduced to simplicity. Until

then the utmost strictness and technicality in the indictment are reasonable.

The next step to the indictment was the calling the accused person to the bar to make him plead to the charge, which was the commencement of the trial. Even this simplest of formalities has a history, not without tragic interest. In early times it was considered that criminals accused of felony could not be properly tried unless they consented to the trial by pleading and putting themselves on the country. After reading the indictment to him, the question was put, "How say you — are you guilty or not guilty?" If he said, "Not guilty," the next question was, "Culprit, how will you be tried?" To which the prisoner had to answer, "By God and by my country." If he wilfully omitted either portion of that answer, he was said to stand mute, and a jury was sworn to say whether he stood mute of malice or mute by the visitation of God. If they found him mute of malice, that was equivalent to pleading guilty in cases of treason or misdemeanour; but in cases of felony, he was condemned, after much exhortation, to the *peine forte et dure*,—that is, to be stretched naked on his back, and to have iron laid upon him, as much as he could bear, and more, and so to continue, fed upon bad bread and stagnant water on alternate days, till he either pleaded or died. This strange rule was not abolished till the year 1772, when standing mute in cases of felony was made equivalent to a conviction. A case actually occurred as late as 1726, when one Burnwater, accused at Kingston assizes of murder, refused to plead, and was pressed, for an hour and three-quarters, with nearly four cwt. of iron, after which he pleaded not guilty, and was convicted and hanged. In 1658, a Major Strange-

ways was pressed to death. The object of refusing to plead was, that as in that case there was no conviction, no forfeiture took place, and the property of the accused person was thus preserved for his heir.

At the present day a prisoner pleads without difficulty; if he refused, a plea of not guilty would be entered for him, and the trial would proceed.

The trial needs no detailed description, for every one is conversant with the procedure, more or less. We pride ourselves on the dignity, decorum, and fairness with which trials are conducted. In France, and on the Continent generally, they are said to degenerate to a wrangle between the judge and the accused. The trial of Guiteau for the murder of President Garfield, did not prepossess Englishmen in favour of the criminal courts of America, though probably that trial cannot be accepted as a fair specimen of what is usual across the Atlantic. No such scenes would be possible in an English court. Guiteau declared that he must be deemed as innocent as any man in court until convicted, and raved and roared *ad libitum*. With us the notion of a prisoner being presumed to be innocent, merely means that he is entitled to the benefit of any reasonable doubt, and the trial practically is to see if such doubt really exists. He is at least three-fourths on the way to conviction before he pleads. Take, for instance, a man on trial for murder. A coroner's jury have investigated and found him guilty. A magistrate has investigated and decided to commit. A grand jury on their oaths have found a true bill. The presumption of innocence, in the face of those three decisions, in which at least five-and-twenty men, probably more, have concurred, is only another way of say-

ing that the proof must be beyond reasonable doubt.

Criminal trials, as we now know them, are the result of a long series of changes which have occurred between the reign of Queen Mary and our own time. The proceedings connected with important, mostly political, trials, have been preserved, and form a judicial history of England. The State Trials fill thirty-three volumes, and extend from the earliest times to the year 1822, the last trials reported being those of Thistlewood and his confederates for what is called the Cato Street Conspiracy, which existed for the assassination of the whole Ministry. They are mostly known to the general reader through the graphic accounts by Lord Macaulay of some of those at which Scroggs and Jeffreys presided. Lord Macaulay, with all his power of word-painting, was at once superficial and rhetorical. Those who care for the real truth of matters, will be glad to have the criticisms of an experienced and dispassionate lawyer. Before coming to the time of Scroggs, there is the celebrated trial of Raleigh, which throws light on the mode of conducting a trial at the beginning of the seventeenth century. The utter absence of that moderation of statement and consideration for the prisoner which are so conspicuous at the present day, is nowhere more extravagantly manifested. In that trial (as well as in others) a running altercation between the prosecuting counsel and the prisoner is a striking feature of the proceedings. Coke was the Attorney-General who prosecuted Raleigh, and this is the sort of thing which took place:—

“*Attorney.* Thou art the most vile and execrable traitor that ever lived.

“*Raleigh.* You speak indiscreetly, barbarously, and uncivilly.

“*Attorney.* I want words sufficient to express thy viperous treasons.

“*Raleigh.* I think you want words indeed, for you have spoken one thing half-a-dozen times.

“*Attorney.* Thou art an odious fellow. Thy name is hateful to all the realm of England for thy pride.

“*Raleigh.* It will go hard to prove a measuring cast between you and me, Mr Attorney.

“*Attorney.* Well, I will now make it appear that there never lived a viler viper upon the face of the earth than thou.”

No doubt this language was unusually rancorous, and Sir James Stephen asserts that it has never been imitated before or since in any English court of justice, except, perhaps, in those in which Jeffreys presided. Besides cases of this description in the Common Law Courts, others in the Star Chamber are also reported in the State Trials. Having regard to the deep execration which that tribunal has excited in its own and all succeeding generations, it is desirable to note this criticism of Sir J. Stephen. “As far as the mere management in Court of the different cases went, it cannot be denied that it was for the most part calm and dignified.” It was the severity of the sentences, and, we may add, its subserviency to the Crown, which has involved it in so much odium and infamy.

The result of the author's study of the criminal trials during the century preceding the civil war, is that, harsh as they appear to us in many ways, the real point at issue was presented to the jury not unfairly. The main points of difference from those of our own day were that the prisoner was kept in secret confinement, and could not prepare his defence. He was examined; he had no notice beforehand of the evidence against him; and was compelled to defend himself as best he could at the trial,

when the evidence was produced. He had no counsel, and had no means of compelling the attendance of his witnesses even if he had been allowed to call any. With regard to these early State trials, Sir James Stephen says that the criminal procedure of modern France cannot be said to contrast advantageously with them so far as concerns the interests of the accused, and the degree in which the presumption of his innocence is acted upon in practice. The consideration and humanity of our modern criminal courts, for accused persons, are traceable to the greater strength of society and of government in all its aspects. Admit, he says, that the criminal law is to be regarded as the weapon by which a government, not very firmly established, is to defend its existence; admit also that an accused person is probably disaffected and hostile, and that the political contests of these times turned upon very vital and deep-seated differences,—these trials were conducted upon intelligible principles not unfairly applied. The harshest part of the early criminal procedure was the secrecy of the preliminary investigation, and the fact that practically the accused person was prevented from preparing for his defence, and from calling witnesses.

With regard to the trials which took place in the period between the meeting of the Long Parliament and the Restoration, that was a period of revolution, and law of course was violently strained. Still Sir James Stephen says that, after making every allowance in that respect, from the year 1640 downwards the whole spirit and temper of the criminal courts, even in their most irregular and revolutionary proceedings, appears to have been radically changed from what it had been in the preceding century to what it is in our own days.

The accused had the witnesses against him produced face to face. He was questioned to a less extent, and usually refused to answer, and was allowed to cross-examine the witnesses against him. These great changes took place spontaneously and without any legislative enactment; which of course favours the view that the course taken in the political trials of the preceding century either was illegal or was considered so to be. Nevertheless a prisoner's clear legal right to have the witnesses against him examined in his presence, and to call witnesses and examine them upon oath, dates back only to a period long after the Revolution, and must not be taken into consideration in judging whether these trials were legal and fair according to the opinion of the time.

With regard to the trials during the reigns of Charles II. and James II., which are of such momentous historical importance, and some of which Lord Macaulay has made so familiar, it is very interesting to note Sir James Stephen's criticisms. He says that the injustice and cruelty of the most notorious of those trials—those for the Popish Plot, and those which took place before Jeffreys—have not been in any degree exaggerated; but he insists that the special peculiarity about them was, that the injustice was effected by perjured witnesses and by the rigid enforcement of a system of preliminary procedure which made the detection and exposure of perjury so difficult as to be practically impossible. Notwithstanding the brutality of Jeffreys, the procedure in the main differed but little from that which still prevails among us. Many of the trials—especially those which were not for political offences—were, he says, perfectly fair; and even in the case of political trials, the injustice done was due to politi-

cal excitement, and to the harsh working of a system which was sound in many respects. The character of the procedure is well illustrated by the argument constantly used by the judges to justify the rule which deprived prisoners of counsel regarding matters of fact. It was, that in order to convict the prisoner, the proof must be so plain that no counsel could contend against it. The notion was that innocence was an un-failing protection, a sure safeguard, and that all aids to it were superfluous. The result was that there was little or no protection against perjury. The safeguards provided at the present day are, says Sir James Stephen, sufficient to afford considerable protection to a man who has sense, spirit, and, above all, plenty of money; but he adds, "I do not think it possible to prevent a good deal of injustice when these conditions fail."

With regard to the trials for the Popish Plot, in which Oates and Dangerfield achieved their lasting infamy, Sir James Stephen's remark is that in two years, and in connection with one transaction, six memorable failures of justice, involving the sacrifice of no less than fourteen innocent lives, occurred in trials held before the highest courts, under a form of procedure closely resembling that which is still in force among us. He attributes that result in the first place to the influence of popular passion over the administration of justice. Some of those trials were conducted with conspicuous fairness and decency. In the conduct of the counsel there was nothing to be compared to the conduct of Coke in the trial of Raleigh. He traces the result of these trials to the procedure which unfairly kept the prisoner in the dark to the last moment as to the case against

him; to the ignorance which prevailed as to the true nature of evidence; to the utter helplessness against perjury. From a study of these trials, which were the most important and probably the best conducted of the time, there is, he says, great reason to fear that the principles of evidence were then so ill understood, and the whole method of criminal procedure so imperfect and superficial, that an amount of injustice frightful to think of must have been inflicted at the assize and sessions on obscure persons of whom no one has ever heard or will hear. "A perjurer in those days was in the position of a person armed with a deadly poison, which he could administer with no considerable chance of detection." The important point is that Sir James Stephen adds, as the result of his experience, that he does not think that the power or danger of perjury has been by any means removed since Oates's time. "I am not sure that it has been as much diminished as we are accustomed to believe."

The last thing in the trial was the verdict of the jury, which must be a unanimous one. Originally the jurors were witnesses, and the rule was in the earliest times that twelve witnesses must swear to the prisoner's guilt before he could be convicted, just as at the present time twelve grand jurors must swear to their belief in his guilt before he can be put on his trial. Later on they ceased to be witnesses and became judges. The rule that the jury must be unanimous before the prisoner can be convicted is a direct consequence of the principle that no one is to be convicted unless his guilt is proved beyond all reasonable doubt; and so long as the institution is preserved, the principle of unanimity should be retained. It is one of the curiosities of legal his-

tory, the uncertainty which prevailed down to within the last quarter of a century, or less, what the presiding judge should do in case the jury could not agree. One theory was, as Sir James Stephen says, that the judge ought to confine them, without food or fire, till they did agree. We remember, in 1859, Lord Campbell angrily telling a jury, when discharging them without giving a verdict, that the old law was that the judge could have them all put into a covered cart, carried to the confines of the county, and there shot into a ditch. Lord Lyndhurst made fun of this in the House of Lords, and declared that Lord Campbell had been mistaken in his law; and that all that the judge could originally do was to carry the jury with him on his circuit till they did agree, or until he reached the borders of the county. Whatever the old rule may have been, it was solemnly determined in 1866 that in a case of necessity the judge might discharge the jury, and the prisoner be committed and tried a second time. Such a rule obviates the objections which had been entertained to the principle of unanimity, and possibly has given the institution of trial by jury a fresh lease of life. It was always regarded as an abuse of power to subject jurors to any penal consequences in respect of their verdict; and since the Revolution no attempt of the kind has been made.

The administration of criminal justice after the Revolution passed into quite a new phase. Judges from that time held office not at the pleasure of the Crown, but during good behaviour; and in that way a new spirit was infused into it. The changes in procedure, however, as the author points out, were less important, and applied entirely to charges of high treason,

being directed to enable prisoners in those cases better to defend themselves. Nothing, he adds, can set in a clearer light the slightness of the manner in which the public attention was then, or indeed to a far later time, directed to the defects of the criminal law, than the little legislative change effected by what we now regard as the gross scandals of the seventeenth century. The changes in favour of prisoners made in practice very little difference. From 1688 to 1760 a feature presents itself in criminal trials which Sir James Stephen regards as to this day absolutely peculiar to this country and the countries which have sprung from it, giving a special colour and character to our whole method of procedure. It is this: "In all other countries the discovery and punishment of crime has been treated as pre-eminently the affair of the Government, and has in all its stages been under the management of representatives of the Government. In England, it has been left principally to individuals who consider themselves to have been wronged,—the judge's duty being to see fair-play between the prisoner and the prosecutor, even if the prosecutor happened to be the Crown." And in this way a criminal trial has grown more and more to resemble a civil suit in its procedure, and the spirit in which it is conducted.

With regard to the present practice of never interrogating a prisoner, it was not originally the law of England. Down to the Civil War, his interrogation formed the most important part of the trial. In the Star Chamber he was liable to be required to take what was called the *ex officio* oath—that is, to make true answer to all such questions as should be ask-

ed of him—a practice which was borrowed from the ecclesiastical courts. This was intensely unpopular. It was denounced as contrary to the law of God and of nature, and inconsistent with a legal system which forbade the practice of torture for purposes of evidence, then in full use both on the Continent and in Scotland. After the Revolution of 1688, the practice of questioning the prisoner died out. A rule prevailed till 1853 in civil cases that a party was incompetent as a witness, and that rule was transferred to the criminal courts. The result is that the prisoner is absolutely protected against all judicial questioning before or at the trial. On the other hand, neither he nor his wife can give evidence on his behalf; he is often permitted, however, to make any statement he pleases at the very end of the trial, when it is difficult for any one to test the correctness of what is said. This rule is one which requires increasing attention and consideration by the public. Its advantages are, as pointed out by Sir James Stephen, that it contributes much to the dignity and apparent humanity of a criminal trial; it stimulates greatly the search for independent evidence, which of course is by far the most satisfactory for the purpose. As an experienced Indian civil servant remarked to Sir James Stephen, in reference to native police officers applying torture to prisoners, with a view to extract the necessary evidence from their admissions: "There is a great deal of laziness in it. It is far pleasanter to sit comfortably in the shade rubbing red pepper into a poor devil's eyes, than to go about in the sun hunting up evidence."

Such a system as ours prevents all the harshness and apparent inhumanity which might result from the practice of interrogation if not

carefully and properly administered. On the other hand, it places innocent accused persons, who are at the same time, as they frequently are, poor, stupid, and ignorant, in a most helpless position. They do not understand the nature of the proceedings, or the way in which the circumstances deposed to tell against them. Those proceedings, the experienced observation of the author tells him, "must pass before the eyes and mind of such prisoners like a dream which they cannot grasp." They are liable to misapprehend the true nature of their defence, and would gain immensely by being questioned as witnesses by the judge. Sir James Stephen gives specimens of what he says is a considerable number of cases, which have led him to form an opinion that, when a wrong conviction does occur in an English criminal court, it is usually caused by treating a poor and ignorant man as if he were rich, well advised, and properly defended. One case is remarkable, as there several prisoners were tried three times over for acts of violence, arising out of night poaching. One witness said that a dog, which he saw with the poachers, was white, and another said it was red. At the first trial, some of the prisoners pointed out this small difference in a feeble helpless way, without showing that it was at all important. At the second trial they appeared to understand what was going on much better, and some of them defended themselves with a good deal of energy. On the third trial, they fully understood the whole matter, and brought out their real defence. It was that there were two poaching-parties, one with a white dog, and the other with a red; that the fray took place between the keepers and one of the parties, but that the evidence confused together the

white-dog party and the red-dog party. Even then the defence was so badly brought out that the jury would not believe it. The judge, however, was so much impressed by it, that he caused independent inquiries to be made which established its truth, and resulted in a grant of free pardon to several of the prisoners. "If these men could have been questioned," says Sir James Stephen, "I think that all the innocent members of the party would have been acquitted at once." Opinion seems to be growing in favour of this, that questioning, or the power of giving evidence, is highly important to the innocent, and its absence highly advantageous in more ways than one to the guilty. The problem would seem to be, what precautions should be observed in order to prevent its abuse. The Draft Code proposes that an accused person should be competent, but could not be compelled, to give evidence. It also proposes that the court should have power to limit his cross-examination, so far as relates to his credit. His electing to stand silent would in that case tell against him; but it is not proposed to compel him to answer questions, and thus relieve the officers of justice from the duty of collecting independent evidence.

There is one further subject amongst the many that are treated in these volumes which frequently arises, and which is of considerable interest,—that is, the extent of criminal responsibility, and the question under what circumstances a man should be exempted from liability to punishment. Some medical theories seem to go the length of maintaining that all crime is of the nature of disease, and that the very existence of criminal law is a relic of barbarism. The ancient law did not entitle a man to be acquitted on proof of

madness, at least in case of murder. It did, however, entitle him to a special verdict, that he committed the offence when mad, which gave him a right to a pardon. Coke mentions the subject of madness only in the most casual and fragmentary manner. Lord Hale discusses it without throwing much light upon it. Since his time no legal writer of authority until the book under review appeared has discussed the matter on its merits; nor has there been any case such as to afford an opportunity, after solemn argument, for laying down in an authoritative judgment the principles of law by which the relations of insanity to crime may be determined. There is no single instance in which the Court for Crown Cases Reserved, or any other court of equal authority, has delivered a written considered judgment on the relation of insanity to criminal responsibility. The leading authority on the subject arises out of the case of M'Naughten, who, intending to shoot Sir Robert Peel in the year 1843, by mistake shot his private secretary, Mr Drummond, instead. The prisoner was acquitted on the ground of insanity; and much public discussion and excitement ensuing, the House of Lords put to the judges certain questions, and received from them, in June 1843, certain answers upon the subject of insane delusions. Ever since that time, whenever the question of insanity arises at criminal trials, the judge charges the jury in the words of the answers given by the judges upon that occasion.

In general terms the law is that no act is a crime if the person who does it is, at the time when it is done, prevented, either by defective mental power or by any disease affecting his mind, from controlling his own conduct, unless the absence of the power of control has been produced by his own default. Of

course, if a man's self-control is suspended by drunkenness, he is responsible; and it does not follow that because an impulse is insane that therefore it is uncontrollable. We remember a judge a long time ago putting it to a scientific witness, who swore that a prisoner had acted from uncontrollable impulse, whether he thought that the prisoner would have done the act if a policeman had stood by ready to take him into custody thereupon. The answer was, No. "Then," retorted the judge, "your definition of an uncontrollable impulse is an impulse controllable only by the presence of the police." Insane men may know what they are about, and be capable of self-restraint, if an adequate motive for it is provided. As regards moral insanity, even Dr Maudsley shrinks from saying that in every case persons morally insane should be exempt from all responsibility for what they do wrong. Sir James Stephen, on the other hand, would shrink from saying that moral insanity ought never, under any circumstances, to be admitted as an excuse. The criminal law does not disturb itself with perversions of moral sentiment. It says to all alike, in Sir James Stephen's words: "Think and feel as you please about morals, but if you do certain things you shall be hanged." Accordingly, he adds, large numbers of people are hanged for murders which probably do not strike them as particularly wrong either before or after they are committed. He considers that juries care very little for the generalities contained in a summing up. In his experience they are usually reluctant to convict, if, under all the circumstances of a case, they regard the act itself as

upon the whole a mad one. He argues that they ought, when the act and madness are both proved, to be empowered to return any one of three verdicts,—guilty; guilty, but his power of self-control was diminished by insanity; not guilty, on the ground of insanity.

We have said enough to show that these volumes contain a great deal which is of general interest. They serve to collect and preserve the history of criminal law and procedure, once for all, on the eve, let us hope, of its codification. The narrative is given in a clear and forcible style, and is itself a strong argument in favour of clearing away the inconsistencies and anomalies which have grown up, but which might now with advantage be superseded by a plain, concise, and intelligible system. The labours which Sir James Stephen initiated a few years ago have brought the whole subject within a measurable distance of success, provided the parliamentary machine is capable of the work. It is wholly unnecessary and undesirable that a legislative achievement of this magnitude, in which several questions of the first social importance will have to be discussed, should degenerate into a party question. It was begun in Parliament by the late Administration, let it be continued by this and the next. The initiative was taken by the author of this book. He has done the main portion of the work, and will be entitled to the main portion of the credit. The enterprise is one of considerable magnitude, and whenever it takes rank as a successful achievement it will be one of the most important of the many law reforms which have illustrated the present reign.

THE MILLIONAIRE.—PART III.

CHAPTER IX.—THE GREAT MINISTER AT HOME.

LADY TRESHAM had been anxious that her son should have an interview with Mr Spinner—who was just then, as it has been said, the idol of his country—because she fully believed that the great man would remember his old friendship for her husband, and smooth her son's road to the proud position which she hoped to see him take. Occupation was very desirable for him in all respects. For men who were falling in love, or who perhaps had already fallen into it, what was there so good as plenty of hard work? And even in these days, when new ideas and new men were coming to the front so rapidly, what occupation was there more worthy to engross the highest faculties than that of a statesman? Lady Tresham had noble friends who had sent their sons into the army, into the Church, or even into the City; but, for her part, her great and only ambition was to see her Reginald take a leading place in the House of Commons. The new ideas would not be a stumbling-block to him. Indeed at one time she had been very much afraid that, far as they went, he would go even beyond them: he had expressed opinions which seemed to indicate a lack of reverence for some of the most ancient and respected of English institutions; he had criticised the House of Lords, and had more than once avowed his conviction that the country could get along quite as well without the second Chamber as with it. That was an alarming crisis for Lady Tresham: she felt as a young mother does when the whooping-cough makes its first appearance

among her little flock. It occurred just after Tresham's return from the United States—a country which was rapidly demoralising all Europe: so Lady Tresham strenuously maintained, in the teeth of the popularity which so many young American beauties were enjoying in society. Every American, as she thoroughly believed, was a revolutionist. She saw too few of them to be aware that, having had their revolution, they have become the most conservative people on the face of the earth. Besides which, Lady Tresham did not like going with the stream. When everybody was sailing one way, a sort of instinct led her to turn round and take the other. In the days of George III. she would have been of the American party, and worn blue and buff as gallantly as Fox himself; but in an age when all the world was courting Americans, she was disposed to content herself with offering them a distant civility.

In America, it has been stated, Reginald Tresham had met with the Margraves, and that was not regarded by the lady of Owlscoote as the most fortunate incident in his life. Kate Margrave was very charming, and she had become the favourite of the whole countryside; but she could do nothing to further a husband's prospects in comparison with her relation, Lady Selina. There could not be a doubt as to which of these ladies it was Reginald's duty to marry, and there would be no hesitation concerning his choice if he consulted his future welfare. Lady Tresham knew perfectly well that a man is apt to think more kindly

in the long-run of the person who has done most to promote his own interests. To be spared all worry about sixpences, and to have a friend always by one's side, willing, and even eager, to assist in keeping trouble a long way off, or in removing it when it made its appearance,—these were services of a substantial kind, and a man valued them highly long after the flame of youthful passion had burnt itself out. Hence it was that Lady Tresham was well convinced that a marriage with Lady Selina Plumewould bring far more happiness to her son than the indulgence of a mere passing fancy for Kate Margrave. Very likely she was wrong, but her conclusions were based upon much observation and experience of the world.

Fortunately the crisis in her son's political opinions had passed away, and he arrived at the conviction that the established institutions of his native land would probably last his time. He left his friend the editor of the 'Sentinel' to play the part of the British Brissot or Desmoulins; and Delvar played it with a very fair degree of success, although it had not yet conducted him to the haven where he chiefly desired to be—the House of Commons. He wrote and talked a good deal about the "coming Commonwealth," but somehow or other no working man's constituency had hitherto sent him with its "mandate" to Parliament. Many people said that the House of Commons had so fallen off in character and respectability that it was no longer an advantage to belong to it; but Philip Delvar was not misled by nonsense of that kind. It might decline in dignity, and be made up of a very different order of men from that of which it was formerly composed; but it would always be the stepping-stone to

place and power. A man must begin there; and the sooner he began, the better would it be for him. Delvar was fully alive to all this, and he was ready at any moment to make a patriotic sacrifice for the welfare of his native land. The difficulty was not with him or his inclinations, but with constituencies which had not discernment enough to recognise the great value which he might be to them. In this respect Tresham had been much more fortunate. He had found a little borough in the country, which returned him the first time he appealed to it, and paid all his expenses into the bargain. Slices of good-luck like this are not very common nowadays; and Tresham knew it, and prized his chance accordingly.

One day, shortly after he had given the promise to his mother that he would seek an interview with Mr Spinner, he put the affair in train, and the appointment was duly made. He had, of course, often seen the great chief before, and had sometimes received a word or two of kindly encouragement from his eloquent lips; but this was the first time that he had been given the opportunity of conversing with him privately.

Mr Spinner received him with that cordial air which he now and then assumed when it was his desire to make a favourable impression. It was not very often that he was in this mood, except when he was out of office, and then anybody could obtain access to him. His urbanity knew no bounds. But in power he was stern and unbending, and treated all that had happened during his exile from office as Henry V. treated his escapades with Falstaff and Bardolph when Prince of Wales. Still, he made exceptions now and then, and he made one in the case of

Tresham, in remembrance of old family ties and personal associations. His voice was melodious and winning; there was something not altogether disagreeable even about the expression of his remarkable eyes, as they rested upon the young candidate for political honours.

"It is very kind of you to see me," said Tresham, in response to the greeting of the distinguished Minister, which had been much heartier than he was altogether prepared for.

"I assure you it is a pleasure," replied Mr Spinner. "Of course my time is very heavily mortgaged all through the year; but a man in my position must not complain of that. Our time, you know, belongs to the public; and I will maintain that we have a most generous master, always ready to make allowances for us, and always treating us far better than we deserve." Even Reginald Tresham, although but a young man, remembered that Mr Spinner had not invariably been of this opinion. There had been periods when, so far from considering his countrymen the kindest and most appreciative people in the world, he had reproached them with base ingratitude, and forsworn their service for ever. A nation so false and so faithless deserved to be left to its own blind devices. But Mr Spinner did not happen to hold these particular opinions at the moment when Tresham was introduced to him.

He began at once to talk very freely, and expressed his views without reserve concerning everybody and everything. After his first great rush there was a pause, and then his visitor took the liberty of asking him what he thought of the present state of his party—was it as favourable as he could desire?

"I am glad to hear you ask that question," replied the Minister, with a great deal more warmth and energy than seemed to be necessary. "It shows me that you reflect—that you desire to penetrate below the surface of things; in one word, that you are in Earnest. Depend upon it, what we want in the present day is more Earnestness; we are all too frivolous. I do not say that even frivolity has not its uses; I sometimes indulge in it myself, with a success which you may have remarked. But I invariably accompany it with *sincerity*; and thus qualified, it can do no one any harm. Look at Mr Flummer. Do not think that I wish to say anything unkind of him, although my own feelings are deeply stirred whenever I pronounce his name; I will not deny it. Yet I bear him no malice—*now*; and as for accusing him unjustly, as some people have absurdly said, everybody knows that I never accuse anybody of anything: it is not my way. I make no accusations; I attribute no motives. It is always dangerous to do either, for you expose yourself to contradiction, perhaps to refutation. The proper course is to strike at character by innuendo—lead people to infer a certain thing without yourself incurring the risk of asserting it. It is an art worthy of study, as you will find some day when you grow older.

"Look then, I say," continued Mr Spinner, now standing up with his back to the fire, and talking with amazing fluency—"look at Mr Flummer. Why is it that he lost ground so terribly? Simply because he was not in Earnest. He had no opinions; his soul—if he had one—was not in politics. He was destitute of sincerity. What I take the liberty of humbly urging

upon you, my young friend—what I take leave, with all humility, to recommend—is this: consult your conscience at all times, and obey its voice. It may lead you in one direction to-day, and in another to-morrow; but still obey it—still follow it. To the jealous eyes of others your course may appear devious and confused, running hither and thither, without order or plan; but that which is inconvenient you can explain away, and that which cannot be explained you will be at liberty to repudiate. No man can be bound by his own words for ever. Your inner consciousness will signify approval, and that is all you will need. Pursue one path—the path of honour. It is not a straight path, according to my experience: so far from being straight, it takes a great many exceedingly curious twists and turns; but keep on it, all the same. I have invariably done so, and you see where I am. Pardon me talking thus frankly. I do it because you are the son of a very old friend, and because I earnestly wish to promote your success in life.”

“I am sure I can have but one feeling on the subject,” said Tresham, a little puzzled, “and that is one of great obligation to you for your advice and kindness.”

“Precisely. That is the spirit I should have expected to find in you. One other point let me dwell upon before we part. Never misrepresent anybody. Often in the course of your career, if it is protracted as long as mine has been, you will be provoked by the malice or wickedness of your adversaries; but invariably deal with them in a spirit of gentleness and brotherly-kindness. Always adhere to the simple and naked truth: no putting a false gloss upon anything; no distortion or multiplication of words to hide your meaning and deceive

others. To excite popular prejudice against an adversary by unfair means is an act unworthy of an Englishman. I regard it as a deep offence—I may even say a crime. Hide the faults of your opponents from the public eye, rather than expose them. Recollect we are all Christians. Even Flummer, they say, was a Christian, though I have no actual proof of it: it is a statement resting on mere rumour, and you know how baseless rumour generally is. I may almost say that it is *never* to be trusted; but do not let us forget—rather let us carefully remember—that it *may* have been right in this instance, however improbable it may seem. Concede, then, that Flummer was a Christian, though you will perhaps say a very queer kind of one; I will not enter into that—concede it, and what then? Does it make his case better? I crave leave to think not; I submit to you, with all deference, that it makes it worse. I will not call him a charlatan, because it is wrong to call names; but I am at a loss to know in what other way you would describe him. How does it strike you?”

“I am afraid,” replied Tresham, more and more surprised at the large extent of ground over which the great Minister had already taken him, “that I have not given the question the attention which it deserves. I came unprepared—”

“Unprepared—just so. Most men, I find, *are* unprepared. I am never so. Always have two or three speeches by you ready for sudden use, at a railway station, a book-stall, cattle market—anywhere. They are the modern statesman’s best stock-in-trade. But now tell me—what are your prospects, and what are your wishes?”

Tresham, with some hesitation, expressed a desire to enter upon official life as soon as he could—

both as a means of training and as a source of occupation.

"Quite right—quite right," said Mr Spinner, glancing at the clock and turning over a huge pile of letters. "But you must begin on the lowest round of the ladder. Some of my impetuous young friends"—here Mr Spinner smiled pleasantly—"wish to jump from the vestry or the caucus into my position, at one bound. I hope you are not so eager for my disappearance from the stage?"

"Far from it. I have, I hope, plenty of patience."

"That is precisely what that man Flummer was always saying," said Mr Spinner, while a dark cloud crossed his brow: "Patience!—it was his constant boast. However, I hope you use the word in a higher and better—why should we not say a holier?—sense than that miserable and bedizened impostor—I mean," added the Minister, hastily correcting himself, and lowering his voice, "that utterly misguided man. Well, then, you begin on the lowest round of the ladder, as I was saying. There is really no other way. You cannot come in at the cabin windows."

"I am quite willing to do anything—"

"Exactly," interrupted Mr Spinner, who hated to hear any one else talk. "Even Bumpus, a good friend of mine, had to begin on the lowest round. I was most anxious that he should advance quickly—as anxious as if he had been my own son; that is, *nearly so*," said the Minister, as if suddenly recollecting his own precepts just laid down. "I took the deepest interest in Bumpus. He was very useful—yes, really very useful to me, at the time"—(hesitating)—"I may say the critical time"—(loftily)—"when the country was in peril. Yet he had to wait his chance."

"I am perfectly prepared to wait mine," said the young Baronet, carefully avoiding any further allusion to the quality of patience, which Mr Flummer, it appeared, had brought into disrepute.

"Be it so. I will not forget our conversation, and I am inclined to think that it will not be very long before I shall be able to give you the opportunity of serving the Queen—I mean, the Nation."

Mr Spinner was buried in his letters and papers almost before his visitor had quitted the room. But he did not forget his promise.

CHAPTER X.—A SUNDAY IN THE COUNTRY.

Lady Tresham was not disappointed with the account of her son's interview with the Minister. "Depend upon it," she said, "you will hear from him soon, and in a way that will satisfy us both. He is an uncertain man, especially in his political opinions; but with them we have nothing to do."

"I may have something to do with them, surely, if matters are to be arranged as you wish. Do you mean to say that Mr Spinner's

opinions are to be nothing to me?"

"Not exactly that, Reginald; but do not run away with the idea which fills the heads of so many young men in the present day, that they are wiser than their party chiefs. That is all sad stuff. Every young jackanapes now is for setting up a party for himself, and for throwing Mr Spinner overboard as so much useless lumber. You must keep close to your party,

and therefore to Mr Spinner. Do you suppose that people follow him because they like him?"

"I really do not know," said the son, laughing. The fact is, that he was well aware how many adherents of the Minister who professed to be thoroughly devoted to him were longing in their hearts to throw off his yoke.

"Most of them," his mother went on, "do anything but like him. But what are they to do? People must have a leader, and they generally are obliged to put up with the one whom accident has thrust upon them. Mr Spinner is just now the only man able to keep that post. We must take him as he is—the good with the bad. I am sure he will be true to you."

And in the course of the next fortnight a letter came from Mr Spinner, offering to the young Baronet, in the handsomest manner, an under-secretaryship. "It may not be precisely the position you could wish," he wrote, "but it will enable you to make a good beginning. The post is of the same grade as that which I placed at the disposal of Lord Splint, and you may remember what I said to you about him."

"A most excellent young man," said Lady Tresham, when the letter was read, and referring, not to Mr Spinner, but to Lord Splint. "He has disproved the proverb which says that you cannot put an old head upon young shoulders, for he has the wisdom of a man of sixty."

"Come, come!" said young Tresham; "he is scarcely so bad as that."

"I have known him since he was a child, and he has always done the right thing. As for his marriage, it has rendered his path quite easy for him all the rest of his days. That is what marriage

can be made to do for a man when he remembers what he owes to his family—and to himself."

This tolerably explicit allusion derived additional point from the fact that at that moment Lady Selina Plume was in the house, on one of those frequent visits which Lady Tresham planned with a view to the fulfilment of her own ideas with regard to her son's marriage. If the truth must be told, it did not follow as a matter of course that any one who was shut up in a country-house with Lady Selina would inevitably fall in love with her. She was a tall and angular woman, not, as it has been said, in her first youth, cold and distant in her manner, ungainly in her walk, awkward in all her movements. Being an earl's daughter, she ought to have been none of these things. But there she was, as nature had made her, and she took no pains to hide her defects. In fact, Lady Selina had an idea which, strange to say, is not uncommonly entertained by women who are very "plain,"—the idea that she was endowed with more than an ordinary share of the attractions which fall to the lot of her sex. In every circle a woman has a flatterer, or perhaps more than one; and the illusion that she is beautiful is not disturbed by a careful study of the models of classical antiquity, or even by an unprejudiced comparison between herself and the women who surround her. Lady Selina had not been without flatterers, for she was rich. She had received marked attentions from more than one of her father's visitors, and none of them had ventured to tell her that she owed all this to her social position and her reputed wealth. It would have surprised her very much to have been told that any human being could see in Kate Margrave attractions which her

sincere friends would hesitate to claim for herself.

When she came down that morning to breakfast, very late, in accordance with her daily custom, she heard with icy indifference the story of the successful interview with Mr Spinner.

"I think it a great thing, Selina," began Lady Tresham immediately, "and I am sure you will be glad of it too."

Selina shrugged her shoulders, which did not tend to enhance her charms, and opened her own letters very slowly, and condescended to remark that she supposed the news was good, but that she took no interest in politics.

"Then I hope you will try to take an interest in them," said Lady Tresham, with the slightest possible shade of rebuke in her tone; "for there is nothing in these days which is better worth taking an interest in—even by women."

"I do not know about that. My father is dabbling in politics from morning till night, and I cannot see what good they do him or any one else."

She was so manifestly right in this, that even Lady Tresham could find nothing to say in reply. The Earl of Rathskinnan had been in public life thirty years, and had never made a speech which any one remembered, although he had made hundreds, and followed them up by letters to the newspapers, which no one read. But speeches and letters were alike preserved carefully in beautifully bound volumes at Rathskinnan Castle, and it was Selina's privilege to rummage among them occasionally for passages which her father wished to quote in proof that he had always been in the right, and had invariably foretold all that had come to pass. It was even her privilege at times

to copy out these passages with her own fair hand,—“For I can read your writing, Selina,” her father would say, “and the other girls write abominably. As for my own writing, I have not been able to read a word of it these ten years past.” It was this exercise which had crushed any enthusiasm which Selina might, in the natural course of things, have felt for politics.

“Reginald, you are going to church this morning?” said his mother, for it was Sunday. If there were no postal deliveries in the country on Sundays, the important news of the under-secretaryship would not have been known for twenty-four hours after it actually reached the Treshams—which shows how much better it is to live in the country than in London.

“I am going to walk,” said Reginald.

“He never cares to come with us,” said Lady Selina, “because he hates driving—on Sundays. The rest of the week there is nothing he likes so much, provided he is allowed to go alone.”

“You are not amiable this morning, Selina,” replied Reginald, mildly; “perhaps your news from home is not good. I hope Lord Rathskinnan's gout is no worse?”

“No worse; but he wants me home. He has to prepare a great speech on foreign affairs, and it seems that there are some references which I alone can find for him. It is as well to have one's company desired by somebody, even if it is only by one's own father.”

“Why, we all desire it,” remonstrated Reginald, “and no one more than”—he paused a moment, and Lady Selina looked up with a transient gleam of pleasant expectation in her eyes—“more than my mother,” continued the young man.

The Earl's secretary sighed slightly and returned to her letters, and Reginald slipped noiselessly from the room.

The truth is, that he walked to church because a bend of the road passed very close to Four Yew Grange; and thereabouts he often met with Kate Margrave, with whom it was pleasant to walk anywhere, but who, except at these particular times, was rarely to be seen abroad without her father. And though Reginald liked the father, he appreciated the daughter more when she was alone. On this particular morning he strolled slowly towards the house, revolving many questions in his mind, but especially one which was now seldom absent from it. "My mother will be sure to like her," he said to himself as he got among the trees, "and she will get over her disappointment more easily than I should if I followed her counsel in this matter. With her it is an affair of prejudice; with me it is a question of feeling, and of a far deeper feeling than my good mother at present suspects." And thus thinking, he walked on slowly towards the Grange, where, to say the truth, he was not entirely unexpected that bright morning.

In every household there is one troubled heart; but whatever may have been the nature of the perplexities which cast a shadow over Richard Margrave's life, he was careful, even to excess, that his daughter should know nothing of them. Her one friend and companion since she could remember anything had been her father. Of her mother she could recall no image whatever; but as her experience ripened, she would have divined, with far less penetration than she actually possessed, that her father's marriage had been an unhappy one, and that no allusion

to it could ever be made without visibly inflicting upon him a blow from which he shrank. In course of time no allusion to it was made. Kate devoted herself to her father with an affection which knew no bounds, and her solitary desire was to throw a ray of light upon the shadows which she was powerless to remove.

"Your father goes too much to London now, just as formerly he went too little," said the faithful Sally Peters to her one day, "and has too much to do with that wretched lawyer. I never knew anything but unhappiness come of having to do with lawyers. I notice that your father never comes back from his interviews with Mr Morgan without looking disturbed and anxious. Do you think there is a secret?"

"I do not know. I never speak to my father about his affairs."

"There you are right. All men have secrets, and it is never well for a woman to inquire into them. They seldom make her happier, even if she finds out all about them. I very soon discovered that after I was married."

"Poor Mr Peters! What harm had he ever done?"

"Poor Mr Peters was much the same as other men, my dear. They are none of them so perfect as we think them at first sight. But here is your father, and with him that literary gentleman who has the bad taste to think me anything but perfect."

Philip Delvar was a tolerably frequent visitor at the Grange on his only spare day, which happened to be Sunday, for he liked the country, and he liked the quiet of this particular house. Moreover, he was by no means indifferent to the charms of the fair widow who was a guest there, although she had certainly not sought to make,

a favourable impression upon him. She thought he was full of affectations and conceit, whereas Delvar was not much worse in that respect than other people, especially of his own profession. If Sally Peters had allowed him, he would have been one of her most devoted admirers, and have done his best to prove to her that it was a mistake to suppose he was incapable of thinking of anybody but himself.

"Are you going to church, Mr Delvar?" Kate said to him, as he came up to where she was sitting.

"Editors do not go to church, Miss Margrave; their business is to preach, not to be preached to."

"And very fond they are of their trade," said Mrs Peters.

"At any rate, it is a necessary trade. You must admit that we do at least as much good as other preachers."

"Do not talk of others. You will not admit the right of any one to preach but yourselves. And then you think your audiences can never have enough of you. If you only knew how great a mistake that is!"

"I will leave you good people to settle your differences between you," said Kate, mischievously, knowing well that there was nothing which Mrs Peters disliked more than to be left alone with Philip Delvar. She made her way towards the gate which led to the road on which Reginald Tresham had set out half an hour before, and she had not advanced very far before he overtook her—a thing which had occurred more than once of late. But this was the first time she had happened to be alone. Hitherto Sally Peters had almost invariably been with her.

"And so you are going to London soon?" said Tresham. "Everybody is going away somewhere. Lady Selina leaves us to-morrow."

"You will be very sorry," said Kate, to whose ears had come faint rumours of the plans which Lady Tresham had formed for her son.

"Selina is a great friend of my mother; and then, you know, she is a near relation. But I shall bear her departure with resignation. I wonder how long *you* are likely to be away?"

"I cannot tell. Business of my father's will require him to be in London for some time; and I wish to be there with him. We have never been parted since I can remember anything. And of late I have been anxious about him; he is low-spirited and nervous. Your friend Mrs Peters will have it that there is a secret which I know nothing about. But my father has no secrets from me."

"Some day *I* have one to tell you," said Tresham, in a low voice.

"About whom—not my father?"

"Not your father; it is about myself. I wonder whether I can hope that you will listen to me?"

"I cannot imagine what it is," said Kate, with a little tremor passing over her, which certainly could not have been caused by the weather, for the morning was bright and warm. An ordinary English summer yields perhaps about a dozen such days, but each one of them is worth passing through the miseries of a long winter to see.

"But you will hear it, and then you will know," said the young man, wishing that the church, which was now close by, could suddenly be moved a couple of miles or so farther off.

On her homeward way, it was but natural that Kate should once more find her neighbour by her side, for their road was the same, and many a time before had the young Baronet walked with her father and herself to the very gates of the Grange. To be sure, her

father was not with them now; but that was all the more reason, as Tresham thought, why he should not leave her till the old yew-trees were in sight.

And thus they walked across the soft carpet of grass in the calm stillness of that Sunday morning, and every breeze that was wafted to them came laden with the songs of birds and the perfumes of flowers. A strange and beautiful repose seemed to be over all the face of the earth. For many a long year afterwards, Kate never heard the sound of the church bells borne across the fields and hills without thinking of that bright morning in summer, when the sky was so divinely blue, and the wayside was fringed with flowers which shone like gold, and the birds sang melodies which seemed to have been borrowed from heaven.

What had been said to her on the way may never, perhaps, be known; but when she reached home, she went to her father, and sat down by his side, and put her hand in his, as she was in the habit of doing. But there was something in her manner now which caused him to regard her attentively; and presently she lifted her face towards him, and he could see that an expression of ineffable tenderness was in her eyes.

The father's instinct told him that the hour which he had long feared had come. He had not hidden from himself that the time would arrive when the life in which his own had been wrapped would gradually slip away from him, and he would be left to pursue his path alone. But he had thought of it as a remote event, belonging to some undefined period which it was unnecessary to anticipate. And now suddenly it had come within sight. Thus it is with us all: there are moments in every

life much dreaded, and perhaps long in coming—so long that we have almost ceased to regard them as possible; but at last they are *here*. Then it is that we find out whether we have learnt well the only art which can be of service when all else fails—the art of enduring with patience and courage.

"Kate, my sweet child," said the father, "were there a mother here, it would be upon her sure guidance that you would depend; but, alas there is none! We have been all in all to each other, and now it has dawned upon your mind that some day you must leave me. Is it not so?" he asked her gently, as his daughter drew nearer to him, and a cloud came over her eyes, like the mists of morning.

"Some day," he continued, with a smile, "it must be so—even fathers do not last for ever, and who is to take care of you when I am gone?"

"Do not speak so, father; we have not been parted, and I will not leave you now."

"And who has been asking you to leave me?" he said, stroking her hair, and gradually calling back the sunshine to her face.

"No one—not in that way, papa. There has been nothing said—but, papa, I think I like Reginald Tresham, and he——"

"Thinks that he likes you? Is not that the way of it? I cannot well blame him, Kate, for everybody is in the same position. To tell you the truth, young Tresham has spoken to me on this very matter."

"Oh, papa, what has he said?"

"Am I to tell you? I cannot remember that he bade me do that. Many things, my dear child, he said, and scarcely one of them was new to me. These young fellows think they reveal wonderful things to a man when they tell him of the

good qualities of his own daughter. Yes; there were several little matters upon which Reginald dwelt, but perhaps you would not care to hear about them?" His own tone was light and gay, and Kate was once more happy; a radiant light was in her eyes, and on her cheek there was a flush as of the first rose in June.

"We will not part, Kate," said the father, softly—"at least not yet. Go now to your room, and dry those foolish eyes. Recollect the visitors we have in the house—

they will soon discover your secret if you appear before them like this. Nothing escapes an editor,—and Delvar has a keen scent. Beware of him!"

But Delvar went back to London that night suspecting nothing; and therefore it may be assumed that Kate played her part well, albeit it was new to her, and a little mistake would have been pardonable. But in such matters the most inexperienced of women are wise, and make no mistakes; it is one of their privileges.

CHAPTER XI.—THE STAR OF THE WEST.

There is a quarter of Sheffield which is dirtier and more enveloped in smoke than all the rest of that grimy city, although to the eye of the casual visitor there may seem very little to distinguish one part from another, that "most excellent canopy, the air," having everywhere been turned by man's devices into "a pestilent congregation of vapours." Yet there are degrees of comparison even in Sheffield, and one has to go to the immediate neighbourhood of the large iron and steel works to appreciate fully the beauties of an atmosphere of which soot, smut, and sulphur appear to form the principal ingredients. The people who live in this district are stunted in growth and sickly in appearance; their thin and wan-looking children dabble about in the black mud of the gutters from morning till night, father and mother being generally hard at work, except in those hours when they may be found consuming the remains of last Saturday's wages in the public-house. The dwellings of this portion of the population are crowded and cheerless, and the windows are bare even of the few flower-pots

which may generally be seen in the most squalid parts of other great towns; for there is no plant hardy enough to thrive amid the acrid fumes which are poured forth from the numberless tall chimneyshafts on every side. Animal life alone can exist in these dismal neighbourhoods, and that only in a debased and degenerate form.

In a small and stuffy room, in one of the worst streets of the lower part of the town, two persons were seated. On a table between them stood an old milk-jug with the handle knocked off, and a teacup in an equally dilapidated state. The milk-jug contained a beverage which was highly popular in that region, and which seemed from its name to have some distant connection with the dairy, for it was called "cream of the valley." With this cream the two persons in question refreshed themselves at frequent intervals from the teacup; the woman—for one of them was a woman—taking the lion's share, which was no more than reasonable, seeing that the funds for the entertainment had come entirely from her pocket. She might, perhaps, have been about forty, al-

though she looked several years older, her face being thin and haggard, and her black hair was sprinkled here and there with grey. Her eyes were dark and piercing, and they imparted to her entire countenance a certain look of fierceness which may have had its effect in producing the subdued manner of the nervous, withered little man who was her companion. Their conversation was carried on at fitful intervals, the woman being evidently plunged in a fit of dejection which her potations had not the power to dispel, while the man seemed to lack the inclination or the courage to break in upon her reflections. At length, however, he roused himself to speak.

"Don't drink any more," he said, stretching forth his hand to reach the gin; "if it had not been for *this*, you would not be in this dog-hole now. See what fine engagements you might have had all through the winter. There was Tanner, who came over from Manchester to see you at that abominable music-hall, and who was so much pleased with your Indian dance that he wanted to take you to the Variety Theatre at a salary of three pounds a-week. But when he came here to see you, you knew how it was; you were"—here the little man hesitated and broke down, much as he was in the habit of doing when scraping away at the worn strings of his cracked fiddle in the celebrated theatre of Manager Simmons; for he was the leader of the orchestra in that home of native talent, and was now eagerly awaiting the opening of the season which Simmons had positively declared—for the fourth or fifth time—should be his last.

"I tell you," the musician began again, encouraged by seeing that his companion showed no signs of

anger, "it goes to one's heart to see you brought to this, with your talent, and after what you have been."

"How do you know what I have been?" said the woman, suddenly flashing out in wrath.

"How do I know? Why, it's easy enough to see that you have done better in your day than drag about the country with such a show as old Simmons's. He gives me something to do, and I am glad of it, for I am fit for nothing else. There would be no look-out for me but the workhouse if Simmons threw me over. But you might do almost anything you liked even now, for I never saw a woman to compare with you in the melodramatic line, and I have seen a good many. And yet you've often told me you were not brought up to the stage."

"There is one thing you forget that I've often told you—and that is, not to pry into my affairs. What I was is nothing to you. I've sunk low enough now."

"Well," said the little man, with an affectation of cheerfulness, "you need not make things worse than they are. There are plenty of people who want to get a start in the profession who wouldn't mind taking your place, although Simmons's Theatre is not quite so big as Drury Lane."

"What message did he send you with to-night?" asked the woman, impatiently.

"The old man wants you to go round with us again—same salary as before, two pounds a-week. I know he depends upon you, and there are worse men in the world to deal with. I suppose you'll go?"

"Very likely I will. It will take me out of this stifling den at any rate. A few weeks more of this would kill me. Didn't you

say something about Simmons himself coming round to talk matters over? It's the least he can do with his leading actress," she added, with a sneer.

"He said he would—most likely to-night. That's why I waited."

"Well, go and get this jug filled again, and by that time he may be here."

The man rose to go on this errand, though with evident reluctance, when a heavy step was heard on the staircase, and a tap came at the door. Without waiting for a response, the new-comer, who turned out to be none other than Simmons himself, entered the room, and the man hastily concealed the jug, out of deference to the prejudices of his manager, who had an ill opinion of "cream of the valley" under any of its numerous disguises.

"Good evening, Madame," said the veteran, taking off his hat, and making a ceremonious bow. "Evening, Smithers. Glad to find you in such good company. But you have none too much fresh air here, it seems to me. We shall be able to improve that at any rate in the country, and put something in our pockets at the same time, I hope. It will be hard if we don't make a bit of a stir this time. What do you say, Madame—how is it to be? Do you go with us? Smithers has told you all about it, I suppose?"

"He has," replied the woman, curtly.

"And you find the terms liberal? It's a good deal to engage one's self for in these dull times, but I think we shall do better than we did last year. My farewell tour this time—the strolling business is done for, and I must learn a new trade or starve. It's only scenery and fine ladies that people look for now; good acting counts for nothing."

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"Well, we have not much of either to boast of in our company," said Madame.

"As you are my chief star," replied the manager with a laugh, "and I am the chief scene-painter, we won't say too much on that point. I don't mind owning to you, although you are not very complimentary to me, that I cannot offer you the position you ought to have. You should be making your fifteen or twenty pounds a-week as regularly as clock-work."

"So I have been telling her," said Smithers, proudly. "She need not have been shut up in a garret here all winter, as poor as Job."

"I need not be in a garret, or even poor, unless I chose," the woman snapped out angrily. "I suppose I have a right to live how and where I please?"

"Smithers meant no offence," pleaded the manager. "After all, this is not a place fit for you, and I want to get you out of it, at least for a few weeks. I suppose we may look upon it as settled—you'll join us?"

The woman was silent for a minute or two, apparently buried in thought. The musician watched her anxiously, for he was as eager as Simmons himself that she should again share their fortunes.

"Where do you begin the tour?" she asked.

"At Coalfield, where we finished it last time—and a rough night it was. Do you remember it? How the rain and hail came down, and what a miserable house we had—only one gent in the boxes. He is a good friend of mine, though, and always gives me a guinea for his seat."

"You know him, then?"

"I have known him for a couple of years or so: first met him on one of my rounds, far away from this part of the country, and long

before you joined us. Now I think of it, he was rather curious about you, and wanted to know where I had picked you up—if you will forgive the expression; it is mine, not his. I am sure he is too much of a gentleman to have used it.”

“And you told him?”

“I told him all I knew, which was not much. He has always treated me handsomely, and I should be glad to oblige him in any way I could. I went one night to his house—quite a picture. A copy of it would make a fine scene for a play.”

“A grand place, is it?” said the woman, displaying far more interest in the manager’s talk than she had yet shown.

“A regular old English house,” continued Simmons, pleased at having won the attention of his audience; “a house such as they don’t know how to build now. It is about ten miles from here, and anybody may know it by the four big yew-trees which stand hard by. You ought to go and see it—there’s nothing like it in America.”

“I think I ought,” said Madame, with a peculiar emphasis, which caused the manager to look inquiringly at her. “Is it near any railroad station?”

“Marshton is only three miles off. But I must be going, and so must Smithers. It is a settled thing, then, between us?”

“I suppose so.” Simmons shook hands with her cordially, and congratulated himself on having made a good bargain. His recruit had many faults, but he did not know where to find her equal for the money, as he was candid enough to admit to the old musician as they plodded home together.

Two evenings after the conclusion of this business, the woman, who had been addressed as Madame, and who, in truth, was Simmons’s

sheet-anchor, the renowned “Star of the West,” alighted at Marshton station, and inquired her way to Four Yew Grange. The station-master looked suspiciously at her, for she did not have the appearance of a visitor bound for the great house, and yet there was something in her address and bearing which forbade the supposition that she was bound on a sinister errand. “She is not a lady, and she is not a tramp. Hang me, if I can make out what she is!” said the station-master to himself, as he watched her retreating figure in the waning light. He determined to have a good look at her when she came back, for there could be no harm in being able to identify her in case of need.

The woman hastened towards her destination, following the directions which she had received, and looking neither to the right hand nor to the left. For a mile or two she had to follow the main road, through a little village consisting of a few cottages, the sloping roofs of which were covered with large heavy stone tiles, brought from quarries in the neighbourhood a hundred years and more ago. Stone walls, in some places partially broken down, bordered each side of the road. Then there came a field-path, which led past a few more crumbling cottages, little better than Irish cabins; and then the park, through a part of which the public footway continued its course. Round a fine oak-tree, close to the path, a bench had been fixed, and here the stranger paused awhile, and turned her eyes towards the wondrous spectacle which filled the heavens, and in the presence of which the works of man, and all his plans and thoughts, and even his life, by which he sets so much store, are but as dust driven before the wind.

The stars were shining with that wondrous glory which is sometimes seen on clear nights in the early months of the year, before the mists and haze of summer spread a thin veil between earth and sky. There is something in such a night which casts a spell over every heart, old or young; for even the child, before the past or the future has shaped to itself any image in its mind, is lost in wonder as it beholds the sublime spectacle, and all unconsciously there dawns upon its tender imagination the first dim sense of the vast mystery of the universe. And in age, reverent and awe-struck is the gaze with which the saddened eyes of man, still baffled as in childhood by the impenetrable secrets surrounding his brief sojourn here, regards the tranquil and immortal beams, invested to his eyes with a solemn pathos; for he is journeying towards the unknown lands from whence they come. Often in the midst of his troubled pilgrimage have they seemed to his fancy like the far-distant lights that guide the storm-beaten mariner to his home. And now he too is passing homewards, laden with many cares, his path deep in shadows. Well is it for him if there still shine the celestial rays which illumined his track in his early days; if the message of Peace and Hope which they then conveyed still has power to reach his heart.

The stranger looked upon this scene evidently not unmoved, for she sighed heavily, and even in that pale light the tears were not hidden which sometimes fell from her eyes. Although the gentleness of woman's nature had been hardened by long struggles with the world, her soul was not insensible to those influences which recall all that is noble in life, and remind

us of "that imperial palace whence we came." With slow and weary steps she advanced into the park, and was soon lost to view amidst the trees.

Presently she found herself in front of the house, and crept cautiously towards a spot upon which a bright light fell from lamps within the chamber. The curtains were not drawn, and it was easy to see all that was going on in the room. A young girl was seated at a table, colouring a drawing, and her father was leaning over her shoulder watching her progress. The light fell full upon the girl's face and form, and the stranger without saw how fair she was, and fixed her eyes upon her long and earnestly. Then she saw the father touch his daughter's cheek, and the words which he uttered reached her where she stood hidden in the darkness.

"Well done, Kate!—you are developing a power which begins to frighten me. What shall I do with you if you turn out to be a genius? I should be likely to lose you then even sooner than I am now; so that you see I was better off, after all, when you were a child, and drew horses which no one could distinguish from camels, and had never heard of such a name as Reginald Tresham."

"We will not think of him now, papa. You know we agreed this morning that he was not to be mentioned again for at least three days, and then only, as it were, by accident. But do you really think this good?" she asked, holding up her sketch.

"Good? It is perfect. You could sell it for a solid little sum of money if you had to gain a living by your pencil, Kate, as many a poor girl is trying to do with a tenth part of your talent. Perhaps, as you really love art so

much, it might be better for you if you had to depend upon it—who knows? It is only necessity which drives people to work hard at anything. Severe labour is not easy to anybody, although some people get to like it.”

“I am very well satisfied as we are, papa,” said Kate, little suspecting the thoughts and fears which were in her father’s mind.

“But many people who were as well placed as we are now have had unexpected difficulties to face. It is as well to have some resource to fall back upon; even the richest have no magic spell to guard them against misfortune.”

His tone was serious—more serious, perhaps, than he was aware of—and Kate looked doubtfully at him, as if uncertain whether or not there was some hidden meaning in his words. But Margrave felt that he had said more than he intended, and he lightly turned the subject aside. Then he went to the windows, and called his daughter to his side to look at the stars. While he waited for her he fancied that a shadow fell upon that part of the garden-walk which was reached by the light from the room. He stepped forward to the spot from which it had seemed to come, but there was nothing to be seen, and all was silent save for the rustling of the leaves, amid which the night winds were playing.

Kate came and stood by his side for a few moments, and listened to the strange cries of the night-jar as it flew on its way to its mate, and then a slight chill seemed to seize her, and she bade her father good-

night and ran indoors. But the father continued to walk slowly up and down, deep in thought, but sometimes raising his eyes and looking dreamily over the park which lay hidden beneath the shade of the trees. As he turned at the end of the terrace, he was certain that he saw the same shadow fall upon the old stone wall opposite the open window, through which the light still streamed; and then he heard, or thought he heard, the faint sounds of retreating footsteps upon the gravel, and afterwards rustling upon the grass. He called out, but no one answered. He went beneath the terrace into the park, and walked all round the house; there was no sign of any human being to be seen. Then he went back to the open window, and stood listening for some time before he entered the house. All was silence.

“It must either have been my imagination,” he said, “or one of the family ghosts. In any case I will go to bed.”

He could not see the retreating figure of a woman passing rapidly across the greensward towards the long line of trees, or hear the sound of her voice far away in the darkness, broken with sobs, and murmuring as she fled—“It is better so; let me leave them to their happiness, while I go back to my loneliness and sorrow, with nothing to hope for but the grave. It is the last refuge of the miserable—may I reach it soon!” In all this world of suffering and pain, the kindly stars looked down that night on no heavier heart.

CHAPTER XII.—MRS TILTOFF GETS ON THE SCENT.

In one of the streets which by a stretch of fancy are included in the district of Mayfair, there are

three or four small houses, narrow, badly constructed, and inconvenient, but eagerly sought for on

account of their proximity to the world of fashion. At the back there are stables which shut out the greater part of the meagre supply of light and air which is all that an overcrowded city can furnish to its inhabitants; and in the front, the rattle of cabs, and the dismal strains of the barrel-organ or the merciless din of the German band, distract the unaccustomed ear from morning till night. But the people who live hereabouts are scarcely conscious of these sounds; and as for "views," they do not desire anything better than the view which they can command from their bedrooms over the tiles and chimneys of their beloved London. The true Londoner likes well enough to see the country now and then; but after a short spell of rural life—especially when the days begin to shorten and the evenings to lengthen—he pines for the whirl and bustle of the streets, and begins to be almost as miserable as the Frenchman in India—perhaps the most home-sick and most inconsolable of all human beings. When once the passion for London has got thoroughly into the blood, there is no cure for it. The victim would surrender himself joyfully a prey to fogs, smoke, and bronchitis rather than be doomed to live where the air is fresh and pure, it may be, but where also there are no pavements and no gas, and where the only sounds to be heard at night are the boding cries of the owl, or the too early crowing of the barn-door cock.

The pleasantest-looking house in the particular street to which reference has been made, was the home of Captain Tiltoff, or rather of Mrs Tiltoff, for the gallant captain was little more than a lodger. He had been lucky enough to get an appointment in the War Office,

which furnished him with a harmless amusement part of the day, and in the evening he managed to provide for his own entertainment. He did not find his home the liveliest place in the world, nor his wife the most agreeable of companions. He had never understood his wife, although he had a vague but tolerably well-founded idea that she was too clever for him. He was never quite comfortable in her presence. Thus will matters sometimes dispose themselves in married life; and when they do, a good deal of patience is necessary on one side or both. In this instance, it was the wife who had the greatest need of patience.

Most people who knew Mrs Tiltoff found her answer to the description which her friend Delvar had given of her to Margrave. She was full of intellectual quickness—shrewd, penetrating, keenly observant, abundantly gifted with tact. At the time of her marriage, her husband was possessed of a very fair fortune, which was something in his favour; but a series of unlucky adventures on the turf quickly disposed of the better part of that. On what remained of their means she had succeeded in keeping up the little house in London, and in maintaining her position in the society to which she had all her life been accustomed, and in which she had always been a favourite. Women were her friends, for she never offended their prejudices or aroused their jealousies; men liked her, for she was always gay and amusing. No doubt it was difficult for a woman situated as she was to escape the breath of scandal, but thus far her discretion had been beyond suspicion. There was but one of her circle who was observed to pay her more than ordinary attentions, and to be an unusually

frequent visitor to her house. This was the famous Baron Phlog.

Everybody in London who knew anybody knew Baron Phlog. He was attached in an undefined and mysterious sort of way to one of the embassies, and was supposed to be much in the confidence of his chief—not the head of the embassy, but the inscrutable man whose lightest word had power enough to cause a stir in every Court and Cabinet in Europe. The Baron was not a young man, but he could not be called old; and it was universally admitted that no man, whether young or old, had a more charming manner, or possessed in a greater degree the useful secret of making friends wherever he went. There was a remarkably frank and open air with him, and an aspect of simplicity which discountenanced the idea of his being deep in diplomatic secrets, and which even caused most people to doubt whether he was really the trusted and efficient emissary of the veteran *rusé*, who had dethroned kings and shaken empires. But neither men nor women are always what they look. It was the Baron's innocent air which had often enabled him to be of great service to his dreaded master, and nowhere had it been so useful to him as in England. The Englishman prides himself upon his special faculty for judging of people by their faces. He believes that a man's character is written in his countenance. If the theory had been made for Baron Phlog, or Baron Phlog for the theory, they could not have suited each other better.

With women the Baron was invariably a success; for the whispers which went abroad of his intimacy with the greatest statesman of modern times gave him the sort of distinction which

women understand and value. No one had even heard Baron Phlog so much as mention the name of his master, but he adroitly took advantage of the reputation which the official world, no less than the gossip of drawing-rooms, conferred upon him. His personal qualities were also greatly in his favour in approaching the gentler sex. It would have been absurd to call him a handsome man, but his face was extremely intellectual, and he talked to women, as to men, on a footing of entire equality. He did not treat them as if they had no minds. He invariably assumed that their mental powers were not inferior to his own. This was a form of flattery, insidiously applied, which never failed to make him ardent friends. Moreover, his voice was soft and winning, his conversation refined and agreeable. He could speak English as well as any Englishman alive, and better than most of them, for he had no affectations. And yet he had never been taught the language by a professor. He had found his way through its intricacies by studying two or three of the greatest writers, and by going to the theatre whenever Shakespeare was acted, with a copy of the play before him. Every word which he could not understand he underlined and committed to memory, with its translation. In the matter of pronunciation, it might be thought that the Baron would often have been led astray in this somewhat eccentric and dangerous school; but, strange to say, no evil results were visible. Perhaps he would have been no better, if so well, off had he chosen the House of Commons as his training-ground instead of the theatre. Certain it is that there was nothing to indicate that he was a foreigner, except, perhaps, a somewhat too

fastidious method of pronouncing carefully every word in a sentence. Everybody could understand what he had to say; and what is not a little unusual, it was found that he generally had something to say which was worth listening to. Even Mr Spinner pronounced that opinion of him; and it was very difficult indeed to satisfy Mr Spinner with any one but himself.

Mrs Tiltoff was always at home to the diplomatist, and this was known to most of her acquaintance, and doubtless caused some comments which would have amused her husband if they had reached his ears. For his confidence in his wife was unbounded; he judged her to be a woman of an ambitious nature, but cold and imperious, little likely to be led astray by the honeyed words of any diplomatist, young or old. As for the Baron, he went to the little house in Mayfair because he was always amused there, and because the hostess had taken his fancy more than any other woman he had met in England. It was a rule of his to choose all his female acquaintance among the ranks of married women. "It is always a waste of time," he would say, "to talk to girls, even if it is nothing worse. In married life you find yourself on safe ground." Sometimes he was asked why, with these opinions, he did not get married himself, and thus plant himself on the safe ground once for all. Then he would put a dreamy look into his eyes, and say that he desired no better fate; but he was not quite at liberty to act as he chose. In the mind's eye of his questioner, the background would straightway be filled with the massive figure and commanding features of the great prince who held everybody who served him under a sort of magic spell. Who could be free

when this potent genius had once laid his commands upon him? Ladies—especially young ladies, to whom he had not confided his peculiar theories—pitied poor Baron Phlog, and fancied they saw in him a Faust who was under a fearful compact to obey the behests of the Mephistopheles who held all Europe in check. The Baron received their commiseration with respectful gratitude, but remained unshaken in his loyalty to his married friends.

One afternoon when he entered the little boudoir in Mayfair, he found Mrs Tiltoff leaning back in a chair listlessly, an open book before her, evidently unread. The day was warm, and a couple of brass bands outside were in full blast. The Baron had a sensitive temperament, and these annoyances affected him. He almost wished that he had not come. But on his way up the narrow staircase he regained complete command over himself, and no one would have supposed that anything in the world was capable of ruffling so smooth and equable a disposition.

"You are depressed," he said, after an exchange of greetings, "and no wonder. It is a day when one has no right to be shut up in London, tormented by my wretched countrymen with their music of the fiends. How is it you are not in the Park?"

"Because I am jaded and weary. Do you not feel sometimes as if you would gladly get free from all the set which surrounds you, and never see one of them again?"

"I think I should make an exception or two," said the Baron, drawing up a chair. "It is this life which is wearying you; so much alone, so little to interest you even when you go abroad. You are a woman who should have had a career; but in England a woman must not have a career

unless she can make one in literature. What a pity your husband was not a political man!"

Mrs Tiltoff smiled ruefully. "Captain Tiltoff," said she, "would not have greatly distinguished himself had he gone into that field. He scarcely knows which party is in power, or who is Prime Minister."

"We all know it is Mr Spinner and his merry men," remarked the Baron, with his usual simplicity; "Captain Tiltoff could tell us that. I assure you he is better versed in these affairs than you think. I was talking to him on the subject the other night; it struck me that he showed great good sense in all that he said. Yes—he is a man who has reflected for himself."

The Baron appeared to be perfectly serious. "I am glad," said the captain's wife, "that you have so good an opinion of him."

"I ought to have, if only on account of his wife—who," he added, observing a slight movement from the lady, "has shown me much kindness ever since I came to England. I wish I knew how to make some return for it."

"My husband must always be, what he is now, a drudge—because he, like many others, did not find out the value of money until he had thrown away all he had. Once I had hoped for a different fate, both for him and myself. His uncle had a fine estate, and led him to believe that he would inherit it. It was the old story of throwing away the substance for the shadow. My husband squandered almost everything, and after all he did not get the estate."

"Then the property went away from him? You never mentioned this before," said the Baron, in his most sympathetic tones.

"Every acre and every shilling. There was a son, but a quarrel had estranged the father from him

—finally, as it once seemed; as we *hoped*, I suppose I must add," said she with a hard little laugh. "That was an end to our golden dreams."

"And the son—he is married?"

"He was, and has a daughter—so that you see our chance is not worth discussing, for it is not an entailed estate. The Margraves are in the place which we expected to fill, and Arthur is a subordinate in the War Office. Of the two, I think the Margraves have the best of it."

"The—— what was the name you mentioned?" asked the Baron, with an air of genuine surprise.

"The Margraves—our cousins."

"Margrave? Can that be the man I knew in Washington when I was attached to the Legation there? A pleasant man—a little reserved, as all you English are, but a good companion. I recollect, too, that he had a daughter; she was quite young at that time. It must be five or six years ago."

"Doubtless the same persons—they lived in America for years."

"Ah! then it must be the same.

And Margrave married some American woman whom no one seemed to know anything about. He was always very silent concerning her; perhaps she is dead. Some men do not like to speak of the dead."

"Married an American woman?" said the lady, all her languor disappearing instantly. "Are you sure of that?"

"Oh, very sure—we all knew that much, but no one knew more. I fancy there must have been a mystery which this Mr Margrave did not care to have any one pry into. The English minister was Sir Roderick Trail—poor fellow, he is dead! It was he who told me all about it; I remember it well. You seem interested in this?"

"Deeply—for reasons that I can-

not tell you now. How glad I am that you came to-day, and that I was depressed when you came! but for that chance I might never have mentioned our affairs to you. If I could only ascertain for certain the facts about this marriage!"

"They are precisely as I have told you. Margrave did what others do. All Englishmen marry American women when they go to live in that country, unless they are married before they go. Oh yes, there is no doubt about it. Only I do not say that Margrave's wife is dead, for that I do not know. But I daresay I could find out all about it, for my old friend Count Schomberg is still at the head of the Legation, and he has many facilities for making judicious inquiries. Shall I write to him?"

"You would confer upon me so great a favour," said the lady, with a look of gratitude which it may be that the diplomatist somewhat misinterpreted, for he took her hand and kissed it, though with an old-fashioned and formal gallantry which was calculated to remove any cause for alarm.

"Dear lady," he said in a low voice, "would that it were a far greater service that you called upon me to perform! This is but a trifle."

"It is not a trifle to me, Baron."

"Rely upon my best exertions; all necessary inquiries shall be made at once."

"And in the meantime you will say nothing to Captain Tiltoff?"

"Not a word. Remember," said he, with an artless smile, "that I am a diplomatist. If I can do nothing else, I can keep a secret. Everything that you say to me

is sacred. Now I go. Soon you will hear all that is to be learnt. I declare," he added, as he stood over her, looking down upon her expressive face—"I declare I almost flatter myself that I have dispelled the clouds from your brow."

"You have done more for me than you can imagine," she said earnestly, "and I cannot thank you enough."

"Then do not thank me at all—that will make everything right. Rely upon my fidelity and my discretion," said the Baron; but surely there was no need to lay so much stress upon these particular qualities at that moment. The Baron, however, generally weighed his words carefully, and doubtless wished to convey a definite meaning to his fair friend's mind. Perhaps she understood him as he meant to be understood, for she looked up at him and smiled. It was the brightest smile which he had as yet won from her.

"Phew!" said the Baron to himself as he reached the street, "it is very hot, and this cursed band is very noisy. I would not live in that house for a hundred pounds a-day."

But the lady he had just left did not feel the heat or hear the noise. She sat perfectly still, looking steadfastly towards the window with eyes which saw nothing, pursuing some absorbing vein of thought. The golden dream, then, had not quite fled? There might still be some hope of recovering independence, and her life was not to be for ever bounded by the four walls of this mean little room, which smelt so horribly of stables whenever she opened the windows?

A SKETCH FROM CORNWALL.

UNTIL comparatively the other day, the Duchy of Cornwall was a country hardly known to the tourist, and the Land's End was literally at the end of the world. Travelling was difficult, and accommodation deplorable: the scenery was supposed to be sad and forbidding; and we fancy that many people were so ignorant of physical geography as to believe that the inhospitable landscapes were cursed with an equally ungenial climate. As for the scenery, towards the close of the last century, the Rev. Mr Gilpin, who was not easily discouraged when in search of the picturesque, stopped short in his wanderings when but a little beyond Launceston, and declined the labour of further exploration. He was discouraged by the bleak monotony of the desolation, and came back to give a most evil report of the land. While as for the travelling, it is scarcely a quarter of a century since the highly primitive van was the general mode of conveyance. It is true that excellently appointed stage-coaches rattled over the well-kept highway between Plymouth and Penzance, though, as their accommodation was limited, the places were at a premium. But elsewhere the roads were almost invariably disreputable, and they were leisurely travelled over by those celebrated Cornish vans. The van was an ingenious masterpiece of inhumanity and inconvenience. It had a more elastic carrying capacity than even the Neapolitan *calestino*, which conveys on something slighter than the body of a roomy English dogcart, half-a-score of peasants and a couple of priests, with half-a-dozen or so of dogs and children swinging in the net be-

neath. There was a long springless box on clumsy wheels, with a roof that, for the best of reasons, was the most solidly constructed part of the carriage. In the gloomy interior, closely curtained, an incredible number of unlucky passengers were packed away, the interstices among their interlocked legs being wedged up with packages and children. The miscellaneous luggage was piled on the roof, where such trifles as fish-baskets, coils of wire-fencing, and casks of blasting-powder were secured with a network of knitted cordage. An accident meant an avalanche, which pinned and crushed the helpless heap of "insides"; and accidents of all kinds were common enough. For these vans in almost every case were dragged by a single superannuated horse, who could never have come to the end of the painful journey, had it not been for the standing rule of the road. At each steep plunge into one of the innumerable lateral valleys, the travellers were expected to unpack themselves and alight; but while they were left to scramble as best they could down the inclines, they were impressed for active service at the ascents. Going uphill, they had literally to put their shoulders to the muddy wheels, shoving the horse and the waggon before them. So that, though the horse had necessarily the harder time of it, perhaps he had scarcely most reason to groan. Imagine a modern tourist making holiday under these inauspicious circumstances. Wedged in the van, he would probably be martyr to cramp, with all those sensations of exquisite agony which Charles Reade describes in the case of the convict who was victimised in

the jacket of punishment, in 'Never too Late to Mend.' The passenger could no more than the convict make a single movement to relieve the strain, and a change in his attitude was an absolute impossibility. And although he had only too many opportunities of "stretching his legs," when he got in again with soaking clothes and feet, after plunging through the heavy rain and the holding Cornish clay, his position was scarcely sensibly bettered. He had few opportunities of seeing the country; for when the view was not shut in by the sides of a valley, he was enclosed in an impervious covering of canvas. Yet if he could not admire the landscapes, it was not for lack of leisure. By what seemed a very superfluous enactment, the pace of the van was limited by statute to four or five miles in the hour; but in reality, the journey between two not very distant market towns often occupied a couple of days and nights. And the quarters that might be expected for the night were on a par with the pleasures of the transport. The accommodation was meant for the easy-going local folks; and the hardy endurance of the stout Cornishman was illustrated by the absence of all the comforts that refinement deems essentials.

But although all that is really a story of yesterday, it is what our Liberal Cabinet calls "forgotten history." The symbol of the revolution that has been wrought in Cornish travel is to be seen in the magnificent tubular suspension-bridge that spans the broad estuary of the Tamar at Saltash. The railway, although as yet only on a single line, has been carried westward from Plymouth to Penzance; while convenient branches open up the country round some of the principal mining and fishing centres.

There are excellent hotels to be found at Penzance, St Ives, and elsewhere; while in many of the towns which owe their growth and prosperity to the mines, there are inns where the tourist may be tolerably comfortable, and enjoy easy opportunities of studying local character. For a Cornishman will always talk, if you get him upon his mines or his fishing. And by way of a supreme proof of Cornwall's remarkable advance in civilisation, we may say that not only are there tourist coaches plying about Falmouth and the Lizard, but a daily plurality of pleasure-breaks running from Penzance to the Land's End. For the fact is, that the country was a *terra incognita*, which has only very recently been discovered and explored. It hid its picturesqueness, as it conceals its mineral wealth, from the casual visitor or the superficial observer. Even the 'Encyclopædia Britannica' quotes with approval the dictum of the traveller who asserted that the seventy miles between Launceston and Mounts Bay is the dreariest strip of earth traversed by any English highroad. The predominant characteristics of the country display themselves on the bleak weather-beaten table-lands, where the monotonous lines are broken only by the shafts of mine-chimneys, and which are traversed from east to west by a low range of rocky hills. You may sample those uplands by driving a mile or two, as you may gauge the percentage of the metal in a mining vein by analysing one or two specimens of the ore. But the beauties of Cornwall, and, above all, the wonderful exuberance of its semi-tropical flora, are to be sought along the sheltered courses of the brawling streams that flow southwards to the sea from its stony backbone; as you see the sterner

grandeur of its scenery in the remoter parts of the coast, where precipices sink sheer into the ocean. Cornwall is eminently the country of contrasts. In the first place, nothing can be in stronger contrast than its general aspect with the soft southern scenery of the sensuous Devon. A heathy and furzy wilderness of thinly covered stone succeeds to the wealth of verdure and soft vegetation. And even in the shortest stroll in the far interior, the stranger walks forward from surprise to surprise.

For example, we passed some days during last summer at the Tregenna Castle Hotel, near St Ives. The hotel is placed in a commanding situation, looking over the roofs of the strong-smelling fishing port; over the broad land-locked bay into the inland windings of its estuary, and along the headlands of the rock-bound coast to the westward. The hotel itself is a restored and enlarged manor-house, standing among its old-fashioned plantations, enclosures, and gardens, with sundry appurtenances attached to it in the farming way, such as cow-houses and sheep-pens and piggeries. But thanks to the comparative shelter it enjoys, it seems like an oasis in wind-driven and weather-beaten wilds. The copses are cut down by the keen sea-breezes, as if they had been trimmed into spreading hedges by the sweep of gigantic pruning-hooks. When you reach the top of the low ridge behind that acts in some measure as a break-breeze, everything about you appears barren, rugged, and forbidding. The monotony of a breadth of low rolling hills is relieved by nothing but those eternal stone chimneys, by piles of grass-grown refuse flung up from the pits, by natural cairns of huge granite boulders. And

the poverty-stricken and cheerless aspect of affairs is increased by the fact that most of those mining-chimneys are smokeless. If the district is rich in anything, it would seem to be in stone; and the small and scattered grazing enclosures are shut in by massive uncemented stone dykes. Wood is so scarce that gates are considered an extravagant luxury, and the cows are often driven in through gaps opened for the purpose and built up again after the animals have entered. Beyond these fields, the only vegetation is the coarse stunted grasses, or the yellow lichens covering the granite, and which, unless they are gilded by sunshine, seem very like superannuated cushions. As the road winds upwards between the dilapidated dykes of stone, the look of things becomes more and more forbidding, and the pedestrian is tempted to turn back in disgust. If he yielded to the impulse he would make a fatal mistake, for he would miss much that is enjoyable and even enchanting. For the pleasures of contrast come in again as usual. A road turns sharp to the westward and descends, and the character of the country changes as by magic, though you pass by degrees from the purgatory to a paradise. Under a lap of the uplands lies a singularly prosaic mining village, consisting of a single long street upon a steep incline. The cottages are at once mean and substantial, for the bald but Cyclopean masonry might apparently last through a nine hundred years' lease. The public buildings, which are the village tavern and the dissenting chapel, are altogether in harmony with the private residences. Life there must be life stripped of the graces, though that, of course, may be a matter of trivial consequence

to the labourers who pass one half their days in the darkness below ground and the other half in bed. Men are conspicuous by their absence, since they have either emigrated or are down in the mines; while the few women pay small attention to their toilets, and, like their children, are as weather-beaten as their walls. We know that "where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise;" and if all their neighbours were as themselves, they might have no cause to be discontented. But as we go grumbling downwards towards the bottom of the hill, we are exhilarated by unexpected gleams of brightness. We are landed in another village, and as different from the one on high as light from darkness, or a Heligoland from a Madeira. The cottage architecture seems still intended for eternity rather than for time; but it is draped in the flowers of a southerly latitude. The cottage walls are thickly covered with climbing plants, which frame the doors and the window-sashes in their leaves and tendrils. There are little gardens before and behind, with a flush of fuchsias and a bloom of myrtles and hydrangeas. The heavy lintels of the window-sills are brightened with borders of scarlet geraniums; and the people, living out of the wind and the cold, have devoted greater attention to their persons. Nor is it merely the cottage-gardening which indicates the change in the climate. A little further, and you are down in a wooded dell, where a rippling rivulet breaks softly over the pebbles, between banks that are brilliant with the wild-flowers in season. And the half-sheltered copses expand themselves in their chastened luxuriance of growth; for although they are cut down when they shoot up over-ambitiously, the sap has been

forced back upon the stems and the lower boughs. It is in such an exceptional and favoured spot that we can conceive the realisation of the fable of the lotus-eaters. It must be wearisome work dreaming away existence in a country where it is always afternoon. But find a protected nook in a land of stormy sea-blasts, and it seems simple prudence to stay where you are, and to decline to tempt the elements in the upper regions.

The truth is, that the new conditions under which we know Cornwall, are to be sought in the scientific researches into its climate, which have borne practical and profitable fruits. We have come to learn the course of the Gulf Stream and the extraordinary influence it exercises on the temperature of the Atlantic. The wild billows that break round the Wolf Rock and the Eddystone are really raised to a warmth that was formerly unsuspected; and the winds that sweep over the Land's End from the west, grow warmer and warmer the longer they blow. It has been proved by careful statistics, that there is a creek in Devon, very close to the borders of Cornwall, where the average climate is equal to that of Naples, while the temperature in the winter is very considerably higher. Consequently, though the Cornish summer climate is cloudy, the temperature is one of the most equable in the habitable globe; and the proof is to be found in the orange and lemon trees which flourish in many sheltered valleys with a southern exposure. The market-gardeners have long since discovered that; and now raising early vegetables, as far as it can be carried, will probably be the most certain industry of the future. It is to Cornwall that Covent Garden is indebted for

much of its early seakale and asparagus, peas and broccoli, to say nothing of such commoner vegetables as cabbages, turnips, and carrots. And it is a happy thing for Cornwall that the facts are so, that the discovery of its long-concealed charms and capabilities has been made in time, and that the county has been opened up to tourists; for its vegetables, with its picturesque and archaeological attractions, seem likely to be its chief sources of profit in the future. From time immemorial, and while it lay remote as the mythical Tarshish from the great centres of commercial activity, it had been famed for its extraordinary wealth in the metals. If we were writing a regulation article on the subject, it would carry us back to speculations in mining ventures to Britain among bulls and bears on the Phœnician and Carthaginian bourses. But we share the prejudices of the great majority of readers as to such semi-mythical research, and we content ourselves with reminding them that through our modern English history the Cornishman has lived upon his minerals and his fish. Fortunately for him, he long enjoyed a practical monopoly of the tin and the copper trades. The enterprise of the Cornish miner, his pluck, his endurance, his rough intelligence, were amazing. Modern inventions, even when adopted in their simplest forms, gave an extraordinary impulse to the industry. There was scarcely a rich district in the county which had not been prospected and broken into more or less prehistoric times. Even in the infancy of science all these abandoned workings were passed under inspection, and it was decided that most of them would repay intelligent development. In relatively recent times, the men who undertook such

works were very expressively styled adventurers. A knot of knowing local individuals usually clubbed their means, and broke ground judiciously with small beginnings. They paid a certain royalty to the lord of the soil; and they pushed their enterprise and called up more capital according to the promise of each fresh advance. In many cases and more often than not, they shared the risks with their labourers. A certain measurement off the veins was put up to auction and leased for a month or more to the highest bidder. That was called the "tut" system, as opposed to hired daily labour. Mining must always be more or less of a speculation, and the tut-men should have been bound over to prudence by the nature of their engagement. Sometimes their venture proved a dead loss; occasionally it yielded extraordinary profits. But on the whole, the mining of those days was eminently lucrative; and although speculative outsiders often sank their money out of sight, all the "Duchy" fattened or at least thrived on its metals. Sometimes, as in surface tin streaming, or in certain of the copper-mines, the riches lay almost ready to the picks and spades. There are mines like the celebrated Carclaze, near St Austell, where the miners worked in the light of day, in vast circular excavations that were perpetually being deepened and extended; and where the curious stranger may still examine the operations with some slight expenditure of sole-leather and the use of an opera-glass. But at the other end of a rapidly descending scale, were undertakings like the wonderful Botallack, where the slaves of the lamp, or rather of the candle, sank their shafts from the ledges of almost impracticable cliffs, and drove their galleries beneath the turmoil of the Atlantic

surges. We use the past tense in speaking of the Botallack, because we believe that its submarine galleries have been abandoned, and can only now be visited by special permission. But the scene at those Botallack works used to be absolutely unique, and a remarkable instance of the facility with which man may familiarise himself with danger in the pursuit of wealth or in the struggle for existence. The entrance to the Botallack was on the face of some of the boldest precipices that are to be found on the wild northern coasts of the county. Looking upwards from the strip of beach beneath, you saw dwarfed human beings like trains of ants, swarming upon the least accessible foot-tracks and ledges. Barrows laden with blocks of ore were being wheeled over the single-plank bridges that spanned bottomless abysses. When the men knocked off from work for relaxation, they smoked their pipes and took their mid-day meal on a promontory sloping to the rollers that broke many hundred feet below. And the curious visitor, without the constitutional imperturbability of the natives, had to accept a trying share of the risk. He made his way downwards from the crest of the cliff to the opening of the shaft by something like a goat-track, that was dangerously treacherous in wet weather. At the mouth of the pit, having produced his credentials, he was equipped in complete mining costume; and surely never was that serviceable but unbecoming dress more necessary. For the descent was by a succession of perpendicular ladders, in an incessant drip from the walls of the circular shaft which struck painfully on the ear in the darkness. And the terrors thickened around him when he had arrived at the bottom; for the Cornish

miners showed a dare-devil recklessness which should have been exceedingly gratifying to the adventurers who employed them. Those who went in for piece-work, for their very moderate daily wage would never stick at a trifle when a vein showed signs of wealth. The consequence was that they had worked at the roofs of this cavern in the Botallack till but a thin crust was left between them and the ocean; and on one occasion when they had been hewing at a tempting mass of copper ore, they had actually to stop a yawning orifice with stones and cement. In any case, above the ring of the pick-axes you could hear the surf rolling about the shingle overhead; so that, independently altogether of minor disagreeables, the stranger was too happy to beat a retreat.

Yet that Botallack mine, with others like the "Levant," are scarcely extreme instances of Cornish mining enterprise. The miners have not only followed out the lodes under the ocean, but driven the shafts vertically down to them through the water, in defiance of tides and storms. It was ascertained that there were rich deposits beneath Mounts Bay; they lay full in front of the flourishing market town of Penzance. A shrewd working miner, who had as much intellectual audacity as physical courage, determined to deliver an attack upon those submarine treasures in due form. The spot he selected for his approaches was submerged by each rising tide; and although at first he had hoped to work all the year round, the operations were subsequently limited to the comparatively tranquil summer season. The works had to be constructed with exceptional solidity; for the storms from the south-west, often blowing steadily for days, burst upon Mounts Bay

with tremendous violence. In this very year of 1883, one of the February gales breached the Penzance esplanade, while the waves were washing up to the first floors on the sea-fronts of the houses. This daring Mr Thomas Curtis had designed a wooden *caisson*, which formed the entrance to the mine; and was gradually buttressed by the masses of refuse that were thrown up from the interior. The pumping was effected by a steam-engine erected on the shore, and connected with the mine by pipes led along a wooden viaduct. Nevertheless the labourers went about their business in a perpetual shower-bath, for the sea-water was continually filtering through the roofs of the galleries. Notwithstanding the heavy original outlay and the enormous and unexpected drawbacks, the venture paid fairly well for a time, as the extracted ore was of very rich quality. But the outgoings gradually became greater in proportion to the profits, until the one threatened to swallow the other. The excessive drip of the water was due to the irremediable mistake of the galleries having been driven too near to the surface. To resist the pressure, solid timber props had to be introduced at an enormous expense. The proprietor's expectations of being able to work through the year were disappointed, as we said; and in the winter the waves forced their way through the *caisson*, so that the workings were partially flooded. After £70,000 worth of ore had been taken out, the question of abandoning the mine was under consideration, when an accident decided the adventurers. A vessel broke loose from her moorings in the bay, drifted against the mouth of the works, and carried away the superstructure and the machinery. And so came to a conclusion an enterprise which, in its audacity,

may almost rank with the erection of the lighthouse on the Eddystone. It might have been thought that the story, exciting as it was, should have served as a warning for the future. But it is significant of the pertinacity with which Cornishmen, like Stock Exchange speculators, return again and again to once lucrative workings, that a society was subsequently formed to resume the enterprise. As for that second attempt, however, it proved from the first a disastrous failure.

The life of the miner is what most of us would consider a living death: it is a sentence to perpetual hard labour in outer darkness, under the most depressing conditions; and indeed there is something like torture thrown in. Working in relays, many of them seldom see such sunshine as is often obscured by the western fogs. And it is, after all, a matter of comparatively little consequence whether they are in a shift for the night or the day. The labour is equally carried on in gloom; and if they go on duty in the night, they must sleep through the daylight. The temperature at the lower levels is excessive; strip as they will, they perspire all the same. In more primitive times the women shared the labours of the men; but their mining costumes were necessarily so light, that in an age of greater decorum legislation interfered with their engagements, in the interests of public decency. The constant perspiration in itself must be a serious drain on the constitution. The miners, like colliers, must work in the narrow galleries in all manner of cramped and distorted attitudes; and it is easy to conceive the exertions involved in handling the pick through hours against granite walls, when bent double, or possibly when lying on the side. We have already made allusion to some of the casual dangers of the calling; where you

may have to tread dizzy precipices as everyday footpaths, and climb break-neck ladders with heavy loads. But the drudgery must be even more repulsive than the danger, which to certain natures may give an agreeable stimulus of excitement. Not unfrequently the villages of the workmen are at a considerable distance from the mines; and it has been said, although it sounds almost incredible, that the mere climbing from the submarine depths to the top of the cliffs at Botallack, used to occupy the best part of an hour. It was probably owing partly to those circumstances that the "tut" or tribute system originated, which gave the miner an intense personal interest in his work. When portions of the mine were measured off and put up to auction, doubtless the bidders were shrewd enough to make pretty fair estimates of their chances. Still the results were eminently speculative. Sometimes they toiled through a weary month for nothing, though at other times they enriched themselves by handsome hauls. But that such a system should have been brought into vogue at all, shows the somewhat reckless character of the Cornishman, who seems superficially to be so calm and self-contained. We can conceive a man who has credit or a floating capital playing fast and loose with his hundreds or thousands; but it seems the climax of speculation when a hard-working man stakes his children's bread and his cottage rent on the proverbial uncertainty of mining. And even now, when mining depression is unhappily almost universal, you cannot go into any of the once rich metalliferous districts without having metals perpetually ringing in your ears. It is not only in the coffee-rooms and bar-parlours of the inns at Truro or Redruth that

mining engineers, commercial travellers, and local tradesmen are discussing the cost of shares and the aggravating fluctuations of the markets; but the very railway guards and engine-drivers are talking mining stock as the trains draw up in their leisurely progress; and should you get into conversation with a ragged tramp on the roads, the talk tends inevitably towards tempting investments of capital.

Unfortunately, however, as a rule in these days, there are far more disappointments than happy hits to be recorded. And for that there are various reasons, which make us forebode that the depression is only too likely to be permanent. Unremitting research from time immemorial must have pretty nearly discovered all the richest deposits. Incessant labour, with the rapid development of scientific appliances, has extracted all the ores that were most accessible. When excavating below a certain depth, expenses of course increase proportionately; and the mere cost of timber for the ladders and props is enormous. For Cornwall, being bare of wood, imports what it needs chiefly from Scandinavia. Then at one time Cornwall had almost a monopoly of its special metals. Since then, researches in either hemisphere have brought a host of rival mines into the markets; and there are well-known copper deposits in North America alone, sufficient to weigh heavily on the future of Cornish mining. Prices have already fallen some fifty per cent since their most prosperous days; and, so far as we can see, they are likely to become less and less remunerative. Necessarily, Cornwall must always have the advantage, so far as home purchasers are concerned, of being far more accessible to the points of delivery; and there are a few still

famous mines which show no signs of exhaustion. But the facts we have noted, and which are indisputable, should be a warning to mining investors to be cautious. We may take it as an axiom that the shares of a sound company are generally quoted at their outside value. Local investors are too fond of local investments to let them go a-begging. While the seductive prospectuses of the new undertakings, which we, in common with many of our readers, are perpetually consigning to our wastepaper baskets, in nineteen cases out of twenty are coarsely baited traps for the unwary. In some cases there are bogus works which literally have no local habitation; while in most instances the scene of earlier successful operations is selected as being specially eligible for the interment of the capital of the credulous. If you wish to sink your money in bottomless holes, we should say that you had better plunge blindfold into Cornish mining.

The proof of it is the steady emigration which has been going forward from Cornwall in the last quarter of a century. It is difficult to get at exact statistics on the subject; but we should say that the mining population must have diminished by at least one-third. And it must be remembered that the Cornishman is strongly attached to the soil; and unless he has been brought up from his boyhood on the sea, which seems to him then an easy highway to anywhere, is loath to leave his home, save under pressure of extreme necessity. So far back as half a century ago, handsome pay tempted "captains" to Spain and Mexico. But nowadays Cornishmen are to be found in charge of mining operations all over the surface of the habitable globe. In Spain or Por-

tugal, in the Americas or at the antipodes, wherever a company is doing a flourishing business, you are almost sure to find Pols, Tres, and Pens in command. When the prospectus of a foreign scheme is floated on the Stock Exchange, the reports of its fabulous prospects are very frequently subscribed by some Cornish name. And to do him bare justice, the endorsement of a Cornishman is generally a presumption in favour of the scheme. For a sturdy honesty is the characteristic of the people; and there is no disputing their keen intelligence. And the Cornish miner when at home, and on the whole, is a respectable member of society. He usually gives evidence of his earnestness in religious matters by attaching himself to some Dissenting sect, to which he is bound to contribute liberally. He seldom drinks deep out of season; and you can see the signs of a satisfactory balance at the savings-bank in the comfort which is to be found in his cottage home. That homely comfort is the more to his credit that he is so little within doors, except for eating and sleeping. Though he eats largely, as a man must who has to labour so indefatigably, he lives frugally; and the staple of his fare is those solid Cornish pasties, which are generally composed of frugal materials. He would do better still, were it not that the women of the family in his absence so often fall victims to the wiles of the travelling tally-man. Possibly the feminine nature seeks relief from the gloom of its unnatural surroundings; but it is certain that the Cornish women, beyond the average of their sex, set their affections on cheap jewellery and gaudy finery. The credit-giving pedlar, with his knowledge of human nature, takes an ungallant advantage of their

circumstances and that amiable weakness. As the head of the family burrows habitually beneath ground, the ladies may wear what they like in the light of day, and the worthy man be none the wiser. So the pedlar tempts the daughters of Eve with tenders of unlimited credit, and they listen only too readily to his charming. The small sums paid monthly to account are deducted from the monthly household expenses, with results on the daily bills of fare productive of continual heart-burnings. Until at last a final settlement is peremptorily demanded, when a domestic explosion clears the air, with a clean sweep of the savings-deposits.

You may read a melancholy story of impoverished homes, parted households, and deserted villages, in the smokeless chimneys of abandoned mines that dot the cheerless landscape in many of the districts. At the best of times, the landscapes must have been dreary enough; but with the depression of the prevailing industry they are dismal. And accordingly, the question that irresistibly suggests itself to the tourist is, "What is to be the future of this once flourishing county?" We intend to speak of the fisheries by-and-by; but fishing must be confined to the dwellers on the coasts. Over the interior, consisting chiefly of stony hills and barren heaths, the ventures of the farmer are almost more hazardous than those of the miner. Through a great extent of the county the chances are so obviously against him, that attempts at reclaiming the wastes would be a barefaced tempting of Providence. In most cases, he grows his poverty-stricken crops with the certainty of a proportion of disastrous seasons. When men are half starved on the existing

farms, further encroachments on the wilds are out of the question. Except in the kindly shelter of some sequestered vale, it is hopeless to try to foster even hardy timber; though, if plantations could only be made to succeed, nowhere would they pay more handsomely than in the mining districts. So Cornwall is neither agricultural nor pastoral; for even a goat could hardly fatten when condemned to browse upon heath, and moss, and lichen-covered granite boulders. It is true that in Cornwall there are spots which, as we have said, are singularly favoured both in soil and climate. The Gulf Stream sweeping close round its shores, diffuses its genial influences over the lateral valleys, and counteracts the effects of the nipping breezes which chill the upper strata of the air. But after all, the acreage eligible for seakale and asparagus can only give occupation to comparatively few. The "long-shore" folks may thrive by sea-fishing and market-gardening; but the fate of the inland districts and their inhabitants is a problem that can only be solved by time, and probably by extensive emigration.

Cornwall is the country of contrasts. Its principal industries are mining and fishing; and what can be more absolutely opposed to each other than the lives of fishermen and miners? The one set of men live and toil in the darkness, within the gloomy walls of their close and reeking prisons; while the other breathe the free air of the ocean,—not unfrequently blowing so strong as to knock the breath out of their bodies. But the hardships and the dangers in the one case are at least as great as in the other. Nothing can be more repulsively formidable than the iron-

bound coasts, with their outlying reefs and their tremendous breakers. A lee shore, with a shore-blowing gale on the coasts, is one of the most tremendous situations it is possible to imagine. The storms sweeping up the Channel rage for days with tempestuous violence; the roar of the surf, as it bellows up through rocky caverns like the Aberdeenshire Bullers of Buchan, is borne inland "from bank to brae," till the echoes die away in moanings in the distance; and although the shore-line is broken here and there by bays, and the anchorages are protected by artificial breakwaters, yet the harbours of many of the populous fishing ports become absolutely inaccessible to those who sailed from them. Barometrical readings are modern inventions; there is still a deal of the old devil-may-care frame of mind, which induces rough old sea-dogs to confound the weather-glass, and go to sea all the same, in spite of its warnings. Yet a sudden fall of the mercury sends a shudder through the veins of all who are concerned in the safety of the fishing-fleets. What men can do will be done; but the elements are too often irresistible. And even if skilful seamanship may save the boats, the costly seine and drift nets may have to be abandoned. The Cornish fishermen are not unlike their Breton congeners; they are less superstitious, but equally religious. No doubt, if we could win the confidence of some of the older men, we might find that credence was still given to the venerable legends of phantom ships, filling and backing off the beach, sent to fetch the souls of the disreputable departed. Or, on the other hand, we should hear of the lustrous supernatural life-boat — launched long before the modern patents, with their cork and caoutchouc — that

glides over the waves in the wildest storm, to rescue the souls of drowning Christians. But the younger men have a better-founded belief in the Providence on which they feel they are absolutely dependent. Like the miners, many of them belong to the straiter Dissenting sects, and sit at the feet of enthusiastic preachers. They may not exactly address themselves to the Deity in the words of the boatmen of the Finistère or the Morbihan—"Pity us, O God, for our boat is so little, and your sea so big." But it is some sentiment of the kind that inspires their feelings, when the wind is shaking their masts and howling through their cordage. And they feel that it is a similar Providence which regulates their worldly prosperity, and the ease and comfort of their lives. As the "tut-man" speculates in the hidden riches of some mining vein, so the fisherman reaps the doubtful harvests of the seas. We do not intend to say much of the famous pilchard-fishery, since we published an article on it not many years ago. But without some slight reference to the pilchards, any satisfactory notice of the Cornish folks would be impossible, since so many of them depend on the takes of those fishes. The habits and habitat of the pilchard are still something of a mystery; though Mr Couch, the distinguished Cornish naturalist, has published his convictions on the subject, which have been very generally accepted. Mr Couch believes that they do not migrate much further to the westward than the depths of the seas to the westward of the Scilly Isles. Be that as it may, in the month of July they may be confidently expected to appear on the Cornish coasts. Then all the amphibious world is on the watch, and regular look-outs patrol the cliffs, like the

coast-guard men. The shoals are sure to appear sooner or later; but their movements, nevertheless, are extremely capricious. There is no mistaking the signs of their approach; for they are followed above water by clamorous flocks of sea-fowl, as they are tracked beneath by the conger-eels and the pollacks. The sentinels give the alarm by waving of boughs; and then the fishing-fleet, which has been already formed in line of action, receives the commodore's signal to put to sea. Sometimes the fishers get to their work at once; and in that case nothing can be more satisfactory. But it happens occasionally that the shoals seem to take the alarm, and precipitately withdraw from the dangers that await them; though sooner or later, and somewhere or other, the pilchards will be captured in enormous quantities. Indeed, considering the low prices at which they are sold, nothing but their myriads could make the fishing profitable. The boats, generally manned by five or six men and a boy, cost something considerable to begin with; while some idea may be formed of the expense of the nets, from the fact that the wall-like meshes of the drift-net sometimes extends for a mile or more. In the drift-net, the shoal of pilchards, surging about in the dark, run their heads through narrow meshes, so that they are caught and held by the gills. While in the seine, they are trapped as in a flexible pit, to be ladled out by the bucketful and boatload. Those who have studied the savoury process of herring-curing at Scottish ports like Wick or Peterhead, may form an idea of the bustle of a Cornish fishing-village in the height of the pilchard season; except that in Cornwall the work of curing is diffused through all the streets, instead of being confined to the quays

surrounding the harbour. In the cellarage, or in a detached building by the side of each house, is the pilchard-press, where the fish are squeezed under ponderous weights in a strong pickle of brine. After a certain time they are taken out to be packed in the barrels, although nothing is suffered to run to waste. The brine is drained away into reservoirs, and the broken fish, with the garbage, are carted off for manure. As for the prime article in the barrels, it is almost all exported to the south of Europe. As the cod-fish of the North Sea are sent to Portugal and the Spanish peninsula, to be rechristened by the Romish Church, and eaten by the faithful as *baccalao*; so the Cornish pilchards are shipped for the Mediterranean ports, which send us their more delicate sardines and anchovies in exchange. So that their produce is purchased by our rich, while ours is consumed by the humblest classes in their communities.

We believe that the Cornish seamen are now as decent a set of men as are to be found anywhere within her Majesty's dominions. They unite dash with the most imperceptible equanimity; they handle their small craft cleverly in the most formidable storms—whether fishing off their own shores, or going on more distant cruises to the Irish fishing-grounds; and they furnish admirable pilots to ships navigating the Channel. Above all, they man their life-boats with dauntless resolution, and are always earning medals and rewards from the Humane Society. But the time was—and not so very long ago—when they had a different and very sinister reputation. The seaboard parishes in the neighbourhood of the Land's End were notorious for wreckers; and it is rumoured that the wreckers re-

sorted to the most diabolical practices. It would seem that they need have done little to help the waves, which always in the winter, before the days of the lighthouses, must have cast up enough of ocean wreckage on their coasts. Many a stately merchantman has come to signal grief, by missing her bearings in fogs off the Land's End or the Lizard. But the Cornishmen, if they did not offer candles in their churches like the Bretons, had recourse to all manner of devices to forward the designs of Providence. They hobbled horses or oxen, for example, and led them along the cliffs, that the swaying of the lantern attached to their foreheads might seem like the movements of a light on the deck of a tossing vessel; so that the skippers fancied they had ample sea-room, and tacked so as to shiver their vessels like bottles against the rocks. And then there was a double chance against the struggling wretches who might possibly have been washed up above high-water mark. Cornwall held the old superstition commemorated by Scott in his 'Pirate'—that it was dangerous to save a drowning man. And there was the more practical consideration, that a survivor might claim the jetsam; while, on the other hand, a dead man could tell no tales. For long afterwards—perhaps it is the case even still—the consciences of the coast-people continued to be easy as to the right of the discoverer over anything he might pick up. If not true, the story is *ben trovato*, which tells of the clergyman who was interrupted in the midst of the service by news of a vessel just driven on the shore. His parishioners were all upon their legs in a moment; but by his eloquence the worthy divine succeeded in arresting the movement. Meantime, slipping the surplice from his

shoulders, he was gliding down the pulpit-stairs; and when he saw a fairway along the passage, he suddenly changed the tenor of his discourse into an—"And now, my brethren, we'll all start fair!" There must be black sheep in every community; but nowadays the coast-guardsmen, who are intrusted with the custody of any wrecks, have only to guard against casual pilfering.

We can hardly speak of the dwellers on the Cornish coast without a word on the lives of the men in the lighthouses. We know old Mr Weller's theory of the misanthropes who revenged themselves for the wrongs of society, by withdrawing to turnpikes and taking tolls. But we should say that nothing short of the most disinterested philanthropy could move any one to volunteer for service either on the Wolf Rock or the Eddystone. It must need nerves of iron and an excellent conscience to shield the watchers against depressing influences, both mental and physical. Imagine the eerie sense of loneliness in the sea-girdled watch-tower, where the screaming and sobbing of the winds mingle with the roar of the waters, and where the tower is either enveloped in clouds of spray and impenetrable darkness, or the moon casts a spectral light as she "wades" through the drifting clouds. The only thing that brings a cheerful relief is the sound of the birds of passage as they dash themselves against the blaze of the lantern, when the flights of migrants are setting towards our shores. Conceive the state of mind of a man unaccustomed to it, when the impact of immeasurable masses of water shakes the solid tower to its rock-riveted foundations, and when the seas of spray carried up the sloping sides, fall back upon the ocean with the monotony of

a douche-bath. And that strain upon the nerves may be prolonged week after week, while all communications are cut off with their fellow-creatures. Indeed it would appear, according to a very recent incident, that the service demands strong constitutions as well. It was only the other day that the guardians of the Eddystone were isolated for two full months; and while their store of provisions had almost given out, they were driven to fall back upon their oil for fuel, and to break their fast on their candles! They were relieved, and just in time as it chanced; but in the normally dispiriting circumstances we have attempted to outline, they must have faced all the probabilities of actual famine. Nor is it easy to overestimate the strength of mind of the men who are more or less habituated to similar perils—even allowing for a certain constitutional phlegm which may well be envied by sensitive temperaments.

So much that is sensational and perilous in the everyday lives of the inhabitants adds strangely to the impressions of the casual tourist, who wanders through the length and breadth of the county impressed by the exceeding sternness of Nature. Beyond some of the more bustling towns there is the ever-present sense of brooding solitude: the outlines of the rugged hills and heaths are rarely broken by home-like buildings or stack-yards; for though the mine-chimneys stand out boldly on the heights, the farmhouses seek shelter in the hollows. The miners are below your feet; the fishermen are gone to sea; the farm-labourers are scattered over the sparsely cultivated country; and the faces of the very few people you do meet are imprinted with a gravity that borders on gloom. Cornwall in

many respects reminds its visitors of Brittany; and the old race of Cornishmen had much in common with the Bretons of *La Bretagne Brettonante* besides the blood and the language. It could hardly be otherwise but that in the course of many centuries the characters of both should be similarly impressed by the sombre nature of their lives and surroundings. Both took existence seriously, almost solemnly, from the cradle to the grave; and both, as we have said, were predisposed to superstition. But while the Bretons, in the interior especially, were brought up in ignorance among their heaths and forests, occupying themselves in the routine of pastoral and agricultural pursuits with intelligence scarcely superior to that of their animals, the Cornishman turned himself to occupations which tended to develop his faculties. In place of hugging the coasts in his fishing-craft, which—though we do not forget the daring corsairs of St Malo—was the very general practice of the Bretons, he clubbed his means with his comrades for ventures in more distant waters. Nay, there are few of the Cornish coast families of which one of the members has not shipped for a cruise to the other side of the world. Soon after the Bretons turning Chouans were fighting under their nobles against the cause of the people—whether they were rightly inspired or not, we simply mean that they chose their side in profound innocence of politics—the Cornishmen were sending shrewd superintendents to the mines of the New World. And now, when you drop in upon them in their homes—although seldom naturally loquacious—you may find the roughest of them entertaining and improving companions. If you can approach them through the door of

the humble hospitality which pride and reserve make them reluctant to offer, in the fear that you may turn up your nose at your entertainment, you will find them so strong upon their special subjects, that there is nothing for you but to put questions modestly and listen.

Naturally they have no great appreciation of scenery. They live under grey skies that generally cast gloomy shadows. The moors and wastes which actually smile and sparkle in the summer sunshine, are associated to them through far the greater part of the year with fogs, and rainfall, and nipping gales. The rocky precipices that frown along the seaboard suggest the dangers which make the seaman's calling so precarious. And yet, on one of these brilliant summer days which are unfortunately rare in that watery climate, we have seen the eyes of a common farming-man brighten as he turned his gaze upon the glories of the land and sea. And perhaps we can give no better notion of the wild beauties of the scenery than by recalling a walk to the Land's End on a day in July. It need be none the less suggestive that the walk may be familiar to many tourists, though it is true that most of them stick to the highroads and to wheels.

We had reached Penzance on a July evening in a course of foggy and evary weather. And at Penzance, as in every other place in Cornwall, the stranger's impressions are almost entirely dependent on the weather. The country is enjoyable in its various aspects, in the opposite extremes of storm and sunshine. For the one lashes the ocean into magnificence, and sweeps the canopy of lowering clouds from the skies; while the other gilds everything

with a golden glow which steeps the landscapes in its mellow reflection. Long before our arrival at Penzance, we had nearly succumbed to low spirits. The "shot" colours on the rocks of the "Lizard," which is said to have derived its name originally from the hues of a serpent's skin, had been dimmed and almost faded in the reeking damp. What ought to have been sunrises and sunsets were invariably shrouded in mists, and the gentle murmur of the lapping surf was muffled in the dripping folds of the atmosphere; though, had we needed a reminder of the reverse of that tranquillity, it was to be seen in the wreck of a great sea-going steamer, with her hull jammed high and dry among the reefs. Nor had the drive round the Mounts Bay been calculated to raise the spirits. The outlines of the fanciful architecture on the isolated rock of St Michael were blurred and broken by the wreaths of clinging vapour. The fishing-boats lay idle within the little quays of Marazion, for there was not a breath of air to fill the sails. And the fishy and tarry odours that breathe about the port of Penzance were to be inhaled in all their unadulterated pungency, as we drove from the railway station to the "fashionable quarter." Waking next morning, what a change was there! We rubbed our eyes, distrustful of our good luck, and came down to breakfast with the settled resolution of lounging away the splendid day on the esplanade. At breakfast, by the way, we had conscientiously tried the pilchards—on the principle of making acquaintance with local delicacies—and with every reason to regret the experiment. For though the pickled pilchard may be nutritive Lenten fare, in his fresh condition

he is decidedly over-unctuous. Dissatisfaction at a disappointing meal could hardly survive the glorious sunshine beating down on the hotel steps: but man proposes and Providence disposes; and our dreams of listless sauntering on the beach were doomed to be promptly dissipated. The pushing little newsboys, vending the Plymouth papers, were all very well, because we might have laid in a stock of political literature to be neglected; and it is all the pleasanter to listen to the sad sea-waves, while you sit deaf to the news from foreign parts and the Stock Exchanges. But next came the resounding of hoofs and wheels upon the road, heralding a couple of the regular tourist breaks, placarded in flaring letters, for the Land's End. We watched indifferently the rush of a few enthusiasts for the places, and remarked that owing to the recently unpromising weather there was more than ample elbow-room within and without. We felt no personal interest in the matter, since we are by no means fond of going scenery-hunting in society. But when the rival conductors made a rush at us, with creditable decision we promptly reconsidered affairs. We knew we should bid adieu to Penzance with a lingering remorse if we did not make our way to the Land's End. If we performed the pilgrimage on foot, most of it must lie through melancholy country; and if we decided to be helped by wheels, we could hardly have a better chance. A bolt upstairs for an overcoat and we had climbed to the roof of a break. As it turned out, the overcoat was hardly needed, for the day shone out in unclouded splendour. And it is seldom indeed that the Cornish tourist enjoys a combination of

brilliant sunshine and fresh air, with sea-views seen through a limpid atmosphere.

We do not dwell upon the inland portion of the drive, although it showed a blending of the most characteristic features of the country. First we threaded our way through a straggling suburb of fishermen's cottages, avoiding vehicles laden with nets and manure, and meeting then and subsequently a succession of spring-carts setting from the seaward parishes to the Penzance market. Generally in those market-carts the seat was occupied by a well-conditioned couple, with a calf or two, or a vociferous pig, carried under netting behind by way of ballast. Then we skirted a series of flourishing market-gardens, where the carefully tended crops were growing in rich luxuriance in a kindly soil fattened by fishing refuse. We passed sundry picturesque cross-avenues of ancient trees, thriving wherever they were sheltered by the hills, but cut down by the winds where they topped the sky-line. Doubly locking the wheels, we descended a precipitous incline into a valley watered by a stream discoloured by mineral workings and slowly sapping the foundations of an engine-house with a chimney that was smoking cheerfully. Getting down to stretch our legs up the steep beyond, we stop to wash out the horses' mouths, and to visit and inspect the church at the quaint little village of St Buryan. There is a pleasant far-away ring about these outlandish and hyperborean village names, which usually commemorate worthies who laboured among the Celtic pagans, and who died in the odour of sanctity and not unfrequently martyrs to their faith. The next stage, and a short though a stiff one, brings us to

the path that strikes aside to the celebrated Logan Stone. These "logging" or rocking stones are by no means very uncommon, and the story of this specially famous one is too familiar to be worth repeating. The naval officer who threw it down, and had to pay the penalty of his freak in replacing it, only accomplished his delicate task imperfectly, though he is said to have rigged up elaborate machinery to assist him. The bulky mass still moves perceptibly under pressure; but that is all which can be said. But if that semi-natural phenomenon scarcely repays a visit in itself, the rocky scenery of the grim headland is admirable, with its extensive views along the storm-beaten coast. And moreover, it is an excellent starting-point for the walk along the cliffs to the Land's End, where you re-establish communications with the vehicles that carry you back to Penzance.

It is true that the Cornish cliffs provoke invidious comparisons with those of Brittany; and the very boldest of them are unquestionably inferior to the Point du Raz or the Rochers de Penmarch. There is nothing so sombre along the dark Cornish coast-line as the Baie des Trepassés, where the souls of the departed upon All Saints' night are supposed to go tossing and moaning in the winds. Moreover, the most striking rock-scenery is to the north of the county. Nevertheless, no one need wish for anything much finer than that walk from the Logan Stone to the Land's End. Headland rises and juts out beyond headland, each of them sinking precipitously down to the beach. You may approach the very brink on a firm footing of elastic turf; and should you distrust your brain, you can crawl forward, deerstalker-fashion, and

contemplate the world of animated nature that is swirling round and shrieking between you and the waves. The Cornish chough is becoming scarcer and scarcer, and it is seldom that the sight of one of those birds gratifies your eyes. But there are swooping sea-gulls of many species; there are swallows and rock-pigeons; and the jackdaws, which are invariably the most clamorous of the crowd, go jerking and fluttering about the ledges among the rabbit-holes. In the distance the deeply freighted steamers and the stately ships are following the broad highway up and down the Channel, while in the foreground a busy fleet of fishing-boats is dropping lines for pollack and congers among the reefs off the "Wolf." But what chiefly strikes you, perhaps, when you have leisure to condescend to details, is the strange formation of the cliffs. They would seem to be constructed of Cyclopean masonry, the blocks of which are held in position by their ponderous intrinsic weight; and it would appear as if a sufficient charge of dynamite might shatter their structure from top to bottom. There is a sadness in the dim grey of the Cornish granite; but then the grey is lightened and relieved by the brilliant colours of the vegetation. The stunted heather, with the orange lichens that clothe the boulders on the southern slopes, glow with the warmth of tropical vegetation. While in contrast, again, as you strike inland from the coast, you emerge upon the black and dreary moors, from which the peasants dig their winter fuel. Here and there are long ranges of peat-stacks; and again, where there is a path from one of the coast-guard stations to some village, it is indicated by conspicuous landmarks, painted brilliantly

in black and white. Yet, although you are at the back of English civilisation, your foot is actually feeling its pulse. In one of the most lonely ravines stands a long, low pile of buildings; and in a nook behind one of the most exposed of the headlands there rises a solitary hut. They are buildings belonging to one of the great transatlantic telegraph companies, where the most momentous messages from the New World are tapped and transmitted to the business centres of the metropolis.

Having torn yourself away with reluctance from the coast, you have turned inland towards the Land's End. Taking straight across country it is stiff fencing, for the fields are shut in by formidable enclosures of stone, long since overgrown with furze and bramble. There is a fair chance of spraining or twisting an ankle, and were any accident of the kind to happen, you might shout for some good Samaritan in vain. When you hit off a footpath at last, it will lead to some farmstead, where everything wears the same aspect of solidity. The straw-yard is surrounded by the most substantial masonry; the pigsties seem built to endure like the Pyramids; the stiles are so many stupendous granite slabs, and the foot-bridges spanning the ditches are of similar material and proportions. But we must own that, after all we had seen and admired, the sight of the Land's End was almost a bathos. For the green stone-strewed slopes

which compose it, shelve very gradually towards the ocean, and the final breakwaters which have faced so many tempests, are by no means imposing either in height or outlines. When we saw them, moreover, they were dotted over by groups of merry excursionists, and that decidedly detracted from romantic associations. Yet it is easy enough to find a sequestered spot, where you may indulge at your leisure in meditation. Nor is it difficult, though associations will seldom come at call, to conjure up there the appropriately sentimental meditations as to all that the scenery should naturally suggest, of farewells and welcomes to the English shores, of thrilling shipwrecks and hairbreadth escapes. And there, floating between the sea and the sunlight on the horizon, lay the picturesque archipelago of the Scilly Isles, so very seldom visible in ordinary weather, and which would well repay an expedition thither in these peaceful circumstances were it not for the doubtful chances of the return voyage. In fact, the county of Cornwall is like a fascinating woman, with very little regularity of feature, but with infinite variety of expression. And the man who chances to fall in love with it is very likely to find the passion gain upon him, and to return to pay his court in successive seasons; all the more so if he happen to have an affection for the sea, and can find amusement in going on expeditions with the fishermen.

THE DEATH OF ROTHESAY:

A TRAGEDY IN SCOTTISH HISTORY RECONSIDERED.

UNDER the shadow of the Lo-
mond Hills, in Fifeshire, and girt
about by beautiful stretches of wood-
land and meadow, lies the humble
little burgh of Falkland. No dis-
enchanted railway comes within
miles of the town, and, thus seques-
tered, it has succeeded in retaining
an aspect of rural ease and tranquil-
lity, partly modern and partly an-
tique. Its present condition forms
a suggestive contrast to that which
belonged to it in ancient times.
The palace of the old Scottish
kings still stands; but it is no
longer familiar with the presence
of royalty, or gay with the splen-
dours of a court. The sounds of
chivalry and arms are no more
heard within its walls; and the
"dancing and deray" of courtly
revellers have for ever vanished
from its classic "Green." Long
since, the axes of Cromwell's strong-
armed ascetics hewed down the
stately oaks of Falkland Wood;
and peaceful farmsteads and sleepy
hamlets have taken possession of
the ancient hunting-grounds of the
royal Stewarts.

Yet tradition and story are still
at work among its historic glades.
Dim spectral shadows cling about
the walls of its haunted palace,
and its air is heavy with the mys-
tery of unforgotten deeds. It was
hither that James V. came, sick
and broken-hearted from the Rout
of Solway, and turning his face to
the wall, as did the stricken Heze-
kiah, gathered up his feet into the
bed and died. It was hither that
his ill-fated daughter Mary resorted
in after-years, to escape for
a brief while from the incessant
worry of contentious nobles and

ensorious clergy, as if eager to
forget in its sylvan beauty the bit-
terness of being born a queen. It
was hither that her son James
escaped from looking death in the
face at the Raid of Ruthven; and
hence also he rode when the mys-
terious letter was placed in his
hands which a second time enticed
him into the murderous toils of
the Gowries. But the shadow
which hangs heaviest over these
ancient walls is of still older date,
and enshrouds the memory of a
still darker crime; for hither it
was, in 1402, that the Duke of
Rothesay was brought by his uncle
Albany, and here it was he per-
ished within its secret recesses.

The death of Rothesay forms
one of the three great outstanding
tragedies in Scottish history. The
others are, the assassination of the
gracious Duncan, and the murder of
Darnley. In all three, the manner
of the victim's death has given an
immortality to names that other-
wise had scarce been known except
in the pages of the antiquary or
through the researches of the gene-
alogist. The story of Duncan's
death has been embellished by the
Latinity of Buchanan, and set be-
fore the world in the imperishable
mould of Shakespeare's drama. The
murder of Darnley, linked in its
mystery of iniquity with all that
is beautiful and pathetic in woman,
has employed the pen of a hundred
scribes, and the mystery remains a
mystery still. The death of the
Duke of Rothesay has excited the
wrathful comment of almost every
writer of Scottish history, and its
darker features and weirder sur-
roundings have gained for it ro-

mantic perpetuity in the pages of Scott; yet the veil which screens that Prince's fate is not all unlifted, and his last remorseful agony is wrapt around by the chill drapery of oblivion. It is the hideous darkness which in each case surrounds these deaths—"the deep damnation of their taking off"—that has kept human interest awake. It is when murder is shrouded in mystery, that tragedy lights her horrid torch.

Fresh interest has lately been awakened in Scotland on the subject of the Duke of Rothesay's death by two somewhat oddly contrasted lines of investigation. The first of these is due to the opening up of what is known as the Albany Aisle, in the Church of St Giles, Edinburgh, which church has recently undergone a splendid process of restoration, for which the nation has to thank the patriotic munificence of the late Dr William Chambers. Fifty years ago, that ancient and historic edifice underwent extensive alterations, which were carried out with less regard for architectural consistency than for immediate convenience. When the process of restoration by Dr Chambers was begun in 1880, the workmen, in demolishing the modern wood and plaster work which blocked up a great portion of the nave, exposed once more the Albany Aisle, which for half a century had been hidden, and was by many supposed to have ceased to exist. This beautiful aisle has a central pillar, on the capital of which are sculptured the arms of the Duke of Albany, and those of the fourth Earl of Douglas, Albany's alleged accomplice in the murder of Rothesay; hence the aisle has come to be regarded as a kind of expiatory erection, due to the later remorse of Albany and Douglas for the crime which

they are thus said to have committed.

This reopening of the Albany Aisle led, moreover, to prominence being given to the second line of investigation referred to, and which was carried out, not with pick and shovel, but with pen and ink. Letters appeared in the daily papers denouncing the popular story of Rothesay's death as an exploded fiction, and expressing the utmost surprise that any intelligent student of Scottish history should continue to believe in a myth which might well enough serve the purposes of a novelist like Sir Walter Scott, but did not otherwise merit a moment's consideration from any one who knew the facts. About the same time also appeared two publications in which Albany's innocence was more particularly insisted on. One of these was a volume of State Records, and the other a privately printed history of the family of Menteith, the earldom of which name gave one of his lesser titles to this same Duke of Albany. The confident tone assumed by these writers was not without its effect upon the public mind. The historical investigators who spoke thus assuredly, must, it was thought, know what they were about; hence many were not unnaturally disposed to agree with their conclusions, and to think, with them, that the bulk of our Scottish historians had hitherto been foolishly exciting the emotions of their readers over a tale of cruelty and wrong which was as fabulous as the metamorphosis of Actæon.

We propose at this time to reconsider this subject of Rothesay's death: to look at the evidence given on both sides of the question, and to weigh the objections that have been urged against the generally received opinion that that

Prince was cruelly starved to death by his uncle, the Duke of Albany, in Falkland Palace. For this purpose we will begin with a brief summary of Rothesay's career, in which it will be our endeavour to incorporate only such facts as may be considered undisputed, leaving the debatable elements of the question for final consideration.

David, Earl of Carrick, Duke of Rothesay, the eldest son of Robert III., was born in 1378. He had one brother, afterwards James I., who was about eleven years his junior. David, as heir-apparent to the Scottish crown, received the customary title of Earl of Carrick on his father's accession in 1390; and eight years afterwards the Prince was created Duke of Rothesay, this being the first occasion on which the ducal title was conferred in Scotland. At the same time the King's brother, the Earl of Fife and Menteith, whose name was afterwards so painfully associated with that of the heir-apparent, received the title of Duke of Albany. Rothesay was at this time twenty years of age; and while his character was marked by much vigour and promise of manhood, it had been weakened somewhat by his intense love of pleasure. He is described as being elegant in person and comely in countenance; skilled in all knightly accomplishments, and courteous and affable in his manners. His parents were devotedly attached to him; and his father erred in some degree by the lavish means which he placed at the Prince's disposal, even at an early age, for the maintenance of his own proper establishment and suite. The Lame King, moreover, besides being physically weak, was too amiable and pacific in disposition to be able to overawe and keep in check the bold and turbulent spirit

of his nobles. Hence the Duke of Albany had long been *de facto* the governor of the kingdom, while the sovereign was content to pass his time in quiet within the retirement and seclusion of Rothesay Castle, in Bute. This possession of the supreme power by a noble, even though that noble was the brother of the monarch, led to much jealousy and contention among the higher barons, and plot within plot was continually in progress. Albany was a man of great personal ambition; cunning, selfish, and unscrupulous in all that pertained to his own aggrandisement; though not without much wisdom and good policy as a ruler. But the King, while almost wholly dependent upon him for the management of public affairs, appears yet to have been suspicious as to his ulterior designs, and took occasion more than once to cause him, and others of the nobles, to enter into bands or covenants, whereby they bound themselves by the most solemn considerations to support and defend the King and the Prince.

But even the security given in these bands or covenants had not been sufficient to allay the suspicious fears of the King; and in 1398 his Majesty took a step which could not fail strongly to excite the jealousy and discontent of the ambitious Albany. This was the appointment of Prince David, Duke of Rothesay, to the high office of lieutenant or governor of the kingdom under his father, and with all his father's kingly powers and prerogatives; which appointment was effected in a Parliament specially assembled, and was to continue for three years. This important step had been taken at the instigation of the Queen—a woman of clear and vigorous mind—in conjunction with the Bishop of St

Andrews, Archibald the Grim, third Earl of Douglas, and others of the young Prince's friends, who represented to the sovereign that the kingdom was fast verging upon a state of anarchy under the rule of Albany, who was neglecting both the maintenance of order and the administration of justice, in the hope of thereby adding to his popularity with the nobles, whose licence and misrule he connived at and encouraged. Whether this were so or not, the appointment was made, and Albany was for the time superseded.

However bitterly he may have felt the blow thus struck at his power, Albany was fain, in view of the rank of the Prince and the strength of the Prince's party, to yield up without remonstrance the powers which for so many years had rendered him virtually the chief ruler in the nation. But, unfortunately, Rothesay's own conduct in a short time began to neutralise whatever advantage had been gained for him and his father by the suppression of Albany. The young Prince, surrounded by sycophants and flatterers, ever ready to procure for him whatever might minister to his pleasures or gratify his unlawful passions, forgot both his duty to his father and to his subjects. Extravagance and misrule followed as natural consequences; and the Council-General which the King had appointed for the young Prince's guidance and direction,

of which Council the Duke of Albany was chief, either had not the power or the desire to restrain him. Rothesay, indeed, was singularly injudicious in many of his proceedings. Among other things, he had loved, and become affianced to, a daughter of the house of Lindsay of Rossie, but deserted her in order to betroth himself to the daughter of the Earl of March. No sooner had the fact of this second betrothal reached the ears of the Earl of Douglas, whose son was the husband of Princess Margaret, the King's eldest daughter, than he, jealous of an alliance which threatened to place the house of March over that of Douglas, hastened to the King, offered, with his own daughter, a larger dowry than that which had been promised by the Earl of March, and with the help, it is said, of the Duke of Albany, procured her marriage with the heir-apparent.¹ In consequence of what the Earl of March regarded as the dishonourable conduct of the King in the matter of this marriage, that nobleman renounced his allegiance to the Scottish crown, retired into England, where he was received by Henry IV. with distinguished favour, and shortly thereafter joined himself with that monarch in a war against Scotland.

In the military transactions that followed, the Duke of Rothesay signalised himself by his gallant and chivalrous conduct; and this, in union with his rank, his youth,

¹ In chap. ix. of 'The Fair Maid of Perth,' Scott has made a curious genealogical slip. In speaking of Douglas's efforts for the marriage of his daughter to Rothesay, he says that the Earl himself was "nearly related to the throne, having married the *eldest daughter* of the reigning monarch" (Robert III.) Of course, if this had been the case, Douglas, in proposing an alliance with Rothesay, would have been seeking to marry his daughter to her own uncle. The blunder may be accounted for by supposing that the words "his son" had originally stood in Scott's text before the words "having married," but had by some accident been dropped out in passing the work through the press. The words should certainly be restored.

his accomplishments, his sweet and affable temper, might in time have gone far to remove the less favourable impressions which his light and frivolous conduct in other respects had inspired. But just at this time an event occurred which was fraught with most unhappy consequences to the Prince. This was the death of his mother the Queen, which took place in 1401. She had not only warmly interested herself in all that pertained to her son's advancement in the realm, but her personal influence over him was great, and she had thereby exercised a wholesome check upon the ebullitions of his sportive temperament during the more dangerous period of his early career. With her death this check was removed ; and the Prince, as if, says a contemporary writer, his girdle had been loosened, feeling himself at liberty, once more gave himself wholly over to his former levity. In the same year, also, died the Queen's two principal friends and advisers, Trail, Bishop of St Andrews, and Archibald third Earl of Douglas, Rothesay's father-in-law. The young Prince was thereupon left to the uncontrolled sway of his own passions, and the evil influences of his gay and dissipated associates ; and many of his actions justly gave his father grave cause for anxiety and alarm.

Albany, whose overweening personal ambition never slept, could not fail to see his opportunity in all this. We will not, however, at this stage, discuss his motives, but confine ourselves to what actually took place. In the beginning of 1402, Albany—whether justified or not by any exceptional outbreak of the Prince, does not appear—sent a message to the King, who was still at his distant retreat in Bute, representing that the wild and unmanageable conduct of his

son rendered it necessary that some restraint should be put upon him. In this manner the King was induced to write a letter to Albany, in which he signified his wish that the Prince should be intrusted to the guidance of discreet persons, and be placed and kept in custody for a while, until, chastened by the rod of discipline, he should be restored to his right mind. This letter was carried to Albany by two bearers of the King's household, Sir William Lindsay of Rossie, and Sir John Ramorny.

In any view of it, the King's advice was inconsiderate and unwise. The execution of his orders implied an open affront to the person and dignity of his heir-apparent, such as could hardly be attended by any subsequent good effect upon the proud spirit of the Prince ; while it placed in the hands of those who might not be too favourably disposed towards him, a power of the most dangerous kind, seeing that that power might be so used as at first to assist, and afterwards to protect them, in whatever designs they might entertain against him.

But it is impossible to feel the full force of the dark and precipitate proceedings that followed, without remembering who were the chief associates of Albany in this matter. First among these was Archibald fourth Earl of Douglas, who had just succeeded to the family honours by the death of his father, surnamed the Grim. As head of the great and opulent house of Douglas, he was scarcely, if anything, inferior in power and influence to Albany himself. He was, moreover, closely allied to the reigning monarch, Robert III., his wife being the eldest daughter of the King. A man of his ambition, and having so intimate a connection with the royal family, was not to

be rashly intrusted with extensive powers over the person of the heir-apparent. It was true that his sister was already-Rothesay's wife; but she was childless, and it was believed that her husband's open neglect of her had greatly embittered Douglas against him.

The second of Albany's associates was his half-brother, Walter Stewart, afterwards Earl of Athole. This Stewart stood in a peculiar relationship to Albany and the King. The King's father, Robert II., had formed an irregular marriage with Elizabeth More of Rowallan, which the canon law would not ultimately sanction; but this was not discovered till she had borne to him a number of children, among whom were Robert III. and Albany. Robert II. then married Euphemia Ross, who bore some children, of whom David, afterwards Earl of Strathearn, was the eldest son, and Walter Stewart, afterwards Earl of Athole, the second. But Euphemia Ross having died, Robert II. obtained a dispensation to marry Elizabeth More, whose children were otherwise regarded as having been born out of wedlock, and thus Robert III. and Albany were legitimated, and placed first in the succession to the throne. Athole, in consequence of this, considered himself and his brother as having been unjustly supplanted in the succession; and the bitterness with which he regarded those who had thus superseded him, was manifested to the end of his days. Twenty-two years after this time he formed one of the assize that condemned his own nephew, Murdach second Duke of Albany, with his two sons, to the axe; and twelve years later, and when an old man of eighty, he was the chief conspirator for the assassination of James I., Rothesay's younger brother. All

through his dark career, he never once relaxed his efforts to clear his way of all whose superior claims barred him from the chief seat in the kingdom.

The remaining two of this band, of whom notice must be taken, were the bearers of the King's letter to Albany—namely, Lindsay and Ramorgny. Sir William Lindsay was brother of the lady, formerly referred to, whom Rothesay had loved and forsaken; and as he may consequently be supposed to have entertained no very friendly feelings towards the Prince, he was well adapted to assist Albany in his designs. The other, Sir John Ramorgny, was a highly accomplished soldier and courtier, but at the same time dissolute and unprincipled, and had long been Rothesay's bosom friend and close associate. He had, it was said, suggested to the Prince that, in order to get rid of his uncle's constant interference, he should, under his powers as governor, arrest the Duke of Albany, and thereafter take advantage of some opportunity to do away with him. The Prince, though fond of pleasure, and too careless of its consequences, was a man otherwise of the most perfect honour, and he is said to have resented Ramorgny's criminal advice in such terms as greatly to offend the latter. Ramorgny, therefore, as a contemporary writer puts it, shifted his cloak to the other shoulder; and, while not openly displaying enmity towards the Prince, secretly advised Albany that unless he took strong measures with the Prince, the Prince would without doubt make an end of him.

Such, then, were the chief of the men who formed the Council whom the King had before appointed for the advice and guidance of Rothesay in the government of the

kingdom, and to whom, moreover, he had intrusted so dangerous a power over the Prince's person as was contained in the letter which Lindsay and Ramorgny now brought to Albany. Never, surely, was poor prince so hazardously situated. Yet, honourable himself, he was disinclined to suspect the honour of others ; consequently little difficulty was experienced by Albany and his associates in getting him into their power.

No time was lost. The Bishop of St Andrews being dead, the castle, as was the custom on such occasions, fell to be occupied in name of the King, until a successor to the prelate had been appointed. Rothesay, however, his three years' lieutenancy having expired, had no legal right to take this possession of the castle without the express command of the sovereign. But the Prince, afraid, probably, that Albany would seize this opportunity of resuming his former power, listened to the advice of Ramorgny, that he should occupy the castle ; and one day, riding thither for this purpose, with but a small retinue, he was met near St Andrews by Lindsay and Ramorgny, who, supported by a large following, laid violent hands on the Prince, and carried him a prisoner to the bishop's castle. There he was detained till Albany and Douglas, in a council held at Culross, could determine as to their future proceedings. The result of their deliberations was, that these two noblemen rode straightway to St Andrews, and, entering the castle with a strong party of soldiers, dismissed at once the personal attendants of the Prince. They then brought him out, placed him upon a common work-horse, and, the day being wet and tem-

pestuous, threw a coarse cloak over his shoulders. In this contemptuous fashion—"in the manner," says an old writer, "of a varlet"—they carried him to Albany's own residence, the tower of Falkland, where he was placed in a small chamber under the care of two menials named John Selkirk and John Wright, who kept him in the closest confinement. Shortly afterwards it was given out that he had died. The dead body was conveyed to Lindores for burial, but without any of the solemn pomp and ceremony due to one of such princely rank—the whole expenses of the funeral costing only the insignificant sum of £2, 1s. 4d.¹ The Prince expired on the 26th of March 1402, in the twenty-fourth year of his age.

Here, then, was an end of David, Earl of Carrick, Duke of Rothesay, heir-apparent to the Scottish throne. The story is tragic enough, in all truth, even without the terrible suspicion of secret murder super-added. Yet the ignominious treatment to which Rothesay was subjected after his apprehension, and the little other than dog's burial which his uncle Albany awarded him after his death, would of themselves excite suspicion of foul play, even had contemporary writers been altogether silent on the subject.

And this suspicion, indeed, at the time found public voice. It was openly declared that the Duke of Rothesay had been starved to death. People, in view of his miserable fate, and with the kindly instincts of popular feeling in such cases, forgot the unhappy Prince's vices, and remembered only his virtues ; and the rumours of foul play became at length so notorious, that Albany himself was obliged to take notice of them, and adopt some measures to put them down.

¹ Exchequer Rolls, vol. iii. p. xcii.

Albany was an adept at government, and he was no doubt aware from experience that a Scottish Parliament, made up as it was of so many jealous and discordant elements, was the instrument in this case best suited to his hand. He accordingly had a Parliament summoned in Holyrood seven weeks after Rothesay's death; but no formal inquiry was entered upon, nor any evidence led. A statement was made by Albany and Douglas in private to the King, which statement they did not think it for the public utility to make known to the Parliament; whereupon an official deed of acquittal was issued in the King's name, in which, after stating that the Duke of Rothesay had "departed this life, by Divine Providence, and not otherwise,"¹ his Majesty not only excused Albany and Douglas for their share in the arrestment, custody, and death of Rothesay, but also "all who had a share with them in this matter—namely, arrestors, detainers, guards, counsellors, and all others who afforded them counsel, help, or favour, or who carried out in whatsoever way their order or command;" the King concluding by strictly forbidding all his subjects, of whatever degree, to detract, by word or deed, from the good fame of Albany and Douglas. The value of this formal acquittal we shall afterwards consider.

That Rothesay was actually starved to death, or at least that he suffered foul play at the hands of his uncle Albany, is the conclusion at which all the leading historians of Scotland have arrived, from Buchanan to Patrick Fraser Tytler. Dr John Hill Burton, has not thought it necessary

to go into the matter fully. While constantly insinuating that the Prince was murdered, he is content to let the question remain partially open; and takes leave of it by discharging one of those caustic bits of raillery which so frequently enliven his pages. "On the whole," he says, in summing up the Regent's character, "had Albany held a greater place in history, he would have afforded excellent material for one of those inquirers whose delight it is to reverse popular verdicts, by proving that some name condemned to infamy belongs to one too great and good for the appreciation of the ordinary run of mankind."

Now, Dr Burton's fear that Albany's place in history was not great enough to warrant his securing a defender of the type indicated, has not been well founded. He has secured a defender even in State publication. In the "Introduction" to the third volume of the Exchequer Rolls of Scotland, the editor, Mr George Burnett, Lyon King of Arms, has set himself to "reverse the popular verdict" in this case. There is also a second defender of the Regent: but we propose briefly to consider first the arguments advanced by Mr Burnett; and in so doing, we will, to save repetition, give an epitome of the chief evidence on the subject in its chronological order.

"Of the writers," says Mr Burnett, "nearest the time, Wyntoun, a contemporary authority, pathetically laments the Prince's untimely end, but gives not a hint of his having met with foul play; and at the same time extols Albany (who was no longer alive when the 'Cronykil' was written²) as a pattern of every quality

¹ "Ab hac luce, divina Providentia, et non aliter, migrasse dinoscitur."

² For "*written*" Mr Burnett must surely mean "*finished*." Albany died in 1419, and Wyntoun's Chronicle comes to an end in the following year, which

that is to be admired in a ruler."— (P. xc.)

Without entering at this stage into the general question of Albany's character, we would only remark that Wyntoun, in the passage referred to, gives Rothesay an unblemished character, describing him as "sweet and virtuous, young and fair," "honest, able, and avenand" (courteous), and "cunnand into literature." As to his death, he only says that the Prince "yielded his soul to his Creator." The passage must have been written when Albany, and probably also Robert III., were still alive; the writer's silence, therefore, as to the manner of the Prince's death, need not excite astonishment. In any case, it is quite misleading to infer from Wyntoun's silence that there were no suspicious circumstances attending Rothesay's death. Indeed, by following out this negative process of reasoning, Mr Burnett might even take it upon him to "reverse the popular verdict" respecting the darker shades of Rothesay's character, seeing that Wyntoun is also entirely silent with regard to them.

The next contemporary writer is Bower, the continuator of Fordun's 'Scotichronicon,' and of him Mr Burnett says:—

"Bower, who wrote at a time when he could with all safety have charged Albany with the crime, says that the Prince died of dysentery, and seems to treat the rumour of starvation as an idle popular tale; while he, too, gives an enumeration of Albany's virtues quite inconsistent with a belief in his guilt."—(P. xc.)

In the account we have already

given of the circumstances attending Rothesay's arrestment, custody, and death, Bower is the authority principally made use of; and the reader may judge of the general impression as to the conduct of Albany and his associates which that narrative leaves on the mind. As to the manner of Rothesay's death, Bower says that the Prince was kept in a small chamber, under the custody of Wright and Selkirk, "until, wasted away by dysentery, or, as others will have it, starvation, he yielded up his life."¹ There does not seem to be here any treatment of the charge of starvation as "an idle popular tale." The writer simply states the two alternative causes of death assigned, without, in so many words, indicating his preference for the one more than the other.

But his opinion on the subject may be distinctly gathered from what he says otherwise. For instance, after stating the purport of the King's letter to Albany, in which his Majesty expresses the wish that his son should be arrested and kept in custody till, chastened by the rod of discipline, he should come to know himself better, Bower significantly adds: "But what the King proposed for his son's amendment, turned out to his injury."² Why "injury," if the writer was convinced that the Prince died of disease, and that no foul play had been practised against him consequent upon the King's letter of advice? It was not necessary to Rothesay's taking dysentery that he should first be arrested and placed in confinement. He might have fallen ill of such a complaint

in all probability was shortly before the time of his own death. It cannot be meant that he composed his immense versified history in these few months.

¹ "Donec dyssenteria, sive ut alii volunt fame, tabefactus, finem vitæ dedit."—Bower's *Scotichronicon*, lib. 15, cap. 12.

² "Sed quod rex proposuit ad fillii emendam, tendit ei ad noxam."—*Ibid.*

in his own palace, and died of it, whether his father had advised his arrest or not. Except in view of ultimate foul play, the word has no meaning.

Again, it is Bower who tells the suggestive story of the proposal which Ramorgny made to the Prince, as to apprehending and making away with the Duke of Albany, and of the Prince's absolute refusal to listen to so criminal a proposal; whereupon Ramorgny, "blinded," says Bower, "by the blackness of his own malice," urged the Duke of Albany "to commit the same offence by his nephew, the Duke of Rothesay, otherwise, without doubt, as he asserted, the Duke of Rothesay would make an end of him." Are these the words of a writer who had "no belief in Albany's guilt"? Is it not, rather, impossible to read these words, remembering the dark motives of the men engaged in the conspiracy, and the ignominy with which, according to this same writer, they treated the young Prince the moment his person was in their power, and not see MURDER writ large all over the page?

But, later on in his Chronicle, Bower takes occasion to speak out still more decidedly. We have already stated that Walter Stewart, afterwards Earl of Athole, was one of Albany's associates in his designs against Rothesay; that in 1424 he sat on the assize which condemned to death Murdach second Duke of Albany, and his two sons; and that in 1436 he was himself the chief conspirator for the assassination of James I. Referring to these events, and to Athole's life-long antipathy to-

wards all whose superior claims debarred him from the throne, Bower says: "He [Athole] was the promoter, and mover, and principal adviser for the destruction of the Duke of Rothesay, as well as of Murdach Duke of Albany, and the two sons of the same."¹ One would think there was no ambiguity here. And yet Mr Burnett is bold enough, by leaving out the concluding part of the sentence which refers to the second Albany and his sons, to "suppose" that Bower, in using these words, can "mean no more," as regards Rothesay's death, "than that Athole, for his own ends, had advised the resort to restraint which had so unfortunate a result." But how does such a distortion of the passage look when we retain the clause which follows the words "Duke of Rothesay," and which Mr Burnett so strangely cuts out? Does his "supposed" interpretation of the meaning of the passage apply to Murdach Duke of Albany, and his sons, as well as to Rothesay? If so, was *their* execution on the Heading Hill at Stirling likewise nothing more than the "unfortunate result" of a "resort to restraint"? The thing is not worth discussion. Had Mr Burnett given Bower's passage in full, the gloss he puts upon it would have been self-evident. A case must be very weak, the defence of which necessitates such paltering with plain language.

The next contemporary authority is the author of the 'Liber Pluscardensis.' But before referring to him, Mr Burnett cites the compiler of the 'Extracta e Variis Cronicis Scocie' (who copies Bow-

¹ "Propter quod, ut postea ad notitiam devenit, auctor et instinator fuit ac consiliarius præcipuus ad perdendum ducem Rothsaia, necnon ducem Albanie Murdacum, et ejusdem binos filios."—Bower's *Scotichronicon*, lib. 16, cap. 27.

er's words) as "seeming also to be a disbeliever in the story" of Rothesay's starvation. But why does he thrust his authority in between Bower and the Book of Pluscarden? The compiler of the *Extracta* lived late enough to chronicle the death of James IV. at Flodden, 111 years after Rothesay's death. If Mr Burnett was aware of this, he ought to have mentioned him along with the later historians Major and Boece. As it stands, the citation gives to the compiler's testimony the air of contemporary evidence, which of course it is not.

But to return to the '*Liber Pluscardensis*.' This is an anonymous chronicle; and whoever the author of it may have been, he was the contemporary of Wynfoun and Bower; for he was man-grown and in the Scottish service in France between 1420 and 1430, and tells us himself that he knew Joan of Arc personally, and was present at her execution in the last-mentioned year. He was a cleric, and, at the suggestion of the "reigning Abbot" of Dunfermline, prepared an abridgment of Fordun's '*Scotichronicon*.' This abridgment forms the earlier portion of his Book; but, like Bower, he continues the history from where Fordun leaves off, and brings it down to the death of James I. In the prologue to his work, and referring to this later and more independent portion of his narrative, he states that he intends, "the grace of the Holy Ghost working with him," to "wind up ultimately by sifting and collecting, as best I might, facts happening in our own time." In all the main facts as to Rothesay's arrestment and custody,

he agrees with Bower; but gives the additional information, that at the Council at Culross Albany and Douglas determined upon Rothesay's death, which he affirms was by starvation.

Mr Burnett, without quoting from the Book of Pluscarden, admits that its author "unequivocally asserts that the Prince was starved to death." There are three references in the Book to the subject. In mentioning the birth of Rothesay under the year assigned, the writer says: 'The same year was born David Duke of Rothesay, who was afterwards starved to death by his uncle, Robert Duke of Albany.' Then, in narrating what took place after Rothesay's apprehension, his words are: "He [Rothesay] was taken to Falkland, cruelly thrust into prison, and there starved to death." Finally, he has a passage in his account of the Earl of Athole's share in the assassination of James I., which singularly corroborates the passage in Bower which Mr Burnett endeavours to explain away. "This [James's assassination] was the work of that old serpent and ancient of evil days, the above-mentioned Earl of Athole, who had for a long while been craftily aspiring to the crown, and who was the chief adviser in the destroying of Murdach Duke of Albany, and his sons, as well as of the Duke of Rothesay, to the end that he, a seeming innocent lamb, having got them out of the way by the crime of others, might the more readily reach the topmost pinnacle of power." Mr Burnett is not able—at least he makes no attempt—to explain away the statements of this author.¹

¹ The passages quoted from the '*Liber Pluscardensis*' ('*Historians of Scotland*' Series) will be found respectively at pp. 238, 258, and 289 of vol. ii. (Skene's translation).

It seems to us that the weight of this testimony, taken in conjunction with what Bower has said, goes to justify the conclusion that the belief of Albany's contemporaries was that he had been guilty of his nephew's death. The mere fact that these writers give him, as regards his general administration of national affairs, a good character, is not sufficient to shake this conclusion. That they should have done so is quite consistent with historical analogy; for the very writers who give in fullest and darkest detail the story of Macbeth's assassination of Duncan describe the usurper, nevertheless, as having been an excellent king, and credit him with having given the nation an excellent code of laws.

The last two historians to whom Mr Burnett refers are Major and Boece; but they wrote a hundred years after Albany's time. Major has only a few words on Rothesay's death, and, according to the editor of the Exchequer Rolls, "he hints, rather than asserts, that Rothesay was murdered." His hint, however, is very conclusive as to his opinion. He states that the Duke, soon after his arrestment, ended his days in the Tower of Falkland. Thereupon, in a melancholy tone, and evidently in allusion to Rothesay's too numerous *affaires du cœur*, he exclaims, "Behold how dangerous a thing it is to make sport of the daughters and sisters of princes!"

It is Boece, as is well known, who tells the story of the two women who, having discovered the dungeon in which Rothesay was being slowly starved to death, took measures at the risk of their lives to relieve him in his agony. The one of them, he says, "let meal fall down through the lofts of the tower," while the other "gave him milk from her breast through

a long reed." But they were successively discovered, and death was in each case the penalty of their kindness. It will be remembered to what fine dramatic purpose Scott has turned this affecting incident in 'The Fair Maid of Perth.' But Mr Burnett has no patience with it; and the mere mention of Boece's name causes him to break out into an eruption of footnotes, in which certain sneers are discharged at the "romancist," as he calls Sir Walter, as well as at Mr Hepworth Dixon. We are not concerned, in this instance, either to attack or to defend Boece, and are quite willing to accept the story as a parable. But the parable is a very beautiful one withal, and adds a bit of pure gold to the moral capital of human nature. We wonder what father would not like to teach it to his daughters, with its sublime lesson of womanly goodness, sympathy, and self-sacrifice. It may be worse than nothing in Mr Burnett's eyes; but, whether true or not, to us it affords a touching inculcation of Scott's apostrophe to Woman—

"When pain and anguish wring the
brow,

A ministering angel, thou!"

Mr Burnett's conclusion on the whole matter in dispute is this:—

"It must be allowed that the belief so generally expressed in later times, that the Duke of Rothesay was murdered, rests rather on a general impression regarding Albany's character, than on anything like direct evidence."

We do not understand what he can mean by speaking of this belief as "generally expressed in later times," seeing that he himself has referred to the Book of Pluscarden, in which the charge of starvation is stated more than once, and the author of which book was a younger

contemporary of Albany himself. Neither do we know what Mr Burnett here means by "direct evidence." When a person commits a crime of the nature of that which we are considering, he does not usually call upon all the world to behold its perpetration; hence the proof of such crimes must rest upon evidence which is largely circumstantial. This principle is the merest commonplace of criminal investigation. If "direct evidence," in the ordinary sense, were required in these cases, then almost every person who has been executed within the present century would be held by Mr Burnett to have been innocent.

Before closing this part of the discussion, we cannot help expressing the opinion that it is unfortunate that State publications such as the Exchequer Rolls—intended to provide the public with original materials for historical study—should be turned into mediums for the ventilation of personal crotchets or preconceived opinions. Mr Burnett is without doubt excellently qualified by official experience and technical knowledge to edit these Rolls; but we would submit that if "Introductions" to these volumes are to be written at all, they should be confined to pointing out the more important documents or entries which the volumes may contain, leaving those who consult them to draw their own conclusions. It so happens that in the whole of the passages above quoted from Mr Burnett's disquisition on the death of Rothesay, he does not require to make a single reference to anything contained in the volume which he edits; his references, on the other hand, being to historical works quite accessible to every one. We fail, indeed, to see any reason for his touching upon the subject at all. An editor of such volumes

is expected to have a fair knowledge of Scottish history; but there is no call that he should set up for being omniscient, and so putting everybody right on every possible sort of question.

In proceeding to consider the arguments for the innocence of Albany put forward by his second defender, we have no such complaint to make as to the place where this defence is set up. It occurs precisely where one would have expected a consideration of the subject to have been found—namely, in 'The Red Book of Menteith,' by Mr William Fraser—a work dealing with the history of a family with which the Duke of Albany was connected. While differing entirely from the conclusion to which Mr Fraser has arrived on the subject of Albany's guilt, it gives us pleasure to acknowledge the immense indebtedness which all students of Scottish history owe, and must ever owe, to Mr Fraser. Through the medium of his privately printed family histories, he has rendered accessible to historical inquirers a vast amount of original materials for the study of Scottish history, the value of which can scarcely be overestimated. If, then, we differ from his views on this occasion, it is from no want of respect for his great historical abilities, but simply because we think he has not sufficiently taken into account the various factors in the discussion which must be reckoned up together before arriving at a conclusion. His argument is of some length, but the main points of it may be readily extracted.

Mr Burnett, in his defence of Albany, makes no reference to the formal acquittal which that nobleman and his associates received from the King; but this, Mr Fraser, on the other hand, with the dexterity of a practised historical ex-

ponent, immediately seizes upon as his *point de resistance*. He says :

"The grave charge [against Albany] is not only not proven, but the case is long since a *res judicata*, having been decided after a formal trial by the highest court of the nation, by whom the accused was openly acquitted."—(Red Book of Menteith, i. 174.)

The terms of this argument appear to us to be somewhat overcharged. Historically speaking, the case is by no means a *res judicata*; and speaking legally, there never was any "trial" in the ordinary sense of the word. At the Parliamentary inquiry, as we have already seen, no evidence was led, and not a word of what passed in private between the King and the accused was divulged to the Parliament or embodied in the instrument of acquittal. That instrument may not improperly be regarded as due to the arbitrary act of the King, who, old and infirm, could not fail to foresee the ruinous results to himself and his family of any action that might draw him into assuming a hostile attitude towards two noblemen of such power as Albany and Douglas. The instrument, moreover, proves either too much or too little. Lord Hailes, who was the first to print the document, saw this at a glance. He says (the italics are his): "It appeared that the Prince of Scotland 'departed this life, through *Divine Providence, and not otherwise.*' The reader," he adds, "will determine as to the import of this phrase. If by it a natural death was intended, the circumlocution seems strange and affected." And again, he says: "The Duke of Albany and the Earl of Douglas obtained a remission in terms as ample as if they had actually murdered the Prince." John Hill Burton, while not committing himself wholly to either view of

the question, states that the Parliamentary inquiry was "not in the shape of a trial for a crime, but of an inquiry for the sake of clearing up doubts and rumours;" and expresses the opinion that "the conclusion is set forth in an equivocal form tending to strengthen suspicion."

The terms of the instrument are such that any one reading it must feel impelled to ask a number of questions, and every such question implies doubt. If the Prince actually died of dysentery, or other disease, in the course of nature, why not have named the disease? And if death was caused, not by crime, but by disease, why did those concerned therewith seek so elaborate a form of immunity from the consequences of a crime which they never committed? Again, the arrestment of the Prince was effected under the King's own mandate: wherefore, then, arose the necessity for asking from him an official pardon for executing his own decree? And why, unless for the purpose of stifling local inquiry, was this pardon extended, not only to the two noblemen principally implicated, but to all and everybody, high and low, male and female, who had any, even the remotest, connection with the Prince's captivity and death?

Mr Fraser thinks it is throwing discredit on the Scottish nobility of the time to insinuate that they tacitly allowed themselves to be made parties to the exculpation of Albany and Douglas from the consequences of such a crime as that rumoured against them, unless satisfied that the two noblemen were innocent. But can Mr Fraser mention any nobleman of the period, outside the circle of those implicated, who would have dared to oppose Albany and his associates in this matter? Or can he not

recall any other "acquittal" which might, in his view, be held as equally discrediting the Scottish nobility? Has he forgotten the murder of Darnley, and the sham trial and acquittal of Bothwell in connection therewith? And would he, or any other writer of history, dare to hold that, because Bothwell on that occasion received a formal discharge from the accusation against him, as Albany did on that other occasion, that therefore the question whether Bothwell was innocent or guilty of the death of Darnley, is a *res judicata*, and no longer to be made a question in history? Mr Fraser must give the above instrument fresh consideration, and in doing so remember what Cosmo Innes has said, that "State papers, even Acts of Parliament, may deceive—may be coined for the purpose of deceiving."

In dealing with the question of Albany's guilt or innocence, Mr Fraser fails to take sufficiently into account the intense personal ambition of the man. The weakness of his brother the King had probably tended greatly to strengthen this passion in Albany, as the latter was thus left in the practical government of the kingdom, and for many years had possessed all but the name of king. In later years, when regent during the imprisonment of James I. in England, Albany, as is well known, issued charters, not, as was invariably the case in other regencies, in the name of the sovereign, but in that of "Robert, Duke of Albany, Earl of Fife and Menteith." Instead, also, of dating these charters by the year of the King's reign, as was likewise the invariable custom, he dated them in the year of his own regency. Again, seven years after Rothesay's death, he entered into a lengthy bond, a compact with his confederate the Earl of Douglas, in

which they undertake to give mutual support to each other. Certain provisions in the document turning upon the contingency—"gif it happens the said lord the Duke to grow in time to come to the estate of king." This bold indication of the direction whither his ambition tended, was given while the young king James was lying prisoner in England, from which imprisonment he was not released till after Albany's death. Into the question of how far Albany contributed to retard that prince's freedom, we cannot enter; but a very slight knowledge of human nature suffices to read the obvious lesson, that a man who could imitate sovereignty to the degree we have just indicated, and provide in a written instrument for his chances of becoming a sovereign in reality, would not be disturbed by any very gnawing desire to have one back in Scotland who should supersede him in his high office. In the matter, therefore, of his relation to Rothesay's death, there is quite sufficient motive to be found for the committal of the crime, when we remember the rank, the ambition, and the opportunities of the man who is principally charged with it.

Having dealt with Mr Fraser's main argument, let us look at a few of his minor considerations. He says, like his coadjutor, Mr Burnett, that "the Duke of Albany has been ostentatiously charged by certain *modern* historians with the murder of his nephew." Why all this persistent pressing of the case as against "*modern*" historians? We have seen that Bower, who was a contemporary writer, sets down starvation as one of the reputed causes of Rothesay's death, and elsewhere speaks of the plot as for Rothesay's "destruction"; while another contemporary, the author

of the Book of Pluscarden (which Book, by the way, Mr Fraser does not refer to in the matter), gives currency to the charge in plain set terms. Both of these writers lived while Albany himself was alive: are such to be cited as "modern" historians?

Again, he says:—

"The death of the Prince is stated in an authoritative document as entirely owing to natural causes; while the only historian of the age who notices with any detail the circumstances of his death, states that dysentery was the cause."—(P. 174.)

The "authoritative document" referred to in the first part of this sentence being nothing more than the instrument of acquittal which we have already considered, does not require further comment here. But the concluding half of the sentence calls for remark. We presume that when Mr Fraser speaks of "the only historian of the age who notices with any detail the circumstances of Rothesay's death," he refers to Bower. But we have seen more than once that Bower is certainly not the "only" historian of the age who notices the death in detail; neither does he say (as readers might imply from Mr Fraser's words) that the only reputed cause of death was dysentery. He says, "dysentery, or, as others will have it, starvation." It is difficult to know how to deal with such loose references to historical authorities.

When, in the course of his narrative, Mr Fraser first mentions Rothesay as having died of dysentery, he adds:—

"The disease of dysentery, which was the reputed cause of Rothesay's death, became very prevalent towards the end of the regency of Duke Robert, and in the beginning of the regency of his son Duke Murdach. . . . Many

persons of all ranks were cut off by that fatal malady."—(P. 173.)

It is not easy to see why this information should be given where it is, unless as tending to influence the reader's mind in a particular direction; for the period of the two regencies referred to was 1419-20, eighteen years after Rothesay's death. The unfortunate Duke could hardly have been affected by that epidemic.

"Contemporary historians," says Mr Fraser again, "not only do not accuse Albany of the murder of Rothesay, but give him a very flattering character. . . . Indeed, all the romance which novelists, founding upon the fables of Boeoe, have woven round the untimely death of this ill-fated Prince, vanish before the light furnished by the legal evidence bearing upon the case, as well as the testimony of contemporary historians."—(Pp. 175, 176.)

We have already seen that there is no "legal evidence," properly speaking, to fall back upon in the case; and we have also seen that Boeoe is not the historian responsible for originating the story of Rothesay's having been murdered; but who are the "contemporary historians" that bear testimony to the innocence of Albany? Not Wyntoun; for Wyntoun is entirely silent on the subject. Not Bower; for he distinctly mentions the alternative cause of death as being starvation, and speaks, moreover, of Rothesay as having been "destroyed." Not the author of the Book of Pluscarden; for he states in detail the whole course of cruelty perpetrated upon the Prince, and expressly charges Albany with the guilt of it. Who, then, are the "contemporary historians" that give evidence in defence? They do not exist.

There is only one other argument requiring notice, and with

it we will draw our consideration of the case to a close. Mr Fraser says :—

“There is not a shadow of anything like proof to show that Albany was guilty of such a crime ; none of the attendant circumstances can be legitimately construed as pointing to his guilt. Albany did but his duty to his country, his King, and the Prince himself, by putting him under the restraint which his own father authorised.”—(Pp. 177, 178.)

We have seen what the “attendant circumstances” which Mr Fraser here speaks of were, and we would like to know if any single one of them can be selected as *not* pointing to Albany’s guilt. If what we have already described was Albany’s way of doing his duty by the Prince, he had a way of doing it that was most unfortunate for his own reputation. If none of the “attendant circumstances” point to his guilt, where was the need for the Parliamentary inquiry into his proceedings? If Albany had had no sinister end in view, why did he leave the Prince to perish under such rough hands as those of Wright and Selkirk? Admitting that Rothesay was suffering from dysentery or other disease, why was he not lodged in apartments suited to his rank and state of

health, and accessible to reputable witnesses, whose evidence could, if need were, come before Parliament? Where, too, were the physicians one would have expected the affectionate uncle to have called to the bedside of his erring yet suffering relative? The house was Albany’s own. He could have made his own arrangements. If his nephew was really ill, and if Albany had been solicitous that no stain should attach to his honour as the custodian of Scotland’s heir-apparent, he might have adopted such measures as would have secured for himself, in any event, the reputation of clean hands. Instead of that, we find Rothesay, from the first moment that he comes into Albany’s custody, subjected to the most insulting and ignominious treatment — treatment which we cannot conceive that Albany and his associates would have dared to put upon the Prince if they had not beforehand determined that he should not live to retaliate. On the whole, and looked at broadly, was the conduct of Albany towards the Prince like that of a man who wished to save and reform a friend? or was it not rather like that of one who had set himself, with wicked and implacable resolve, to get rid of a victim?

THE LITTLE WORLD: A STORY OF JAPAN.—IN TWO PARTS.

BY RUDOLPH LINDAU.

WHEN Yokohama was first opened to European trade in 1859, there arrived one fine day in one of the earliest steamers from Shanghai a tall, slim, young Irishman, with fair hair and bright blue eyes. While the boats were being got ready to land the passengers, he stood on deck whistling, and gazing attentively at the little town lying in a crescent before him, which looked at that time more like a fishing village than the emporium of the newly opened commerce between Europe and Japan. At some little distance from the landing-place the traveller noted a wooden building, over which the English flag was waving. He took particular notice of this spot; and on jumping ashore a few minutes later, went straight to the British Consulate—for that was the edifice in question—without asking the way of anybody. Indeed the oldest resident in Yokohama could not have shown more topographical self-reliance than the new-comer.

A burly servitor was standing at the door of the official residence.

"Consul at home?" asked the fresh arrival, with the slightest possible movement of the head, and pointing towards the open door.

The officer seemed shocked at the familiarity with which his superior was spoken of, and replied with serious dignity—

"Mr Robert Mitchell, her Majesty's Consul for Japan, is in his office."

The traveller, upon whom this reprimand did not seem to make the very slightest impression, proceeded to enter the building; but

the constable, barring his entrance, gruffly said—

"Your card, sir, if you please!"

The stranger looked at this pompous representative of the English police in Japan with some astonishment, but at once handed him the card with a quiet smile, saying—

"Very well; here it is."

The man went in without saying another word, and returning immediately, pointed to a door, and invited the stranger to enter. The traveller, without hesitation, turned the handle, and with a firm step entered a large well-lighted room, where a handsome young Englishman sat enthroned behind a big ledger-looking book. Waiting a few seconds, and seeing that no notice was taken of him, the new-comer at last approached the desk and said, in a rather loud but agreeable voice—

"I have come here to register myself in the books of the Consulate as a British subject," at the same time handing the Consul his passport.

"You arrived to-day?" asked the commercial representative of his country.

"Ten minutes ago."

"In the Cadiz, Captain M'Gregor?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did the steamer bring the mails?"

"Yes."

"To whom is she consigned?"

"To Dana & Co."

The Consul had meanwhile examined the passport, and finding it satisfactory, copied the following entry from the official document

into the open register before him: "Thomas Ashbourne—British subject—Dublin, Ireland—civil engineer."

He then wrote on the passport in large figures, with red ink, the number 13, and returned it to its owner.

The new arrival looked at it carefully, shook his head, elevated his eyebrows, and stared again and again at the ominous figure. There was something comically familiar in his attitude, but her Majesty's Consul for Japan, who in those days was considered a personage of very great importance, did not seem at all inclined to place himself with Mr Ashbourne on the footing of equality apparently solicited. He contented himself, therefore, by saying—

"The fee, sir, is five dollars, if you please." Ashbourne handed over the sum, and addressing the Consul in an altered tone of the strictest formality, said—

"May I take the liberty of asking you, sir, what is the meaning of that large number '13' which you have just written so beautifully in red ink on my passport?"

"Oh, that signifies your entry in the consular register."

"Ahem!" murmured Ashbourne with a thoughtful air; "then I must tell you, Mr Consul, that I have drawn a confoundedly bad number."

"Well, somebody had to draw it."

"Yes, of course; and somebody will be drowned this year, and somebody must also be hanged this year. . . . I don't like that number '13.' I consider it the very worst in the whole system of figures! But that is the well-deserved reward for being too forward. Why on earth did I make a bet with myself, that without asking my way of anybody, I would

be the first of all the passengers on board the Cadiz to call on the English Consul? Had I joined my fellow-travellers, I should only have been registered five minutes later, and then perhaps another might have drawn this unlucky number—and welcomed to it, as far as I am concerned."

"A very unchristian remark," interposed the Consul, forgetting for a moment his official dignity so far as to address a guileless traveller in a semi-familiar manner.

"Come, now, I don't see that at all, Mr Consul. Some misfortune must take place in this wretched world, but everybody has a right to wish that he should be exempted from it. For my own part I am quite willing to leave the whole sum of misery that is daily endured on our planet to any one of my fellows. But look, there come three of them now. . . . I will detain you no longer. . . . I have the honour, Mr Consul, . . ." and he concluded by bowing himself out of the august presence of her Majesty's commercial representative in Japan.

The three gentlemen who now entered were English merchants, who, without uttering one unnecessary word, got themselves registered under the numbers 14, 15, and 16, as Mr M'Bean from Glasgow, Mr Haslett from Manchester, and Mr West from London. Then leaving the Consulate, these three travellers—who, during the long passage from Shanghai to Yokohama, had become well acquainted with each other—made off in the direction of the foreign settlement. When about a hundred paces on their way they met a young man, who silently saluted them without moving a muscle of his pale face, and whose cold recognition they returned in the same manner. The

man having passed, M'Bean remarked—

"A strange and mysterious fellow this Jervis. I can't say that I have taken a great liking to him."

"Nor I," said West and Haslett in succession.

The stranger, in truth, could not boast of a prepossessing exterior, though it would have been difficult to define the displeasing elements in him. He was tall, slim, and well built, with a light quick step; and in his movements there was something stealthy and elastic, like the gait of a cat. His smooth-combed hair was of a deep black hue, in remarkable contrast with his clear northern complexion and bright grey eyes. His sharply marked features showed a bold and noble profile; but looking full at that smooth-shaven face and high narrow forehead, the observer could not help remarking the prominent cheek-bones, the large mouth with thin firmly closed lips, the heavy jaw and broad chin, which gave to the whole visage an appearance of great energy, combined with coldness and reserve.

On Mr Jervis entering the Consul's office he found that dignitary again deeply lost in the study of the big book aforesaid; so he waited in patience, motionless, until it should please the consequential man of affairs to take notice of his presence. At last her Majesty's representative slowly raised his eyes, and in a very formal manner begged to know in what way he could be of service to his visitor. Jervis made the same reply as the travelling trio had done a few minutes previously. He was an English merchant, he said, and wished to settle in Yokohama.

"Your passport, please."

This carefully folded document was taken from a large leather

pocket-book and handed to the Consul. Now Mr Jervis must have been a great traveller, for his passport was covered with the official stamps of most countries.

"Jervis! . . . Jervis?" pensively murmured the Consul to himself. Then lifting his eyes from the paper and carefully scrutinising his visitor for several seconds—"Ahem!" he observed, "I knew a gentleman of your name in Singapore,—James Jervis,—yes; exactly your name. I recollect him well—very well; he used to be known familiarly as 'J. J.' in the foreign community. May have been a relative of yours?"

"No, sir," was the curt response.

"I wonder," continued the Consul, unbending somewhat, "what has become of 'J. J.' He was a restless fellow, drank a great deal, gambled, . . . and I am afraid must have come to a bad end."

Mr Jervis made a slight significant movement, as if to say that all this did not interest him in the least; and then the Consul, who seemed to be sorry for having so far forgotten his dignity as to enter into something like a private conversation with a pure stranger, closed the interview by remarking in his habitual dry, official tone—"The fee is five dollars, please."

This amount was paid, and the new-comer left the room. Outside, and with his back to the constable, who kept looking at his retreating form, he stood for a moment lost in deep thought. He pensively stroked his massive chin, and an expression of uneasiness mingled with sadness, which gave a softer expression to his severe countenance, came over him. Then, sighing deeply, he murmured to himself—"Forward!" and walking with long regular steps, he followed his travelling companions towards the foreign settlement.

II.

Six months had gone by since Ashbourne and Jervis arrived in Japan. Their fellow-travellers, West, Haslett, and M'Bean, fell into a quiet, humdrum kind of life in Yokohama; but the two former, by dint of superior energy and ambition, had risen to prominent positions in the little foreign colony which, at the beginning of 1860, counted about two hundred members, the majority by far being Englishmen and Americans. They were all mostly young men, so that Ashbourne and Jervis, who were both about twenty-eight or thirty years old, ranked among the seniors of the society. Fond of pleasure and eager for activity, they displayed unceasing zeal to make a purse as quickly as possible; at the same time they were always ready to court danger and adventure, for which, indeed, in those days there was plenty of scope.

Life in Japan was not very safe at that time. Within a few months several foreigners had been attacked and murdered by the natives, who looked with fear and hatred upon alien intruders. But this did not prevent the foreigners from making long excursions in the neighbourhood of Yokohama, with no other purpose than to have a good ride, or see something new, and discover some picturesque spot unknown to the other members of their community. The incidents of these exploratory tours were then detailed in the evening at the club, with more or less romantic embellishment; and if anything beautiful or remarkable were reported, the stay-at-home spirits would make arrangements for emulating the enterprise of their companions, and on the following day a small company of gay young fel-

lows would set out to view the newly discovered country. These excursions, however, were never without danger. Many of the natives looked with intense hatred upon the tall white-faced men who, laughing and singing, swaggered through their streets, boldly intruded into the silence of their temples and their peaceful homes, and displayed manners which inspired their women and children with fear. But the strangers took little heed of this. With heavy riding-whips in their hands and revolvers in their belts, two or three of them scrupled not to enter a thickly populated village and curiously examine everything that attracted their attention, ready at any moment to defend their lives against overwhelming odds, or fly on their swift Japanese ponies from any outbreak of the furious inhabitants. The only caution ever observed was that they carefully rode in the middle of the road, the better to scrutinise men and things right and left of them. These excursions, too, were very frequently repeated, as the danger connected with them had a powerful charm for the youthful Hot-spurs; and nobody wanted to remain behind the other.

Now, among all these young adventurers, Ashbourne and Jervis probably stood in highest repute, for to them were due more interesting expeditions in the neighbourhood of Yokohama than to any other members of the community. The former, in particular, had gained a wide popularity by his good temper and affectionate disposition. He was known by the nickname of *Djusanban*, which is Japanese for "13," because he was constantly complaining about his great and unmerited

misfortune in drawing that odd and ominous number.

"Look you," he used to say, with a face which made it difficult to determine whether he was in jest or earnest, "you will see that something unlucky will happen to me before I leave here." Certainly in his own profession he was rather unfortunate. The Japanese did not seem much inclined to employ him in his proper capacity as engineer; and as he neither had means nor inclination to engage in business, he had established a newspaper called 'The Japan Sun,' the first English journal ever published in Yokohama. True it is that this enterprising organ was only issued in an edition of two hundred copies; but the high rates of subscription and advertising brought to the sole proprietor a comfortable little income, which enabled him to live and keep a horse and the usual five servants—to wit, a *comprador* or cashier, a *kotzhoi* or valet, a *momban* or porter, a *betto* or groom, and a *kuli* or man-of-all-work. Besides this, Mr Ashbourne, as proprietor of the light-diffusing 'Sun,' had become a very influential kind of person, acting, so to speak, as a connecting link between the Government officials and the business men.

Mr Jervis, on the other hand, owed the position he enjoyed to quite other circumstances. He had now lived for six months in the midst of the society of young men who carried their hearts upon their tongues; but he had not formed an intimate acquaintance with any of them. All agreed, however, that he was the most daring steeplechase-rider, the swiftest runner, the best boatman, the boldest swimmer, and, in fact, the unrivalled champion in all athletic sports. Added to this, he was always giving striking proofs of

his utter fearlessness. Even the reckless Ashbourne seldom strolled of an evening through the city without an accompanying native henchman; but as for Jervis, he never allowed a single holiday to pass without making long solitary excursions into the country, often returning after deep darkness had set in. From Shanghai he had brought with him a strong Tartar pony, which he had trained with great care, making the animal, that was naturally obstinate and wicked, thoroughly obedient to his slightest wish. Tautai—that was the name of the wiry little brute—was not afraid of taking any obstacle, and had great endurance under fatigue.

"One of these fine days," said Ashbourne once, "Jervis will get cut to pieces. He can ride, it is true, and he has a splendid horse, but all that is of no use when you are attacked from behind and in the dark; and Jervis exposes himself to that kind of danger seven times a-week."

On stormy days Jervis would step into his little boat and sail far away out into the sea, till he almost became invisible from the shore.

"If Jervis is not killed ashore," remarked Ashbourne one day, looking at the ever-receding form of his companion from the club-window through a telescope, "he will certainly be drowned. In fact I have an obituary notice of him ready in the pigeon-holes of the 'Sun.' I myself am a good sailor. I was brought up on the shores of the Irish Channel, which is pretty rough water; but I do declare it is tempting Providence, and nothing else, to go out to sea in such a nutshell, and in such weather."

"He that was born to be hanged will never be drowned," cynically observed M'Bean, who had never

overcome the antipathy to Jervis which he first contracted on the passage with him from Shanghai to Yokohama.

"Come now, M'Bean, why do you want Jervis to be hanged?" asked Ashbourne.

"I don't know," thoughtfully replied the Scotsman; "but he looks somehow or other as if he deserved it."

Not only in his business transactions, but also in playing cards—two occupations which engrossed most of the time of "the pioneers of civilisation," as the 'Sun' had magniloquently dubbed the members of the foreign community—Jervis had shown himself unscrupulous and reckless. He seemed, it is true, to have very considerable means at his disposal, though nobody knew or suspected where he got them; but more than one were irritated at the exceptionally good fortune which always seemed to attend him in every commercial undertaking, as well as with his gambling. Fearlessness, however, is a quality which commands more respect from ardent youth than any other; and if Jervis was not the best liked, he certainly was one of the most respected members of the community. But he did not seem to care very much for the distinction; and his indifference in this respect had even something offensive in the eyes of his companions. No success in trade, no personal compliments, could ever bring a smile or a well-pleased look into his cold, thin face. In America, where he had lived, he said, for some years, he had learned the habit of "whittling"; and whenever anybody praised him to his face, he would sit quietly whittling away and working with his knife as if engaged in an occupation that required all his serious attention.

It was the month of April, and

the first spring races were to take place at Yokohama. As may be readily imagined, the officers of the English regiment then stationed in Japan, with a number of young civilian fellows and business men, took the warmest interest in this great event. Every morning some twenty or thirty horsemen could be seen on the turf, busily engaged in training themselves and their cattle for the approaching contest. Ashbourne had been appointed secretary of the sporting club, and ruled there supreme. He was not only, however, busy with his own animal, but had also to take care of half-a-dozen others,—having promised several friends to look after their interests at the races.

Jervis, too, always turned up there early in the morning, but to all appearance only as a spectator. Not once had he put his short-legged pony into a canter, but paced slowly up and down the course, giving advice here and there, though otherwise speaking very little, and looking with an unfriendly—one might almost say sneering, envious—eye upon his comrades.

One day he came up to Ashbourne, who was trying to get his horse down a steep drop—an obstacle which is very common in Japan in consequence of the terrace-like nature of the rice-fields, and in some instances necessitates a jump of from ten to twelve feet, which most of the Japanese horses take very cleverly. It was on the brink of such a drop, then, that Ashbourne stood urging his pony forward with whip and spur; but the frightened animal only spread its fore-legs and would not budge an inch, and kicked furiously at every application of the spurs.

"Shall I give you a lead?" at last said Jervis, who had been watching Ashbourne for some time.

"By all means, if your Chinaman is not afraid; but it's an ugly place, and I doubt whether Tautai will take it."

"Come back then, and I will show you."

They receded about thirty yards, and on reapproaching the drop, Tautai went over without a moment's hesitation, while Ashbourne's pony stopped short on the brink and again replied with kicks and snorts to the spurs and whip of his master.

"Shall I take your pony down for you?" asked Jervis from below.

But Ashbourne did not reply; and Jervis making a short détour, was again by his companion's side.

"Let me try it," he said.

Changing horses, they again retired a short distance, and advanced in a sharp canter to the edge of the drop. But the same scene was enacted as before. Tautai made the descent gracefully and easily, whilst the Japanese pony again stood still, perversely determined not to follow the good example set him by the Chinaman.

"Shall I take you down?" exclaimed Ashbourne laughingly from below.

"Thanks; I'll do that myself," moodily replied Jervis, as drawing back he pulled the horse in a brutal manner round and round; and then pressing the spurs deep into his flanks, he went at a furious pace towards the bank. The animal rushed blindly forward, and in a moment was at the dangerous spot, where it made a last attempt to resist by rearing; but it was too late. Spurs and whip cruelly applied sent it forward. For one moment horse and rider hovered in the air. Then both fell heavily down by the side of Ashbourne, who had been an attentive witness of this bold equestrian feat. Jervis was on his legs in a twinkling, and

caught hold of the reins of the horse, which by some chance had escaped unhurt. A girth had been broken and the reins had got entangled—that was all.

"Well done!" cried Ashbourne; "there is no one in Japan who will do that after you. But you might have broken your neck."

"It is not half so dangerous as it looks," replied Jervis, quietly—"at least not for the rider. I must confess, however, that I risked the legs of your pony."

He then assisted Ashbourne to put the leathers right, and both set out on their way to Yokohama.

It had been a hot day, and the violent exercise, too, had warmed the young men; so they began to fan their dripping foreheads with their handkerchiefs. Presently Ashbourne, looking at his companion, called out with a loud laugh—

"Why, what on earth have you been doing, Jervis? You look like a nigger. Your forehead is as black as if it were painted."

Jervis was silent for a moment, and then replied in an indifferent kind of way—

"Oh, it's nothing; only some of the mould from the rice-field which must have got into my hair."

A minute afterwards, however, he quitted the side of his companion, under pretext of taking a short cut across the fields; and without waiting for answer or remonstrance, jumped a ditch and was soon out of sight. Ashbourne looked after him thoughtfully. There was a strange confusion in Jervis's manner, for which he could suggest to himself no explanation.

Having galloped for a mile or two across lonely fields and woods, Jervis arrived at a little tea-house, hidden among the hills, where he seemed a well-known and a welcome guest. At his request the handsome young hostess brought

him some warm water, and other necessary toilet material, with which he retired into a small private room, and locking himself in,

emerged after a brief interval with a clean countenance, and his glossy black hair arranged as carefully as ever.

III.

The great day was over. Ashbourne had taken part in eight out of twelve races, and had won no fewer than three. Jervis, however, who had on all sides been requested to ride, had firmly declined, alleging that he was suffering from a headache, which the heat and excitement of the day would only make worse. Most people, it is true, looked upon this as a shallow excuse; though they had to be satisfied with it.

But Jervis had nevertheless taken an active interest in the race; for being considered a most competent sporting man, he had been requested to act as judge.

In the evening the committee of the Racing Club, with several young officers and other prominent members of the community, sat down to a festive entertainment in Ashbourne's rooms.

By-and-by, of course, they became very gay and loud,—and the toasts —“Absent Friends;” “The Old Folks at Home;” “The Ladies;” “The Secretary of the Racing Club;” “The Starter;” “The Judge,” &c.—were proposed and enthusiastically responded to. So fast and enthusiastic, too, became the fun, that finally there was not one of the twenty-five men assembled whose special health had not been drunk with all the honours.

At about eleven o'clock the noise, confusion, and merriment seemed to have reached a climax. But Jervis alone, though he had emptied his glass at every toast, continued sober, silent, and cold; and whilst his companions were sitting, conformably to the dictates of the

climate, in every picturesque variety of cool and delicious *deshabillé*, singing, gesticulating, and talking, with sparkling eyes and flushed faces, he remained all through serious and stiff, as if at a state dinner. Not one hair of his well-combed glossy locks was disarranged on his smooth forehead. Suddenly the loud and hearty voice of Ashbourne called out “Order, gentlemen! silence!” but the request had to be repeated several times before attentive quiet could be restored.

“Gentlemen,” then said the host and chairman, “I have just made a wager of a second ‘spread’ like what we have had to-day; and you must decide whether myself or M'Bean shall have the honour of standing it. Will you act as judges?”

“Yes! yes!” was the reply from twenty eager voices.

“Well, listen, then.”

“Hear, hear! Order!”

“The story is a little long, and you must not interrupt me.”

“Hear, hear! Begin! Order! The story!”

“Well, then, I have just been trying to explain to my honourable friend M'Bean the old theory of ‘The Little World.’ You know, of course, what I mean.”

“Certainly not,” exclaimed one of the guests; “you don't know yourself.”

Ashbourne sat down with a comic look of feigned indignation, but he was at once requested to continue; and on peace being again restored, he complied. In the first place, he vouchsafed to explain the meaning of his boasted

theory. "The world," he said, "had become so small, that every one must needs know everybody else; and in order to prove the truth of this assertion, he would undertake to show that, directly or indirectly, he had been connected with every one of his guests before making their acquaintance in Yokohama. M'Bean," he added, "maintains that I shall not succeed in proving these pre-Japanese relations; and this is the subject of our bet. I will therefore now, with your kind permission, right honourable gentlemen, proceed to prove——"

But the right honourable gentlemen were not at all inclined to listen any more, as Ashbourne had already spoken long and explicitly. After a while, however, the idea began to amuse the company, and everybody soon began to grow interested in Ashbourne's cross-examination of his neighbours, which turned out to lend powerful support to his hypothesis. After a few questions, for example, addressed to his right-hand neighbour, Mr Mitchell—the English Consul—it was found that this gentleman had been at Rugby with Ashbourne's brother. On this occasion, too, the guests learned for the first time that their host actually had a brother.

"You will soon make his acquaintance," said Ashbourne; "I expect him here in a few weeks, and he will attend to all your legal business. For my brother Daniel is a lawyer, and a very excellent one too, as you will soon learn if you give him anything to do. He had a good practice in Limerick: but while my dear countrymen are rather fond of quarrelling, they are not always quite so much inclined to pay for the settlement of it; and my brother, who is not a man to press his clients, could not get on. So on my advice he has

determined to try his luck here in Japan."

Then Ashbourne's neighbour on the left—the Dutch Consul—whose examination had begun after that of his English colleague, soon declared himself to have been in some way connected with Ashbourne before meeting him in Japan. Several years previously he had occupied an official position in the colony of Batavia, where his most intimate friend was an English merchant, married to a cousin of Ashbourne.

"Of course—of course," said Ashbourne triumphantly, as he turned away and addressed himself to another of his guests, each of whom, one after the other, was found to have stood, before coming to Japan, in *some* relation or other to their entertainer. Meanwhile, however, Ashbourne himself had thus been obliged to reveal many fragments of his own biography. He had named relations, friends, schools and tutors, fellow-pupils; and so it often happened that before he finished the examination of one of his guests, another would interrupt him at the mention of some name, exclaiming that the bearer of it was a friend or relation of his too. Thus the conversation had almost become general, and was attended with a good deal of fun and laughter.

"Look here," said one of the company, "Gilmore and I are second cousins; we have just discovered it."

"West's uncle was my private tutor!" exclaimed another.

"M'Bean's cousin was my first love," cried out a third, amid ex-postulating cries of "Oh, oh!" and "Honour bright!"

M'Bean was obliged to confess that he had lost the wager; for in addition to the overwhelming evidence thus adduced, it turned

out that he himself had many years previously been in business with a distant relation of Ashbourne's family.

This game of cross-questioning had occupied the attention of the guests so closely, that no one had noticed the singular demeanour of Jervis all the while. For some time he had sat silently, looking down before him and blankly playing with his glass. But any close observer would have noticed that thick drops of perspiration stood on his forehead. At last, however, he suddenly rose and stepped out upon the open verandah, as if he felt the want of fresh air.

On returning a few minutes later, the noise and confusion were lasting on. Every one had found out amongst his companions some old friend or acquaintance in a more or less remote degree; and every one was desirous of continuing his interesting voyage of discovery round "the small world."

Young Gilmore, who had been particularly fortunate in now unmasking among his "co-mates and brothers in exile" a cousin and half-a-dozen intimates of his numerous family, began to look round for some new and likely object of concealed kinship. His eye fell upon Jervis, who was just re-entering the room.

"Holloa!" he exclaimed, placing his hand in a friendly way on Jer-

vis's shoulder; "it is your turn now. If not my cousin, you are sure to be some old friend of mine. Where were you born? Are your parents alive? At what school were you? What——"

But here he suddenly became silent. For out of Jervis's pale face there flashed a pair of eyes so angry and wicked that the rest of Gilmore's sentence died on his lips.

"Why, what the world is the matter with you?" he asked in astonishment.

Some of the company had also been witnesses of this scene, and now looked intently towards Gilmore and Jervis. The attention of others, too, was roused by the incident, and suddenly deep silence reigned in the room which only a few seconds before had been full of merriment and laughter. All eyes were now turned towards the two young men.

"What ever is the matter with you?" again inquired Gilmore.

Jervis looked round, an expression of utter confusion and helplessness came over his face, which was presently lit up for a moment by a painfully forced smile, and in a hoarse voice he repeated—

"What is the matter with me? That which will be the matter with most of you to-morrow. Ashbourne's wine has been too much for me." Then approaching the door with an unsteady gait he disappeared.

IV.

The excuse given by Jervis for so suddenly retiring from the society of his festive companions on the evening of the race-day, might seem plausible enough; but neither Ashbourne nor his friends were satisfied with it. Gilmore himself, too, contributed not a little to stamp Jervis's answer as undeserving of credit.

"The man looked at me," said Gilmore, "as if he wanted to kill me with his eyes. Never in my life have I seen such an evil expression in any human face. Good gracious! even now when I think of it a chill comes over me. Had I accused the fellow of crime instead of asking him a perfectly harmless question, he could not

possibly have eyed me with more savage rage. He tipsy? I don't believe it! So intensely wicked no drunken man ever yet looked. I'll lay a wager that he was the soberest of us all."

"Well, then, what could have been the matter with him?"

"Perhaps Gilmore's question made him angry. He may have very good reasons for not wishing to speak of his past. I have really been affected by Ashbourne's theory. I shall henceforth distrust a man of whom I know nothing."

It was the cautious, or rather suspicious Scotsman, M'Bean, who made this last remark, and his youthful hearers gazed at each other in surprise. They were good-hearted fellows—they were. Some of them, indeed, might have formed a not very flattering opinion of Jervis, but every one was discreet enough to keep to himself what he thought in this respect.

The reputation of Jervis, however, in the little foreign community, had suffered seriously. Everybody felt that, and he himself most of all, on appearing in the Club next evening. His former companions did not exactly avoid him, but it seemed as if he now moved in an atmosphere in which he was strange and solitary. Nobody had anything to say to him, and few came near him. It was noticeable that when he approached a group of merry-makers the laughter and the talk would instantly stop, as if they had agreed not to say anything in his presence. In fact he gradually became a rather unwelcome guest in the midst of the little community, which was composed, on the whole, of sympathising and homogeneous elements. He felt himself, too, that he was in the way. The young men seemed to have suddenly become conscious how it had come to pass that they had always been pre-

vented from approaching him in an open friendly way. They all knew each other; but of Jervis nobody knew anything, neither whence he came nor whither he went. He did not, in fact, belong to their "little world." He was a stranger, and the only stranger, in this motley crowd, formed of men from all parts of the globe.

The burning summer came, and put a stop to most social gatherings. Long excursions into the interior became fatiguing; and the Club-room evenings were shortened, by most of the members retiring to bed early, in order to rise betimes and enjoy the first fresh hours of the day.

The great race-day, too, being over, the youthful sporting men forsook the course, and the turf was deserted.

Jervis had never pushed himself into the foreground, never even been sociable. Now, however, without any apparently well-defined reason, he became still more reserved, and after a little time disappeared almost entirely from public society. It seemed, indeed, as if every one were afraid to speak to him. As for him, he never was the first to address any one. Coldly bowing, he would pass his former companions in the street; and sometimes would not be seen at all for days.

Jervis lived with his Japanese and Chinese servants in a small house on the edge of a vast uncultivated tract called "The Swamp," which until the arrival of the foreigners had been under water, and the exhalations from which generated malarious fevers during the summer. But it had been drained, and was now covered with a beautiful soft carpet of grass. At the time of which we speak, it separated the foreign settlement from an evil-famed Japanese quarter called "Yankiro," filled with tea-

houses and tap-rooms, generally crowded all night long with noisy natives and drunken European and American sailors. Riots and fights were the rule of the place; and the respectable members of the community were scarcely ever seen in the neighbourhood, unless, indeed, any of the older residents took an occasional stroll out that way with some new-comer, to show him the singular manners and customs of the aborigines.

The streets of Yokohama were not lighted in the year 1860, and as soon as the sun set they became dark and deserted. Whoever, therefore, wanted to go out at night, generally took with him two or three Japanese servants, with handsome paper lanterns, whereon the arms of his native country were painted in gay colours. To this many added the number of their houses; and thus from a distance one could easily recognise friends moving about in the street. One was always very glad to meet an acquaintance for company's sake, for the streets were not very safe. From any dark corner a murderous *samurai* or *lonin* (armed nobleman) might spring forth; and therefore no European or American ventured abroad in the evening without his revolver ready for use.

Ashbourne and Jervis were neighbours, their dwellings being only separated by a low wooden fence; and from the verandah of either house one could easily look into the windows of the other.

Now one evening, as was frequently the case, a merry crew of youthful spirits were assembled in Ashbourne's rooms. It was very hot in the lighted chambers; mosquitoes entered in swarms; and the guests had therefore retired to the dark and cool verandah, there to recline in large bamboo chairs, smoke, drink tea or brandy-and-

soda, and talk languidly on all kinds of topics. Soon, however, they became tired and worn out, for most of them had a hard day's work behind them.

It was late, and the night was dark, close, and still. During pauses in the conversation, one could hear the ceaseless hollow murmur of the ocean; while from the neighbouring houses resounded the short harsh noise made by the Japanese watchmen by knocking two pieces of bamboo against each other. One soon becomes accustomed to this signal, which ceases then to disturb sleep, while frightening thieves and other evil-doers.

From the Yankiro, too, across the vast deserted swamp, resounded the shrill notes of the *samsin*, the three-stringed Japanese guitar.

"Jervis's house is all lighted up," said some one. "What on earth can that fellow be doing at this hour of the night, and all alone too?"

"Studying Japanese," replied M'Bean. "He gets on well with it, I hear. We have the same master."

"It seems to me he wants to make himself a Japanese altogether," observed Ashbourne. "In his own house I always see him dressed in native fashion, and he is taking fencing lessons from an old broken-down nobleman who is hanging about here. The day before yesterday, on passing his door quite early in the morning, I heard noise and shrieks proceeding from his garden; and entering, I saw Jervis and a Japanese, with masks and wooden swords, cutting at each other like madmen. Jervis advanced to meet me, and politely inquired what it was that had procured him the pleasure of a visit from me. On my replying that curiosity alone had induced me to enter, he explained that he delighted in all physical exer-

cises, and for a change had taken fencing lessons from a native master. The Samurai, who evidently understood what we were saying, repeated several times that Mr Jervis was very skilful and strong. He would doubtless have liked to give an exhibition of his pupil's ability, for he proposed to Jervis to have a round in my presence, but the latter declined. On the verandah was a pretty Japanese girl before a *chibach* (*brazero*), on which she was boiling water, and beside her an old woman. Both were drinking tea and smoking and chatting. By her side, on a mat, stood a *koto* (a Japanese musical instrument). There were no chairs or lounges, and the whole conveyed the impression rather of a Japanese than a European household. . . ."

"I say there are some people coming across the swamp from the Yankiro," interrupted M'Bean. Lanterns could indeed be seen in the distance, though the bearers were invisible, and the lights moved to and fro in the dark like large luminous Will-o'-the-wisps.

"Let's see who it is," said Ashbourne, as entering his room he returned with a large marine glass. Looking steadily at the lanterns for some time he at length remarked—

"Oh, numbers . . . 28 and 32—West and Dr Wilkins. Let us call them in. They ought to tell us what they are doing out-of-doors at such a late hour."

So putting both hands to his

mouth he shouted "West! Wilkins!" and repeated the cry till a reply came back.

"Yes, all right; we're coming!"

In a few minutes the nocturnal wayfarers were under the verandah, when Wilkins, who was the medical man of the community, related how he had been called to the Yankiro to tend an English sailor, who had been badly cut about in a fight with some Malay seamen; and West being with the doctor when summoned, had proposed to accompany him.

"And with whom, then, were you speaking just now? We saw you stand still there for a few moments about a hundred yards from the house."

"We met Jervis, and bade him good evening. He was taking a constitutional alone in the darkness."

"The fellow will be killed one of these days,—I have often told him so."

"And that is just what I have been telling him also, though he merely laughed, and replied,—'Who would take me in the dark for a *todgin*?' (a Japanese nickname for foreigners.) Indeed he looked a thorough native. Dressed in a *kimono*, he had a broadsword in his belt, with a dark cloth round his head, so that one could see nothing of him but his piercing eyes. A queer fellow! He certainly is not like one of us. I never could make a friend of that man."

V.

Mr Jervis seemed to be expecting important news from China; for every time a steamer arrived he was among the first who went down to the consignee to get his letters. He also carefully read through the list of passengers, and

went away quietly afterwards. This, however, was a general habit with many of the foreign inhabitants of Yokohama, and therefore did not attract much attention.

One day in the month of June, the Cadiz had returned to Yoko-

hana, and Jervis, as usual, entered Mr Dana's office to get his letters. There he found Captain M'Gregor in charge of the vessel, with whom he was personally acquainted, having made his first passage to Japan on board that commander's ship.

"A pleasant voyage, captain?"

"Very good, indeed; five days and seventeen hours."

"Many passengers on board?"

"About twenty Chinese and seven Europeans."

"Any acquaintances?"

"No; except that M'Bean has come back again. The rest are new people, and among them a brother of Ashbourne's."

"Good morning, Captain."

"Good morning, Mr Jervis."

Strange to say, on this very day Jervis forgot to take his letters, though they were lying ready for him on the table. He went straight home, looking carefully before and behind him, as if to see if he were observed. As he was approaching his house, two gentlemen came from the other end of the street—Thomas Ashbourne, and his brother Daniel who had just arrived. Being engaged in a lively conversation, they did not at first notice Jervis; but presently the new-comer caught sight of him as he was crossing the streets to enter his dwelling. At this time the distance between Jervis and the two brothers was not more than a hundred yards. Daniel stopped short, and shading his eyes with his hands, inquired thoughtfully, though more of himself than of his brother—

"Who can that be?"

"Where?"

"The man who has just gone into that house."

"Oh, that must have been Jervis! I didn't see him, but he lives there, and does not receive many visitors. I suppose he has been to fetch his letters from Dana."

"Jervis?—Jervis?"

"Yes; do you know him?"

"No, no—I don't know any one of that name, but I thought I knew that man; or he must have a singular likeness to one I know, . . . but I can't even say now of whom he reminds me."

"Oh, never mind; you will soon make Jervis's acquaintance, for he is our next-door neighbour. Here we are at home! Welcome, Dan, under my roof!"

The two brothers had not very much in common as far as their faces were concerned. Daniel was the elder by about five years, and had dark-brown hair and dark eyes; while Thomas was of light complexion, and had fair locks. But there was a distinct family likeness in their build—being both tall, slim, and distinguished by the same careless and easy carriage.

"Here is your room, Dan," said Thomas, showing his brother into a bright and cheerful apartment, furnished with a large handsome bed, a table, and a few chairs. "And here is your bath. I have taken a servant for you who answers to the convenient name of To; but he does not understand a word of English. I shall introduce him to you at once, and you must do your best to get on with him. There is the stable," he continued, leading his brother out on to the verandah. "In that little house yonder sleeps the *momban* (porter). And now go and dress yourself. It makes me quite hot to see you in your woollen suit. To has a linen one for you. I think my clothes will fit you."

To had meanwhile entered the room softly, and saluted his new master in the most respectful manner. Thomas Ashbourne told him what he would have to do, and then left his brother to bathe and dress himself. In half an hour he made his appearance in the par-

lour, refreshed and dressed in one of Thomas's white linen suits.

"To is a jewel of a servant," said Dan. "We get along splendidly; but I fear Inish would be jealous if I allowed any one else to wait upon me."

"Who is Inish?"

"My old Irish servant."

"Had you asked my advice, I should have told you to leave the man in Limerick. Natives are by far the best servants here. Foreign domestics inevitably come to grief. I warn you that in a few months Inish will leave you and open a public-house. Europeans who follow their master to Japan are fated to become bar-keepers."

"I will be responsible for Inish that he does nothing of the kind," replied Dan. "He is devoted to me, body and soul. He was the servant of a friend of mine, poor Lieutenant O'Brien, who came to so terrible an end. Inish almost went out of his mind with grief at the death of his master, and had to leave the regiment. I engaged him because O'Brien thought so much of him, and I took a great deal of trouble to get him all right again. I succeeded too; and ever since, Inish has been so devoted to me, that it would have been cruel to leave him."

"Does Mr Inish drink?"

"As little as you could expect of an Irishman and an old soldier."

"That is more than enough. Don't let him go out in the evening, or one of these days he will be brought home dead. The Japanese treat drunken Europeans with barbarous want of consideration."

"Inish never goes out of the house. He is afraid of strangers. Here he comes, the poor fellow."

Inish, accompanied by a sailor and a Japanese coolie, now appeared with his master's baggage. He warmly shook the hand of the

mariner who had shown him the way, and saluting his master in military fashion, asked what he should do with the luggage. Receiving the proper directions, he proceeded without a word to carry in the trunks.

"Well, now, do you think that Inish is a man to pick quarrels?" asked Daniel.

"He looks a quiet fellow," replied Thomas.

"You will hear and see very little of him. He works from morning till night, and is nowhere happy except in my room or in his own little den."

The two brothers had a good deal to talk about, having been separated for years. They dined together at seven o'clock, and towards nine went to the Club, where Ashbourne introduced his brother, who was most cordially received by all present. He seemed to win every heart at once by his amiable unpretending manners. Later in the evening quite a discussion arose as to who should have the pleasure of entertaining him first.

"It is my turn," said M'Bean, "for I owe you all a dinner. Don't you remember my lost wager—'The Little World'?"

"Quite so," said Mr Mitchell, the consul. So it was decided there and then that those who dined on the evening of the race-day with Thomas Ashbourne should reassemble at dinner the following day at M'Bean's rooms, and thus give Mr Daniel Ashbourne an opportunity of becoming better acquainted with the most distinguished members of the community.

Thomas Ashbourne undertook, in M'Bean's name, to invite his neighbour Jervis, who was not present, but who could not be left out. Jervis, however, declined the invitation, which Ashbourne sent him next morning, alleging that he was not well enough to come.

The banquet passed off in the usual pleasant fashion. The guests drank freely; and when port, sherry, and claret had gone round several times after dinner, the company was in that rose-coloured frame of mind which good fare, good wines, and a genial host ought always to create.

"It seems to me," exclaimed one of the guests, "that we are even jollier to-day than last time."

"Much obliged to you," replied Thomas Ashbourne.

West, who had committed this little *faux pas*, tried to excuse himself. "I expressed myself badly," he stammered. "Excuse me, Ashbourne. I meant to say that to-day we are all, without exception, happy and cheerful; whereas last time Jervis was here, and sat like a ghost among us."

"By the by, what is the matter with Jervis?" asked some one of Dr Wilkins.

Now Wilkins was what may be called a "long-winded" man.

"I will tell you, gentlemen," he began.

"Oh no, we don't want to hear it," was the interrupting cry; and being a good-natured man, he contented himself with explaining to his patient neighbour on the left—Gilmore—that Jervis was suffering from nervous irritability, brought on by too much bodily or mental exertion.

"He nervous?" called out Gilmore. "I can't believe that. Jervis rides as if he didn't know what nerves meant."

"You are mistaken, Gilmore; allow me——"

And now the Doctor began a long and deeply scientific discourse, to which Gilmore only listened with half an ear, the conversation at the other end of the table being much more interesting.

As the most distinguished guest of the evening, Daniel Ashbourne

had a place on the right of the host; and M'Bean had just explained to him the way in which he had lost the bet which had procured for him the pleasure of being the first to entertain the newcomer. On this occasion, too, the conversation again had turned upon "The Little World," and Ashbourne, *junior*, had seized the opportunity to mount his hobby again. He spoke with animation, and with a kind of half-comic pathos.

... "And this fine theory, gentlemen—this highly philosophic theory of incalculable bearing, of which I flatter myself to be the discoverer——"

"What is he talking about?" interrupted Gilmore, who had not heard the beginning of Ashbourne's remarks.

"Ashbourne maintains that nobody in this world can change his identity, and that he calls a philosophic theory. A very big name, surely, for a simple matter which nobody has ever doubted."

"You are an obstinate, short-sighted Scotsman, M'Bean! You have never doubted the thing, because you have never thought about it."

"Well, let us hear your theory."

But Ashbourne begged to be excused. He had spoken too much already, he said, and was afraid of tiring the company. He wished only to give the result of his theory.

"There is to-day room on the earth for about fifteen hundred million people," he said, "but only on condition that everybody retains that *one* single place assigned him. If he leaves this, there is no room for him on earth or in human society."

"Well," said Daniel Ashbourne, "what becomes in your theory of the fugitive criminal who has abandoned his place?"

"The fugitive criminal?" replied Thomas; "that is just the strongest proof of the truth of my theory. The man who assumes a false name, thereby resigning his individuality, exists no longer. He is merely a fiction—the duplicate of an unjustifiable existence. He may wander about anywhere on the earth, but does not really belong to human society."

"That is all very well, and I can understand it perfectly; but as a lawyer, I tell you that the law, when it once gets hold of one of your so-called 'fictions,' treats it exactly like a tangible reality. Fugitive criminals when caught are put in prison, or, if they deserve it, hanged by the neck until dead."

"I don't believe at all in fugitive criminals."

"That is another new theory. What do you mean?"

"The world is too small. It is impossible for any one to hide himself. Runaway ruffians are caught sooner or later, or they break their necks in trying to escape. Then we find their bodies. Nobody is lost in this world."

"And yet I could tell you the story of an absconding villain who, whether dead or alive now, has at any rate for many years eluded every attempt to find him."

The company, which did not seem to take much interest in Ashbourne's dry theories, was quite ready to listen to a story, and so from every side came the calls of "Let's hear it!" "Out with it!" "Go on!" Whereupon Daniel Ashbourne began as follows:—

VI.

"On establishing myself as a lawyer at Limerick, in 1854, I found a regiment of infantry stationed there, and I soon became acquainted with most of the officers. They were a set of light-hearted, jolly fellows, mostly Irishmen,—heavy drinkers, passionate gamblers, and known as the best steeplechase-riders in the country. There was not one of them who would not go across country as the crow flies. But the boldest among them was Lieutenant Edwin Hellington. He was the younger son of an old and wealthy family, had a good allowance, and kept several horses. Somehow or other, he always managed to get hold of the best animals to be had for money. His judgment was wonderfully correct in matters of horse-flesh, and the shrewdest dealer could not get the better of him. He was present at every 'gentleman's race'; and during the first year I was in Lim-

erick he must have won a large sum of money.

"To be known as a good horseman was a title of honour in the regiment. The officers were not envious of their comrade's good luck, and did not object to his winning any amount of money at the risk of breaking his neck. However, Hellington was not much liked. He led a retired life, was seldom seen at social gatherings, never attended a ball or a picnic, and when free from duty, was mostly devoted to riding his horses over lonely country-roads in the neighbourhood of the city.

"I had no difficulty in getting introduced to every officer in the regiment, from the colonel down to the youngest ensign; yet I never saw Hellington, except at a distance. One of his comrades, Charles O'Brien, who, after Hellington, was considered the best steeplechase-rider in the regiment, and with

whom I had grown particularly intimate, said to me one day, on my expressing a wish to become acquainted with his rival—

“Well, I will introduce you, if you like; but I tell you beforehand that you will make the acquaintance of a very unpleasant fellow.”

“I looked at Hellington that day for the first time more closely. He had a cold, cruel face, red hair, a remarkably high forehead, and small piercing eyes, which never looked straight at you, but seemed to wander restlessly from one object to another. For one moment our eyes met, and he must have noticed that I was scrutinising him, for he gazed at me in such a wicked manner that I at once lost all further desire to become better acquainted with him.

“A few days later the garrison races took place. The event of the day was a steeplechase, for which the best horses in the county and the best riders in the regiment had been entered. On this occasion Hellington rode a ‘dark’ horse, which passed the stand with splendid action; and on being started, he took the lead at a furious pace.

“‘Too fast to last,’ said some of the spectators. ‘He knows what he is about,’ replied others.

“Indeed his horse seemed to possess great power, and led the field by a distance of ten lengths, as far as one could see. Presently all the riders disappeared behind a little copse. A moment later, on again coming into sight, several of the horses were close to each other.

“‘White-and-blue wins!’ was the shout from the stand. ‘O’Brien leads!—Where is Hellington?’

“‘Come to grief!’ some one called out; but everybody’s attention was now concentrated on the little group which was

fast approaching the winning-post.

“‘Blue-and-white wins! bravo, O’Brien!’

“Whilst most of the spectators rushed to the stand to see the winner weighed, the few who remained behind beheld Hellington coming up from the wood at an easy canter. His horse had evidently been cruelly used, but he sat safe and sound in the saddle. Not a spot was to be seen on his light dress; he could not have been thrown. On passing the post he left the track, and gave his animal in charge to his groom, who also looked a thorough jail-bird.

“‘What has happened, sir?’

“‘Some infernal sell,’ growled Hellington. He was pale, and his eyes gleamed.

“‘To the scales,’ he said.

“There were not many people round the scales, for it had been already settled that O’Brien’s horse was the winner; but the members of the committee who had to weigh the riders were still at their posts.

“Hellington, with saddle and bridle over his arm, and riding-whip in hand, stepped on to the scale without saying a word.

“‘Right weight?’ he asked, turning to the committee; and receiving their assent, he continued, ‘I protest against the race!’

“A few moments later the members of the committee, presided over by Colonel Wicklow, the commander of the regiment, were assembled in judgment over the complaint. Outsiders were astonished that there was so much delay in announcing the winner’s number.

“Meanwhile Hellington complained before the judges that the original steeplechase-track had been altered. He had heard nothing of the change, and it was due

to this circumstance that he had lost the race.

“Colonel Wicklow thereupon told Lieutenant Hellington that the manner in which he had brought his complaint forward was not very becoming, as he seemed to doubt the good faith of the committee. It was Hellington’s own fault, he said, if he did not inform himself sufficiently of the route of the course. But Hellington shook his head, shrugged his shoulders, and replied in an insolent manner that, if he were to be reminded that he was standing before his military superior, he had nothing more to say: he had, however, been under the impression that in a race everybody should have even chances; and this had not been the case, for O’Brien had known of the change in the track, and not he.

“‘Lieutenant Hellington, you will force me to impose silence if you continue in this manner.’

“‘Your obedient servant, Colonel,’ replied Hellington, as, saluting, he turned and left the room.

“Hellington was a reserved man, but now every one could see the state of ferment he was in. He evidently intended to take part in another race; for, having put an overcoat over his jockey-suit, he was standing in front of the stable talking in a loud voice to his groom, who was engaged in rubbing down the horse.

“A few officers near him moved away, as not wishing to see one of their comrades forget himself so far as to pour out his grievances to a groom. Hellington was mad with rage, and seemed scarcely to know what he was saying.

“About half an hour afterwards the bell rang for the second steeplechase. O’Brien and Hellington mounted together.

“‘I shall not lose sight of you

this time, O’Brien,’ said the other, with a savage sneer.

“But O’Brien, who had been requested by his friends to take no notice of anything Hellington might say, pretended not to hear him, and trotted quietly away to the starting-point.

“During the first part of the race the entries kept well together. Presently O’Brien led by about half a length.

“‘Hellington wants O’Brien to take the lead,’ somebody said; ‘just look how he is holding back!’

“The two now approached a stone wall, which they took almost simultaneously. Then came some rails, with a broad ditch on the other side. O’Brien went for it at a sharp pace. On his left, close to his saddle, was the head of Hellington’s mare.

“It was impossible from the stand to judge of the exact position of the riders; but about twenty yards before the rails, one could see O’Brien turn slightly to the right: immediately afterwards his horse rose for the jump, but at the same instant it made a sharp movement to the right, touched with its left fore-foot the top rail, and came down on the other side of the ditch. Hellington cleared the fence and the ditch in good style, holding his whip high over his head; O’Brien was thrown out of his saddle, and lay sprawling with outstretched arms a few paces from his horse. In a moment, however, he was on his legs again; managed with some difficulty to get his horse out of the ditch, vaulted into his saddle, and, amid the applause of the spectators, rode pluckily on. But the others had considerably distanced him. Captain Glenarm was leading, and won easily. Hellington’s horse had become restive, and was fourth. O’Brien came in

last of all. Riding at once up to the judge, he complained that Hellington had fouled him, and called all the gentlemen who were behind him to witness.

"The two rivals were asked to step into the committee-room. O'Brien repeated his statement; while Hellington did not deny that he had fouled O'Brien, but said he could not help it. His horse, he said, had turned sharp to the right against his wish. It was a capricious, vicious animal, as every one who knew it could testify.

"The witnesses, however, convinced the committee that Hellington had intentionally fouled his neighbour. Captain Glenarm's evidence was crushing. He declared that Hellington had the race in his hands all the time, and he could not imagine why he had come in fourth.

" 'Hellington might have taken the lead at any moment,' he added, 'but it looked as if he were glued to O'Brien's horse. On arriving at the fence O'Brien turned sharply to the right, as I supposed, to get room. At that moment Hellington was perfect master of his horse, which was going quietly. I cannot for a moment imagine that he could not clear the gate about three yards to the left of O'Brien, who at that moment was on the extreme right. Hellington had the left side all to himself, as I, who was third, was several lengths behind him. I will not positively say that Lieutenant Hellington fouled O'Brien intentionally; but if he did not do so, he rode carelessly and badly, and without any judgment.'

"Hellington ride badly! Nobody could believe that. The race was given to Captain Glenarm. The committee refrained from expressing any opinion regarding Hellington's conduct, but the public and the whole regiment were indignant at his behaviour.

"On the evening of the same day Major Doneghue went to Lieutenant Hellington's rooms to advise him in a friendly way to resign his membership of the Limerick Jockey Club.

"Hellington understood very well that this advice was more like a request, and without more ado penned the necessary letter.

Now Doneghue was a thoroughbred Irishman, a kind, light-hearted fellow, full of enthusiasm for the noble sport, and not too scrupulous in the ethics of the turf. He wanted to say something to the unhappy young man who, with tightly closed lips, stood before him. He held out his hand.

" 'I am awfully sorry, Hellington,' he said, 'that this has happened to you.'

"Hellington seemed not to notice the Major's proffered hand, and only set his teeth more tightly as he hissed out—

" 'I tell you, Major Doneghue, others will be sorry too!'

"For the present, however, Hellington appeared to be the only one who had reason to regret that in his blind rage he had acted in a manner unworthy of a gentleman; for on the following day the officers of the garrison held a private meeting, at which they decided that one who, for unbecoming conduct, had been requested to leave the Jockey Club, should no longer have the honour of serving in one of her Majesty's regiments, and that, to avoid public scandal, Hellington should be requested to send in his commission. They could not at first quite agree as to the manner in which this verdict should be communicated to Hellington. But finally, one of his comrades undertook to break it to him in the shape of a friendly suggestion.

"Hellington received the news with perfect self-possession.

" 'I knew it would be so,' he

said; 'I was in the way of several of you. Now the track is clear for the second-best man. Here, take this letter with you, and don't forget to mention that it was lying sealed in my desk before you came.'

"On the same day Hellington prepared to leave Limerick, and on this occasion he had a conversation with his groom.

"'I am going to leave to-morrow morning,' he said. 'If you want to get a good bargain, I'll sell you my chestnut mare. I'd rather let you make a few pounds by it than a dealer. I have always been satisfied with you.'

"'Sir,' replied the groom, 'take me with you. I have nothing in the world to keep me here. I'll follow you wherever you go.'

"'I really don't want you any longer,' replied Hellington; 'but you will soon find another master.'

"'Not one who knows about horses as you do, sir.'

"'It cannot be; but perhaps we may meet again. Do you want the mare?'

"'I could not pay for her, sir. She is worth two hundred to-day.'

"'And fifty more, my good fellow; but we won't talk about that. I paid ninety pounds for her, and you shall have her at that price, if you like.'

"He hesitated a moment and then added, as if moved by a sudden resolution, 'I'll make you a present of her—take her.'

"Early next morning Hellington left Limerick. Leaving his luggage at his old lodgings, he told his landlady that he would send for it in a few days. Then he went without saying good-bye to a living soul.

"The next morning there was a good deal of talk about him at the military club; and then he was soon forgotten. He was a man

'overboard.' So long as he was in sight, others of the crew looked at him; but once down, nobody appeared to care for him any more. His former comrades seemed to think that he had gone to Dublin, but nobody really knew what had become of him.

"A few weeks later, one dark night, O'Brien's servant Inish was awakened by a strange noise in the room next his own, where his master slept. Only half-awake, he rose in bed, and heard some one stealthily descending the stairs. Immediately afterwards the street-door was closed, and hasty footsteps were heard in the street. Then all was quiet again. The half-unconscious servant could only slowly account for what was taking place. It was dark in his room. He tried to find a match—but suddenly stopped, breathless and without motion. A horrible groaning from the adjacent room caught his ear. He rushed into his master's apartment. All was dark, but from the bed there came that painful, terrifying moan.

"'Master!'

"'No reply.'

"'Lieutenant O'Brien! Sir, speak to me!'

"'Only the same groaning.'

"Rushing out of the room the man dressed quickly and flew to Captain Glenarm, who lived in the same quarters.

"'For God's sake, Captain, come up-stairs! They have murdered my master!'

"'Who? Who?'

"The servant knew not what to say. He was trying to get a light. Glenarm lit a candle and followed the man into O'Brien's room. Everything was in its usual place; but on the bed, his face covered with blood and his eyes staring in the agony of death, lay poor young O'Brien, with his skull broken by

some heavy weapon. Glenarm seized the still warm hand of the dying man. Then to Inish, who stood wringing his hands behind him—

“Run for Dr Morrison as quick as you can, my boy; and tell the first policeman you meet to come here, for a murder has been committed. But above all, get a doctor, Inish!”

“Meanwhile Glenarm’s servant had also been awakened, and ran at his master’s request to Colonel Wicklow to report what had taken place.

“About half an hour afterwards, the doctor, several officers, and three policemen stood in the room of the dying man. The doctor stated that the skull had been broken by some blunt instrument, probably a life-preserver.

“‘He will never regain consciousness,’ continued the doctor. ‘He may linger a couple of hours, but his young life is hopelessly gone.’

“One of the constables had questioned Inish and learned the few details he could give. The two others then left the room, to find, if possible, some fresh trace of the murderer.

“‘If I were asked my opinion,’ said Colonel Wicklow, gloomily, ‘I would say that is Hellington’s work, and nobody else’s. O’Brien was the favourite officer of my regiment. Nothing has been touched in this room. No robbery has been committed. It is a deed of fiendish revenge.’

“‘What is that, Colonel? Have the kindness to repeat it?’

“These words were spoken by a tall man, with a bright, intelligent face, who had meanwhile, without being noticed, entered the room.

“‘My name is Hudson,’ he replied to the inquiring look of the Colonel; ‘I am chief of the detective force.’

“Before day dawned the telegraph had carried an account of the murder and an accurate description of Hellington to every part of the kingdom. In Limerick, of course, nothing else was talked of. Nobody doubted that the police would soon get hold of the assassin; and the telegraph office was surrounded day and night by a curious crowd, who hoped to learn every moment that the murderer had been caught. But the wires were silent. The proof of Hellington’s guilt was beyond question. It was discovered that after leaving Limerick he had lived for a few days in Dublin, under his own name. He had left Dublin on the evening before the murder, and had not returned. Some railway officials had noticed a passenger on the line from the capital to Limerick whose description tallied exactly with Hellington’s appearance. Now the fact that after O’Brien’s murder, Hellington had completely disappeared, and returned no answer to the invitation of the authorities to surrender himself for examination, confirmed in every mind the suspicion of his having committed the bloody deed. The excitement even extended to England. The ‘Times’ had a leading article about it; the newspapers were full of “the Limerick Murder;” and the ‘Illustrated London News’ published Hellington’s portrait after a photograph which had been found in his lodgings. But in vain. All over Europe, all over the world, the fugitive was hunted, but not found. Once, indeed, they thought they were upon his track. In a little fishing village on the west coast, about fifty miles north-west of Limerick, a boat with two oars had disappeared on the night after the murder. A few weeks later, too, a fisherman who lived in a

half-savage state on one of the smallest of the Aran Islands, said that some time ago—he could not remember the day—a stranger had entered his hut one morning and bought of him what little provisions he had in store, and also an old mast with an old sail. He paid well for all this in English money, and then sailed away in the little boat which had brought him thither. On the following day several westward-bound ships passed the island, and it was thought quite possible that the man in the boat might have been taken aboard one of them. The fisherman, however, could not give any accurate description of the stranger.

“‘Was he young?’

“‘Yes.’

“‘Tall or short?’

“‘Neither.’

“‘Dark or fair?’

“‘I can’t tell. The man looked wild and desperate. He frightened me, and I was glad when he went away.’

“Lloyd’s and the other maritime registers were carefully searched

by experts, and it was easily ascertained what vessels were likely to have passed the Aran Islands on the day after the murder. Telegrams, too, were sent to their various ports of destination, but without success. Hellington was lost,—and he has not been heard of since.

“Five years have gone by since then. Poor O’Brien has been buried and forgotten, and nobody has ever heard anything more about Hellington.”

Ashbourne was silent. A long pause followed his narrative.

“He may be drowned,” said M’Bean at last.

“That is very possible,” said Daniel Ashbourne.

“If he is still alive, he will be found,” said Thomas Ashbourne. “There is no room in this world for anybody who has lost his rightful place.”

It had grown late. Nobody seemed inclined to continue the discussion with the indefatigable editor of the ‘Sun,’ and the company dispersed in silence, much more serious than usual.

OUR OCCUPATION OF EGYPT.

THE LEVANT, *May 1883.*

A YEAR has now elapsed since the English and French ambassadors at Constantinople startled the Sultan by announcing that a combined Anglo-French squadron had been despatched to Egyptian waters to demonstrate before Alexandria, and that Turkish ships would be forbidden to take part in this demonstration. Had anybody predicted that on the next anniversary of the day upon which that announcement was made, a British army would have been in sole military occupation of Egypt for eight months, with a prospect of remaining there for an indefinite time, it may safely be asserted that the present Prime Minister and his Cabinet would have been the first indignantly to repudiate any such contingency as possible. And it is equally certain that they would have been perfectly sincere in doing so. Indeed it would be doing them injustice not to admit that, from the beginning, they have conscientiously and earnestly endeavoured to escape from a dilemma which has involved the entire abandonment of the foreign political "platform" upon which they "stumped the country" three years ago—has dissatisfied a large and influential section of their political supporters—has landed them in a maze of contradictions and inconsistencies, and called forth assurances to foreign Powers which they have since been compelled to revoke or explain away, to the serious detriment of their political credit and character for good faith.

Looking back upon the events of the past year, it is curious to trace how the stars in their courses

have fought for British interests in the hands of those who had announced that those interests would best be served by a policy diametrically opposed to that which they had followed. Curious, also, to note how, at each successive stage, a favouring destiny lay in wait for them, with a trap which produced a result exactly the opposite to that anticipated, but which, in the end, turned out the most advantageous to the interests of England in the East.

Thus there can be no doubt, as Sir Edward Malet said in a despatch at the time, that the presence of a Turkish fleet at Alexandria last May would have put an end to the Arabi movement; but, by refusing permission to the Turkish fleet to accompany the allied squadrons, we precipitated the massacre which led to the bombardment of Alexandria, and so ultimately to the final occupation of the country. Again, that occupation would have been joint, and therefore have involved untold complication and disaster, had not every effort to make it so failed. The Conference was convoked at Constantinople in order that the affairs of Egypt should be undertaken by the great Powers; but all attempts on the part of the English Government to bring about united action in this sense proved abortive. They failed to induce Europe to undertake the matter collectively; they failed to persuade France into joining us; they failed to tempt Italy into combined operations; they failed to coerce Turkey into sending an army to Egypt at the moment when it was of the utmost importance that not a Turkish sol-

dier should be allowed to land there; and to all these failures we owe the vastly improved position we have achieved during the past year, not only in the East but in Europe. For it would be pushing party spirit to an absurd length, not to admit that the failure of one's adversaries, in their earnest efforts to make mistakes upon every possible occasion, has not been in a very high degree advantageous to the interests of the country; and it would be ungenerous not to give them credit for sincerity and honesty in their efforts to make those mistakes, and thus maintain their character for that political consistency which fate, working in the interests of the country, has compelled them to forfeit. It would be a point very interesting to discuss, had we materials for doing so, how far this good fortune was assisted by Lord Dufferin, or how far Lord Dufferin was assisted by good fortune. It is the first duty of a public servant to be loyal to the Government which he serves, and to obey instructions, even though they may apparently be of a nature to defeat the end they have in view; but the foreign policy of England has of late years been governed by principles so opposed, not only to all the traditions of British diplomacy, but so utterly at variance with the interests of England as they appeared to those on the spot, that true patriotism would seem to require that, under certain circumstances, an ambassador's diplomacy, like his charity, should begin at home. In other words, it is only by the exercise of the highest diplomatic talent that the mistakes of a Government can be twisted through failures into subsequent successes; and it is not unlikely that there are several most able and intelligent public servants engaged at this present time in diplo-

matizing, by means of telegraph wires, with their own Government,—a far more difficult task than diplomatising, by means of interviews, with the representatives of foreign Powers. As it is essential to the success of such diplomacy that neither the home Government nor the public should ever find it out,—as it is an occult art, the mysteries of which are incomprehensible to the vulgar mind, whether in or out of the Cabinet,—the less said about it perhaps the better. It is a perfectly legitimate, praiseworthy, and patriotic exercise of natural talent, and long may those who possess it use it for the benefit of the country and of the less intelligent and well-informed Government they may happen to serve. Without venturing, therefore, upon any conjecture as to how much of our good fortune was due to human ingenuity, and how much to a favouring destiny in this particular Egyptian business, the fact remains that we are occupying, militarily, a country which it has always been of the utmost importance that we should occupy militarily; and that in spite of every desire on the part of the Government to withdraw our troops, they are compelled, by influences beyond their control, to maintain them there. The singular spectacle is thus presented of a Government fruitlessly straining every nerve to deprive themselves and the country of the gifts that fortune has showered upon them. That the political and military position of England in Egypt is entirely misunderstood by those who are responsible for it, has been made abundantly evident by the earlier Ministerial and other utterances on the subject,—chiefly on the part of subordinate members of the Government, and notably on the part of Lord Hartington, who was sanguine enough to name half a year

as a possible term at the expiry of which this great disaster might be inflicted upon the highest interests of the country. But such predictions—as they never come true—are encouraging rather than otherwise; and so long as every attempt to carry out a wrong policy ends in the enforced acceptance by the Government of one diametrically opposed to it, we have no reason to complain. There is a device well known to Irishmen of driving pigs to market, the secret of which lies in tugging them gently in the opposite direction from the one in which they are desired to go. There has been something so comical in the manner in which the present Government have always honestly believed that they were going one way, while they were in reality going the other, that we are almost inclined to suspect that a benign destiny has adopted the tactics of the Irish drover, and by apparently dragging them in the wrong direction, has forced them along the path which they never would have chosen of their own free will, and which has involved them in the consequences they least desired.

A knowledge of local conditions, for instance, would have suggested the absurdity of a policy which, in the same breath, proposed the inauguration of an improved system of government for Egypt, with institutions more or less popular, and adapted to the spirit of the age, and the speedy evacuation of the country by the British army. The two things were absolutely incompatible. There was only one way by which order could be restored to Egypt after the suppression of the Arabi revolt, consistently with the withdrawal of the troops, and this was the deposition of the Khedive and the restoration of Ismail; or as an alternative, of Halim, backed by the whole author-

ity of the Porte, and by the predominance of the Turkish absolute and autocratic element in Egypt: in fact, by taking Egypt practically from the Egyptians, and handing it over to misgovernment and oppression, and a despotism which should have maintained order, as order was always maintained until the days of European intervention. The maintenance on the throne of a weak and unpopular Khedive, the virtual extinction of the Turkish dominant official system, the establishment of a Chamber of Notables, and of a legislative council in addition to the Cabinet, was to invent a machinery which meant a general crash, unless it was constantly protected by a foreign army, and kept going by experienced machinists.

It has been objected by Conservatives, who desired a continuance of the military occupation to the political system devised by Lord Dufferin, that the Egyptians were not fitted for institutions of this character, that their political education would require years, and that it was absurd to endow them with a constitution which they were incapable of appreciating; but it is precisely because they are not fitted for their new institutions, because their political education requires years, and because they are so little able to appreciate their new constitution, that a British army becomes an indispensable necessity in Egypt: for in the words of Mr Gladstone, "we are there for the establishment of order and tranquillity — we are there for the improvement of the institutions of the country. What we all feel is, in the first place, that we have an important purpose to accomplish in Egypt; and in the second, when that purpose is accomplished, we are sincerely desirous to withdraw." The Prime

Minister made a tremendous stride along the road he never originally meant to go, when he made this declaration; for if we are not to withdraw till "that purpose" is accomplished, we may consider his statement as equivalent to a declaration of a very prolonged occupation of Egypt. What with the Chamber, and the Council, and the Cabinet, and the Khedive, and the army, and the suppressed and dissatisfied old bureaucracy, and French intrigue and Turkish intrigue, there are materials for a dozen such explosions as the one with which we were favoured by Arabi, the day the British army should leave the country; and of this the foreign population are so well assured, that they will not undertake any permanent investment until they have become convinced that their protection is to be secured by the constant presence of British troops. There is no alternative between a lapse into the abuses and misgovernment and barbarism which rendered the life of the Fellaheen a burden and a curse to them, and some such rudimentary constitution as Lord Dufferin has devised: that it could not exist a day except under the protection of British bayonets, is no defect in it. On the contrary, there can be no doubt that the longer the occupation lasts, the more the lot of the native must improve, and his moral and intellectual nature expand under its ægis and the influence of institutions which are calculated to develop his political and social independence. Considering that the occupation of Egypt need not add much to our military budget; that it secures peace, happiness, and material progress to a vast population, while it guarantees British interests in India, and avoids the danger of the European political com-

plications which must inevitably result from the withdrawal of the army, it is difficult to comprehend the motives of the haste so constantly exhibited by the Government to escape from a position of so much advantage. No doubt there may be anomalies and inconveniences attending our position in Egypt, which have, for the most part, been created by Ministerial utterances, based upon an insufficient apprehension of the problem they had undertaken to solve; but these are infinitesimal in comparison with the disasters which must result from a premature withdrawal: and it is satisfactory to know that the Prime Minister has at last begun to realise this fact. It is not too much to say, that if our action in Egypt has strained our relations with France, our withdrawal from that country must inevitably lead to a rupture; for an excuse for a renewed military occupation by a foreign Power would be immediately afforded by the recurrence of disturbances, of which the French Government would not, on this occasion, be slow to avail herself. On the other hand, a more decided policy would tend to cement our relations; for no country is more ready to accept the inevitable, and make the best of it, than France, as Germany can attest. Nor need our occupation assume a character calculated to wound the susceptibilities of France, or any other Power. We are not in Egypt to govern it from without, but to prevent other nations from interfering in its political education. We are there to guide and to suggest, but not necessarily to control. If our political pupils are slow and blundering, if the new institutions do not work smoothly at the start, our only function is to keep the public

peace. The result will be that our occupation must last the longer. At present the foreign community is very much exercised in regard to the native sentiment towards us. We have stories from villages of the Delta of the fanatical bearing of the population, of their continued belief in Arabi, of their hatred of the English; we have evidences of intrigue among the ousted Turkish bureaucratic class, of hostility and dissatisfaction on the part of those who find their reign of plunder drawing to an end, and who writhe under the constant supervision of the foreigner, and resent the presence of an armed force which renders violence impossible. But what does it all matter? In the course of years the Fellaheen will come to understand the advantages they are deriving from the establishment of courts of justice, of a properly officered *gendarmarie* and police force, and reduced taxation. And as security for life and property increases, we shall hear no more of their fanaticism. The more intrigue and suppressed revolt goes on among the upper discontented classes, the more necessary is the presence of a force to control it. They will find out that, too, by degrees, and discover that if they desire to free themselves from the foreigner, the quickest way to do it is to prove that they have learnt the art of administration without corruption. So far as Egypt itself is concerned, the problem is already solved. It is no doubt painful to see abuses continue, and their removal must be a work of time: the introduction of changes with too much violence and precipitation, and an undue assumption of the right of intervention in the internal and domestic concerns of the country, might expose us to unnecessary

unpopularity, and open a door to intrigues against us. With our army there we can afford to wait; but we are not to be held responsible for the internal administration of the country. We have pointed out defects, we have furnished them with institutions by which they may be remedied, and we shall always be ready with our counsel and advice. If they refuse to follow it, the due development of the institutions may be protracted, and our occupation delayed in consequence. All this is the affair of the Egyptians. So far as our relations with them are concerned, nothing can be simpler. When we offer them advice, it will be always for their own good; and the more speedily they improve under it, the more speedily shall we leave the country; the more they resent our counsel and follow their own devices, the longer we shall have to remain. It is our relations with foreign countries which seems to weaken the action of the English Government, regard being had to their unnecessary professions of disinterestedness in the matter. If the Egyptians are to have fair play in their attempts at self-government, it is essential that no European influence should be allowed to intervene. If the discontented officials and bureaucrats of Egypt find themselves in a position where they may intrigue with impunity with any emissary, be he Turk or French, who comes to produce disturbance and throw obstacles in the way of the development of the political education of the people, they will not be slow to avail themselves of the opportunity, and introduce elements of danger which may spread beyond the limits of Egypt into the European country thus intermeddling. Hence it is of the utmost importance that, diplomatically, our rela-

tions with Egypt should be placed upon a different footing from that of the other Powers, and that England should be represented permanently—as she has recently been temporarily by Lord Dufferin—by a man of high rank, of administrative experience, whose position should be rather that of a special commissioner than a diplomatist, and whose function should be to represent politically, as the army does militarily, that dominant influence in the country, without the exercise of which order and tranquillity cannot be established, the institutions of the country cannot be improved, and the important purpose “for which,” in the words of Mr Gladstone, “we are in Egypt,” cannot be accomplished. The success which has attended Lord Dufferin’s mission to Egypt, and the acquiescence in it of foreign Powers, would tend to facilitate the appointment of a successor. We have assumed an exceptional military position in the country, and an exceptional civil position should be created to correspond with it. Nor is there any reason to suppose that the European Powers which have consented to the one would refuse to acquiesce in the other. The fact that they raised no objection to the special mission of Lord Dufferin, affords evidence that they would not be likely to do so in the case of his successor.

Perhaps if the Government in England were clearly to understand, that just in proportion as it weakens its hold politically on the country, will the necessity for a prolonged military occupation increase, measures which they now shrink from, for fear of giving offence to France, might commend themselves. One would suppose that they had learnt from past experience how an undue yielding to

France precipitated the very catastrophes they wished to avoid. It was in obedience to the strongly expressed desire of the French Government that no Turkish ships should be allowed to go to Alexandria, that the recommendation of Sir Edward Malet in the opposite sense was ignored, and that Arabi displayed an audacity which would have been impossible with a Turkish fleet in Alexandria Bay. If we chain the causes together, we find that it was yielding to France, in the first instance, that forced us step by step to the position we now occupy in Egypt. If, in obedience to the same sentiment, we refuse to assert our dominant political position there, the result will be that the country will be kept in a chronic state of suppressed effervescence—we shall have political intrigues culminating in ministerial crises, and an unquiet condition of affairs which may render it difficult for us to reduce our army, and out of the question to withdraw it. If the Government are really desirous of “accomplishing the purpose,” so as to enable them to withdraw the army as soon as possible, they should recognise the necessity that the work will not entirely accomplish itself. Indeed Mr Gladstone admits as much when he says, “*We have a great work to accomplish.*” Whom does he expect to accomplish it? The army is not in Egypt to instruct Egyptians in their political education. The Consul-General no doubt might offer advice; but as a rule the gentleman filling this post is a trained diplomat, not versed in matters of administration, and he would be hampered in his operations by other trained diplomats of the same rank, equally unversed, who would be of opinion that he was exceeding his legitimate functions, and probably vie with

each other in doing the same thing. At all events, their right to do so would be equal to that of the British diplomatic agent. The financial adviser to the Khedive might possibly assume the character of political mentor; but it is not unlikely that the Egyptian Prime Minister might tell him to confine himself to his business of giving financial advice, and that the Consul-General might also think that he was travelling out of his functions, and a collision might take place between these officials. The inconvenience of a somewhat similar arrangement was forcibly illustrated in the cases of Sir Rivers Wilson and Mr Vivian. In addition to these British officials, we have an English general of the Egyptian regular army, and an English general of *gendarmerie*; and although all these gentlemen may be, and probably are, admirably adapted for their several positions, they are too nearly of a rank not to render it desirable that the chances of collision should be minimised to the utmost possible extent: and this can only be done by the presence of a man of high position, experience, and prestige, who should exercise a commanding influence not only over British but Egyptian officials. Unless some such arrangement is made, it is not difficult to predict that the announcement that no successor will be appointed to Lord Dufferin will be the signal for complications which would have exactly the opposite effect, so far as the withdrawal of the troops is concerned, from that contemplated by the British Government.

There are other measures which might also be adopted for the accomplishment of "the purpose," but which it is probable that the present Government would shrink from applying. One is the ap-

pointment of English resident sub-commissioners in every *mudirate*. These gentlemen should not be allowed actively to interfere in the administration of the *mudir*, excepting where gross abuses existed; but their presence would act as restraint upon maladministration and oppression; and if their functions were exercised with tact, their advice and assistance could be offered in such a manner as would increase rather than diminish the prestige of the *mudirs* with whom they were associated. By these means we should not only acquire a knowledge of the real condition of the Fellaheen, which is impossible now, but the latter would recognise all through the country the influence to which they owed the amelioration in their condition, and a far healthier effect would be produced upon their minds than that which must result from a purely military occupation, of the existence of which they only know by hearsay. At present the wildest notions exist among the ignorant peasantry of the conditions under which we are in Egypt. One very common impression is that Arabi, who is not generally believed to have been defeated by British troops, left the country in consequence of an arrangement with the English, by virtue of which they undertook to carry out the reforms which he had projected; and his return to see that it has been done properly is daily expected. And the hope still lingers in the breasts of some that the promises which obtained for him their sympathy and support, and which were to secure a release of their indebtedness, and a distribution of the lands of the larger proprietors, are to be fulfilled—in fact, that they are to be dealt with on very much the principles which have been already applied to the peas-

antry of Ireland, and have a land bill and arrears bill passed in their favour. It is a curious circumstance that Arabi should have proposed to adopt almost precisely similar measures with regard to the Fellaheen of Egypt to those which suggested themselves to the British Government with reference to Ireland. There can be no doubt that of all questions in Egypt demanding a solution, no one is more urgent or presents more insuperable difficulties than this of peasant indebtedness; and the foreign Power through whose instrumentality the peasants are relieved from obligations which it is quite impossible they can ever fulfil, and which tends to discourage industry and paralyse enterprise, will earn their eternal gratitude. Those best acquainted with the country will admit that it is an entire mistake to suppose that the Egyptian Fellaheen are animated by any sentiments of religious fanaticism which will weigh in the balance one moment where their material interests are concerned. It is all the same to them what influence directs their administration, provided it secures them justice, immunity from oppression, and a prospect of relief from their financial burdens; and the more that British occupation can be identified in their minds with these desiderata, the more speedily will that great purpose be accomplished which may lead to the withdrawal which Mr Gladstone so earnestly desires. But in the meantime it is of the utmost importance that members of the Government should understand, that hasty and ill-considered utterances on their part must have the effect of delaying the consummation they most desire to see effected. When the large and wealthy foreign community of Egypt are informed that it is the policy of

England to allow the country to stew in its own juice, or to arrive at order and good government through anarchical processes, it produces a veritable panic, and rouses the whole disaffected and intriguing element to activity. Lord Hartington had no sooner given utterance to his famous half-year prediction than it was copied into every Arabic paper, and produced a state of feeling which more than ever confirmed the necessity for occupation. The true way to expedite the moment when it will be safe for the British army to withdraw from Egypt, is to let it be clearly understood that it is in the highest degree improbable that the army will ever be withdrawn at all. With the guarantee of a permanent occupation, capital will be invested, reforms undertaken, intrigues collapse, administration improve, material prosperity increase, and a settled order of things be established under these wholesome influences, which will gradually diminish the necessity of foreign protection. Let the Government take warning from their experiences in the past. The one thing they strained every nerve to avoid, from the day that they first asked France to co-operate with its fleet in Alexandria Bay, and convoked Europe in conference on the shores of the Bosphorus, was an Egyptian campaign, undertaken single-handed, to be followed by a British military occupation. And there was probably no other policy which could have involved these results except the one which was adopted expressly to avoid them. So now there is scarcely a speech made on the subject by these honest and simple-minded gentlemen which does not seem to the ordinary foreign diplomat, to say nothing of the wily Greek or Armenian, like a cunning and insidious device to

lull Europe, while it stirs up the very elements in Egypt best calculated to prolong the occupation.

The more voluble members of the Government do not abroad get credit either for their ignorance or their innocence. On the contrary, this Egyptian campaign and occupation are considered evidences of a diplomacy more than usually perfidious on the part of England, and executed with a cunning unsurpassed by former Ministers; for neither Lord Palmerston nor Lord Beaconsfield had the faculty of concealing their aggressive and ambitious designs by clouds of professions in the opposite sense. Both France and Russia feel that they have been completely gulled by the earnest rhetoric of the British Prime Minister; and many foreign statesmen entertain an entirely different opinion of his character from that which they had conceived before this Egyptian business. Hence they now detect in speeches calculated to produce unrest in Egypt, a subtle method of providing excuses for our prolonged occupation. One of the

most active agents in this sense has been Mr Courtney, who, however, is considered rather to have overdone it, and shown his hand; for when a member of the British Government talks of preferring "anarchy to order" in Egypt, it must be plain to every unsophisticated Greek or Armenian mind that he prefers it because he wants to keep the British army there. We who really and openly do want to keep it there, should have no reason to complain of these tactics—if they were tactics—so long as we were not responsible for them; but it is only due to the Government that some kind friend should explain what they seem too obtuse to find out for themselves — that unconsciously they are leading up to the results they least desire, as they have done from the beginning,—that those results are in themselves most desirable, but that they may be achieved in a way more consistent with the dignity of England than by always saying one thing and afterwards doing exactly the opposite.

THE COUNTRY, THE MINISTRY, AND THE OPPOSITION.

OBSERVERS of the attitude and temperament of the present Ministry must recently have met with various political phenomena which can hardly be reconciled with the supposition of a strong Government. Yet, numerically speaking, Mr Gladstone is not much weakened since, three years ago, he triumphantly marshalled his victorious majority on the Ministerial side of the House of Commons. That majority has, indeed, twice within the last month been turned into a minority, and the Ministry has sustained two defeats — one of which, at least, would have compelled any Administration that valued its credit for straightforward and honourable statesmanship either to appeal to the country or to place the seals in the hands of the Queen. We do not, however, seek to lay much stress upon these defeats as indicating the growing weakness of the Gladstone Government. Probably the majority of Ministers were as much relieved at the rejection of the Bradlaugh Bill as the bulk of the country was gratified. There are other and deeper signs of Ministerial weakness which are forcing themselves upon the notice of the constituencies, and upon none of these more strongly than on the Radical cities and boroughs that led the van in the Liberal reaction of 1880. The fact is patent that the Liberal prestige has passed away for the present. The country is conscious of it, and with its usual disposition to back the winning side, is standing coldly by to wait the issue of events. The Conservatives are conscious of it, and wait their time in full assurance that the Ministry is more likely to increase than

retrieve its unpopularity; and to all appearances the Government is itself painfully conscious that its hold upon the country is rapidly slipping from its grasp.

It was impossible that an enthusiasm so high-flown as that which bore the Liberals into office in 1880 could have lasted long unless sustained by achievements in statesmanship corresponding in some degree with the exalted sentiments and lofty promises that excited it. Mr Gladstone judged shrewdly that such enthusiasm would be best sustained by heroic legislation. He tried this in the case of Ireland, and failed; and this failure was unquestionably the turning-point not merely of his recent popularity, but of his whole character as a statesman. After enacting a law which stands by itself on the British statute-book as a piece of class-legislation, at variance with all the principles of economical science, with the spirit of modern law, and with the elements of justice, he found his bribe spurned, and was compelled to resort to the severest system of coercion that Ireland has been subjected to within the present generation. This of itself was an admission that his Government had failed. Coercion! Why, coercion is a Tory measure which the Liberals have always credited their opponents with monopolising. If there is any truth in Liberal vituperation, surely if coercion was necessary the Conservatives were the proper party to carry it out. Before Lord Beaconsfield went to the country for the last time, he indicated in no dubious words that the unpleasant task of applying repressive measures to Irish disaffection would

soon devolve upon her Majesty's Government. Mr Gladstone, on the other hand, expatiated to his Mid-Lothian supporters a few weeks later, on the change which he imagined his legislation, when last in office, had wrought upon the Irish temperament; and upon the strength of that imaginary improvement he refused to renew the existing Coercion Acts, and so gave its head to treason. Even the most fanatic Liberal cannot put Mr Gladstone's Irish policy in June 1880 alongside of his practice in June 1883 without feeling that the Government has been groping its way in the dark.

It speaks much for the loyalty of the Liberal party that it has exerted itself to preach confidence in the Prime Minister and his colleagues, long after the assurances and pretences with which they sought the confidence of the country had either been directly belied or put beyond the range of possibility. But even the most sanguine temperament may be tired out. The first session was merely a *coup d'essai*—no time to deal with any serious work; wait until the next session. In the meantime the impunity conceded to the Land League and the secret societies in Ireland had wrought such anarchy in that country, that session number two had to be entirely devoted to an experimental method of soothing disaffection. No matter how urgently other business demanded the attention of the Legislature, the Irish question must be settled; but next session we shall see what a Liberal Government, with Mr Gladstone at its head, will do for the country. Next session arrived, and the Ministry came forward, but only in the guise of supplicants. Their good intentions were being thwarted by systematic obstruction in the House of Com-

mons; the public time was wasted, and the business of the House retarded; only strengthen their hands with the *clôture*, and then—. So we are now at the fourth session of the present Parliament, with a Ministry who are provided to their own content with the means of putting down obstruction, and of delegating legislative drudgery to Grand Committees, and still no real progress is being effected. Half the session is already spent, without any appreciable advantage to the country; and there are few Liberals sanguine enough to assert that there are any indications of the Ministry being able or desirous to make up for lost time. It is significant that the Liberal press has at last begun to give expression to the impatience of the party, and to urge that at least a display of greater energy is necessary to keep Liberals and Radicals in humour.

“If the Government is to retrieve its lost position,” says the ‘Times,’ “and turn what remains of the session to useful ends, it must rouse itself and display that regulated energy which alone can inspire a party or inspire a successful policy. Ministers have been seriously weakened for all important affairs by a general belief—for which their conduct has afforded only too much gratification—that they are swayed hither and thither by sections or coteries bent only on pushing their pet ideas.”

The ‘Daily News’ and other Liberal organs have also added their quota of counsel to much the same effect; and we may hence safely conclude that the unbounded respect which has been so long expressed for Mr Gladstone's Ministry is giving way before an impatience that will only gather force from the self-repression which has been hitherto put upon it.

When Liberal feeling regarding the conduct of Government during

the last three years begins to find expression, we shall in all probability discover that the intense admiration expressed for its members, through the press and on the platform, was in reality of a very qualified nature. Considering the heterogeneous and often conflicting elements of which the Ministerial party is at present made up, even a more brilliant Administration than Mr Gladstone's has proved to be would hardly have escaped odium. The channel between the Scylla of Constitutional Whiggery and the Charybdis of Republicanism has narrowed greatly within recent years; and the difference between the politics of the house of Devonshire, where the Whig hegemony reposes, and those of Mr Bradlaugh, who, we presume, considers himself to be the head of British Republicanism, resolves itself merely into points of distinction. The nearness with which these extremes meet makes the *via media*, which, we may assume, Mr Gladstone has endeavoured to follow, all the more difficult; and he has succeeded in pleasing neither wing of his supporters. It is certain that the great mass of Whigs are disgusted with his agrarian policy, with the abandonment of the Transvaal, with the restoration of Cetewayo¹ to ravage Zululand and disturb Natal. It is not less sure that the extreme Radicals are indignant at what they consider to be weak imitations of Lord Beaconsfield's imperial aims. "Why," they ask, "did we interfere in Egypt at all? or why, since we have fought and conquered, do we not at

once leave the Egyptians to 'stew in their own juice'?" "What," cry the Caucuses, "was the good of our giving Mr Gladstone a majority that might have carried all before him, and arming him also with the *clôture*, if he cannot even secure for Mr Bradlaugh that seat to which the people of Northampton returned him?" There are few of the numerous sections of the Liberal party that have not each their own grounds of grievances against the Government, and only suppress them for the present because they feel certain that the time is coming when their complaints will find a place in the general bill of impeachment. The party which has hitherto proved Mr Gladstone's most efficient prop, — the moderate Liberal party, of which we may take Mr Forster and Mr Goschen as types, — a party which sets some value upon consistency and principle, — is now perhaps the greatest weakness of the present Administration. If it remains loyal to the Government, it is because it prefers even unsatisfactory Liberalism to thoroughgoing Conservatism; and because it thinks that by co-operation it can do more to counteract the shifty tendencies of the Cabinet than if it were to take up an isolated position. To this party the ascendancy which Mr Chamberlain has acquired, or is presumed to have acquired, in the counsels of the Premier, is a not less mortal affront than it is to the suffering Whig remnant: Mr Chamberlain is regarded — with what exact degree of justice we do not pretend to say — as the *âme damnée* of the Premier; and it is apparently

¹ During this amiable potentate's visit to England, the Government seems to have failed to inoculate him with its horror of blood-guiltiness. He has again taken the field, and has sacrificed 6000 men in an unsuccessful attempt to avenge himself on Oham and Usibepu. Probably the example of the Egyptian expedition has taken a deeper hold upon him than the pacific precepts of Lord Granville.

gratifying to his vanity to find that public opinion believes his merits to have raised him to that bad eminence. Between men of such different antecedents there cannot be much common sympathy beyond that which binds together a Peachum and a Lockit. Mr Gladstone finds it convenient to be on good terms with democracy as represented by Mr Chamberlain; and Mr Chamberlain, who, as the originator of the Caucus, naturally considers that he has a personal claim to reap the results of his labours, is well content to use the Premier as an instrument in paving his own way to power. Whatever real foundation there may be for the hypothesis of this mutual relationship, it has taken a firm hold of the public mind, both Liberal and Conservative, and is steadily producing a feeling of distrust in the Government throughout all classes of the community.

The altered tone of the Liberal press with relation to the Gladstone Cabinet, is another symptom of change which cannot be ignored. The jubilant buoyancy with which it ushered in the present Administration has already passed through the intermediate stages of bewilderment, disappointment, and distrust, to open querulousness. Liberal journalists, who had rung the changes upon the Mid-Lothian addresses in every possible form during the years 1880-81, are now as anxious to banish them from memory as is their author. The discrepancies between Mr Gladstone's policy and promises, his inconsistencies, his contradictions, were for a time glossed over or reconciled with an ingenuity which went a considerable way to justify the boast made by the Liberal party some time ago that it monopolised the literary talent of the country. But that is all over

now. Few of the Liberal journals trouble themselves about what Mr Gladstone said or did when in "a position of greater freedom and less responsibility." Their anxiety is at present confined to inducing him and his Government to do something that will justify them in continuing to occupy their present position. When Michael Scott raised the fiend, he was obliged in self-defence to find him in incessant occupation, and could only gain a respite by setting him to twist ropes of sand. But Mr Gladstone will not even twist the ropes, although Democracy is standing by him with finger pointed to the task. There is the Corporation of London to be destroyed, so that the City may become a temple meet for the habitation of the Caucus. Why should the reduction of the rural franchise be longer delayed? Ecclesiastical establishments have to be destroyed; and though Mr Dick Peddie, according to himself, has already bound the Scottish Church, as a victim, to the horns of the altar of Secularism, Mr Gladstone turns away his eyes and fumbles with the knife. Really, concludes the Radical, there is not much more to be expected of this Government. They want a season in Opposition as an alterative; and before we let them in again, we shall have more reliable assurances that all their talk really means something more than we got out of the Mid-Lothian campaign.

These are topics which we are well content should be settled between Ministers and their supporters. After the samples of Gladstonian legislation which we have recently witnessed, it is assuredly no part of Conservative policy to join in the cry for greater activity. Still less is it to our advantage to press home upon the constituencies the unpopularity of

the Government. The enthusiasts of 1880 may be left to digest the disappointments of which they are already chewing the cud. The Conservative party accepted the decision of the country, if with regret yet with due respect. It has not endeavoured to interpose between the Government and its supporters, but has allowed them of themselves to come to a distinct understanding of their mutual relationship. In spite of the arbitrary use which the Government has made of its majority in the House of Commons, the Conservative party has more than once extricated the Ministry out of situations of extreme difficulty. This attitude of moderation has certainly not been lost upon the country; and it has been the more appreciated, because the constituencies have had no difficulty in perceiving, that whereas Mr Gladstone's failures have been entirely his own, such successes as his Administration have achieved have been due to an adherence to the policy of his predecessors in office. To have said in 1880 that the example of Lord Beaconsfield would be cited as a plea for the Gladstone Cabinet would have raised a hoot of derision; yet how often have we been told during the past twelve months that our diplomacy is taking the identical course which the late Tory Premier would have chosen under the same circumstances? Convenient as this excuse may be, it is one that no Conservative will readily admit; for it has been against the grain and under the pressure of events which it paltered with until they went beyond its control, that the Gladstone Cabinet adopted in the last resort principles to which it ought to have had recourse at the outset.

It is certainly no part of Conservative policy to seek to precipi-

tate the downfall of the present Government. Now that it is divested of the specious pretences on which it was raised to office, it is well that the constituencies should have an opportunity of calmly considering the results of their action at the last general election. Let them weigh the extravagant expectations which they then formed with the poor return which four years have yielded. Where are the promised reforms? What has become of the Liberal economy in spite of the increased advantages with which the Liberal exchequer has been favoured? What of the horror of blood-guiltiness which made us give up the Transvaal to our victorious enemies, only to lay the town of Alexandria in ruins, because Liberal sympathies with subject-races had encouraged the Egyptians to take up an attitude that was antagonistic to our own interests? Where is the amelioration that was to be secured for the condition of Armenia and other principalities of the Ottoman empire? Where our influence with the European Powers, which are banding together in twos and threes in alliances that preclude the possibility of England exercising a pacific influence in case of a European crisis. What of the native races of South Africa, who are being hunted down or reduced to serfdom by the Boers? or of Cete-wayo, who, after being indulged at the public expense in a pleasure-trip to England, has been let loose to devastate Zululand, and to bring on the necessity for another little war? These are questions on which those who put the present Ministry in power are now engaged in reflecting, and to which the Government will have some difficulty in framing satisfactory answers when the proper time comes.

Conservative criticism is scarcely needed on these points; events themselves speak plainly enough to the intelligent mind. It may be claimed for the Conservatives, that while without seeking to intervene between the Ministry and the country before the latter had had an unbiassed opportunity of judging for itself of the results of the last general election, it has discharged all the functions of an Opposition, and has given the electors an opportunity of studying the moderation and wisdom by which Conservative counsels are guided. A decision such as the country arrived at in 1880, was not to be readily argued down, far less to be rashly wrestled with. Division in Parliament does not, as Horace Walpole says somewhere, mean multiplication; and idle challenges to a strong majority may exhibit cleverness, but does not imply statesmanship. What the Opposition had to do under the circumstances was to take care that the contrast between Conservative views and Ministerial practice should be fairly presented to the public; that each fresh departure on the part of the Government from constitutional usage should be noted and protested; that sham sentiment and sophistry should be exposed; and that reckless and confiscatory measures should as far as possible be tempered by criticism from the point of view of justice and equity. Such a matter-of-fact course requires an amount of patience and of confidence in the ultimate triumph of common-sense principles which it would be idle to expect from every member of the party. The Conservatives have never claimed a monopoly of political wisdom; and the present session has shown that the party is comprehensive enough to embrace a tolerable amount of folly. It is

scarcely worth while to traverse the flood of nonsense that has been poured forth by the leader of what has been called the "Fourth Party," regarding the tactics which Conservatives should employ to rout their opponents, especially as any political prospects which were open to Lord Randolph Churchill have already been washed away by the stream of his own raising. It may, however, not be out of place to utter a word of warning to those who are carried away by the idea that a new and powerful Toryism can be founded on the basis of democracy. It is much to be regretted that the name of Lord Beaconsfield should be dragged forward to give colour to such an idea; indeed it is a source of grief to all true Conservatives that the memory of that great statesman should be so freely made the stalking-horse of the political or the literary adventurer. Lord Beaconsfield understood—no politician better—the importance of carrying the sympathy of the masses along with him; but it was not by making himself their mouthpiece, far less by pandering to their ignorant views. Lord Beaconsfield was an educating statesman, and he trusted to his ability in that capacity for enlightening the minds of the country on the advantages which it enjoyed under the existing constitution, and on the dangers which might flow from any tampering with the present system.

If he yielded to democratic tendencies, it was with the single view of giving them a Conservative direction. But democratic agitation, such as that which stirred up the country in 1880, derives no countenance either from the theory or the practice of Lord Beaconsfield. He certainly was not in the habit of gratifying the mob by giving it an oratorical version of its own catchwords, and serving up its own pet ideas sauced with all the butter of

eloquence. He would have been well content to lead the country by a path of his own choosing, but he would never slavishly have accepted its guidance. It is just to Lord Beaconsfield's memory, as well as essential to the welfare of the Tory party, that this should be borne in mind. Whatever may be the future relations of Toryism to democracy, the former can never govern as the representative of the latter. Conservatism, to remain Conservatism, cannot afford to pay the price for the suffrages of the mob which the Liberal or the Radical will offer without hesitation. Conservatism must continue to draw its strength, as hitherto, from the apprehension of the dangers with which democracy, when vested with authority, threatens the country; and in proportion as these are realised, all who have anything to lose—all who set a value on peace and security—all who wish the greatness and influence of Britain to be maintained without diminution,—will draw round Conservatism as their rock of defence. We have seen the first-fruits of democracy under the present *régime*, and the sight has been sufficient to make the country forebode as to the future. We have seen under how slender a pretence of justice, spoliation may be exalted to the rank of a political virtue; and the same arguments which have been applied to land, may, with a little adaptation, be fitted to any other species of property. We are far from saying that either communism or socialism has received direct encouragement from the present Government; but both have to a considerable extent paved the way for succeeding generations of Radicals seeking to realise these follies. The utility of Conservatism consists in its power to expose to the country the ultimate results of the

Liberal tendencies of the present day, which, if unchecked by a more healthy and intelligent state of public opinion, cannot fail to prove ruinous to the Constitution; and is to be extended, not by idle battling for office, not by exciting popular ferments which cool down as easily as they are heated up, but by a steady and consistent adherence to constitutional principles, which cannot fail to commend themselves to the confidence of the country in its cooler moments.

It has been made a reproach that since the death of Lord Beaconsfield the Conservative organisation has not been sufficiently wrought up, and that we might have gained ground had we used more electoral activity, stumped the country in Mid-Lothian fashion—in fact, endeavoured to beat the demagogues in their own walk. Such a supposition shows little knowledge of the true basis on which Conservatism rests in this country. Doubtless there is great room for more electoral activity on the Conservative side: the fact that we are in Opposition is itself proof of this; and our organisations cannot be too widely extended or too actively employed. But there is a limit beyond which no true Conservative would wish to see the system of organisation pushed. The Liberals have found the perfection of political organisation in the Caucus, and there can be no desire that Tory voters should be reduced to the thraldom of which their Liberal co-electors are everywhere loudly complaining. The outcry for Conservative organisation, for agitation, for stump oratory, is based upon an utter misconception of the strength inherent in the Conservative position and principles, when judiciously maintained and vindicated, to win the confidence of the country. The Liberal victory of 1880, which was won by

such means as the Conservatives are now urged to adopt, does not at present seem to be of so lasting a character as to recommend them to our imitation. Lord Randolph Churchill must stand alone among Conservatives in his opinion that "discriminations between wholesome and unwholesome victories are idle and unpractical." There are few members sitting on the Conservative side of the House who would not prefer a perpetual tenure of their present seats to office won by such shameless agitation and unscrupulous misrepresentations as placed the Liberal party in power three years ago.

As to Conservative prospects, we are justified in speaking with augmented hopefulness. The credit of the party has increased in even a greater ratio than that in which the reputation of the Ministry has declined. Throughout the Bradlaugh discussions it has carried with it the sympathy of by far the greater proportion of the country. Events in Ireland have justified its plea that the people should have been reduced to order before an attempt was made to conciliate them. In South Africa and in the Transvaal, testimony is being daily afforded to the wisdom of its counsels. The only reproach that attaches to it is that it did not press the disgraceful treaty of Kilmainham more hardly upon the Government; and if that was an error, it lay at least upon the side of generosity, considering with what difficulties — though these were mainly of its own making — the Ministry was then struggling in Ireland. At the time when Mr Bright seceded from the Cabinet the Opposition might with little difficulty have aroused public feeling on the subject of the bombardment of Alexandria, which would have brought the Ministry and a considerable portion of the

country into direct collision; but it patriotically acknowledged the necessity for extricating the Government with credit from the serious crisis into which it had precipitated itself, first by unwise abstention, and then by equally ill-considered bravado. In its criticisms on our Egyptian policy, the forbearance of the Opposition has been scurvily repaid by the Ministry, which has systematically treated any Conservative display of interest on this subject as gratuitous interference. And events plainly betoken that it is the intention of the Government to leave Egyptian affairs on their present unsettled footing, as a source of embarrassment to their successors. Lord Dufferin has conclusively shown that nothing short of a British protectorate will give stability to the Khedive's Government, and peace and prosperity to the people. The present Government shrinks from taking such a step; and should a future Conservative Ministry be compelled to recognise the necessity for giving effect to Lord Dufferin's views, we may be sure that the choicest invectives in the Liberal vocabulary, which has been so much enriched in recent years, will be freely showered upon them. Were Mr Gladstone again to take to the Opposition stump, it is as likely as not that we should be told that Lord Salisbury was the author of the bombardment of Alexandria, or that the blood of the misguided *fellaheen* slain at Tel-el-Kebir rests at the door of Sir Stafford Northcote.

Now that the Whitsuntide recess is over, we shall soon discover whether the sharp comments which have been passed in the interval on the inertness of the Government have put Ministers upon their mettle, or whether the Liberal press has not been engaged in

spurring a dead horse. The programme of measures mentioned in the Queen's Speech is still practically untouched except by the Grand Committees — bodies in whose proceedings the public has not yet learned to take an interest. It is characteristic of Mr Gladstone's Ministry that the measure of most importance which has been disposed of, the Bradlaugh Relief Bill, did not find a place in the Queen's Speech, though it was nevertheless in all respects a Ministerial measure. The work before the House ought to be by no means formidable to a Ministry armed with the powers which Mr Gladstone's majority has obtained under the New Rules of last session. And yet it seems probable that the Government will gladly accept any excuse for evading the more important measures which it has announced; and the old threats of an autumn session to finish the February programme have already been bruited—always a sure sign that the Government contemplates throwing bills overboard. The London Municipality Bill is one that we can easily understand Ministerial hesitancy about; and the probability of Liberal opinion being seriously divided regarding its provisions, naturally makes the Government reluctant to emphasise past disagreements by future discord. The Agricultural Holdings Bill is another measure over which the Government seems to have lost heart. It is but a poor affair, after all, from a Radical point of view—indeed not a few of its provisions may be traced to Conservative sources; and the leaders of the Farmers' Alliance were quite justified, after the unceremonious way in which the Irish landlords were stripped, in expecting better things of Mr Gladstone. The Corrupt Practices Bill and the Ballot Continuance Bill may be tackled; but these, after all, form

but tame work for a Ministry whose existence depends upon its ability to keep the country excited by feats of sensational legislation. It is a necessity of Mr Gladstone's position that the high pressure which raised his party to office should be maintained; and it is scarcely within the possibilities of statesmanship to whip much popular enthusiasm out of the measures which ought to occupy Parliament for the next three months.

The reaction has undoubtedly set in not merely in the minds of the electors, but in the feelings of Ministers themselves. The latter have "lost heart," according to some critics, who are surprised at such despondency while a working majority is still available. For our part, we do not marvel that the Government should be beginning to realise its present position as sensitively as it appreciates the altered sentiments of the country. The last figment of pretence used by it in 1880 has now disappeared; not one of the illusions with which it tickled the ears of the Radical masses now survive that it can make use of. The Government feels that it has been unmasked, and is beginning to entertain a nervous dread of how the electors may deal with the imposture that has been practised upon it. It has no element of personal popularity to fall back upon. Ministers themselves have earned deserved odium by the unscrupulous way in which they have made use of their majority, by their reticence towards the country upon all questions in which public interest has been aroused, and by the pertness with which most of its younger members treat any attempt at eliciting information. The insolence of Messrs Ayrton and Lowe in Mr Gladstone's last Cabinet have now been improved upon by the negations of the Under-Secretaries;

while the Home Secretary has added an element of vulgarity which has long ago ceased to amuse even those who look with toleration on Parliamentary clowning. Nor can the Premier himself do much to retrieve the unpopularity of his colleagues. He himself, the key-stone of the Government, has enough to do to make the country believe that he is the same man who fought the Liberal battle and led the Opposition to victory. His sentiments since that time have undergone a complete change, and it is to be feared that a corresponding change has taken place in his physical capacity for supporting a failing cause. A great speech from Mr Gladstone, such as that which he delivered on the Affirmation Bill—regarding which, by the by, careful study has never enabled us to make up our minds whether it was intended to tell in favour of or against the member for Northampton—is now a sufficient novelty to be more than a nine days' wonder. His treatment of the Bradlaugh case all throughout showed a want of nerve which was inconsistent with his powerful position; while his anxiety to force the *clôture* upon the House of Commons betrayed a doubt in his own ability to lead a popular assembly, which no one who had watched his previous career would have expected him to let escape. Like other statesmen who have lived on the *arbitrium popularis auræ*, Mr Gladstone has come to find the acclamations of the mob necessary to his political existence. No one has better reason than himself to know how fickle is the breath of public favour; how easily heated up, how speedily cooled down. With a Minister of his recent experiences, the prospect of a reversion of his popularity must be ever present as a

source of constant dread; and this feeling, coupled with a perception of the change that is coming over the country, goes a long way to account for the apathetic manner in which his Government is now dealing with country business. His colleagues also are unnerved by the recollection that on a former occasion Mr Gladstone ruined the Liberal Ministry by retiring as soon as public feeling began to turn against it; and though he led them to victory, they do not expect that he will stay to secure them an honourable retreat.

The rumours of an early dissolution which every now and then come to the front, derive their chief support from our previous experience of the Premier personally. They may be to some extent idle menaces to keep the Ministerial party together; but they receive a colour of probability from Mr Gladstone's impatient temperament; from the listless way in which Government is carrying on its work; from the many embarrassments arising from its failures; and from the growing necessity for the Ministry to secure a new lease of popularity. This, however, is a matter as to which the Ministry is entitled to consult its own convenience. The Conservative party can look forward with hope to either issue. Three years have proved sufficient space for the country to satisfy itself as to the soundness of the representations on which the present Government was returned to office. On the other hand, we have the assurance that a year or two more of the Gladstone Cabinet will increase and intensify the reaction against the Liberals, and secure for the Conservatives a more triumphant victory than even that which they enjoyed in 1874.

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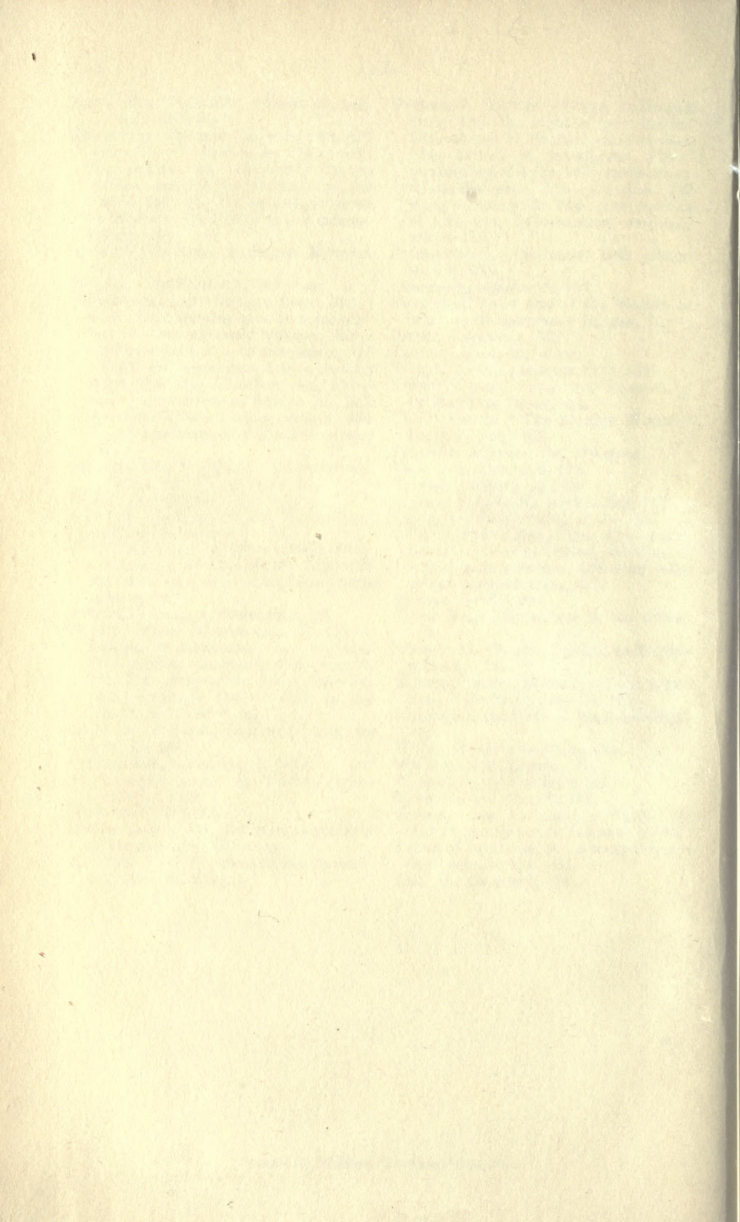
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